

Maria Valtorta



THE GOSPEL  
AS REVEALED  
TO ME

# THE GOSPEL AS REVEALED TO ME

7 parts

The birth and Hidden Life of Mary and Jesus  
chapters 1-43

The first year of *the Public Life of Jesus*  
chapters 44-140

*The second year of the Public Life of Jesus*  
chapters 141-312

*The third year of the Public Life of Jesus*  
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*Preparation for the Passion of Jesus*  
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*Glorification of Jesus and Mary*  
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10 volumes

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Maria Valtorta

THE GOSPEL  
AS REVEALED  
TO ME

VOLUME TEN  
Chapters 601-652

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# Passion and Death of Jesus.

## 601. Introduction.

10<sup>th</sup> February 1944.

<sup>1</sup>Jesus says:

601. 1

«And now come. Although this evening you are like one who is about to take his last breath, come, so that I may lead you towards *My* sufferings. Long is the way that we shall have to cover together, because I was not spared any sorrow: neither the pain of the flesh, nor the grief of the mind, of the heart, of the spirit. I tasted *all of them*, I fed on all of them, I quenched *My* thirst with all of them, to the extent that I died of them.

If you laid your lips on *Mine*, you would taste the bitterness that they still retain of so much sorrow. If you could see *My* Human nature in its appearance, which is now refulgent, you would see that that refulgence emanates from the countless wounds that like a garment of living purple covered *My* limbs, lacerated, exsanguinated, beaten, pierced for your sake. *My* Human nature is now refulgent. But one day it was like that of a leper, so fiercely it had been struck and humiliated. The Man-God, Who had in Himself the perfection of physical handsomeness, being the Son of God and of the immaculate Woman, to those who cast loving, curious, scornful, or evil glances at Him, seemed a “worm”, as David says, the scorn of mankind, the jest of people.

*My* love for *My* Father and for *My* Father’s children led Me to abandon *My* body to those who struck Me, to offer *My* face to those who slapped Me and spat at Me, to those who thought they were doing a meritorious deed by tearing *My* hair and *My* beard, piercing *My* head with thorns, making the earth and its fruits accomplices of the tortures inflicted on their Saviour, dislocating *My* limbs, laying bare *My* bones, tearing off *My* garments, thus offending *My* purity in the most cruel manner, nailing Me to a piece of wood and lifting Me up like a slaughtered lamb on to the hooks of a butcher, and barking around Me, while I was in

agony, like a pack of ravenous wolves made even wilder by the smell of blood.

I was accused, condemned, killed, betrayed, disowned, sold. I was abandoned even by God, because I was burdened with the crimes I had taken upon Myself. They made Me poorer than a beggar spoiled by highwaymen, because they did not even leave Me My tunic to cover My livid nakedness of a martyr. Even after My death I was not spared the insult of a wound and the slander of enemies. I was overwhelmed by all the dirt of your sins, I was hurled down as far as the bottom of the darkness of sorrow, deprived of the light of Heaven that might reply to My dying eyes, and of the divine voice that might answer My last invocation.

601.2 <sup>2</sup>Isaiah explains the reason for so much grief: “He has really taken our evils upon Himself and ours are the sorrows He has carried”.

*Our sorrows!* Yes, I carried them on your behalf! To relieve yours, to mitigate them, to cancel them, *had you been faithful to Me. But you did not want to be so.* And what did I gain by it? You “looked at Me as if I were a leper, one struck by God”. Yes, the leprosy of your infinite sins was upon Me, it was on Me like a garment of penance, like a cilice; but how did you not see God shine forth, in His infinite love, from that garment worn on His holiness on your behalf?

“He was wounded through our wickedness, and pierced through our crimes” says Isaiah, who with his prophetic eyes saw that the Son of man had become one huge sore to heal those of men. If they had only bruised My body!

But what you most wounded, was My feelings and spirit. You made a laughing stock and butt of both; and you struck Me in the friendship that I had given you, through Judas; in the loyalty that I hoped to receive from you, through Peter who disowned Me; in the gratitude for My favours, through those who shouted at Me: “death to Him! ”, after I had cured them from so many diseases; through love, because of the torture inflicted on My Mother; through religion, calling Me a blasphemer of God, whereas out of zeal for the cause of God I had put Myself in the hands of man by becoming incarnate, suffering throughout My life and surrendering to human ferocity without uttering a word or complaining.

*A glance would have been sufficient to incinerate accusers, judges and executioners.* But I had come spontaneously to accomplish the sacrifice, and like a lamb, because I was the Lamb of God *and I shall be* so forever, I allowed men to take Me to be stripped and killed, so that I might make a Life for you out of My Flesh.

When I was lifted up, I was already consumed by sufferings with no name, *with all the names.* I began to die at Bethlehem, seeing the light of the Earth, so distressingly different for Me Who was the Living Being in Heaven. I continued to die in poverty, in exile, in flight, in work, in incomprehension, in fatigue, in betrayal, in torn affections, in torture, in falsehood, in blasphemy. I had come to re-unite man to God, and that is what man gave Me!

<sup>3</sup>Mary, look at your Saviour. He is not dressed in white, and His hair is not fair. His eyes are not the sapphire hue that you know. His garment is stained with blood, it is worn out and covered with dirt and spittle. His face is tumefied and twisted, His eyes are veiled with blood and tears, and He looks at you through the crust formed by them and by the dust that makes His eyelids heavy. My hands - can you see them? - are one big sore and are awaiting the last wounds. 601.3

Look at Me, little John, as your brother John looked at Me. My footprints are stained with blood. Perspiration washes away the blood that drops from the wounds made by the scourges, and that is still left after the agony in the Garden. Words come out of My parched bruised lips in the painful panting of My heart that is already dying through all kinds of torture.

From now on you will often see Me like this. I am the King of sorrows and I will come in My regal dress to speak to you of My sorrow. Although you are in agony, follow Me. As I am the Merciful One, I shall be able to put also the scented honey of more serene contemplations before your lips, poisoned by My sorrow. But you must still prefer these ones, smeared with blood, because it is through them that you have the Life, and you will be able to take the Life to other people. Kiss My bleeding hand and be vigilant when meditating on Me, the Redeemer. »

<sup>4</sup>I see Jesus as He describes Himself. This evening I have re-

ally been in agony from 1900 hours (it is 1. 15 a. m. of the 11<sup>th</sup>, by now).

601. 5 <sup>5</sup>Jesus says to me this morning, the eleventh February, at 7. 30:

«Yesterday evening I wanted to speak to you only of Myself, a prey to suffering, because I have begun the description and visions of My sorrows. Yesterday evening it was the introduction. You were so exhausted, My friend! But before the agony comes back again, I must reproach you gently.

Yesterday morning you were selfish. You said to your spiritual Father\*: “Let us hope that I shall be able to hold out, because my fatigue is greater”. No. *His* is greater, because it is hard and is not compensated by the bliss of seeing visions and of having Jesus present, as you have Him, also in His holy Human nature. Never be selfish, not even in the least things. A woman disciple, a little John, must be very humble and charitable, like her Jesus.

And now come and stay with Me. “The flowers have appeared... the pruning time has come... the voice of the little turtle-dove has been heard in the country... ” And they are the flowers that have come up in the pools of Blood of your Christ. And He Who will be cut off like a pruned branch is the Redeemer. And the voice of the turtle-dove, calling the bride to a sorrowful holy wedding banquet, is Mine, for I love you.

Rise and come, as today’s Mass says\*\*. Come to contemplate and suffer. It is the gift that I grant My beloved one. »

## 602. Towards Gethsemane with eleven apostles. The spiritual agony and the arrest.

16<sup>th</sup> March 1945.

602.: <sup>1</sup>There is dead silence in the street. In so much silence there is only the noise of a little fountain, the water of which falls into a stone basin. On the eastern side, along the walls of the houses it is still dark, whereas on the other side the tops of houses are beginning to grow white in the moonlight, and where the street widens out into a little square, the milky silvery moon-beams

\* **your spiritual Father**, that is Father Migliorini.

\*\* **say** in: *Song of Songs 2: 10-12.*

shine on it, embellishing the stones and the earth of the street.

But under the many archivolt linking one house to another, like drawbridges or buttresses supporting the old houses with very few openings on the streets, and which are now all locked and dark as if they had been abandoned, there is complete darkness and the reddish light of the torch held by Simon becomes particularly bright and even more useful.

In the red mobile light faces stand out in neat relief and each shows a different mood. The most solemn and calm is Jesus', although tiredness makes it look older, furrowing it with wrinkles that usually are not there and already show the future image of His face recomposed in death. John, who is beside Him, looks around at everything he can see with a surprised sorrowful countenance. He looks like a child who has been terrorised by a story he has heard or by a frightening promise and implores help from someone who is more experienced than he is. But who can help him? Simon, who is on Jesus' other side, looks reserved, gloomy like a man who is turning over dreadful thoughts in his mind. And he is the only one who, after Jesus, looks dignified.

<sup>2</sup>The others, in two groups that continuously change in formation, are all in a ferment. And now and again the hoarse voice of Peter and the baritone one of Thomas are raised resounding strangely. They are then lowered, as if they were afraid of what they say. They are discussing what is to be done, and some suggest one thing, some another. But all proposals are dropped, because "the hour of darkness" is really about to begin, and the opinions of men are obscure and confused.

602.2

«I should have been told earlier» says Peter worriedly.

«But no one has spoken. Not even the Master... »

«Never! He would never have told you. Brother! You do not seem to know Him!... »

«I felt there was some trouble. And I said: "Let us go and die with Him". Do you remember? But, by our Most Holy God, if I had known that it was Judas of Simon... » shouts Thomas in a thunderous threatening voice.

«And what did you want to do? » asks Bartholomew.

«Me? I would do it even now, if you helped me! »

«What? Would you go and kill him? Where? »

«No. I would take the Master away. It is easier! »

«He would not come! »

«I would not ask Him whether He wants to come. I would abduct Him as one abducts a woman. »

«It would not be a wicked idea! » says Peter. He goes back and impulsively he joins the group of Alphaeus' two sons, who with Matthew and James are whispering to one another like conspirators.

«Listen, Thomas says that we should take Jesus away. All together. We could... from Get-Samni through Bethphage to Bethany and from there... to some other place. Shall we do that? Once He is in a safe place, we will come back and wipe out Judas. »

«It is useless. The whole of Israel is a trap» says James of Alphaeus.

«And now it is about to go off. It was understandable. Too much hatred! »

«Matthew! You make me angry! You had more courage when you were a sinner! Philip, tell us what you think. »

Philip, who is coming all alone and seems to be talking to himself, looks up and stops. Peter joins him and they whisper to each other. They then arrive at the previous group and Philip says: «I would say that the Temple is the best place. »

«Are you mad? » shout the cousins, Matthew and James. «But it is in there that they want Him dead! »

«Hush! How much clamour! I know what I am saying. They will look for Him everywhere. But not there. You and John have good friends among Annas' servants. A handsome present... and it is all settled. Believe me! The best place to hide one who is wanted is the jailors' house. »

«I will not do it» says James of Zebedee. «But listen also to what the others say. John, first of all. And if they should arrest Him? I don't want anybody to say that I am the traitor... »

«I had not thought of that. So? » Peter is at a loss.

«Well, I would say that it is compassionate to do one thing. The only thing we can do. Take away His Mother... » says Judas of Alphaeus.

«Of course!... But... Who will go? What shall we tell Her? You should go, as you are a relative of Hers. »

«I am staying with Jesus. It is my right. You can go. »

«1?! I have armed myself with a sword to die like Eleazar of Saura\*. I will pass through legions to defend my Jesus, and I will strike without restraint. If I get killed by a more numerous force, it does not matter. I will have defended Him» proclaims Peter.

«But are you really sure that it is the Iscariot? » Philip asks Thaddeus.

«I am certain. None of us has the heart of a snake. He only... Matthew, go to Mary and tell Her... »

«1? Deceive Her? See Her beside me while She is unaware, and then?... Ah! no. I am ready to die, but not to betray that dove... »

Their voices mingle in a whisper.

<sup>3</sup>«Do You hear? Master, we love You» says Simon.

602. 3

«I know. I am not in need of *those* words to know. And if they give peace to the Christ's heart, they wound His soul. »

«Why, my Lord? They are words of love. »

«Of *an entirely human love*. Truly, in these three years I have done nothing, because you are even more human than at the first hour. This evening, all the filthiest ferments are rising in you. But it is not your fault... »

«Save Yourself, Jesus! » says John moaning.

«I am saving Myself. »

«Are You? Oh! My God, thank You! » John looks like a flower that had withered through excessive heat and becomes fresh again standing straight on its stem. «I will tell the others. Where are we going? »

«I am going to My death. You to Faith. »

«But did You not say just now that you were going to save Yourself? » The beloved apostle loses heart again.

«Yes, I am in fact saving Myself. If I did not obey My Father, I would lose Myself. I obey Him. So I save Myself. But do not weep so! You are not so brave as the disciples of that Greek philosopher, of whom I spoke to you one day. They remained with their teacher, who was dying having taken a potion of hemlock, and they comforted him with their manly sorrow. You... you look like a little boy who has lost his father. »

«And is it not so? What I am losing is more than the loss of a father! I am losing You... »

\* like Eleazar of Saura, in: 1 *Maccabees* 6: 43-46.

«You are not losing Me, because you will continue to love Me. He is lost who is separated from us by oblivion on the Earth and from God's Judgement in the hereafter. But we shall never be separated. Neither by this one or by that one. »

But John will not listen to reason.

602. 4 <sup>4</sup>Simon comes closer to Jesus and in a low voice confides to Him: «Master... Simon Peter and... I were hoping to do a good thing... But... Since You know everything, tell me: within how many hours do You think You will be arrested? »

«As soon as the moon is at the summit of her arc. »

Simon makes a gesture of grief and impatience, not to say of anger. «Then it was all useless... Master, I will now tell You. You almost reproached Simon Peter and me for leaving You so alone these last days... But we were away on Your behalf... For Your sake. Peter, frightened by Your words, came to me on Monday night while I was sleeping and he said to me: "You and I, I can trust you, must do something for Jesus. Judas also said that he wants to attend to it". Oh! why did we not understand then? Why did You not say anything to us? But, tell me, did You not tell anybody? Really? Perhaps You became aware of it only a few hours ago? »

«I have always known about it. Even before he became a disciple. And I tried in every way to send him away from Me so that his crime might not be perfect, both from the divine and human points of view. Those who want My death are the executioners of God. This disciple and friend of Mine is also the Traitor, the executioner of man. My first executioner, because he has already killed Me through the effort of having him beside Me, at the table, and having to protect him by Myself against you. »

«And does no one know? »

«John does. I told him at the end of the Supper. But what have you done? »

«And what about Lazarus? Does Lazarus really not know anything? We went to him today, because he came early in the morning, he offered his sacrifice and went back without even stopping at his mansion or going to the Praetorium. Because he always goes there, following a habit of his father. And, as You are aware, Pilate is in town these days... »

«Yes. They are all here. There is Rome: the new Zion, with Pi-



late. There is Israel with Caiaphas and Herod. There is the whole of Israel, because Passover has gathered the children of this people at the foot of the altar of God... <sup>5</sup>Have you seen Gamaliel? »

602. 5

«Yes, I have. Why are You asking me? I have to see him again tomorrow... »

«Gamaliel is at Bethphage this evening. I know. When we arrive at Gethsemane, you will go to Gamaliel and say to him: “You will shortly have the sign that you have been awaiting for twenty-one years”. Nothing else. Then you will come back to your companions. »

«But how do You know? Oh! my Master, my poor Master, Who has not even the comfort of not being aware of deeds of other people! »

«You are right! *The comfort of not knowing!* Poor Master! Because evil deeds are more numerous than good ones. But I see also the good ones and I rejoice at them. »

«Then You know that... »

«Simon, it is the hour of My passion. To make it more complete, the Father is withdrawing His light from Me, as it gets nearer. Before long I shall have but darkness and the contemplation of what is darkness: that is, all the sins of men. You cannot, none of you can understand. Nobody, except He who will be called by God for this special mission, will understand this passion in the *great Passion*, and as man is material even in loving and meditating, there will be he who will weep and suffer because of the scourging and the torture of the Redeemer, but this spiritual torture which, believe Me you who are listening to Me, is the most atrocious one, will not be measured... So speak, Simon. Guide Me along the paths where your friendship went for My sake, because I am a poor man who is becoming blind and sees ghosts, not real things... »

John embraces Him and asks: «What? Can You no longer see Your John? »

«I can see you. But the ghosts rise from the fogs of Satan. Visions of nightmares and sorrows. This evening we are all enveloped in this hellish miasma. It is striving to create cowardice, disobedience and sorrow in Me. It will create disappointment and fear in you. In other people, who are neither fearful nor criminal, it will bring about delinquency and fear. In others,

who already belong to Satan, it will give rise to supernatural perversion. I am saying so because their perfection in evil will be such as to exceed human possibilities and achieve the perfection which is always in the supernatural. <sup>602.6</sup> «Speak up, Simon. »

«Yes. As from Tuesday we have done nothing but go around to find out, to prevent, to look for help. »

«And what have you been able to do? »

«Nothing. Or very little. »

«And that little will be “nothing” when fear paralyses your hearts. »

«I became irritated also with Lazarus... It is the first time that it happens to me... I was irritated because he seems to be slothful... He could take action. He is a friend of the Governor. He is always Theophilus' son! But Lazarus rejected every proposal of Mine. I left him shouting at him: “I think that you are the friend of whom the Master speaks. You fill me with horror! ” and I did not want to go back to him any more... But this morning he sent for me and he said: “Can you still believe that I am the traitor? ” I had already seen Gamaliel and Joseph and Chuza, Nicodemus and Manaen, and finally Your brother Joseph... and I could no longer believe that. I said to him: “Forgive me, Lazarus. But I feel that my mind is more deranged now than when I was condemned myself” And it is so, Master... I am no longer myself... But why are You smiling? »

«Because that confirms what I said just now. The fog of Satan envelops and upsets you. What did Lazarus say in reply? »

«He said: “I understand you. Come today, with Nicodemus. I must see you”. And I went, while Peter went to the Galileans. Because Your brother, who is so far away, is more informed than we are. He says that he was informed by chance, speaking to an old friend of Alphaeus and Joseph, a Galilean who lives near the market. »

«Oh!... yes... A great friend of the family... »

«He is there with Simon and the women. There is also the family from Cana. »

«I have seen Simon. »

«Well, Joseph was told by this friend of his, who is also a friend of one of the Temple, who has become his relative on women's side, that they have decided to arrest You, and he said to

Peter: “I have always opposed Him. But I did it out of love and while He was still strong. But now that He has become like a child and is a prey to His enemies, I, a relative who has always loved Him, am with Him. It’s my duty by blood and by love”. »

Jesus smiles, showing for a moment the serene face of joyful hours.

«And Joseph said to Peter: “The Pharisees of Galilee are wicked like all the Pharisees. But Galilee is not all Pharisees. And many Galileans who love Him are here. Let us go and tell them to gather together to defend Him. We have nothing but knives. But also clubs are weapons when they are handled properly. And if the Roman troops do not come, we will soon get the better of those cowardly cads of the Temple guards”. And Peter went with him. <sup>7</sup>In the meantime I went to Lazarus with Nicodemus. We had decided to convince Lazarus to come with us and to open his house to be with You. He said to us: “I must obey Jesus and remain here. To suffer twice as much...” Is it true? »

602.7

«It is true. I gave him that order. »

«But he gave me the swords. They belong to him. One for me, the other for Peter. Chuza also wanted to give me some swords. But... What is the use of two bits of steel against the whole world? Chuza cannot believe that what You say is true. He swears that he knows nothing and that at the court they think of nothing but enjoying the feast... A revelry as usual. So much so that he told Johanna to retire to one of their houses in Judaea. But Johanna wants to remain here, closed in her mansion, as if she were not there. But she will not go away. Plautina, Anne, Nike, and two Roman ladies of Claudia’s household are staying with her. They weep, pray and make innocents pray. But it is no time for prayers. It is time for blood. I feel the “zealot” becoming alive in me and I am eager to kill in revenge!... »

«Simon! If I had wanted you to die as a damned soul, I would not have freed you from your desolation!... » Jesus is very severe.

«Oh! forgive me, Master... forgive me. I am like an inebriated raving man. »

«And what does Manaen say? »

«Manaen says that it cannot be true, and if it were, that he would follow You to the scaffold. »

«How you all rely on yourselves!... How much pride there is

in man! And what about Nicodemus and Joseph? What do they know? »

«Nothing more than I do. Some time ago in a meeting Joseph was angry with the Sanhedrin, because he called them killers as they wanted to kill an innocent, and he said: “Everything is illegal in here. He is right when He says that there is abomination in the house of the Lord. This altar is to be destroyed because it has been profaned”. They did not stone him, because he is *Joseph*. But since then they have kept him in the dark about everything. Only Gamaliel and Nicodemus have remained friendly with him. But the former does not speak. And the latter... Neither he nor Joseph have been summoned any more to the Sanhedrin for the really important decisions. It meets illegally here and there, at different hours, for fear of them and of Rome. Ah! I was forgetting!... The shepherds. They are with the Galileans as well. But we are few! If Lazarus had only listened to us and had come to the Praetor! But he would not listen to us... That is what we have done... Much... and nothing... and I feel so depressed that I should like to go around the country howling like a jackal, becoming brutal in an orgy, killing like a highwayman, if only to get rid of this idea that “everything is useless”, as Lazarus said, as Joseph and Chuza and Manaen and Gamaliel said... »  
The Zealot no longer seems himself...

«What did the rabbi say? »

«He said: “I do not exactly know what Caiaphas’ purpose is. But I tell you that what you say is prophesied only for the Christ. And as I *do not recognise* the Christ in this prophet, I see no reason to be excited. A good man, a friend of God will be killed. But of how many like him has Zion drunk the blood?! ”. And as we insisted on Your divine Nature, he stubbornly repeated: “When I see the sign, I will believe”. And he promised to abstain from voting for Your death and, on the contrary, if possible he will try to convince the others not to condemn You. That, and nothing else. He does not believe! He will not believe! If only nothing  
<sup>602</sup> <sup>8</sup> happened till tomorrow... But You say it is not so. <sup>8</sup>Oh! what shall we do?! »

«You will go to Lazarus and you will try to take as many as possible with you. Not only the apostles. But also the disciples that you will find wandering about the roads in the country. See

if you can find the shepherds and order them to do so. The house in Bethany is more than ever the home in Bethany, the house of kind hospitality. Those who do not have the courage to face the hatred of a whole population, ought to take shelter there. And wait... »

«We will not leave You. »

«Do not part... Divided, you would be nothing. United, you will still be a power. Simon, promise Me that. You are calm, loyal, you can speak to and influence even Peter. And you have a great obligation towards Me. I am reminding you of it for the first time, to make you obedient. Look, we are at the Kidron. From there you, a leper, climbed up towards Me and you departed cleansed. Give Me that, for what I gave you. Give the Man what I gave man. I am the leper now... »

«No! Do not say that! » say the two disciples moaning.

«It is so! Peter and My brothers will be the most depressed. My honest Peter will feel like a criminal and will have no peace. And My brothers... They will not have the courage to look at their mother and at Mine... I recommend them to you... »

«And what about me, Lord, to whom shall I belong? Are You not thinking of me? »

«O My child! You are entrusted to your love. It is so strong that it will guide you as a mother. I give you neither order nor guide. I leave you on the waters of love. They are such a calm and deep river in you, that they raise no doubt in Me about your future. Simon, have you understood? Promise Me, do promise Me! » It is painful to see Jesus so distressed... He resumes: «Before the others come! Oh! thank you! May you be blessed! »

<sup>9</sup>They all gather together again in a group.

602. 9

«Let us part now. I am going farther up, to pray. I want Peter, John and James with Me. You, remain here. And if you should be overwhelmed, call us. And be not afraid. Not a single hair of your heads will be hurt. Pray for Me. Lay aside hatred and fear. It will only be a moment... and then it will be full joy. Smile. That I may have your smiles in My heart. And once again, thank you for everything, My friends. Goodbye. May the Lord not abandon you... »

Jesus parts from the apostles and goes ahead, while Peter makes Simon give him the torch after the latter has lit with it some resinous dry twigs, that burn crackling on the edge of

the olive grove, spreading a smell of juniper. It grieves me to see Thaddeus cast such an intense and sorrowful glance at Jesus, that the Latter turns round to see who has been looking at Him. But Thaddeus hides behind Bartholomew biting his lips to control himself.

With His hand Jesus makes a gesture, which is of blessing and farewell at the same time, and goes on His way. The moon, now very high, encircles His tall figure with her light and seems to make it even taller, spiritualising it, making His red garment brighter and His golden hair paler. Behind Him Peter holding the torch and Zebedee's two son hasten their steps.

602. 10 <sup>10</sup>They go on until they reach the edge of the first escarpment of the rustic amphitheatre of the olive-grove, the entrance to which is a small irregular plain, and the tiers the several escarpments that rise up the mountain in groups of olive-trees. Jesus then says: «Stop, wait for Me here, while I pray. But do not fall asleep. I may need you. And, I ask you this out of charity, pray! Your Master is very depressed. »

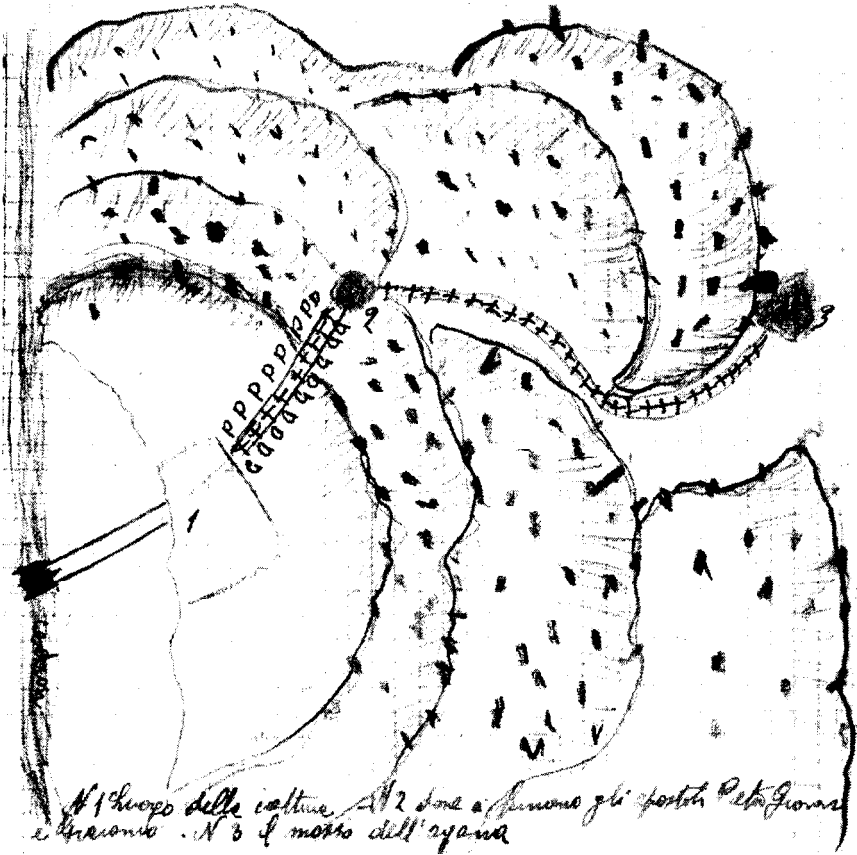
He is in fact already in a state of deep depression. He already seems overburdened by a weight. Where is now the virile Jesus Who spoke to the crowds, handsome, strong, with eyes of a ruler, a calm smile, a beautiful resonant voice? He already seems breathless. He is like one who has run or has wept. His voice is tired and exhausted. Sad, sad, sad...

Peter replies on behalf of everybody: «Do not worry, Master. We will keep awake and pray. All You have to do is to call us, and we will come. »

And Jesus leaves them, while the three stoop to gather leaves and twigs and light a little fire to keep them awake, and as a remedy against the dew that is beginning to fall plentifully.

602. 11 “Turning His back to them He walks eastwards, so that the moons shines on His face. I see that a deep sorrow dilates His eyes even more, perhaps it is the dark rings of tiredness that enlarge them, or it is the shadow of the eyebrows. I do not know. I know that His eyes are more open and deeper set. He climbs with His head lowered, only now and again He raises it with a sigh, as if He had difficulty in doing so and were panting, and then He casts His eyes, that are so sad, around the peaceful olive-grove. He climbs up a few metres, He then goes round an escarpment

that thus stands between Him and the three apostles left farther down\*.



The escarpment, a few centimetres high at the beginning, rises continuously and is soon more than two metres high, so that it protects Jesus completely from being noticed by more or less discreet or friendly eyes. Jesus goes on as far as a huge rock, that at a certain point blocks the path and has probably been put there to support the slope, that on one side descends more steeply and bare as far as a desolate heap of ruins preceding the walls be-

\* left farther down. These words are followed by the sketch which we reproduce. It shows the Kidrom (vertically, on the left) and the numbers 123 which refer to the explanation at the bottom: N. 1 place of arrest . N. 2 where the apostles Peter, John and James stop -N. 3 the rock of the Agony.

yond which is Jerusalem, and on the other rises with more escarpments and olive-trees. An olive-tree, all knots and twisted, dangles right above the huge rock. It looks like a bizarre question mark, placed there by nature to ask some questions. The leafy branches on the top of it answer the questions of the trunk, at times saying yes by bending towards the ground, at times saying no, swinging from left to right, in a light breeze, which blows through the branches, and at times carries the smell of the earth, at times the bitterish scent of olive trees, at times the mixed perfume of roses and lilies of the valley, that one wonders where it comes from. Beyond the little path and beneath it, there are more olive-trees and one of them, just under the rock, that has survived although split by lightning, or cleft by some other agent unknown to me, of the original trunk has made two trunks that have come up like the two strokes of a huge block letter V, with the foliage of one appearing on one side of the rock and that of the other on the other side, as if they wished to see or veil it at the same time, or form a peaceful silvery grey base for the rock.

602. 12 <sup>12</sup>Jesus stops there. He does not look at the town that is visible down there, all white in the moonlight. On the contrary, He turns His back to it and prays with His arms stretched out crosswise, His face towards the sky. I cannot see His face because it is in the shade, as the moon is almost perpendicular over His head, that is true, but there is also the thick foliage of the olive-tree between Him and the moon, that with difficulty filters through the leaves with tiny rings and needles of light in perpetual movement. A long fervent prayer. Now and again He sighs and utters a word more clearly. It is neither a psalm nor the *our Father*. It is a prayer rising from His love and His need. A true conversation with His Father. I understand it through the few words I grasp: «You know... I am Your Son... Everything, but help Me... The hour has come... I no longer belong to the Earth. No more need of help for Your Word... Make the Man satisfy You as the Redeemer, as the Word was obedient to You... As You wish... I ask You to have mercy on them... Will I save them? That is what I ask of You. This I want: that they be saved from the world, from the flesh, from the demon... May I make further requests? It is a fair question, Father. Not for Myself. For man, who was created by You, and who wanted to soil also his soul. I will throw that dirt into



My sorrow and into My Blood, so that the incorruptible essence of the spirit, which is pleasing to You, may be reinstated... And it is everywhere. It is the king this evening. In the royal palace and in houses. Among soldiers and in the Temple... The town is full of it, and it will be hell tomorrow... »

Jesus turns round, He leans with His back against the rock and folds His arms. He looks at Jerusalem. Jesus' face becomes sadder and sadder. He whispers: «She looks like snow... and she is all sin. And how many I cured in her! How much I spoke!... Where are those who seemed loyal to Me? »

Jesus lowers His head and looks fixedly at the ground covered with short grass shining with dew. But although His head is lowered, I understand that He is weeping, because some tears shine when falling from His face on the ground. He then raises His head, He unfolds His arms, He joins them holding them above His head, shaking them while they are so united.

<sup>13</sup>He then sets out. He goes back towards the three apostles, who are sitting round the little fire of twigs. And He finds them half asleep. Peter is leaning with his back against a tree trunk, and, with his arms crossed on his chest, he nods in the first drowsiness of a profound sleep. James is sitting, with his brother, on a large root that emerges from the ground and on which they have spread their mantles in order not to feel its ruggedness so much, but although they are not so comfortable as Peter, they are also dozing. James has rested his head on the shoulder of John, who has inclined his on the head of his brother, as if dizziness had immobilised them in that posture. 602. 13

«Are you sleeping? Have you not been able to keep awake for one hour only? And I need your comfort and your prayers so much! »

The three wake up with a start and are utterly confused. They rub their eyes. They murmur an excuse, blaming their poor digestion as the cause of their drowsiness: «It's the wine... the food... But it will soon be over. It was only a moment. We did not feel like speaking, and that made us fall asleep. But we will now pray in loud voices and it will not happen again. »

«Yes. Pray and be on the alert. For your own sake as well. »

«Yes, Master. We will obey You. »

<sup>14</sup>Jesus goes away again. The moon, now shining on His face

602. 14

so brightly in her silvery light, that it makes His red garment seem paler and paler, as if she were spreading it with a veil of white shiny dust, shows me His depressed, sorrowful, aged face. His eyes are still dilated, but they seem clouded. His mouth is twisted with tiredness.

He goes back to His rock more slowly and stooping more. He kneels resting His arms on the rock, which is not smooth, but at half its height it has a kind of hollow, as if it had been carved there deliberately, and a little plant has grown in it. I think it is a plant of those little flowers, like lilies, that I have seen also in Italy, with small pulpy leaves, round but with indented edges and tiny little flowers on very thin stems. They look like small snowflakes spraying the grey rock and the little dark green leaves. Jesus lays His hands near them, and the little flowers tickle His cheek, because He rests His head on His joined hands and prays. Shortly afterwards He feels the coolness of the little corollas and raises His head. He looks at them. He caresses them. He speaks to them: «You are here as well!... You comfort Me! These little flowers were also in My Mother's little grotto... and She loved them because She used to say: "When I was a little girl, My father used to say: 'You are a little lily like these and you are completely full of heavenly dew'"... My Mother! Oh! My Mother! » He bursts into tears. His head on His joined hands, a little reclined on His heels, I see and hear Him weep, while His hands squeeze His fingers tormenting them. I hear Him say: «Also at Bethlehem... and I brought them to You, Mother. But these ones, who will bring them to You now?... »

602. 15 <sup>15</sup>He then resumes praying and meditating. His meditation must be really sad, full of anguish rather than sadness, because, to divert His attention, He stands up, He goes backwards and forwards, whispering words that I do not grasp, raising His face, then lowering it, gesticulating, rubbing His eyes and His cheeks with mechanical agitated movements of His hands, running His fingers through His hair, as is typical of one who is in great anguish. To mention it is nothing. To describe it is impossible. To see it is to share His anguish. He makes gestures towards Jerusalem. Then He begins to raise His arms again towards the sky, as if He wanted to invoke help.

He takes off His mantle, as if He were warm. He looks at it...

But what does He see? His eyes see nothing but His torture, and everything serves to increase that torture. Even the mantle woven by His Mother. He kisses it and says: «Forgive Me, Mother! Forgive Me!» He seems to be asking it of the cloth spun and woven by motherly love... He puts it on again. He is a prey to torment. He wants to pray to get out of His state. But recollections, concern, doubts, regrets come back to Him with His prayer... It is an avalanche of names... towns... people... events... I cannot follow Him because He is fast and desultory. It is His evangelic life that passes in front of Him... and brings Judas, the traitor, back to Him.

<sup>16</sup>His anguish is such that, in order to overcome it, He shouts the names of Peter and John. And He says: «They will come now. They are really loyal!» But “they” do not come. He calls them again. He seems to be terrorised, as if He saw I wonder what. 602. 16

He runs fast towards the place where Peter and the two brothers are. And He finds them comfortably fast asleep round a few embers, which are now dying out and show only some red zig-zags among the grey ashes. «Peter! I have called you three times! What are you doing? Are you still sleeping? Do you not realise how much I am suffering? Pray. That the flesh may not win, that it may not overwhelm you. *None of you*. If the spirit is willing, the flesh is weak. Help Me... »

The three are slow at waking up, but at last they are successful, and with dull eyes they apologise. They get up, sitting up at first and then standing.

«Just fancy!» murmurs Peter. «It had never happened to us! It must have been that wine. It was strong. And also this cold air. We covered ourselves not to feel it (in fact they had also covered their heads with their mantles), we did not see the fire any more, we were no longer cold, and so we fell asleep. Did You say that You called us? And yet I did not think I was so fast asleep... Come on, John, let us get some twigs, let us get a move on. We shall soon be wideawake. Do not worry, Master, because now!... We will stand up... » and he throws a handful of dry leaves on the embers, and he blows until the flame revives, and he tends the fire with the shrubs brought by John, while James brings a big branch of juniper, or of a similar plant, that he cut off a bush not far away, and he adds it to the rest.

The fire blazes gaily, lighting up the poor face of Jesus. A face that is really so sad that one cannot look at it without weeping. All the brightness of that face is cancelled by a deadly tiredness. He says: «I feel an anguish that is killing Me! Oh! yes! My soul is sad even unto death. My friends!... My friends! » But even if He did not say so, His aspect would make one understand that He is really like a man about to die, and in the most distressing and desolate abandonment. Every word sounds like a sob...

But the three are too heavy with sleep. They almost seem to be drunk, so much they stagger about with their eyes half closed... Jesus looks at them... He does not humiliate them by reproaching them. He shakes His head, sighs and goes away to the place where He was previously.

602. 17 <sup>17</sup>He prays once again standing, with His arms stretched out crosswise. Then on His knees, as before, His face bent on the little flowers. He is pensive. Silent... Then He begins to moan and sob loudly, almost prostrated, so much has He relaxed on His heels. He calls His Father, more and more anxiously...

«Oh! » He says. «This cup is too bitter! I cannot! I cannot! It is above My power. I have been able to bear everything! But not this... Father, take it away from Your Son! Have mercy on Me!... What have I done to deserve it? » He then collects Himself and says: «But, Father, do not listen to My voice, if what I ask is against Your will. Do not remember that I am Your Son, but only Your servant. Let Your will be done, not Mine. »

He remains thus for some time. Then He utters a stifled cry and raises His face, looking very upset. Only for a moment, then He drops on the ground, with His face really on the earth, and remains thus. A worn-out man overburdened by all the sins of the world, struck by all the Justice of the Father, oppressed by the darkness, the ashes, the bitterness, by that tremendous, terrible, most dreadful thing that is the abandonment by God, while Satan torments us... It is the asphyxia of the soul, it is to be buried alive in this prison that is the world, when we can no longer feel any tie between us and God, it is to be chained, gagged, stoned by our very prayers, which fall back on us bristling with sharp points and spread with fire, it is to butt against a closed Heaven, which neither the voice nor the appearance of our anguish can penetrate, it is to be the “orphans of God”, it is madness, agony,

the doubt of having been deceived so far, it is the persuasion of being rejected by God, of being damned. It is hell!...

Oh! I know! and I cannot, I really cannot bear the sight of the cruel suffering of my Christ, knowing that it is a million times more dreadful than the pain that consumed me last year and that still upsets me, when I think of it...

Jesus moans, having the death-rattle in His throat and sobbing like one in agony: «Nothing!... Nothing!... Away!... The will of My Father! His will! Only His will!... Your will, Father. Yours, not Mine... In vain. I have but one Lord: the Most Holy God. One Law: obedience. One love: redemption... No. I no longer have a Mother. I have no life any more. I have no divinity any longer. I no longer have a mission. In vain you tempt Me, devil, through My Mother, My life, My divinity and My mission. Mankind is My Mother and I love it to the extent of dying for it. I am giving My life back to Him Who gave Me it and Who is now asking Me for it, the Supreme Master of all living beings. I assert My Divinity, as it is capable of this expiation. I am fulfilling My mission through My death. I have nothing else, except to do the will of the Lord My God. Be off, Satan! I said so the first and the second time. I repeat it for the third time: “Father, if it is possible, let this cup pass Me by. But let Your will be done, not Mine”. Be off, Satan. I belong to God. »

Then He speaks no more except to say, panting: «God! God! God! » He calls Him at each heart-beat, and at each beat blood seems to flow out of Him. The cloth on His shoulders gets soaked through and it becomes dark, notwithstanding that the clear moonlight illuminates it completely.

<sup>18</sup>A brighter light appears above His head, hanging about a metre above Him, it is so bright that even the Prostrate Master can see it filter through His wavy hair, already weighed down by blood, and despite the veil of blood covering His eyes. He raises His head... The moon shines on His poor face, and more brightly shines the angelic light, which is like the white-blue diamond of the star Venus. And all the dreadful agony appears in the blood oozing from His pores. His eyelashes, hair, moustaches, beard are sprinkled and covered with blood. Blood trickles from His temples, blood spouts from the veins of His neck, His hands drip blood, and when He stretches His hands towards the an-

602. 18

gelic light and His wide sleeves slide back towards His elbows, Christ's forearms can be seen sweating blood. Only His tears draw two neat lines in the red mask of His face.

He takes off His mantle again and wipes His hands, face, neck and forearms. But His sweat continues. He presses the cloth against His face several times, holding it pressed with His hands, and every time He changes its position, clear impressions appear on the dark-red cloth, and as they are damp, they seem to be black. The grass on the ground is red with blood.

Jesus seems on the point of fainting. He unties the neck of His tunic, as if He felt that He was suffocating. He takes His hand to His heart and then to His head and He waves it in front of His face, as if He wanted to fan Himself, with His mouth half open. He drags Himself towards the rock, but closer to the edge of the escarpment, and He leans with His back against it, His arms hanging along His body, as if He were already dead, His head bent on His chest. He moves no more.

The angelic light slowly fades away. Later it seems to vanish in the clear moonlight. Jesus reopens His eyes. He raises His head with difficulty. He looks around. He is alone. But He is less anguished. He stretches out one hand. He draws to Himself the mantle that He had left on the grass and wipes His face, hands, neck, beard and hair again. He takes a large leaf, which had grown on the edge of the escarpment, all wet with dew, and He continues to clean Himself with it, wetting His face and hands and then drying Himself again. And He does the same several times with other leaves, until He wipes out the traces of His dreadful sweat. Only His tunic is stained, particularly on the shoulders and at the folds of the elbows, at the neck, waist and knees. He looks at it and shakes His head. He looks also at His mantle. But He sees that it is too stained. He folds it and lays it on the rock, where it forms a cradle near the little flowers.

With difficulty, owing to weakness, He turns round and kneels down. He prays resting His head on His mantle, on which  
<sup>602</sup> <sup>19</sup> He had already laid His hands. <sup>19</sup>Then leaning on the rock He stands up, and still staggering a little, He goes to the disciples. His face is very pale. But it is no longer upset. It is a face full of divine beauty, although it is deadly pale and much sadder than usually.

The three are sleeping soundly, all wrapped in their mantles, lying down near the fire, which is out. They can be heard to breathe deeply as they begin to snore loudly.

Jesus calls them in vain. He has to bend and shake Peter vigorously.

«What is it? Who is arresting me? » the apostle asks as he emerges from his dark green mantle looking bewildered and frightened.

«Nobody. It is I calling you. »

«Is it morning? »

«No. It is almost the end of the second watch. »

Peter is completely benumbed.

Jesus shakes John, who utters a cry of terror when he sees the face of a ghost - as white as marble - bending over him. «Oh!... You looked like dead to me! » He shakes James, who, thinking that his brother is calling him, says: «Have they arrested the Master? »

«Not yet, James» replies Jesus. «But get up, now, and let us go. He who is going to betray Me is close at hand. »

The three, still drowsy, get up. They look around... Olive-trees, the moon, nightingales, a light breeze, peace... Nothing else. They follow Jesus without speaking. Also the other eight are more or less asleep around a fire that has gone out.

«Get up! » orders Jesus in a thunderous voice. «As Satan, who never sleeps, is arriving, show him and his children, that the children of God are not asleep! »

«Yes, Master. »

«Where is he, Master? »

«Jesus, I... »

«But what happened? »

And amid muddled questions and answers they put on their mantles again...

<sup>20</sup>Just in time to appear in order to the guards headed by Judas, as they burst into the little square lighting it up sinisterly with many torches. It is a horde of bandits disguised as soldiers, who look like jail birds and grin like devils. There are also some odd champions of the Temple.

602. 20

All the apostles jump to one corner. Peter in front, the others behind him in a group. Jesus remains where He was.

Judas approaches Jesus, enduring the glance of His eyes, which have become the flashing eyes of His best days. And he does not lower his face either. On the contrary, he approaches the Master with the smile of a hyena and kisses His right cheek.

«My friend, what have you come for? Are you betraying Me with a kiss? »

Judas bends his head for a moment, then raises it... insensible to reproach as to every invitation to repent.

Jesus, after the first words uttered with the majesty of a Master, speaks in the sorrowful tone of one who resigns oneself to a misfortune.

602. 21 “The guards, shouting, come forward with ropes and clubs and try to get hold not only of Christ, but also of the apostles, with the exception of Judas Iscariot, of course.

«Who are you looking for? » asks Jesus calmly and solemnly.

«Jesus the Nazarene. »

«I am He. » His voice is thunderous. Before the murderous world and the innocent one, before nature and the stars, Jesus bears this clear, loyal, certain witness to Himself, I should say that He is happy to be able to bear it.

But, if He had thrown a thunderbolt, He could not have done more. They all fall to the ground like mown sheaves of corn. No one remains standing except Judas, Jesus and the apostles, who take fresh heart again at the sight of the overthrown soldiers, so much so that they approach Jesus, threatening Judas so explicitly that the latter makes a leap just in time to avoid a masterly stroke of Simon’s sword. In vain pursued by the stones and sticks thrown at him by the apostles not armed with swords, he escapes beyond the Kidron and disappears in a dark lane.

«Stand up. Who are you looking for? I ask you once again. »

«Jesus the Nazarene. »

«I have told you that I am He» says Jesus kindly. Yes, *kindly*. «So, let these others go. I will come. Put away swords and clubs. I am not a brigand. I have always been among you. Why did you not arrest Me then? But this is Satan’s hour and yours... »

602. 22 <sup>22</sup>But, while He is speaking, Peter approaches the man who is holding out the ropes to tie Jesus and gives a clumsy blow with his sword. If he had struck him with the point, he would have slaughtered him like a ram. Whereas all he does is to cut off



part of his ear that remains hanging down shedding much blood. The man shouts that he is dead. There is chaos because some want to come forward, while some are afraid seeing swords and daggers shine.

«Put those weapons away. I order you to do that. If I wanted, I could have the angels of My Father to defend Me. And you, be cured. In your soul first of all, if you can. » And before stretching out His hands to be roped, He touches the ear and cures it.

The apostles shout very unbecomingly... Yes. I am sorry having to say so, but it is the truth. Some say one thing, some another. Some shout: «You have betrayed us! », and some: «He is mad! », and some say: «And who can believe You? » And those who do not shout run away...

And Jesus is left all alone... He and the guards... And His “path” begins...

### **603. Meditations on the agony at Gethsemane. Enlightenments on the other sufferings of the Passion.**

15<sup>th</sup> February 1944.

<sup>1</sup>Jesus says:

603. 1

«You contemplated the sufferings of My spiritual agony on Thursday evening. You saw your Jesus collapse like a man struck mortally, who feels his life flee through the wounds bleeding him, or like a person overwhelmed by a psychic trauma exceeding his strength. You saw the growing phases of the trauma culminate in the shedding of blood brought about by the circulatory unbalance that had been provoked by the effort of controlling Myself and withstanding the burden that had fallen upon Me.

I was, *I am*, the Son of the Most High God. But I was also the Son of man. I want this double nature of Mine, equally complete and perfect, to emanate very clearly from these pages.

My word, which has accents that only a God can have, bears witness to My Divinity. My necessities and passions, and the sufferings that I show you and I suffered in My flesh of a true Man, and that I propose to you as an example for your humanity, as I teach your spirits with My doctrine of true God, bear witness to My Humanity.

Both My most holy Divinity and My most perfect Humanity, in the course of ages, through the breaking up action of “your” imperfect humanity, have resulted disparaged and distorted in their explanation. You have made My Humanity appear unreal, inhumane, as you have made My divine figure look small, denying so many parts of it, because it was not convenient for you to recognise them or that you could no longer recognise with your spirits impaired by the tabes of vice and atheism, of humanism, of rationalism.

I am coming, in this tragic hour, a prodrome of universal misfortunes, to call My double figure of God and of Man back to your minds, so that you may know it for what it is, you may *recognise* it after so much obscurantism, with which you have concealed it from your spirits, and you may love it and go back to it and *save yourselves by means of It*. It is the figure of your Saviour and he, who knows it and loves it, will be saved.

603. 2     <sup>2</sup>In these past days I have made you acquainted with My physical sufferings. They tortured My Humanity. I have made you acquainted with My moral sufferings, as connected, interlaced, blended with My Mother’s, as are the inextricable lianas of the equatorial forests, which cannot be parted in order to cut only one, but it is necessary to break them with a single stroke of a hatchet to force one’s way through, killing them all together; just like the veins of a body, one alone of which cannot be deprived of blood, because only one liquid fills them all; better still, as it is not possible to prevent the creature that is forming in its mother’s womb from dying, if its mother dies, because it is the life, the warmth, the nourishment, the blood of the mother that, with a rhythm responding to the movement of the mother’s heart, penetrates through the internal membranes, as far as the baby-to-be, making it a complete living being.

She, oh! She, My pure Mother, bore Me not only for the nine months during which every woman bears the fruit of man, but for all Her life. Our hearts were united by spiritual fibres and they always beat together, and no motherly tear ever fell without leaving a trace of its salt on My heart, and there has never been any internal moaning of Mine that did not resound in Her, awakening Her grief.

You feel sorry for the mother of a son destined to death by an

incurable disease, for the mother of a man condemned to death by the rigour of human justice. But think of My Mother Who, from the moment She conceived Me, trembled considering that I was the Condemned One, think of this Mother Who, when She gave Me Her first kiss on the delicate rosy flesh of Her new-born baby, felt the future wounds of Her Child, think of this Mother Who would have given Her life ten, a hundred, a thousand times to prevent Me from becoming a Man and arriving at the moment of the Sacrifice, think of this Mother Who *was aware of* and *had* to desire that dreadful hour to accept the will of the Lord, for the glory of the Lord, out of kindness towards Mankind. No, there has been no agony that lasted longer and ended in a greater grief than My Mother's.

<sup>3</sup>And there has been no greater and more complete sorrow than Mine. I was One with the Father. He had loved Me from eternity as God alone can love. He had taken delight in Me and had found His divine joy in Me. And I had loved Him as a God alone can love, and in My union with Him I had found My divine joy. The ineffable relationship that ab aeterno ties the Father to the Son cannot be explained to you even by My Word, because while it is perfect, your intelligence is not, and you cannot understand and know what God is until you are with Him in Heaven. Well, like water that rises and presses against a dam, I felt the rigour of the Father grow hourly towards Me. 603. 3

As evidence against brute-men, who did not want to understand who I was, during the time of My public life, He had opened Heaven three times\* at the Jordan, at the Tabor and in Jerusalem on the eve of My Passion. But He had done that for men, not to give relief to Me. I was already the Expiator.

Many times, Mary, God makes men become acquainted with one of His servants, so that through him they may be roused and dragged to Him, but that happens also through the suffering of that servant. It is he who, by eating the bitter bread of God's rigour, pays personally for the comfort and salvation of his brothers. Is it not so? The victims of expiation know the rigour of God. Then comes the glory. But after Justice has been appeased. It is not the same as happens with My Love, that kisses His vie-

\* **three times**, in: 45. 5/7, 349. 6/7 and 598. 14.

tims. I am Jesus, I am the Redeemer, He Who has suffered and knows, by personal experience, how painful it is to be looked at by God with severity and be abandoned by Him, and I am never severe, and I never abandon anyone. I consume just the same, but through the fire of love.

603.4 <sup>4</sup>The more the hour of expiation approached, the more I felt the Father move away. The more I was separated from the Father, the less My Humanity felt it was supported by the Divinity of God. And because of that I suffered in every possible way. The separation from God brings fear, attachment to life, languor, tiredness, boredom. The deeper it is, the stronger are its consequences. When it is total, it leads to despair. And the more he who, by God's decree, experiences it, without having deserved it, the more he suffers, because the living spirit feels the excision from God, as live flesh feels the excision of a limb. It is a sorrowful prostrating stupor that one, who has not experienced it, cannot understand.

I experienced it. I had to know everything in order to be able to plead with the Father for everything in your favour. Even for your despair. Oh, I experienced what it means to say: "I am alone. Everybody has betrayed and abandoned Me. Even the Father, even God no longer assists Me". And that is why I work mysterious wonders of grace in poor hearts overwhelmed by despair, and I ask My beloved ones to drink the cup of so bitter an experience, so that they, those who are shipwrecked in the sea of despair, may not decline to accept the cross that I offer as anchor and salvation, but they may grasp at it and I may take them to the blessed shore where only peace reigns.

603.5 <sup>5</sup>On Thursday evening, I alone know whether I needed My Father! I was a spirit already in agony because of the effort of having to overcome the two greatest sorrows of a man: to say goodbye to a beloved mother, to have an unfaithful friend close by. They were two sores that scorched My heart: the former with Her tears, the latter with his hatred.

I had to share My bread with My Cain. I had to speak to him in a friendly manner in order not to denounce him to the others, as I was afraid they might react violently, and in order to avoid a crime, which in any case would have been useless, as everything was already written in the great book of life: both My holy

Death and Judas' suicide. Any other death was useless and disapproved of by God. No other blood but Mine was to be shed, and was not shed. The halter strangled that life, shutting up his impure blood, which had been sold to Satan, in the filthy sack of the traitor's body, blood that was not to be mixed, falling on the Earth, with the most pure blood of the Innocent.

Those two sores would have been sufficient to make Me suffer agony in *My Ego*. But I was the Expiator, the Victim, the Lamb. A lamb, before being sacrificed, experiences the red-hot brand, it suffers blows, it endures being shorn and sold to a butcher. And finally it feels the cold of the knife that cuts its throat, bleeds it and kills it. First it must leave *everything*: the pasture where it was brought up, its mother at whose breast it was nourished and warmed, the companions with which it lived. *Everything. I, the Lamb of God, experienced everything.*

<sup>603.6</sup>That is why Satan came, when the Father was retiring in Heaven. He had already come at the beginning of My mission, to tempt Me in order to divert Me from it. He was now coming back again. It was his hour. The hour of the satanic sabbath.

Crowds and crowds of devils were on the Earth that night, to accomplish the seduction of hearts and make them willing to request the killing of the Christ the following day. Each member of the Sanhedrin had his own, Herod had his, so had Pilate, and every single Judaeon who would invoke My Blood upon himself. Also beside the apostles there were their tempters, who made them drowsy while I was languishing, and who prepared them to be cowardly. Take notice of the power of purity. John, the pure disciple, was *the first among all of them* to free himself from the demoniac claws, and he came at once near his Jesus and understood His unexpressed desire, and brought Mary to Me.

But Judas had Lucifer, and I had Lucifer. Judas in his heart, I beside Me. We were the two main characters of the tragedy, and Satan was attending personally to both of us. After leading Judas to the point from which he could not withdraw, he turned towards Me.

With perfect artifice he showed Me the torments of the flesh with unsurpassable realism. Also in the desert he had started from the flesh. I defeated him by praying. *The spirit dominated the fear of the flesh.*

He then showed Me the uselessness of My death, and the usefulness of living for My own sake, without worrying Myself about ungrateful men, leading a rich happy life full of love. Living for My Mother, ensuring that She did not suffer. Living so that by means of a long apostolate I could take back to God many men, who, if I had died, would forget Me, whereas, if I had been their Master not for three years, but for many many years, would end up by becoming one with My doctrine. His angels would help Me to seduce men. Could I not see that the angels of God were not intervening to assist Me? Later, God would forgive Me seeing the crowds of believers that I would lead back to Him. Also in the desert he had tried to convince Me to tempt God through imprudence. I defeated him by praying. *The spirit dominated moral temptation.*

603.7 <sup>7</sup>He showed Me My abandonment by God. He, the Father, no longer loved Me. I was laden with the sins of the world. I disgusted Him. He was absent and was leaving Me to Myself. He was surrendering Me to the mockery of a cruel crowd. And He would not even grant Me His divine comfort. I was alone, all alone. In that hour there was but Satan near the Christ. God and men were absent, because they did not love Me. They hated Me or were uninterested. I prayed to cover the satanic words with My prayers. But My prayer no longer ascended to God. It fell back on Me, like stones of lapidation and crushed Me under its rubble. My prayer, that had always been for Me like a caress given to the Father, a voice that ascended and was answered by a fatherly caress and word, was now dead, heavy, uttered in vain to a closed Heaven.

I then tasted the bitterness of the bottom of the cup. *The flavour of despair.* It was what Satan wanted: to lead Me to despair, to make Me a slave of his. I overcame despair and *I overcame it only with My power, because I wanted to defeat it.* Only with My strength of a Man. I was nothing but the Man. And I was nothing but a man no longer helped by God. When God helps you, it is easy to lift even the world and hold it up like a child's toy. But when God does not help us any more, even the weight of a flower is a burden to us.

I defeated despair and Satan, its creator, in order to serve God and you, by giving you the Life. But I became acquainted with Death. Not with the physical death of crucifixion - that was not

so dreadful - but with the total conscious Death of the fighter who falls after triumphing, with a broken heart and blood pouring out of him in the trauma of an effort exceeding all endurance. And I sweated blood. *I sweated blood to be faithful to God's will.*

<sup>8</sup>That is why the angel of My sorrow showed Me the hopes of all those who have been saved through My sacrifice, as a medicine for My dying. 603. 8

Your names! Each name was a drop of medicine instilled into My veins to invigorate them and make them function, each of them was for Me life coming back, light coming back, strength coming back. During the cruel tortures, to avoid shouting My grief of Man, and in order not to despair of God and say that He was too severe and unjust to His Victim, I repeated your names to Myself, I saw you. Since then I blessed you. Since then I have carried you in My heart. And when the time came for you to be on the Earth, I leaned out of Heaven to accompany your coming, rejoicing at the thought that a fresh flower of love was born in the world and would have lived for Me.

Oh! My blessed ones! The comfort of the dying Christ! My Mother, the Disciple, the pious Women were present at My death, and you were there as well. My dying eyes saw, with the tormented face of My Mother, also your loving ones, and they closed thus, happy to be closed because they had saved you, who deserve the Sacrifice of a God. »

16<sup>th</sup> February 1944.

<sup>9</sup>Jesus says:

603. 9

«You have by now become acquainted with all the sorrows that preceded the Passion proper. I will now let you know the sorrows of My actual Passion. Those sorrows that affect your minds more when you meditate on them.

But you meditate very little on them. Too little. You do not consider how much you have cost Me and what torture your salvation involved. You complain of a scratch, of knocking against a corner, of a headache, but you do not consider that My body was one big sore, that those sores were envenomed with many things, that things themselves served to torture their Creator, because they tortured the already tormented God-Son, without any re-

spect for Him, Father of Creation Who had formed them.

But things were not guilty. The guilty one was still and always man. Guilty since the day he listened to Satan in the garden of Eden. The things of Creation, up to that moment, had no thorns, no poison, no cruelty for man, the chosen creature. God had made that man king, He made him in His own image and likeness, and in His fatherly love He did not want things to be insidious to man. Satan laid the snare. In the heart of man first of all, then, with the punishment of sin, it brought spines and thorns.

603. 10 <sup>10</sup>So I, the Man had also to suffer things and be grieved not only by people but also by things. The former insulted and tortured Me; the latter served as their weapons.

The hand that God had made for man to distinguish him from brutes, the hand that God had taught man how to use, the hand that God had co-ordinated with man's mind making it the executor of the commands of the mind, this part, which is so perfect in you and which should have had nothing but caresses for the Son of God, by Whom it had only been caressed and cured, if it was diseased, turned against the Son of God and struck Him with slaps and blows, it armed itself with scourges, it became pincers to tear hair and beard and hammer to drive nails.

Man's feet, which should have run nimbly only to worship the Son of God, were swift to come to arrest Me, to push and drag Me along the streets towards My executioners, and kick Me in such a way as would be unfair even with a restive mule.

Man's mouth, which should have used words, the endowment given only to man among all animals created, to praise and bless the Son of God, filled with curses and lies and hurled them with its slaver at My person.

Man's mind, the proof of his celestial origin, exhausted itself devising tortures of refined rigour.

603. 11 <sup>11</sup>Man, the whole man made use of himself, in his individual parts, to torture the Son of God. And he called the earth, with its forms, to assist him in torturing. Of the stones of torrents he made projectiles to wound Me; of the branches of trees, clubs to strike Me; of twisted hemp, ropes to drag Me, cutting into My flesh; of thorns, a crown of stinging fire for My tired head; of minerals, an exasperating scourge; of a cane, an instrument of



torture; of the stones in streets, a snare for the unsteady foot of He Who was going uphill, dying, to die crucified.

And things of the sky combined with the things of the earth. The cold at dawn for My body already exhausted by the agony in the garden, the wind that irritates wounds, the sun that increases parching thirst and one's temperature and brings flies and dust, that dazzles tired eyes, which fastened hands cannot protect.

And the fibres granted to man to cover his nakedness combine with the things of the sky: with leather, that becomes a scourge, with the wool of a garment that sticks to the sores made by the scourges and causes a rubbing and lacerating torture at each movement.

“Everything served to torture the Son of God. He, for Whom all things had been created, in the hour in which He was the Victim offered to God, had everything against Him in a hostile manner. Your Jesus, Mary, had no comfort from anything. Everything that exists turned against Me, like fierce vipers, to bite at My flesh and increase My suffering. This is what you ought to think of when you suffer, and comparing your imperfection with My perfection and My sorrows with yours, you ought to admit that the Father loves you as He did not love Me in that hour, and therefore, you should love Him with your whole selves, as I loved Him notwithstanding His rigour. » 603. 12

### **604. The various trials. Peter's denials. Reflections on Pilate.**

22<sup>nd</sup>-- 25<sup>th</sup> March 1945.

<sup>1</sup>The painful journey begins along the stony lane leading from the clearing, where Jesus was arrested, to the Kidron, and then, along another lane, to town. And gibes and torture begin at once. 604. 1

Jesus, His wrists and even His waist tied as if He were a dangerous madman, the ends of the ropes entrusted to energumens intoxicated with hatred, is tugged here and there like a rag abandoned to the rage of a pack of puppies. But, if those who behave thus were dogs, they could still be excused. But they are men, although they only have the appearance of men. And it is to give

Him greater pain that they have thought of tying Him with two opposed ropes, one of which serves only to fasten His wrists and it scratches and cuts into them with its coarse friction, and the other, the one round His waist, compresses His elbows against His thorax, and cuts into and oppresses His upper abdomen, torturing His liver and kidneys, where there is a huge knot and where, now and again, those holding the ends of the ropes, lash Him with them saying: «Gee-up! Away! Trot, donkey! », and they kick Him at the same time, striking the back of the knees of the Tortured One, Who vacillates and does not fall on the ground only because the ropes hold Him up. But that does not prevent Him from knocking against low walls and tree trunks, while He is tugged to the right by the man holding the rope fastening His wrists, and to the left by him holding the rope round His waist, and He falls heavily against the parapet, as a result of a more violent jerk when crossing the little bridge on the Kidron. His bruised mouth is bleeding. Jesus raises His tied hands to wipe away the blood soiling His beard, but does not say anything. He is really the lamb that does not bite its torturer.

Some people in the meantime have gone down to the gravel-bed to get pebbles and stones and from below a shower of stones strikes the easy target. As progress is slow on the narrow insecure little bridge, on which people crowd hindering one another, the stones hit Jesus' head and shoulders. They hit not only Jesus but also His torturers, who react throwing back sticks and the same stones. And it all serves to knock Jesus again on the head and neck. But they are soon on the other side of the bridge and the narrow lane casts shadows on the fray, because the moon, which is beginning to set, does not illuminate the twisted lane and many torches have gone out in the turmoil. But hatred acts as light to see the poor Martyr, Who is exposed to torture also because of His high stature. He is the tallest among all of them, so it is easy to strike Him, to seize Him by the hair compelling Him to throw back His head violently and to fling on it handfuls of filthy stuff, which by force goes into His mouth and eyes, causing nausea and pain.

604.2 <sup>2</sup>They begin to go through the suburb of Ophel, in which He dispensed so much good and so many caresses. The shouts of the crowd awake people who rush to their doors, and while wom-

en utter cries of sorrow and run away struck with terror seeing what is happening, men, who have also been cured and assisted and have received friendly words from Him, men either lower their heads remaining indifferent, simulating carelessness to say the least, or they pass from curiosity to hatred, to sneering, to threatening gestures or they follow the procession to join in torturing Him. Satan is already at work...

A man\*, a husband who wants to follow Him to insult Him, is grasped by his howling wife, who shouts at him: «Coward! You owe Him your life, you filthy man full of rotteness. Remember that! » But the woman is overwhelmed by the man, who beats her in a beastly manner throwing her on the ground and then runs to join the Martyr, Whose head he strikes with a stone.

Another woman, an old one, tries to obstruct the path of her son\*\* who is rushing looking like a hyena and holding a stick to strike Him, and she shouts at him: «As long as I live, you shall not be the killer of your Saviour! » But the poor wretch is struck by her son with a brutal kick in the groin and she collapses on the ground shouting: «Deicide and matricide! May you be cursed for ripping my womb for the second time and for injuring the Messiah! »

<sup>3</sup>The scene becomes more and more violent the closer they get to town. 604. 3

Before arriving at the walls — the Gates are already open, and the Roman soldiers, fully armed, are observing where and how the tumult is evolving, ready to interfere should the prestige of Rome be injured — there is John with Peter. I think they have arrived there by a short cut, which they have taken crossing the Kidron upstream of the bridge, and rushing ahead of the crowd, which is proceeding slowly, so much people are hindering one another. They are in the half-light of an entrance-hall, near a little square before the walls. They have covered their heads with their mantles to conceal their faces. But when Jesus arrives, John drops his mantle and shows his wan upset face in the clear moonlight that still shines there, before the moon sets behind the hill, which is beyond the walls and which I hear is named Tophet by the hired ruffians who arrested Jesus. Peter dares not show

\* **A man**: Jacob healed by Jesus in 374. 7/9.

\*\* **her son** is Samuel, the unfaithful husband of Annaleah in 374. 5/6 and in 375. 6/9.

his face. But he comes forward to be seen...

Jesus looks at them... and He smiles with infinite kindness. Peter turns round and goes back to his dark corner, covering his eyes with his hands, stooping, aged, already in very poor spirits. John remains bravely where he is, and only when the howling crowd has gone by, he joins Peter, he takes him by the elbow and he guides him as if he were a boy leading his blind father, and they both enter into the town behind the clamouring crowd.

I can hear the stupid, derisory sorrowful exclamations of the Roman soldiers. Some of them curse as they had to get out of their beds because of that «stupid blockhead»; some mock the Jews as being able «to arrest a poor little woman»; some pity the Victim Whom «they have always known to be kind»; and some say: «I would have preferred to die a violent death rather than see Him in those hands. He is a great man. I have two objects of veneration in this world: Him and Rome. »

«By Jove! » exclaims the one of highest rank. «I don't want trouble. I'll go to the ensign. Let him inform who is to be informed. I don't want to be sent to fight against the Germans. These Jews stink and they are snakes and trouble. But life is safe here. And I am about to finish my military service, and near Pompeii I have a girl!... »

604. 4 I miss the rest as I follow Jesus, Who proceeds along the street that forms a bend uphill to go to the Temple. But I see and realise that Annas' house, where they want to take Him, is and is not in the labyrinthic aggregation which is the Temple, and covers the whole of the Zion hill. The house is at its extremities, near a series of massive walls, which seem to be the boundaries of the town here, and from this place they stretch along the side of the mountain with porches and yards, until they reach the enclosure of the Temple proper, that is, where the Israelites go for their several celebrations of cult.

A tall iron door opens in the massive wall. Some voluntary hyenas rush towards it and knock loudly. And as soon as the door is slightly opened, they burst inside, almost knocking down and trampling on the maid-servant who had come to open it, and they open it wide, so that the bawling crowd, with the Prisoner in the middle of them, may go in. And as soon as they are in, they close and bolt the door, probably because they are afraid of Rome or of

the followers of the Nazarene. His followers! Where are they?...

They go along the entrance hall and then they pass through a wide yard, a corridor, another porch and another yard, and they drag Jesus up three steps, compelling Him almost to run along a porch built onto the yard, in order to arrive sooner at a richly furnished hall, where there is an elderly man wearing the robes of a priest.

«May God comfort you, Annas» says he who seems to be the officer, if the rascal who has been in charge of those brigands can be called so. «Here is the culprit. I entrust Him to your holiness, so that Israel may be cleansed of the sin. »

«May God bless you for your sagacity and your faith. »

Fine sagacity! Jesus' voice had been enough to make them drop to the ground at Gethsemane.

<sup>5</sup>«Who are You? »

604. 5

«Jesus of Nazareth, the Rabbi, the Christ. And you know Me. I have not acted in darkness. »

«No, not in darkness. But You have led the crowds astray with obscure doctrines. And it is the Temple's right and duty to protect the souls of the children of Abraham. »

«The souls! Priest of Israel, can you say that you have suffered for the soul of the least or greatest person of this people? »

«And what about You? What have You done that may be called suffering? »

«What have I done? Why do you ask Me? The whole of Israel speaks about Me. From the holy city to the poorest village, even stones speak to say what I have done. I have given sight to blind people: the sight of their eyes and of their hearts. I have opened the ears of deaf people: to the voices of the Earth and of Heaven. I have made cripples and paralytics walk, so that they might begin marching from the flesh towards God and then proceed with their spirits. I have cleansed lepers of the leprosy pointed out by the Mosaic Law and of that which makes man polluted in the eyes of God: sin. I have raised the dead, but I do not say that it is a great deed to call a body back to life, but it is a great thing to redeem a sinner, and I have done that. I have helped the poor, teaching greedy and rich Hebrews the holy precept of love for our neighbour and, remaining poor, notwithstanding that a stream of gold passed through My hands, I have wiped more

tears by Myself than all of you, who possess riches. And, finally, I have given a wealth that has no name: the knowledge of the Law, the knowledge of God, the certainty that we are all equal and that in the holy eyes of the Father tears and crimes are the same, whether they are shed or committed by the Tetrarch and by the Pontiff, or by the beggar and the leper who dies on a cart-road. That is what I have done. Nothing else. »

604.6 «Do You realise that You are accusing Yourself? You say: the leprosy that makes one polluted in the eyes of God and is not pointed out by Moses. You are insulting Moses and are insinuating that there are some lacunae in his Law... »

«Not his: God's. It is so. More than leprosy, which is a misfortune of the flesh and comes to an end, I declare serious, and it is so, sin, which is an eternal misfortune of the spirit. »

«Do You dare say that You can remit sins? How can You do it? »

«If with a little lustral water and the sacrifice of a ram it is lawful and credible to cancel a sin, expiate it and be cleansed of it, why will My tears, My Blood and My will not be able to do so? »

«But You are not dead. So where is the Blood? »

«I am *not yet* dead. But I shall be, because it is written. In Heaven before Zion existed, before Moses existed, before Jacob existed, before Abraham existed, since the king of Evil gnawed at the heart of man and poisoned it in him and in his children. It is written on the Earth in the Book that contains the voices of the prophets. It is written in hearts. In yours, in Caiaphas', in the hearts of the members of the Sanhedrin who do not, no, those hearts do not forgive Me for being good. I have absolved anticipating through My Blood. I will now accomplish absolution with a purifying bath in it. »

«You say that we are greedy and we ignore the precept of love... »

«Is it perhaps not true? Why are you killing Me? Because you are afraid that I may dethrone you. Oh! be not afraid. My Kingdom is not of this world. I leave you the masters of all power. The Eternal knows when to utter the "Enough" that will make you drop thunder-struck... »

«Like Doras\*, eh? »

\* Like Doras, in 110. 3 and 126. 10.

«He died of a fit of anger. Not because he was struck by heavenly lightning. God was waiting on the other side to strike him. »

«And You are repeating that to me? A relative of his? How dare You? »

«I am the Truth. And the Truth is never cowardly. »

«Proud and foolish! »

«No: sincere. You accuse Me of offending you. But do you all not hate? You hate one another. And now your hatred for Me unites you. But tomorrow, when you have killed Me, you will hate one another once again, and more fiercely, and will live with this hyena behind your backs and this snake in your hearts. I have taught love. For the world's sake. I taught people not to be greedy, to have mercy. <sup>7</sup>Of what do you accuse Me? »

604. 7

«Of preaching a new doctrine. »

«O priest! Israel is swarming with new doctrines: the Essenes have theirs, the Sadochites and the Pharisees have theirs; everybody has his secret one, which for one is named pleasure, for another one gold, for another one power; and everybody has his idol. Not I. I have resumed the down-trodden Law of My Father, of the Eternal God, and I have gone back to repeating the ten commandments of the Decalogue in a simple way, talking Myself hoarse to make them enter the hearts that no longer knew them. »

«Horror! Blasphemy! How dare You say this to me, a priest? Has Israel no Temple? Are we like the exiles in Babylon\*? Reply to me. »

«That is what you are, and even more. There is a Temple. Yes. A building. But God is not in it. He has fled before the abomination that is in His house. But why ask Me so many questions, since My death has already been decided? »

«We are not murderers. We kill if we have the right to do so for an evident fault. <sup>8</sup>But I want to save You. Tell me, and I will save You. Where are Your disciples? If You hand them over to me, I will let You go free. The names of all of them, and the secret ones more than the known ones. Tell me: is Nicodemus one of Yours? And Joseph? And Gamaliel? And Eleazar? And... But with regard to this one, I already know... It is not necessary.

604. 8

\* the exiles in Babylon, in: 2 Kings 24-25; 2 Chronicles 36.

Speak. Speak up. You know that I can kill You and save You. I am powerful. »

«You are filth. I leave to filth the business of the informer. I am Light. »

A bravo lands a blow in His face.

«I am Light. Light and Truth. I have spoken openly to the world, I have taught in synagogues and in the Temple, where the Judaeans meet, and I have said nothing secretly. I repeat it. Why do you ask Me? Ask those who have heard what I have said. They know. »

Another bravo gives Him a slap in the face shouting: «Is that how You reply to the High Priest? »

«I am speaking to Annas. Caiaphas is the Pontiff. And I am speaking with the respect due to the old man. But if you think that I have said something wrong, prove it to Me. If not, why do you strike Me? »

604.9 «Leave Him alone. 9I am going to Caiaphas. Keep Him here until I tell you otherwise. And make sure He does not speak to anybody. » Annas goes out.

Jesus does not speak. Not even to John, who dares to stay at the door defying the crowd of hired ruffians. But Jesus, without saying a word, must have given him an order, because John, after a sorrowful glance, goes away and I lose sight of him.

Jesus remains with the torturers. Blows with ropes, spittle, insults, kicks, the tearing of His hair, is what is left for Him, until a servant comes to say that the Prisoner is to be taken to Caiaphas' house.

And Jesus, still tied and ill-treated, goes out again under the porch, walks along it as far as a lobby, and then passes through a yard in which many people are warming themselves near a fire, because the night has turned cold and windy in the early hours of the Friday. Peter and John are also there, mingled among the hostile crowd. And they must be really brave to stay there... Jesus looks at them and a faint smile appears on His lips already swollen because of the blows received.

A long walk across porches, halls, yards and corridors. But what kind of houses did these people of the Temple have?

But the crowd does not go into the enclosure of the pontiff's house. It is pushed back into Anna's entrance-hall. Jesus pro-



ceeds alone, among “braves” and priests. <sup>10</sup>He goes into a large <sup>604. 10</sup> hall that seems to lose its rectangular shape because of the many seats placed in horse-shoe shape along three sides, leaving an empty space in the middle, beyond which there are two or three seats placed on platforms.

When Jesus is on the point of going in, rabbi Gamaliel arrives at the same time, and the guards give the Prisoner a strong pull, so that He may give way to the rabbi of Israel. But the latter, as stiff as a statue, with a stately attitude slackens his pace and, hardly moving his lips, without looking at anyone, he asks: «Who are You? Tell me. » And Jesus kindly replies: «Read the prophets and you will have the answer. They contain the first sign. The other one will come. »

Gamaliel gathers his mantle and goes in. Jesus enters behind him. While Gamaliel goes to one of the seats, Jesus is dragged to the middle of the hall, in front of the Pontiff: the true figure of a criminal. And they wait until all the members of the Sanhedrin arrive.

Then the session begins. But Caiaphas notices that two or three seats are vacant and he asks: «Where is Eleazar? And where is John? »

A young man, a scribe I think, stands up, he bows and says: «They refused to come. Here is their letter. »

«Keep it and make a note of it. They will answer for that.

“What have the holy members of this Council to say with regard <sup>604. 11</sup> to this man? »

«I will tell you. He infringed the Sabbath in my house. God bears witness that I am not lying. Ishmael ben Fabi never lies. »

«Is it true, defendant? »

Jesus is silent.

«I have seen him live with well-known prostitutes. Feigning He was a prophet, He turned His haunt into a brothel, and with heathen women of all people. Sadoc, Callascebona and Nahum, Annas’ trustee, were with me. Am I telling the truth, Sadoc and Callascebona? Call me a liar if I deserve it. »

«It is true. Quite true. »

«What do You say? »

Jesus is silent.

«He missed no opportunity to deride us and have us ridiculed.

Common people no longer love us through His fault. »

«Do You hear them? You have profaned the holy members. »

Jesus is silent.

«This man is possessed. After He returned from Egypt He has practised black magic. »

«How can you prove it? »

«On my faith and on the tables of the Law. »

«A serious charge. Prove Your innocence. »

Jesus is silent.

«Your ministry is illegal, You know that. And liable to death. Speak up. »

«This session of ours is illegal. Stand up, Simeon, and let us go» says Gamaliel.

«Rabbi, have you gone mad? »

«I respect formulae. It is not lawful to proceed as we are doing. And I will make a public charge against it. » And rabbi Gamaliel goes out, as stiff as a statue, followed by a man about thirty-five years old, who looks like him.

604. 12 “There is a little turmoil and Nicodemus and Joseph take advantage of it to speak in favour of the Martyr.

«Gamaliel is right. The time and the place are illicit, and the charges are not consistent. Can anybody accuse Him of having notoriously despised the Law? I am a friend of His and I swear that I have always found Him to be respectful of the Law» says Nicodemus.

«And I, too. And in order not to assent to a crime, I cover my head, not for Him, but for us, and I go out. » And Joseph is about to come down from his seat and go out.

But Caiaphas shouts: «Ah! Is that what you say? Then let the sworn witnesses come. And listen to them. Then you will go away. »

Then two jail-bird figures come in. Elusive looks, cruel sneers, sly ways.

«Speak up. »

«It is not lawful to listen to both at the same time» shouts Joseph.

«I am the High Priest. I give orders. Be silent! »

Joseph strikes the table with his fist and says: «May the fire of Heaven fall upon you! As from this moment be aware that Jo-

seph the Elder is an enemy of the Sanhedrin and a friend of the Christ. And I am going at once to inform the Praetor that a man is being sentenced to death here without the approval of Rome» and he rushes out giving a violent push to a young thin scribe who would like to hold him back.

Nicodemus goes out more calmly without saying a word. And when going out he passes in front of Jesus and looks at Him...

«Another turmoil. They are afraid of Rome. And Jesus is always the expiating victim. 604. 13

«See, all this is happening through Your fault, You corrupter of the best Judaeans. You have prostituted them. »

Jesus is silent.

«Let the witnesses speak» shouts Caiaphas.

«Yes, He was making use of the... the... We knew... What is the name of that thing? »

«The tetragram, perhaps? »

«That's it! You have said it! He evoked the dead. He taught people to rebel against the Sabbath and to desecrate the altar. We swear it. He said that He wanted to destroy the Temple and rebuild it in three days with the assistance of demons. »

«No. He said: it will not be built by man. »

Caiaphas comes down from his seat and approaches Jesus. Small, excessively fat, ugly, he looks like a huge toad close to a flower. Because Jesus, although wounded, bruised, dirty and "unkempt, is still so handsome and solemn. «Are You not replying? What horrible charges they are bringing against You! Speak, to clear Yourself of such shame. »

But Jesus is silent. He looks at him but does not speak.

<sup>14</sup>«Reply to me, then. I am Your Pontiff. I adjure You by the living God. Tell me: are You the Christ, the Son of God? » 604. 14

«You have said it. I am. And you will see the Son of man, sitting on the right hand of the power of the Father, come on the clouds of the sky. Moreover, why do you ask Me? I have spoken in public for three years. I have not said anything secretly. Ask those who have heard Me. They will tell you what I have said and what I have done. »

One of the soldiers who is holding Him, strikes His mouth, making it bleed once again, and he shouts: «Is that how you reply, o satan, to the High Pontiff? »

And Jesus replies meekly to this one as He had replied to the previous one: «If I have spoken the truth, why do you strike Me? If I have said something wrong, why do you not tell Me where I am wrong? I tell you once again: I am the Christ, the Son of God. I cannot lie. I am the High Priest, the Eternal Priest. And I alone wear the true Rational, on which it is written: Doctrine and Truth. And I am faithful to both, even to death, ignominious in the eyes of the world, holy in the eyes of God, and until the blissful Resurrection. I am the Anointed One. Pontiff and King I am. And I am about to take My sceptre and with it, as with a winnowing-fan, I will clear the threshing-floor. This Temple will be destroyed and it will rise again, new and holy. Because this one is corrupt and God has abandoned it to its destiny. »

«Blasphemer! » they all shout in chorus. «Will You do that in three days, You silly possessed man? »

«Not this one. But Mine will rise again, the Temple of the true, living, holy, three times holy God. »

«Anathema! » they howl again in chorus.

Caiaphas raises his clucking voice, he tears his linen garments with affected horror, and he says: «What else have we to hear from witnesses? He has blasphemed. So what shall we do? »

And all in chorus: «He deserves to die. »

And with disdainful scandalised gestures they go out of the hall, leaving Jesus to the mercy of the bravoes and of the mob of false witnesses, who with slaps, blows, spitting, blinding His eyes with a rag and then pulling His hair violently, drive Him here and there with His hands tied, so that He knocks against tables, chairs and walls, while they ask Him: «Who hit You? Guess. » And several times they trip Him and make Him fall flat on His face, and they split their sides with laughter seeing how hardly able He is to stand up again, His hands being tied.

604. 15 <sup>15</sup>Some hours go by so and the tired torturers decide to have a little rest. They take Jesus to a closet, making Him go through many yards among the insults of the mob already numerous in the enclosure of the Pontiff's house.

Jesus arrives in the courtyard where there is Peter near a fire. And He looks at him. But Peter escapes His notice. John is no longer there. I cannot see him. I think he has gone away with Nicodemus...

Dawn is breaking and the sky looks greenish. An order is given: the Prisoner is to be taken back to the Council Hall for a more legal trial. It is just the moment in which Peter for the third time denies that he knows the Christ, when the latter is passing by, already marked by sufferings. And, in the greenish dawn light, His bruises look even more dreadful on His wan face, and His eyes more sunken and glassy: a Jesus blurred by the sorrow of the world...

A derisory sarcastic mischievous cock-crowing rends the air just beginning to stir at dawn. And at this moment of deep silence brought about by the appearance of the Christ, only Peter's harsh voice is heard to say: «I swear it, woman, I do not know Him»: a resolute decided statement, to which replies at once, like a sneer, the cheeky crowing of the cockerel.

Peter gives a start. He turns round to run away and he finds himself facing Jesus, Who looks at him with infinite compassion, with such sad deep sorrow that breaks my heart, as if after that I should see my Jesus vanish forever. Peter sobs and he goes out staggering as if he were drunk. He runs away behind two servants, who go out into the street, and he disappears down the semi-dark street.

Jesus is taken back into the hall. In chorus they repeat the captious question: «In the name of the true God, tell us: are You the Christ? »

And when they receive the same reply as the previous one, they sentence Him to death and they give orders to take Jesus to Pilate.

<sup>16</sup>Jesus, escorted by all His enemies, except Annas and <sup>604.</sup> 16 Caiaphas, goes out, passing once again through those courts of the Temple, in which so many times He had spoken, helped and cured people, and through the embattled enclosure He goes into the streets of the town, and more dragged than led, He descends towards the town, which is turning pinkish in the first announcement of dawn.

I think that for the only purpose of torturing Him longer, they make Him take a long tedious walk round Jerusalem, passing on purpose by the markets, the stables, the hostels full of people at Passover. And both the waste vegetables in market places, and the excrement of animals in stables, become projectiles for the

Innocent, Whose face shows larger and larger bruises and small bleeding cuts, and is veiled by the various dirty things spread over it. His hair, already weighed down and slightly stretched by blood sweat, looks duller and hangs uncombed, strewn with bits of straw and dirt, falling over His eyes, because they ruffle it to veil His face.

The people at market places, buyers and vendors, leave everything to follow the Poor Wretch, but not out of love. Grooms and inn-servants come out in groups, deaf to the calling and orders of their mistresses, who, to tell the truth, like almost all the other women, are, if not all against the insults, at least indifferent to the tumult, and they withdraw grumbling at being left alone with so many people to serve.

So the howling train grows bigger every moment and minds and features seem to change nature, through a sudden epidemic, as the former become the minds of criminals, and the latter masks of ferocity in faces green with hatred or red with anger; hands become claws and mouths take the shape and howling of wolves, and eyes look sinister, red, squinted like those of madmen. Jesus only is always the same, although by now He is covered with dirt spread all over His body, and His features are disfigured by bruises and swellings.

604. 17 <sup>17</sup>At an archivolt that narrows the street like a ring, while everything becomes obstructed and slows down, a cry rends the air: «Jesus! » It is Elias, the shepherd, who tries to make his way by swinging a heavy club. Old, powerful, menacing and strong, he almost succeeds in approaching the Master. But the crowd, defeated by the first assault, closes its ranks and separates, drives back and overwhelms the solitary disciple who struggles against a whole crowd. «Master! » he shouts, while the vortex of the crowd absorbs and rejects him.

«Go!... My Mother... I bless you... »

And the procession passes through the narrow spot. And like water that finds an open space after a dam, it pours uproariously into a wide avenue, built above the hollow between two hills, with wonderful buildings of wealthy people at its ends.

I see the Temple once again on the top of its hill, and I realise that the vicious circle they made the Convict go round, to expose Him to the ridicule of the whole town and allow everybody to in-

suit Him, while the insulters increase at each step, is coming to its end by going back to where it started.

<sup>18</sup>A horse-man comes out of a building at a gallop. The purple caparison on the white Arab horse and the magnificence of its appearance, his sword brandished naked and landed with its flat or edge on backs and heads that begin to bleed, make him look like an archangel. When in a caracole, in a prance of the horse that curvets, using its hooves as a weapon to defend itself and its master, and as the best means to make its way through the crowd, it makes the rider's purple and gold veil fall from his head, where it was held tight by a gold strip, I recognise Manaen. 604. 18

«Back! » he shouts. «How dare you disturb the Tetrarch's rest? » But that is only an excuse to justify his intervention and attempt to reach Jesus. «This man... let me see Him... Stand aside, or I will call the guards... »

The people, because of the hail of blows with the flat of the sword, of the kicks of the horse and of the threats of the horse-man, open out and Manaen can reach the group of Jesus and of the Temple guards who are holding Him.

«Go away! The Tetrarch is more important than you are, you filthy servants. Back. I want to speak to Him» and he is successful by charging the most ruthless jailor with his sword.

«Master!... »

«Thank you. But go away! And may God comfort you! » And, as best He can with His tied hands, He makes a gesture of blessing.

The crowds hiss from afar and, as soon as they see Manaen withdraw, they take vengeance for being driven back by throwing a hail of stones and rubbish on the Convict.

“Along the avenue, which is uphill and already warm in the sunshine, they go towards the Antonia Tower, the mass of which is already visible in the distance. 604. 19

The shrill cry of a woman rends the air: «Oh! my Saviour! My life for His, o Eternal! »

Jesus turns His head round and on the high flowery loggia surrounding a beautiful house He sees Johanna of Chuza, among maids and servants and with little Mary and Matthias around her, raise her arms towards the sky. But Heaven does not listen to prayers today! Jesus raises His arms and makes a gesture of

farewell blessing.

«Death! Death to the blasphemer, the corrupter, the devil! Death to His friends» and hisses and stones are slung towards the high terrace. I do not know whether anybody is injured. I hear a very shrill cry and then I see the group break up and disappear.

And on, on, going up... Jerusalem displays her houses in the sunshine, empty, emptied by the hatred that drives the whole town, with its real inhabitants and the temporary ones who have come here for the Passover, against a defenceless man.

604. 20 <sup>20</sup>Some Roman soldiers, a whole maniple, run out from the Antonia with their lances pointed at the mob, who disperse shouting. In the middle of the street there is Jesus left with the guards, the chief of the priests, of the scribes and of the elders of the people.

«This man? This sedition? You will answer to Rome for this» says a centurion haughtily.

«He is liable to death according to our law. »

«And since when has the “*jus gladii et sanguinis*”<sup>\*</sup> been given back to you? » asks once again the senior centurion, a real Roman, with a severe face and a cheek marked by a deep scar. And he speaks with the contempt and disgust with which he would speak to lousy galley-slaves.

«We are aware that we do not have that right. We are loyal subjects of Rome... »

«Ha! Ha! Ha! Listen to them, Longinus. Loyal! Subjects! Rot- ters! I would reward you with the arrows of my archers. »

«Too noble a death! The backs of mules want nothing but the lash!... » replies Longinus with ironic coolness.

The chief priests, scribes and elders are foaming with poison. But they want to attain their object and are silent, they swallow the insult without showing that they have understood it, and bowing to the two officers, they ask that Jesus be led to Pontius Pilate so that «he may judge and condemn with the well-known honest justice of Rome. »

«Ha! Ha! Listen to them! We have become wiser than Min-

<sup>\*</sup> **jus gladii et sanguinis:** “the power of the dagger and of the blood”. It was the right to sentence to death reserved to the Roman Procurator (as also reminded by Jesus in 561. 10 and in 604. 36/37).



erva... Here! Give Him to us! And march ahead of us! One never knows. You are stinking jackals. It is dangerous to have you behind our backs. Go on! »

«We cannot. »

«Why not? When one accuses one must be before the judge with the defendant. That is the rule of Rome. »

«The house of a heathen is unclean in our eyes, and we are already purified for Passover. »

«Oh! poor little things! they become contaminated by coming in!... And the murder of the *only* Hebrew Who is a man, and not a jackal and a reptile like you, does that not pollute you? All right. Then remain where you are. Not one step forward or you will be pierced by the spears. Let a decry stand round the Defendant. The others against this rabble that smells of badly washed billy-goat. »

“Jesus enters into the Praetorium in the middle of the ten soldiers who are armed with lances and form a square of halberds around His person. The two centurions go on. While Jesus stops in a large entrance-hall, beyond which there is a court-yard that can be seen indistinctly behind a curtain moved by the wind, they disappear behind a door.

604. 21

They come back in with the Governor, who is wearing a snow-white toga with a scarlet mantle on top of it. Perhaps that is how they dressed when representing Rome officially. He comes in lazily, with a sceptical smile on his shaven face, he rubs some leaves of lemon-scented verbena and smells them voluptuously. He goes to a sun-dial and comes back after looking at it. He throws some grains of incense into the brazier placed at the feet of a deity. He has citron water brought to him and he gargles his throat. He gazes at his hair completely wavy in a mirror of highly polished metal. He seems to have forgotten the Convict, Who is awaiting his approval to be killed. He would make even stones fly into a rage.

Since the front of the hall is completely open and is raised by three high steps with respect to the lobby, which opens onto the street and is three more steps higher than it, the Jews can see everything very well and they are fretting and fuming. But they dare not rebel as they fear the lances and javelins.

At last, after going round and round the large hall, Pilate goes

straight towards Jesus, he looks at Him and asks the two centurions: «This one? »

«Yes, this man. »

«Let His accusers come» and he goes and sits on the chair placed on the platform. Above his head the insignia of Rome interlace with the golden eagles and their powerful initials.

«They cannot come. They become contaminated. »

«Phew! Better so. We shall save streams of essences to remove their goatish smell from this place. Make them come nearer, at least. Down here. And make sure they do not come in, as they do not wish to do so. This man could be a pretext for a sedition. »

A soldier departs to take the order of the Roman Procurator. The others draw up in front of the entrance-hall at regular distances, as handsome as nine statues of heroes.

604. 22 <sup>22</sup>The chief priests, scribes and elders come forward and they bow servilely and stop in the little square which is before the Praetorium, beyond the three steps of the lobby.

«Speak up and be quick. You are already at fault for disturbing the peace of the night and having the Gates opened with violence. But I will have that verified. And principals and mandataries will answer for disobeying the ordinance. » Pilate has gone towards them, remaining in the hall.

«We have come to submit our verdict on this man to Rome, whose divine emperor you represent. »

«What charges do you bring against Him? He seems innocent tome... »

«If He were not an evil-doer, we would not have brought Him to you. » And in their eagerness to accuse Him they come forward.

«Repel this populace. Six steps beyond the three steps in the square. The two centuries to arms! »

The soldiers obey promptly, one hundred draw up on the top outer step with their backs to the entrance-hall, and one hundred in the little square, onto which the main door of Pilate's abode opens. I said main door, I should say huge portal or triumphal arch, because it is a very wide opening delimited by a gate, now wide open, which admits into the hall through the long corridor of the lobby at least six metres wide, so that what takes place in the raised hall is clearly visible. Beyond the wide lobby

one can see the beastly faces of the Jews look threateningly and diabolically towards the inside, beyond the armed barrier that, side by side, presents two hundred sharp-pointed spears to the chicken-hearted killers.

«I ask you once again, which charge are you bringing against this man? »

«He has committed crimes against the Law of our forefathers. »

«And have you come to bother me about that? Take him and judge Him according to your laws. »

«We cannot sentence anybody to death. We are not learned. Jewish jurisprudence is a mentally deficient child as compared with the perfect Law of Rome. As ignorant people and subjects of Rome, the mistress, we are in need... »

«Since when have you become honey and butter?... But you have spoken the truth, o masters of falsehood! You are in need of Rome! Yes. To get rid of this man Who causes trouble to you. I see. » And Pilate laughs, looking at the clear sky that is framed like a rectangular sheet of dark turquoise among the marble snow-white walls of the hall. «Tell me: which crimes has He committed against your laws? »

«We have found out that He was causing disturbances in our country and was preventing people from paying the tribute to Caesar, saying that He is the Christ, the king of the Jews. »

<sup>23</sup>Pilate goes back to Jesus, Who is in the middle of the hall, left there by the soldiers, tied but without escort, so obvious is His meekness. And he asks Him: «Are You the king of the Jews? » 604. 23

«Are you asking this of your own accord, or through the insinuation of other people? »

«And what do You expect me to care for Your kingdom? Am I a Jew? Your country and its leaders have handed You over to me, that I may judge You. What have You done? I know that You are loyal. Speak. Is it true that You aspire at reigning? »

«My Kingdom does not come from this world. If it were a kingdom of this world, My ministers and my soldiers would have fought to prevent the Jews from arresting Me. But My Kingdom is not of the Earth. And you know that I do not seek power. »

«That is true. I know. I have been told. But You do not deny that You are a king? »

«You assert it. I am a King. That is why I came into the world: to bear witness to the Truth. Those who are on the side of the Truth listen to My voice. »

«What is the Truth? Are You a philosopher? It does not serve when facing death. Socrates died just the same. »

«But it served him in his lifetime, to live honestly. And also to die well. And to enter into the other life without being called a traitor of civic virtues. »

«By Jove! » Pilate looks at Him for some moments full of admiration. Then he resumes his sceptical sarcasm. He makes a gesture of boredom, turns his back on Him and goes towards the Judaeans. «I find no fault in Him. »

The crowd riots, seized with the panic fear of losing the prey and the spectacle of the capital punishment. And they shout: «He is a rebel! », «A blasphemer», «He encourages libertinism», «He instigates people to rebel», «He refuses respect for Caesar», «He feigns that He is a prophet», «He practises magic», «He is a devil», «He stirs up the people teaching all over in Judaea, where He came from Galilee teaching», «Death to Him! », «Death to Him! »

«Is He a Galilean? Are You a Galilean? » Pilate goes back to Jesus: «Do You hear how they accuse You? Prove Your innocence. »

But Jesus is silent.

604. 24 <sup>24</sup>Pilate is pensive... And he decides: «Let a century take Him to Herod to be judged. He is Herod's subject. I acknowledge the right of the Tetrarch and I assent to his verdict in advance. Tell him. Go. »

And Jesus, surrounded like a rascal by one hundred soldiers, passes through the town again and once more He meets Judas Iscariot, whom He had already met near a market. I forgot to mention this before, disgusted as I was with the brawl of the populace. The same merciful glance at the traitor...

It is now more difficult to strike Him with kicks and clubs, but there is no shortage of stones and rubbish and, if the stones hit the Roman helmets and armour resounding without injuries, they do leave marks when they hit Jesus, Who is proceeding with only His tunic on, as He left His mantle at Gethsemane.

When entering Herod's sumptuous palace, He sees Chuza...

who cannot look at Him and runs away not to see Him in that state, covering his head with his mantle.

<sup>25</sup>He is now in the hall, in front of Herod. And behind Him, 604. 25 there are the scribes and Pharisees, who feel at their ease here, and who come in to make their false charges. Only the centurion and four soldiers escort Him towards the Tetrarch.

Herod descends from his seat and walks round Jesus, while listening to the accusations of His enemies. And he smiles and flouts. He then feigns compassion and respect, which do not upset the Martyr, as his raillery did not perturb Him.

«You are great. I know. I enquired about You and I was pleased that Chuza was Your friend and Manaen Your disciple. I... the worries of the State... But how anxious I was to say that You are great... to ask You to forgive me... John's eyes... his voice accuse me and are always before me. You are the saint who cancels the sins of the world. Absolve me, o Christ. »

Jesus is silent.

«I heard that they accuse You of rebelling against Rome. Are You not the promised rod\* to strike Assur? »

Jesus is silent.

«They told me that You predict the end of the Temple and of Jerusalem. But is the Temple not eternal as a spirit, since it was wanted by God Who is eternal? »

Jesus is silent.

«Are You mad? Have You lost Your power? Is Satan preventing You from speaking? Has he abandoned You? » Herod is laughing now.

<sup>26</sup>He then gives an order. And some servants rush in carrying 604. 26 a greyhound, which has a broken leg and is yelping sorrowfully, and a stable-man, who is dull-witted, with a big empty head, a slavering mouth, an abortion, the laughing stock of the servants. The scribes and priests run away, shouting at the sacrilege, when they see the stretcher of the dog. Herod, false and mocking, explains: «It's Herodias pet. A gift of Rome. It broke its leg yesterday and she is weeping. Order it to be cured. Work a miracle. »

Jesus looks at him severely and is silent.

«Have I offended You? This one, then. He is a man, although

\* promised rod, in: *Isaiah 30: 30-32.*

he is little more than a wild beast. Give him intelligence, since You are the Intelligence of the Father... Is that not what You say? » And he laughs offensively.

Another more severe glance of Jesus Who is still silent.

«This man is too abstinent and is now stunned by scorn. Bring wine and women here. And untie Him. »

They untie His hands. And while a large number of servants bring amphorae and cups, some dancers come in... covered with nothing: a many-coloured linen fringe is the only garment girding their thin waists and hips. Nothing else. As they are Africans they are of bronze complexion and are as agile as young gazelles, and they begin a silent lascivious dance.

Jesus refuses the cups and closes His eyes without speaking. Herod's courtiers laugh at His disdain.

«Take the woman You wish. Live! Learn how to live!... » suggests Herod.

Jesus seems a statue. With folded arms, closed eyes, He does not stir even when the lewd dancers touch Him lightly with their nude bodies.

«Enough. I treated You as God, and You did not act as God. I treated You as a man, and you have not acted as a man. You are mad. A white garment. Clothe Him with it so that Pontius Pilate may know that the Tetrarch took his subject to be mad. Centurion, please tell the Proconsul that Herod humbly presents his respect to him and venerates Rome. Go. »

And Jesus, tied once again, goes out, with a linen tunic reaching down to His knees, on top of His red woollen garment.

And they go back to Pilate.

604. 27 <sup>27</sup>Now, when the century with difficulty squeeze through the crowd, which did not get tired waiting in front of the proconsular building — and it is strange to see so many people in that place and its neighbourhood, while the rest of the town seems to be empty — Jesus sees the shepherds in a group and they are all there, that is, Isaac, Jonathan, Levi, Joseph, Elias, Matthias, John, Simeon, Benjamin and Daniel, together with a small group of Galileans, among whom I recognise Alphaeus and Joseph of Alphaeus with two more whom I do not know, but judging by their hair-style, I should say they are Judaeans. And farther away, He sees John, who has slipped into the hall, half-hid-

den behind a column, with a Roman, who I think is a servant. He smiles at this one and at those... His friends... But what are these few people and Johanna, and Manaen, and Chuza, in the middle of an ocean boiling with hatred?...

<sup>28</sup>The centurion salutes Pontius Pilate and reports.

604. 28

«Here again?! Phew! Cursed be this race! Make the mob come forward and bring the Accused here. Oh! what a nuisance! »

He goes towards the crowd, stopping again in the middle of the hall.

«Jews, listen. You have brought me this man as an instigator of the people. I have examined Him in your presence and I have not found in Him any of the crimes of which you accuse Him. Herod did not find more than I did. And he has sent Him back to us. He does not deserve death. Rome has spoken. But, in order not to displease you, depriving you of the amusement, I will give you Barabbas\*. And I will order Him to be given forty lashes. That is enough. »

«No, no! Not Barabbas! Not Barabbas! Death to Jesus! And a dreadful death! Release Barabbas and condemn the Nazarene to death. »

«But listen! I said I will have Him lashed. Is that not enough? I will have Him scourged, then! It is terrible, you know? He may die through it. What wrong has He done? I can find no fault in Him. And I will set Him free. »

«Crucify Him! Crucify Him! Death to Him! You are the protector of criminals! Heathen! You are Satan, too! »

The crowd advances and the first formation of soldiers wavers, as they cannot make use of their lances. But the second line, descending one step, swing their lances and free their companions.

«Let Him be scourged» Pilate orders a centurion.

«How many blows? »

«As many as you like... In any case the matter is over. And I am bored. Go. »

<sup>29</sup>Jesus is led by four soldiers to the court-yard beyond the hall. In the middle of that court-yard, which is all paved with

604. 29

\* **Barabbas:** he might be the robber and murderer mentioned by Jesus in 567. 12 (last lines) and by the crowd in 576. 3. We learn from *Matthew 27: 16* that he was a "famous prisoner".

coloured marbles, there is a high column like the one in the porch. At about three metres from the floor it has an iron bar protruding at least a metre and ending with a ring, to which Jesus is tied, with His hands joined above His head, after He has been undressed. He has on only short linen breeches and sandals. His hands tied at His wrists are raised up as far as the ring, so that, although tall, He rests only the tips of His toes on the floor... And even that position is a torture.

I have read, I do not know where, that the column was low and that Jesus was bent over it. That may be. I say what I see.

Behind Him stands one who looks like an executioner, with a clear Jewish profile; in front of Him, another man, looking like the previous one. They are armed with scourges, made of seven leather strips tied to a handle and ending with small lead hammers. They begin to strike Him rhythmically, as if they were practising. One in front and one behind, so that Jesus' trunk is in a whirl of lashes and scourges.

The four soldiers, to whom He has been handed, are indifferent and are playing dice with other three soldiers who have just arrived. And the voices of the players follow the rhythm of the sound of the scourges, which hiss like snakes and then resound like stones striking the stretched skin of a drum. They beat the poor body, which is so slender and as white as old ivory, and then becomes covered with stripes that at first are a brighter and brighter pink shade, then violet, then it displays blue swellings full of blood, then the skin breaks letting blood flow from all sides. They redouble their cruelty on His thorax and abdomen, but there is no shortage of blows given to His legs, arms and even to His head, so that no fragment of His skin may be left without pain.

And not a moan... If He were not held up by the rope, He would fall. But He does not fall and does not groan. Only His head hangs over His chest, after so many blows, as if He had fainted.

«Hey! Stop! He must be alive when He is killed» shouts a soldier scoffingly.

The two executioners stop and wipe their perspiration.

«We are exhausted» they say. «Give us our pay, so that we may have a refreshing drink... »



«I would give you the gallows! But here you are... » and a decurion throws a large coin to each executioner.

«You have done a good job. He looks like a mosaic. Titus, do you mean that this man was really Alexander's\* love? We must let him know, so that he may mourn over His death. Let us untie Him. »

<sup>30</sup>They untie Him, and Jesus falls on the floor like a dead body. 604. 30  
They leave Him there, pushing Him now and again with their feet shod with caligae, to see whether He moans. But He is silent.

«Is He dead? Is it possible? He is a young man and a handi-craftsman, so I am told... and He looks like a delicate lady. »

«I will take care of Him» says a soldier. And he sits Him with His back against the column. Clots of blood appear where He was... He then goes towards a fountain gurgling under the porch, he fills a tub with water and pours it on Jesus' head and body. «That's it! Water is good for flowers. »

Jesus draws a deep sigh and tries to stand up, but His eyes are still closed.

«Oh! good. Come on, darling! Your dame is waiting for You!... »

But Jesus in vain presses His hands against the floor trying to stand up.

«Come on! Quick! Are You weak? Here is some refreshment» says another soldier sneeringly. And with the shaft of his halberd he delivers a blow to Jesus' face striking it between the right cheekbone and the nose, that begins to bleed.

Jesus opens His eyes and looks round. His eyes are veiled... He stares at the soldier who struck Him, wipes the blood with His hand, and then, with much effort, He stands up.

«Get dressed. It is immodest to stay like that. You lewd man! » They all laugh standing around Him.

And He obeys without speaking. But when He bends — and He alone knows how much He suffers when stooping to the ground, contused as He is, as His wounds open even more when the skin is stretched, and more are formed as the blisters burst — a soldier gives a kick to His garments and scatters them, and every time Jesus reaches them, staggering to where they lie a

\* **Alexander**, the Roman soldier in 86 and 115, also remembered in 204. 3 and in 461. 19.

soldier pushes them away or throws them in a different direction. And Jesus, suffering bitterly, goes after them without uttering a word, while the soldiers deride Him obscenely.

He can dress Himself again at last. And He can put on also the white tunic, which was left in a corner and is still clean. He seems to wish to conceal His poor red garment, which only yesterday was so beautiful and now is filthy with rubbish and stained with the blood sweated at Gethsemane. Furthermore, before putting on His short vest, He dries His wet face with it, cleaning it of dust and spittles. And the poor holy face looks clean, marked only by bruises and small cuts. And He tidies His hair which is hanging ruffled, and His beard, out of an inborn need to be personally tidy.

Then He squats in the sunshine. Because my Jesus is shivering... Fever begins to torture Him with its cold shivers. And He feels weak because of the blood He has lost, of fasting and walking so much.

604. 31 <sup>31</sup>They tie His hands once again. And the rope begins to cut into His wrists, where the excoriated skin has left a mark like a red bracelet.

«And now? What shall we do with Him? I am bored! »

«Wait. The Jews want a king. Now we will give them one. Him... » says a soldier.

And he runs out to a court that is in the back, from which he comes back with a bunch of branches of wild hawthorn, still flexible, because springtime keeps the branches relatively tender, whilst the long sharp thorns are hard. With a dagger they remove leaves and buds, they bend the branches forming a circle and they place them on His poor head. But the cruel crown falls down on His neck.

«It does not fit. Make it narrower. Take it off. »

They take it off and scratch His cheeks, risking to blind Him, and they tear off His hair in doing so. They make it smaller. Now it is too small, and although they press it down, driving the thorns into His head, it threatens to fall. They take it off once again, tearing more of His hair. They adjust it again. It now fits. At the front there are three thorny cords. At the back, where the ends of the three branches interweave, there is a real knot of thorns that penetrate into the nape of His neck.

«Do You see how well You look? Natural bronze and real rubies. Look at Yourself, o king, in my cuirass» says the inventor of the torture scoffingly.

«A crown is not sufficient to make a king. Purple and sceptre are required. In the stable there is a cane and in the sewer there is a red chlamys. Get them, Cornelius. »

And once they have them, they put the dirty red rag on Jesus' shoulders, and before putting the cane in His hands, they beat His head with it, bowing and greeting: «Hail, king of the Jews» and they roar with laughter.

Jesus does not react. He lets them sit Him on the «throne»: a tub turned upside-down, certainly used to water horses, He lets them strike and scoff at Him, without ever uttering a word. He only looks at them, casting glances of such kindness and such atrocious sorrow that I cannot bear them without feeling heart-broken.

<sup>32</sup>The soldiers stop sneering at Him only when the harsh voice of a superior orders them to take the guilty prisoner to Pilate. Guilty! Of what? 604. 32

Jesus is taken back again to the entrance-hall, which is now covered with a precious velarium because of the sun. He still has the crown, the chlamys and the cane.

«Come forward, that I may show You to the people. »

Jesus, although exhausted, straightens Himself up with dignity. Oh! He really is a king!

«Listen, Jews. Here is the man. I have punished Him. But now let Him go. »

«No, no! We want to see Him. Out! That we may see the blasphemer! »

«Bring Him out. And make sure they do not take Him. »

And as Jesus goes out into the lobby and is visible in the square formed by the soldiers, Pontius Pilate points to Him with his hand saying: «Here is the Man. Your King. Is that still not sufficient? »

The sun in a sultry day is shining almost perpendicular, because it is between the third and the sixth hour and it lights up and makes eyes and faces conspicuous: are those people human beings? No: they are rabid hyenas. They shout, they shake their fists, they want His death.

Jesus is holding Himself upright. And I assure you that He never had such a noble bearing as now. Not even when He performed the most wonderful miracles. Nobility of sorrow, but so divine as to suffice to mark Him with the name of God. But, in order to say that Name, it is necessary to be at least men. And Jerusalem has no men today. But only demons.

Jesus looks around at the crowd and in the sea of rancorous faces he looks for and finds some friendly faces. How many? Less than twenty friends among thousands of enemies... And He lowers His head, struck by such abandonment. A tear falls... and another... and another... The sight of His tears does not engender compassion, but gives rise to fiercer hatred.

604. 33 <sup>33</sup>He is taken back to the hall.

«So? Let Him go. It is justice. »

«No. Death to Him. Crucify Him. »

«I will give you Barabbas. »

«No. The Christ! » «<n that case, take Him yourselves. And crucify Him by yourselves, because I find no fault in Him to do that. »

«He said that He is the Son of God. Our Law inflicts death on whoever is guilty of such blasphemy. »

Pilate becomes pensive. He goes back in and sits on his little throne. He rests his forehead in his hand and his elbow on his knee and scrutinises Jesus. «Come near me» he says.

Jesus goes to the foot of the platform.

«Is it true? Tell me. »

Jesus is silent.

«Where do You come from? Who is God? »

«He is the All. »

«And then? What does the All mean? What is the All for one who is dying? You are mad... God does not exist. I do. »

Jesus is silent. He has let the great word drop and then He envelops Himself in silence.

604. 34 <sup>34</sup>«Pontius, Claudia Procula's freedwoman asks permission to come in. She has a note for you. »

«Domine! Women also now! Let her come in. »

A Roman woman comes in and kneels down handing a waxed tablet. It must be the one with which Procula begs her husband not to condemn Jesus. The woman withdraws backwards, while

Pilate reads.

«I am advised to avoid Your being put to death. Is it true that You are more than a haruspex? You frighten me. »

Jesus is silent.

«Do You not know that I have the power to free You or to crucify You? »

«You would have no power, if it were not given to you from Above. Therefore, he who handed Me over to you is more guilty than you are. »

«Who is it? Your God? I fear... »

Jesus is silent.

Pilate is on tenterhooks. He would like and he would not like to... He is afraid of God's punishment, he is afraid of Rome, he fears Judaeen revenges. For a moment he overcomes the fear of God. He goes to the front of the hall and in a thundering voice he shouts: «He is not guilty. »

«If you say so, you are no friend of Caesar's. He who proclaims himself king, is his enemy. You want to free the Nazarene. We will inform Caesar of that. »

Pilate is seized with the fear of man.

«So, you want Him dead? Let it be so. But the blood of this just man is not to stain my hands» and having a basin brought to him, he washes his hands in the presence of the people who appear to be seized with frenzy while they shout: «His blood on us. His blood be on us and on our children. We are not afraid of Him. Crucify Him! Crucify Him! »

<sup>35</sup>Pontius Pilate goes back to his little throne and he calls the centurion Longinus and a slave. He orders the slave to bring him a board on which he places a notice and has the words written on it: «Jesus Nazarene, King of the Jews». And he shows it to the people. 604. 35

«No. Not so. Not king of the Jews. But that He said that He is king of the Jews. » Many of them shout so.

«What I have written, I have written» says Pilate severely, and standing upright, he stretches his hand forward with its palm turned down, and he orders: «Let Him go to the cross. Soldier, go. Prepare the cross. » And he descends from his throne without even looking towards the uproarious crowd or at the wan Condemned Man. He leaves the hall.

Jesus is left in the middle of it, guarded by the soldiers, awaiting the cross.

Friday, 10<sup>th</sup> March, 1944.

604. 36 <sup>37</sup>Jesus says:

«I want you to meditate on the point concerning My meetings with Pilate.

John, who is the most accurate witness and narrator, as he was almost always present, or at least very close, relates how I was taken to the Praetorium when I left Caiaphas' house. And he specifies "early in the morning". In fact you saw that it was day-break. He also specifies: "they (the Jews) did not enter in order not to be contaminated and thus be able to eat the Passover".

Being hypocritical as usual, they thought that it was dangerous to trample on the dust of a Gentile's house, as they might be contaminated, but they did not consider it a sin to kill an Innocent, and with their spirits satisfied with the crime they had accomplished, they were able to enjoy their Passover even more. They have many followers even nowadays. *All those, who do wrong internally, but externally profess respect for religion and love for God, are like them.* Formulae, formulae, but not true religion! I regard them with disgust and disdain.

As the Jews would not go into Pilate's house, Pilate came out to hear what the bawling crowd wanted and, experienced as he was in governing and judging, at a glance he realised that not I, but that population intoxicated with hatred was guilty. By looking at each other, we read each other's heart. I judged the man what he was\*. He judged Me for what I was. I felt pity for him, because he was weak. And he felt pity for Me, because I was innocent. He tried to save Me from the very beginning. And as the right to administer justice with regard to criminals was remitted and reserved to Rome, he tried to save Me by saying: "Judge Him according to your Law".

604. 37 <sup>37</sup>Hypocrites for the second time, the Jews refused to condemn Me. It is true that Rome had the right of justice, but when, for instance, Stephen was stoned, Rome still ruled over Jerusalem and notwithstanding all that, they passed sentence and had the cap-

\* **what he was.** Pilate's character is masterfully described in 566. 18.

ital sentence executed disregarding Rome. With regard to Me, Whom they hated and feared and did not love — they would not believe that I was the Messiah, but did not want to kill Me materially, in case I were — they acted in a different way and accused Me of being an instigator against the power of Rome (you would say a “rebel”) in order to get Rome to judge Me.

In their ill-famed court of justice, and several times in the three years of My ministry, they had accused Me of being a blasphemer and false prophet, and as such I should have been stoned or killed in any way. But now, to avoid committing the crime materially, as by instinct they felt they would be punished for it, they made Rome do it, accusing Me of being a criminal and a rebel.

When the crowds are perverted and the leaders have become devils, there is nothing easier than accusing an innocent to give vent to their thirst for ferocity and usurpation, and to get rid of those who are an obstacle and a judgement. We have gone back to those days. The world, after an incubation of perverted ideas, explodes now and again in such displays of perversion. Like a huge pregnant woman, the crowd, after nourishing its monster in its womb with doctrines of wild beasts, gives birth to it so that it may devour. So that it may devour the best people first, and then itself.

<sup>38</sup>Pilate goes back into the Praetorium and calls Me near him. <sup>604. 38</sup> And he questions Me.

He had already heard people speak of Me. Among his centurions there were some who repeated My Name with grateful love, with tears in their eyes and smiles in their hearts, and who spoke of Me as of a benefactor. In their reports to the Praetor, when they were questioned about this Prophet, Who attracted the crowds to Himself and preached a new doctrine which mentioned a strange kingdom, inconceivable to a heathen mind, they had always replied that I was a meek kind man who did not seek the honours of the Earth, and that I inculcated and practised respect and obedience to those who are the authorities. More sincere than the Israelites, they saw and witnessed the truth.

The previous Sunday, when his attention was attracted by the shouts of the crowd, he had leaned out of the window and he had seen a disarmed man pass by riding a little donkey and blessing,

surrounded by children and women. He had realised that that man could certainly not be a danger to Rome.

So he wants to know whether I am a king. In his ironic pagan scepticism he wanted to have a little laugh at that royalty that rides a donkey, that has bare-footed children, smiling women and common men as courtiers, at that royalty that for three years has preached that it has no interest in riches and power and that speaks of no conquests but those of the spirit and the soul. What is the soul for a heathen? Not even his gods have souls. And can man have it? Also now this king with no crown, with no palace, with no court, with no soldiers, repeats to him that His kingdom is not of this world. So much so that no minister and no army rises to defend their king and free Him from His enemies.

Pilate, sitting on his seat, scrutinises Me, because I am an enigma to him. If he cleared his soul of human cares, of the pride of his office, of the error of heathenism, he would understand at once Who I am. But how can light enter where too many things obstruct the openings preventing light from entering?

604. 39 <sup>39</sup>It is always like that, My children. Even now. *How can God and His light enter where there is no more room for them, and doors and windows are closed and defended by pride, by humanity, by vice, by usury, by so many guards at the service of Satan against God?*

Pilate *cannot* understand what *My* kingdom is. And what is more painful, he *does not* ask Me to explain it to him. To My invitation to know the Truth, he, the untameable heathen, replies: "What is the truth?" and with a shrug of his shoulders he lets the matter drop.

Oh! My children! Oh! My Pilates of the present times! *You also, like Pontius Pilate, let the most vital matters drop with a shrug of your shoulders.* You consider them useless old-fashioned things. What is the Truth? Money? No. Women? No. Power? No. Physical health? No. Human glory? No. Then forget about it. It is not worth running after a chimera. Money, women, power, good health, comforts, honours are the real useful things that one must love and attain at all costs. That is how you reason. And, worse than Esau, you barter eternal goods for coarse food that is harmful both to your physical health and to your eternal salvation. Why do you not persist in asking: "What is the Truth"?



*It, the Truth, asks for nothing but to be known in order to teach what it is. It is before you as it was for Pilate, and looks at you with eyes full of suppliant love, imploring you: "Question me. I will teach you".*

Did you notice how I looked at Pilate? I look at all of you in the same way. And if I look with serene love at those who love Me and ask for My words, I cast glances of sorrowful love at those who do not love Me, do not seek Me, do not listen to Me. But it is always love, because Love is My nature.

<sup>40</sup>Pilate leaves Me where I am, without asking more questions, and he goes towards the wicked people who speak in coarser voices and impose themselves through their violence. And he, a real wretch, listens to them, whilst he did not listen to Me and shrugging his shoulders he declined My invitation to become acquainted with the Truth. He listens to Falsehood. *Idolatry, whatever its form may be, is always inclined to venerate and accept Falsehood, whatever it may be. And Falsehood, when accepted by the weak, leads the weak to crime.* 604. 40

And yet Pilate, on the threshold of crime, still wants to save Me and he tries twice. It is at this point that he sends me to Herod. He knows very well that the shrewd king, who keeps in with both Rome and his people, will act in such a way as not to damage Rome and not irritate the Jewish people. But, like all weak people, he puts off for a little while the decision that he does not feel like taking, hoping that the plebeian rising will abate.

I said\*: "When you speak say 'Yes' if you mean yes, 'No' if you mean no". But he did not hear that, and if somebody repeated it to him, he shrugged his shoulders as usual. *In order to succeed in the world, to have honours and profits, it is necessary to be able to make a no of a yes and a yes of a no, according to what common sense (read: human sense) advises.*

How many Pilates there are in the twentieth century! Where are the Christian heroes who said *yes*, constantly *yes*, to the Truth and for the sake of the Truth, and *no*, constantly *no*, to Falsehood? Where are the heroes who are able to face danger and events with brave strength and tranquil quickness and do not postpone, because Good is to be accomplished at once and evil

\* I said, in 172. 4.

shunned at once, without “buts” and “ifs”?

604. 41<sup>41</sup> On My return from Herod, there is Pilate’s fresh compromise: scourging. And what did he expect? Did he not know that the crowd is a wild beast that becomes merciless when it begins to see blood? But I had to be crushed to expiate your sins of the flesh. And I am crushed. There is not a shred of My body that has not been struck. I am the Man of Whom Isaiah speaks. And to the torture that had been ordered, there is added another that was not ordered, but was created by human cruelty: that of the thorns.

Men, do you see your Saviour, your King, crowned with sorrow to free your heads of so many sins fermenting in them? Do you not consider the pain that My innocent head suffered to expiate, on your behalf, your sinful thoughts that are more and more dreadful and are transformed into deeds? You, who feel offended even when there is no reason for feeling so, look at your offended King, and He is God, with His ironic mantle of torn purple, with a cane as His sceptre and the crown of thorns. He is already dying, and they slap His face with their hands and with mockery. And you are not moved to pity. Like the Jews, you continue to show Me your fists, shouting: “Away, we have not other God but Caesar”, o idolaters, who do not worship God, but yourselves and those who are more overbearing among you. You do not want the Son of God. He gives you no help for your crimes. Satan is more obliging. So you want Satan. You are afraid of the Son of God. Like Pilate. And when you feel Him impend over you with His power, and stir within you with the voices of your consciences that reproach you in His name, like Pilate, you ask: “Who are You?”.

You know Who I am. Also those who deny Me, know what and Who I am. Do not lie. There are twenty centuries around Me and they illustrate who I am and they make you acquainted with My miracles. Pilate is more excusable. You are not, as you have a heritage of twenty centuries of Christianity to support your faith or to inculcate it in you, but you will not hear of it. And yet I was more severe with Pilate than with you. *I did not reply*. I do speak to you. And even so, I do not succeed in persuading you that it is I and that you owe Me adoration and obedience.

Even now you accuse Me of being My own ruin in you, be-

cause I do not listen to you. You say that you lose your faith because of that. Oh! liars! Where is your faith? Where is your love? When do you pray to Me and live with love and faith? Are you great people? Remember that you are such because I allow it. Are you anonyms in the crowd? Remember that there is no other God but I. No one is greater than I am and no one is ahead of Me. So give Me that cult of love that is due to Me and I will listen to you, because you will no longer be illegitimate children, but the sons of God.

<sup>42</sup>And here is the last attempt of Pilate to save My life, if it were possible to save it after the cruel endless flagellation. He shows Me to the crowd: "Here is the Man! " I arouse human pity in him. He hopes in collective pity. But before the resisting harshness and the advancing threats, he is not capable of accomplishing a supernaturally just deed, and therefore a good one, saying: "I am setting Him free because He is innocent. You are guilty people, and if you do not disperse, you will become acquainted with the severity of Rome". That is what he should have said, had he been a just man, without taking into account the future detriment that would befall him. 604. 42

Pilate is a false good man. Longil: ms is good, because although he was less powerful than the Praetor and less defended, in the middle of the street and surrounded by few soldiers and a hostile multitude, he dares to defend Me, help Me, grant Me a rest, to be consoled by the pious women, be assisted by the man from Cyrene and finally to have My Mother at the foot of the Cross. He was a hero of justice and so he became a hero of Christ.

Be aware, o men who worry only about your material welfare, that God intervenes also in its favour, when He sees you behave faithfully towards justice, which is emanation of God. I always reward those who act righteously. I defend those who defend Me. I love them and succour them. I am always the One Who said\*: "He who gives a glass of water in My name will be rewarded". To those who give Me love, the water that quenches the thirst of My lips of the divine Martyr, I give Myself, that is protection and blessings. »

\* Who said, in 265. 13.

605. Judas Iscariot's desperation and suicide.  
If he had repented he could still be saved.

31<sup>st</sup> March 1944. Friday in Passion Week, 2 a. m.

605. 1 <sup>1</sup>Here is my very painful vision in these early hours of Passion Friday, as it appeared to me while I was saying the prayers of the Hour of Our Lady of Sorrows; in fact I had thought that spending the night before my Profession in the company of the Virgin of Seven Sorrows was the best preparation for the Profession.

605. 2 <sup>2</sup>I see Judas. He is alone. He is dressed in light yellow with a red cord round his waist. My internal warner informs me that Jesus has been captured a short time ago and that Judas, who had run away after the arrest, is a prey to contrasting ideas. In fact the Iscariot looks like a furious wild beast hunted down by a pack of mastiffs. Every breath of wind rustling among leaves, any noise in the streets, the gurgling of a fountain make him start and turn round suspiciously and with terror, as if an executioner had caught up with him. He looks round with his head lowered, his neck twisted, rolling his eyes like one who wants to see but is afraid of seeing, and if a play of moonlight forms a shadow with a human appearance, he opens his eyes wide, jumps back, he becomes more livid than he normally is, he stops for a moment and then runs away headlong, retracing his steps, slipping away along other narrow streets, until another noise, another play of light makes him stop or run away in a different direction.

In his crazy running he goes towards the centre of the town. But the clamour of people makes him realise that he is near Caiaphas' house, and then, pressing his head with his hands and stooping as if those shouts were stones lapidating him, he runs away. And in doing so he runs along a lane that takes him straight towards the house where the Supper was consumed. He becomes aware of that when he is in front of it, because there is a little fountain that trickles just there. The drops of water that fall into the small stone basin and the light whistle of the wind, that blowing along the narrow lane produces a kind of repressed groan, must sound to him like the tears and the moaning of the betrayed tortured Master. He covers his ears with his hands in order not to hear and runs away with his eyes closed in order

not to see that door, which he had entered with the Master a few hours earlier, and from which he had come out to go and get the armed guards to arrest Him.

<sup>3</sup>While running so blindly, he bumps against a stray dog, the first dog I have seen since I had visions, a big grey hairy dog that moves to one side snarling, ready to hurl itself upon the disturber. Judas opens his eyes and meets the two phosphorescent ones staring at him, and he sees the white uncovered fangs that seem to be laughing in a diabolic manner. He gives a shriek of terror. The dog, that perhaps takes it for a cry of menace, rushes upon him and they both roll in the dust: Judas underneath, paralysed by fear, the dog on top of him. When the animal leaves the prey, perhaps considered unworthy of a struggle, Judas is bleeding because of two of three bites, and his mantle is badly torn. 605. 3

One bite has injured Judas' cheek, exactly where he kissed Jesus. His cheek is bleeding and the blood stains the neck of Judas' yellowish garment. It forms a sort of collar of blood soaking the red cord that fastens the garment round the neck, making it even redder. Judas, touching his cheek with his hand and looking at the dog that is going away, he looks at it from the opening of a door, whispering: «Beelzebub! », and with a fresh shriek he runs away chased by the dog for some time. He runs as far as the little bridge near Gethsemane. Here, either because it was tired of chasing him or because it was rabid and the water turns it away, the dog abandons the prey and goes back snarling. Judas, who had rushed into the torrent to get stones to throw at the dog, when he sees it go away, looks around and realises that the water reaches half-way up his calves. Without bothering about his garments, which are getting wetter and wetter, he bends down as far as the water and drinks, as if he were parched by fever, and he washes his cheek that is bleeding and must be painful.

<sup>4</sup>In the light of daybreak he climbs out of the gravel-bed, on the other side, as if he were still afraid of the dog and did not dare to go back towards the town. He walks a few metres and finds himself at the entrance to the Garden of the Mount of Olives. He shouts: «No! No! » when he recognises the place. Then, I do not know through which irresistible force or through which Satanic criminal sadism, he proceeds in that place. He looks for the place where Jesus was arrested. The earth of the path tram- 605. 4

pled on by many feet, the grass ruffled at a certain point and some blood on the ground, perhaps Malchus', make him understand that there he pointed out the Innocent to the executioners.

He looks and looks... and then he utters a hoarse cry and jumps backwards. He shouts: «That blood, that blood!... » and he points it out... to whom? with his hand stretched out and his forefinger pointed to it. In the increasing light his face is ashen and ghastly. He looks like a madman. His eyes are wide open and shiny as if he were delirious, his hair, ruffled by his running and his terror, looks shaggy on his head, his cheek, which is swelling, twists his mouth in a grin. His tunic, torn, covered with blood, wet, muddy, because the dust that had stuck to the wet cloth has become mud, makes him look like a beggar. His mantle, which is also torn and muddy, hangs down from one shoulder like a rag, and he gets caught in it when, continuing to shout: «That blood, that blood! » he steps back, as if that blood had become a sea that rises and submerges.

Judas falls back and hurts the back of his head against a stone. He moans with pain and fear. «Who is it? » he shouts. He must have thought that somebody had made him fall to strike him. He turns round terrified. There is no one! He stands up. Blood is now dripping also at the back of his neck. The red circle widens on his garment. *It does not fall to the ground\**, because there is not much of it. His garment absorbs it. The red halter now seems to be already round his neck.

605.5 <sup>5</sup>He walks. He finds the traces of the little fire lit by Peter at the foot of an olive-tree. But he does not know that it is Peter's work and he must think that Jesus was there. He shouts: «Away! Away! » and with both hands stretched out in front of him, he seems to be driving back a ghost that torments him. He runs away, and ends up just against the rock of the Agony.

By now daybreak is clear and one can see well and immediately. Judas sees Jesus' mantle left folded on the rock. He recognises it. He wants to touch it. He is afraid. He stretches out his hand and withdraws it. He wants and does not want. But that mantle fascinates him. He moans: «No. No. » He then says: «Yes, by Satan! Yes. I want to touch it. I am not afraid! I am not afraid! » He

\* **It does not fall to the ground:** because *that was not to be mixed... with the most pure blood of the Innocent*, as said in 603. 5 and as it will be confirmed in 639. 3.

says that he is not afraid, but his teeth are chattering with terror, and the noise made above his head by a branch of an olive tree, that is blown by the wind against the nearby trunk, makes him shout once again. And yet he makes an effort and gets hold of the mantle. And he laughs. The laughter of a madman, of a demon. A hysterical, broken, lugubrious, never ending laughter, because he has overcome his fear. And he says so: «You do not frighten me, Christ. I am no longer afraid. I was so much afraid of You, because I thought that You were a God and a strong man. Now You no longer frighten me, because You are not God. You are a poor madman, a weakling. You did not know how to defend Yourself. You did not reduce me to ashes, neither did You read betrayal in my heart. My fears!... What a fool! When You spoke, even yesterday evening, I thought You knew. But You knew nothing. It was my fear that gave the tone of prophecy to Your common words. You are nothing. You have allowed Yourself to be sold, pointed out, caught like a mouse in its hole. Your power! Your origin! Ha! Ha! Ha! Buffoon! Satan is the strong one! Stronger than You. He defeated You! Ha! Ha! Ha! The Prophet! The Messiah! The King of Israel! And You subjugated me for three years! With fear always in my heart! And I had to lie to deceive You subtly when I wanted to enjoy life! But even if I had stolen and fornicated without all the cunning I used to employ, You would not have done me anything. Faint-hearted! Fool! Coward! Take this! Take this! Take this! I was wrong in not doing to You what I am now doing to Your mantle to revenge myself for the time You kept me the slave of fear. Fear of a rabbit!... Take this! Here! Take this! »

<sup>6</sup>At each «take this! » Judas bites the cloth of the mantle and tries to tear it. He rumples it with his hands. But in doing so, he unfolds it and the stains wetting it appear. Judas stops in his fury. He stares at those stains. He touches them. He smells them. It is blood... He spreads out the whole mantle. The impression left by the two hands stained with blood, when Jesus pressed the cloth against His face, is clearly visible. 605. 6

«Ah!... Blood! Blood! His... No! » Judas drops the mantle and looks around. Also on the rock, where Jesus leaned with His back when the angel comforted Him, there is a dark mark of blood that is clotting. «There!... There!... Blood! Blood!... » He lowers his eyes in order not to see, and he sees the grass all stained with

the blood that has dropped on it. As it has been diluted by the dew, it looks as if it had just dripped. It is red and shines in the early sunshine. «No! No! No! I don't want to see it! I cannot look at that blood! Help! » and he holds his throat with his hands and gropes about, as if he were drowning in a sea of blood. «Back! Back! Leave me! Leave me! Cursed! But this blood is a sea! It covers the Earth! The Earth! The Earth! And on the Earth there is no room for me, because I cannot look at that blood that covers it. I am the Cain of the Innocent! »

I think that the idea of suicide entered his heart at this moment. Judas' face is frightening.

605. 7 <sup>7</sup>He jumps from the terrace and runs away through the olive grove without going back the way he came. He looks like one chased by wild beasts. He goes back to town. He wraps himself in his mantle as best he can and he tries to cover his wound and his face as much as possible.

He heads towards the Temple. But while going there, at a crossroad he finds himself in front of the rabble who are dragging Jesus to Pilate. He cannot withdraw, because other people press him from behind, as they flock to see. And, tall as he is, he dominates forcibly and sees. And he meets Jesus' eyes... They exchange glances for a moment. Then Jesus, tied and beaten, passes by. And Judas falls on his back, as if he had fainted. The crowds trample on him pitilessly, and he does not react. He obviously prefers to be trodden on by the whole world, rather than meet those eyes.

605. 8 <sup>8</sup>When the deicide pack has gone by with the Martyr, and the street is empty, he stands up again and runs to the Temple. He bumps against and almost overthrows a guard on duty at the gate of the enclosure. Other guards run to prevent the frantic man from entering. But like a furious bull, he routs them all. One of them, who clings to him to prevent him from going into the hall of the Sanhedrin, where they are all still gathered discussing, is seized by the throat, strangled and thrown down the three steps, if not dead, certainly at the point of death.

«I don't want your money, may you be damned» he shouts, standing in the middle of the hall, just where Jesus was previously. He looks like a demon who has come out of hell. Bleeding, unkempt, in a state of delirious fury, slavering, his hands like



claws, he shouts and seems to be barking, so shrill and hoarse is his howling voice. «don't want your money, you cursed ones. You have ruined me. You have made me commit the gravest sin. I am cursed like you! I have betrayed innocent Blood. May that Blood and my death fall upon you. Upon you... No! Ha!... » Judas sees the floor stained with blood. «Even here, is there blood even here? Everywhere! His blood is everywhere! But how much blood has the Lamb of God, to cover the whole Earth like this without dying? And I have shed it! Through your instigation. Cursed! May you be cursed forever! Cursed be these walls! Cursed be this profaned Temple! Cursed be the deicide Pontiff! Cursed be the unworthy priests, the false doctors, the hypocritical Pharisees, the cruel Judaeans, the sly scribes! May I be accursed! Curse me! Keep your money and may it strangle your souls in your throats, as the halter strangles me» and he throws the purse in Caiaphas' teeth and goes away howling, while the coins tinkle spreading out on the floor after striking Caiaphas' mouth and making it bleed.

No one dare stop him.

<sup>9</sup>He goes out. He runs along the streets. And he fatally meets with Jesus twice again, as He goes and comes back from Herod. 605.9

He departs from the town centre, taking the poorest lanes at random and he ends up again at the house of the Supper. It is all closed as if it were abandoned. He stops. He looks at it. «The Mother! » he whispers. «The Mother!... » He is undecided... «I have a mother as well! And I have killed a son of a mother!... And yet... I want to go in... To see that room again. There is no blood in there... »

He knocks at the door. He knocks again... and again... The mistress of the house comes to open and half-opens the door. Ajar... And seeing the man so agitated and altered beyond recognition, she utters a cry and tries to close the door again. But Judas opens it wide with a push of his shoulder and, knocking down the terrified woman, he goes in.

He runs towards the little door that lets into the Supper Room. He opens it and goes in. A beautiful sunshine enters through the wide-open windows. Judas breathes a sigh of relief. He proceeds. Everything is calm and silent here. The dishes are still as they were left. One understands that nobody has taken care of them.

One might think that they are about to sit at the table.

Judas goes towards the table. He looks whether there is any wine in the amphorae. There is. He drinks greedily out of the amphora itself, lifting it with both hands. Then he sits down and rests his head on his arms folded on the table. He does not notice that he has sat just where Jesus was seated and that in front of him there is the chalice used for the Eucharist. He remains still for some time, until his panting after so much running calms down. He then looks up and sees the chalice. And he realises where he has sat down.

He stands up as if he were possessed. But the chalice enchants him. A little red wine is still in the bottom of it and the sun, shining on the metal (it looks like silver); inflames the liquid. «Blood! Blood! Blood also here! His Blood! His Blood!... “Do this in memory of Me!... Take this and drink it. This is My Blood... The Blood of the new testament that will be shed for you... ”. Ha! I am cursed! It can no longer be shed for me to remit my sin. I do not ask to be forgiven, because He cannot forgive me. Away, away! There is no place where the Cain of God may find peace. Death! Death to me!... »

605. 10 <sup>10</sup>He goes out. He finds himself in front of Mary, Who is standing at the door of the room where Jesus left Her. Hearing a noise, She has looked out, hoping perhaps to see John, who has been away such a long time. She looks as pale as if She had lost all Her blood. Grief has made Her eyes resemble even more those of Her Son. Judas meets those eyes that look at him with the same sorrowful conscious knowledge with which Jesus looked at him in the street, and uttering a frightened «Oh! » he leans against the wall.

«Judas! » says Mary, «Judas, why have you come? » The same words as Jesus'. And they are spoken with sad love. Judas remembers them and shouts. «Judas» repeats Mary «what have you done? To so much love have you replied by betraying? » Mary's voice is a trembling caress.

Judas is about to run away. Mary calls him with a voice that should have converted a demon. «Judas! Judas! Stop! Stop! Listen! I am telling you in His name: repent, Judas. He forgives... » Judas has run away.

Mary's voice, Her appearance, have been the coup de grace, or

rather of disgrace, because he resists Her.

He goes away precipitately. He meets John who is going towards the house to get Mary. The sentence has been passed. Jesus is about to go to Calvary. It is time to take Mary to Her Son.

John recognises Judas, although there is little left of the handsome Judas of not long ago. «You here? » John says to him with obvious disgust. «You here? May you be cursed, you killer of the Son of God! The Master has been condemned. Rejoice, if you can. But get out of the way. I am going to get the Mother. Do not let Her, the other Victim of yours, meet you, you reptile. »

<sup>11</sup> Judas runs away. He has wrapped his head in the tatters of his mantle, leaving only a small opening for his eyes. People, the few people who are not near the Praetorium, avoid him, as if they saw a madman. And that is what he looks like. 605. 11

He wanders about the country. Now and again the wind carries an echo of the clamour made by the crowds who follow Jesus cursing Him. Every time such echo reaches Judas, he howls like a jackal.

I think that he has really gone mad, because he continuously knocks his head against the low stone walls. Or he has become hydrophobic because every time he sees a liquid — water, milk carried in a vessel by a child, oil dripping from a goatskin — he howls and shouts: «Blood! Blood! His Blood! » He would like to drink at streams and fountains. But he cannot, because water seems blood to him, and he says so: «It's blood! It's blood! It is drowning me! It is burning me! I am on fire! He gave me His Blood yesterday, and it has become fire in me! May I be accursed, and You, too! »

<sup>12</sup>He goes up and down the hills around Jerusalem. And his eyes are irresistibly attracted towards Golgotha. And twice from afar he sees the procession wind uphill. He looks and howls. 605. 12

It is now on the top. Judas also is on top of a little hill covered with olive-trees. He has gone in by opening a rustic paling, as if he were the owner or at least well acquainted with the place. I am under the impression that Judas did not have much consideration for other people's property. Standing upright under an olive-tree on the edge of a terrace, he looks towards Golgotha. He sees the crosses being erected and he realises that Jesus has been crucified. He cannot bear to see or hear. But his mental derange-

ment or an act of witchcraft by Satan make him see and hear as if he were on the top of Calvary.

He looks and looks like one bewitched. He struggles: «No! No! Don't look at me. Don't speak to me. I cannot bear it. Die, die, You cursed one! Let death close those eyes that frighten me, that mouth that curses me. But I also curse You. Because You did not save me. »

His face is so troubled that one cannot look at it. Two fine streams of slaver run down from his howling mouth. The cheek that was bitten is livid and swollen, and so his face looks twisted. His sticky hair, his very dark beard that has grown on his cheeks during these hours, make his face look dismal. And his eyes!... They roll, are squint and phosphorescent. The eyes of a real demon.

605. 13 <sup>13</sup>He tears away from his waist the cord of thick red wool that encircles it three times. He tests its solidity by winding it round an olive-tree and pulling it with all his strength. It resists. It is solid.

He chooses a suitable olive-tree. Here it is. This one, protruding beyond the terrace with its ruffled foliage, is all right. He climbs on the tree. He fastens a noose solidly to the strongest branch hanging out over the empty space. He has already tied a slip-knot. He looks at Golgotha for the last time. He then puts his head into the slip-knot. He now seems to have two red necklaces round the bottom part of his neck. He sits on the terrace. Then with a jerk he lets himself slip into the empty space.

The knot squeezes his throat. He struggles for some moments. He rolls his eyes strangely, he becomes black with suffocation, he opens his mouth, the veins of his neck swell and become black. He kicks the air four or five times in his last convulsions. Then his mouth opens and his dark slobbery tongue hangs out, his eyeballs remain uncovered, protruding, showing the whitish globes stained with blood. The irides disappear in the upper part. He is dead.

The strong wind, that has risen with the impending storm, makes the macabre pendulum swing and whirl like a horrible spider hanging from the thread of a cobweb.

The vision ends thus. And I hope I shall soon forget all this, because I can assure you that it is a dreadful vision.

<sup>14</sup>Jesus says:

«Dreadful, but not useless. Too many people think that Judas did something of little importance. Some even go to the extent of saying that he is well deserving, because Redemption would not have taken place without him, and that he is therefore justified in the eyes of God.

I solemnly tell you that, if Hell did not already exist and was not perfect in its torments, it would have been created even more dreadful and eternal for Judas, because of all sinners and damned souls, he is the most damned and the biggest sinner, and throughout eternity there will be no mitigation of his sentence.

Remorse could have also saved him, *if he had turned remorse into repentance*. But he would not repent and, to the first crime of betrayal, still compatible because of the great mercy that is My loving weakness, he added blasphemy, resistance to the voices of Grace, that still wanted to speak to him through recollections, through terrors, through My Blood and My mantle, through My glances, through the traces of the institution of the Eucharist, through the words of My Mother.

He resisted everything. He *wanted* to resist. As he had *wanted* to betray. As he *wanted* to curse. As he *wanted* to commit suicide. <sup>15</sup>*It is one's will that matters in things*. Both in good and in evil.

605. 15

When one falls without the will to follow, I forgive. Consider Peter. He denied Me. Why? Not even he knew why. Was Peter a coward? No. My Peter was not cowardly. Facing the cohort and the guards of the Temple he had dared to wound Malcus to defend Me, risking his own life thereby. He then ran away, without the will to do so. Then he denied Me, without the will to do it. Later he did remain and proceed on the bloody way of the Cross, on My Way, until he reached death on a cross. And then he bore witness to Me very efficiently, to the point of being killed because of his fearless faith. I defend My Peter. His bewilderment was the last one of his human nature. But his spiritual will was not present at that moment. Dulled by the weight of his humanity, it was asleep. When it awoke, it did not want to remain in sin, but it wanted to be perfect. I forgave him at once.

<sup>16</sup>Judas *did not want*. You say that he seemed mad and hydrophobic. He was so through satanic fury.

605. 16

His terror in seeing the dog, a rare animal particularly in Jerusalem, was a consequence of the fact that, from time immemorial, that form was attributed to Satan to appear to men. In books of magic it is stated that one of the forms preferred by Satan to appear to men is that of a mysterious dog or cat or billy-goat. Judas, already a prey to terror brought about by his crime, being convinced that he belonged to Satan because of his crime, saw Satan in that stray animal.

He who is guilty, sees shadows of fear in everything. It is his conscience that creates them. Then Satan instigates such shadows, which might still bring a heart to repent, and turns them into horrible ghosts that lead to despair. And despair leads to the last crime: suicide.

What is the use of throwing away the price of the betrayal, when such deprivation is only the fruit of wrath and is not corroborated by a righteous will of repentance? Only in such case the act of divesting oneself of the fruits of evil deeds becomes meritorious. But he did not do that. A useless sacrifice.

605. 17 <sup>17</sup>My Mother, and She was Grace that was speaking and My Treasurer that was granting forgiveness in My name, said to him: “Repent, Judas. He forgives...”.

Oh! I would have forgiven him! If he had only thrown himself at the feet of My Mother saying: “Mercy”, She, the Merciful Mother, would have picked him up as a wounded man, and on his satanic wounds, through which the Enemy had imbued him with the Crime, She would have shed Her tears that save and She would have brought him to Me, to the foot of the Cross, holding him by the hand, so that Satan might not snatch him and the disciples might not strike him, She would have brought him so that My Blood might fall first of all on him, the greatest of all sinners. And She would have been the admirable Priestess on Her altar, between Purity and Guilt, because She is the Mother of virgins and saints, but She is also the Mother of sinners.

605. 18 <sup>18</sup>But he *did not want*. <sup>18</sup>Meditate on the power of free will, of which you are the absolute arbiters. Through it you can have Heaven or Hell. Meditate on what persisting in sin means.

The Crucified, He Who is holding His arms stretched out and nailed, to tell you that He loves you, and that He does not want and cannot strike you, because He loves you, and prefers to de-

prive Himself of the possibility of embracing you, His only sorrow in His being nailed to the cross, rather than have the freedom to punish you, Christ Crucified, the object, of divine hope for those who repent and *want* to abandon sin, becomes for the unrepentant the object of such horror that makes them curse and be violent against themselves. They become the murderers of their spirits and bodies through their persistence in sin. And the sight of the Meek Saviour, Who allowed Himself to be sacrificed in the hope of saving them, takes the appearance of a horrifying ghost.

<sup>19</sup>Mary, you complained of this vision. But, My dear daughter, 605. 19  
this is the Friday of Passion Week. *You must* suffer. To the sufferings you endure because of Mary's sufferings and Mine, you must add your own, caused by the bitterness in seeing sinners remain sinners. That was *our* suffering. It must be yours. Mary suffered, and still suffers, because of that, as She suffered because of My tortures. So you must suffer that. Rest now. In three hours' time you will be completely Mine and Mary's. I bless you, sweet little violet of My passion and passion-flower of Mary. »

**606. Jesus and Mary are the antithesis  
of Adam and Eve. Judas Iscariot is the new Cain.  
The real evolution of man is that of the spirit.**

2<sup>nd</sup> April, 1944. Palm-Sunday.

<sup>1</sup>Jesus says:

606. 1

«The couple Jesus-Mary is the antithesis of the couple Adam-Eve. It is the one destined to cancel all the behaviour of Adam and Eve and take Humanity back to the point in which it was when it was created: rich in grace and in all the gifts granted to it by the Creator. Humanity has undergone a complete regeneration through the deeds of the couple Jesus-Mary, Who have thus become the new Founders of the Human Family. All the previous time has been cancelled. The time and story of man are reckoned as from this moment in which the new Eve, through a complete change and inversion of creation, and through the deed of the Lord, from Her immaculate womb generates the new Adam.

But in order to cancel the behaviour of the two First Parents,

the cause of deadly illness, of perpetual mutilation, of impoverishment, even more: of spiritual indigence — because after their sin Adam and Eve found themselves completely despoiled of everything, and it was infinite wealth, the Holy Father had given them — these two Second Ones had to act in everything in a manner completely opposed to the way of dealing of the two First Parents. So they had to carry their obedience as far as the perfection that lowers itself and sacrifices itself in its flesh, feelings, thoughts and will, in order to accept *everything* that God wants. So they had to carry their purity to the degree of absolute chastity, whereby the flesh... what was the flesh to Us two pure ones? A veil of water on the triumphant spirit, the caress of the wind on the sovereign spirit, a crystal that isolates the spirit-lord and does not corrupt it, an impulse that elevates and not a weight that oppresses. That is what the flesh was to Us. Less heavy and sensitive than a linen garment, a light substance placed between the world and the brightness of *the ego* that had become super-human, the means to work what God wanted. Nothing else.

606.2 <sup>2</sup>Did we possess love? We certainly did. *We possessed the "perfect love"*. Men, the hunger for sensuality that urges you to eagerly glut yourselves with the flesh, is not love. It is lust. Nothing else. So much so that by loving one another thus - you think it is love - you are unable to bear with each other, to help and forgive each other. So what is your love? It is hatred. It is nothing but paranoiac frenzy that drives you to prefer the flavour of putrid meals to the wholesome corroborating food of chosen sentiments.

We possessed the "perfect love", We, the perfect chaste ones. This love embraced God in Heaven and, being united to Him, as branches are to the tree trunk nourishing them, it spread and descended lavishing rest, shelter, nourishment, comfort on the Earth and its inhabitants. No one was excluded from this love: neither our fellow creatures, nor the inferior beings, nor the vegetable nature, nor the waters and stars. Not even the wicked were excluded from this love. Because they also, although dead limbs, were still limbs of the great body of Creation, and therefore we saw in them the holy image, although disfigured and soiled by their wickedness, of the Lord, Who had formed them in His image and likeness.



Rejoicing with good people; weeping over people who were not good; praying (active love that expresses itself by impetrating and attaining protection for those whom one loves) praying for good people that they might become even better in order to be even more able to approach the perfection of the Good Lord, Who loves us from Heaven; praying for those wavering between goodness and wickedness, so that they might be fortified and thus be able to persevere on the holy path; praying for the wicked, that Goodness might speak to their spirits, and might even strike them with the thunderbolt of His power, but might convert them to the Lord their God, We loved. As nobody else loved. We carried love to the summits of perfection, so that with our ocean of love we might fill the abyss excavated by the lack of love of the First Parents, who loved themselves more than they loved God, as they wished to have what it was not lawful to have, in order to become superior to God.

<sup>3</sup>So to the purity, obedience, charity, detachment from all the riches of the Earth (sensuality, power, riches: the trinomial of Satan, opposed to the trinomial of God: faith, hope, charity); so to hatred, lust, wrath, pride (the four perverted passions, antitheses of the four holy virtues: fortitude, temperance, justice, prudence), We had to add a constant practice of everything that was the opposite to the way of acting of the couple Adam-Eve. And if it was easy for us to do quite a lot, through our good limitless wills, *only the Eternal knows how heroical it was to fulfil that practice in certain moments and in certain occasions.* 606.3

I want to speak of one only now. Of My Mother, not of Myself. Of the new Eve, Who since Her most tender years had rejected the blandishments used by Satan to induce Her to bite the fruit and taste its flavour that had made Adam's companion insane; of the new Eve, Who had not confined Herself to rejecting Satan, but had defeated him by crushing him under such a vast will of obedience, love, chastity, that he, the Cursed one, was overwhelmed and subjugated.

No! Satan will not rise from under the heel of My Virgin Mother! He slavers and foams, he roars and curses. But his slaver dribbles downwards, and his howling does not touch the atmosphere that surrounds My Holy Mother, Who does not smell the demoniac stench or hear the hellish cachinnation, and does not

see, does not even see the revolting slaver of the eternal Reptile, because celestial harmonies and scents dance lovingly around Her beautiful holy person, and because Her eyes, which are purer than lilies and more loving than those of a cooing dove, look fixedly only at Her Eternal Lord, Whose Daughter She is, as well as Mother and Spouse.

606. 4 <sup>4</sup>When Cain killed Abel, the mouth of their mother uttered curses, that were suggested by her spirit, separated from God, against her closest neighbour: the son of her womb, profaned by Satan and soiled by an indecent desire. And that curse was the stain in the kingdom of human morals, as Cain's crime was the stain in the kingdom of human animals. Blood on the Earth, shed by a brotherly hand. The first blood that like an age-old magnet attracts all the blood shed by man's hand, drawing it from man's veins. Curse on the Earth, uttered by man's mouth. As if the Earth were not sufficiently cursed because of man's rebellion against his God and if it had not had to become acquainted with spines and thorns and the hardness of the soil, with drought, hail, frost, dog-days, whilst it had been created perfect and equipped with perfect elements in order to be a comfortable beautiful abode for man, its king.

Mary has to cancel Eve. Mary sees the second Cain: Judas. Mary knows that he is the Cain of Her Jesus, of the second Abel. She knows that the blood of this second Abel has been sold by that Cain and is already being spread. But She does not curse. She loves and forgives. She loves and calls back.

Oh! Maternity of Mary Martyr! Maternity as sublime as Your virginal divine Maternity! God presented You with the latter! But You, holy Mother, Co-Redeemer, presented Yourself with the former, because You alone, in that hour, with Your heart torn to pieces by the scourges that had torn My flesh to pieces, You alone were able to speak those words to Judas, and You alone, in that hour, when You felt the cross break Your heart, were able to love and forgive.

606. 5 <sup>5</sup>Mary: the new Eve. She teaches you the new religion, that urges love to forgive him who has killed a son, Do not be like Judas, who closes his heart to this Mistress of Grace and despairs saying: "He cannot forgive me", questioning the words of the Mother of Truth, and consequently My words, which had always

repeated that I had come to save and not to lose, to forgive those who came to Me repentant.

Mary, the new Eve, had also a new son from God “in place of Abel killed by Cain”. But She did not have Him in an hour of brutal enjoyment that soothes sorrow with the fumes of sensuality and the tiredness of satisfaction. She had Him in an hour of *complete sorrow*, at the foot of a cross, among the death-rattle of the Dying man Who was Her Son, among the insults of the deicide crowd and an undeserved total grief, because even God no longer comforted Her.

The new life for Mankind and for individual men begins from Mary. Her virtues and Her way of living are your school. And in Her grief, in which all aspects appeared, also that of forgiveness for the killer of Her Son, is your salvation. »

<sup>6</sup>Jesus says: «One day I will tell you more about Cain and the First Parents. There is much to be said and to be meditated on. » 606. 6

5<sup>th</sup> April 1944.

<sup>7</sup>Jesus says: «In Genesis we read: “Then Adam named his wife Eve, because she is the mother of all those who live”. 606. 7

Oh! yes. Woman was born of the “Virago” whom God had formed as a companion for Adam, building her from the rib of man. She was born with her sorrowful destiny, because she had *wanted* to be born in that way, that is with her sorrowful destiny. Because she had *wanted* to know what God had concealed from her, reserving for Himself the joy of giving her the joy of posterity without any debasement of sensuality. Adam’s companion had wanted to become acquainted with the good concealed in evil, and above all with the evil concealed in good, in apparent good. Because enticed as she was by Lucifer, she had craved for knowledge that God alone could possess without any danger, and she had made herself creatress. But by using such power of good unworthily, she had corrupted it into an evil deed, because it was disobedience to God and malice and greediness of the flesh.

By this time she was the “mother”. Infinite lamentation of things over the innocence of their profaned queen! And desolate lamentation of the queen over her desecration, of which She understands the importance and its impossible annulment! If

darkness and cataclysms accompanied the death of the Innocent, darkness and storm also accompanied the death of Innocence and Grace in the hearts of the First Parents. Grief was born on the Earth. But God's providence did not want it to be eternal, as after years of sorrow He gave you the joy of coming out of sorrow to enter joy, if you know how to live with righteous minds.

606.8 <sup>8</sup>Woe to man if he had had to make himself the master of life in a human way! And if he had had to live with the memory of his crimes and the continual increase of them, because it is more impossible for you to live without sinning than it is to live without breathing, you creatures who had been created to know the Light and whom Darkness has poisoned making you its victims. Darkness! It circumvents you continuously. It entangles you awakening what the Sacrament has cancelled, and as you do not oppose it with the will of being of God, it succeeds in corrupting you again with its poison, that Baptism had made harmless.

As the signs of man's disobedience were evident, God the Father removed him from the place of heavenly delights, so that he might not sin once again and more gravely by raising his thieving hand to the tree of Life. The Father could no longer trust His children, neither could He feel safe in His Earthly Paradise. Satan had entered it once to lay snares for His dearest creatures, and if he had succeeded in inducing them to sin when they were innocent, with greater ease he would be able to do it again now that they were no longer innocent.

Man had wanted to possess everything, not leaving to God the treasure of being the Generator. Let him therefore go away with his riches acquired through violence, and let him take them with him to the land of his exile to remind him always of his sin, a downcast king despoiled of his gifts. The paradisiac creature had become an earthly creature. And ages of sorrow had to go by, until the Only One, Who could stretch out His hand to the fruit of Life, should come and pick that fruit for all Mankind. And He should pick it with His pierced hands and give it to men, so that they might become again coheirs to Heaven and possessors of the Life that lives forever.

606.9 <sup>9</sup>Genesis says also: "Adam then had intercourse with his wife Eve".

They had wanted to know the secrets of good and of evil. It

was fair that now they should also experience the pain of having to reproduce themselves in flesh, having God's direct help only for what man cannot create, the spirit, the spark that departs from God, the breath that is infused by God, the seal that on the flesh affixes the sign of the Eternal Creator. And Eve gave birth to Cain.

Eve was burdened with her sin. At this point I will draw your attention to a fact that escapes most people. Eve was burdened with her sin. And pain had not yet been suffered in a manner sufficient to diminish her sin. Like an organism laden with toxins, she had conveyed to her son what abounded in her. And Cain, Eve's first son, was born hard, envious, quick-tempered, lascivious, wicked, little different from wild animals with regard to instinct, much superior with regard to the supernatural, because in his fierce ego he denied respect to God, Whom he considered an enemy, believing that it was lawful for him not to have a sincere cult for Him. Satan instigated him to deride God. And he who derides God does not respect anybody in the world. Therefore those who are in touch with the deriders of God are acquainted with the bitterness of tears, because they have no hope of respectful love from their offspring, no certainty of faithful love in their consort, no certainty of honest friendship in friends.

Abundant tears streamed down Eve's face and her heart swelled with bitter tears because of the hardness of her son, and those tears sowed the germ of repentance in her heart, and they obtained a diminution of her fault, as God forgives because of the sorrow of those who repent. And Eve's second son had his soul washed in his mother's tears, and he was kind and respectful to his parents, and devout to his Lord, Whose omnipotence he perceived shining from the Heavens. He was the joy of his impoverished mother.

But the way of Eve's sorrow was to be long and painful, proportionate to her way in the experience of sin. In the latter, thrills of senses. In the former, shivers of pain. In the latter, kisses. In the former, blood. From the latter, a son. From the former, the death of a son. Of the one dearest to her because of his goodness. Abel becomes the means of purification for the guilty mother. What a painful purification! With her howling she filled

the Earth terrified by the fratricide and she mixed the tears of a mother with the blood of a son, while he, who had shed it out of hatred for God and for his brother loved by God, was running away chased by remorse.

606. 10 <sup>10</sup>The Lord says to Cain: “Why are you angry? ” If you fail in your duty towards Me, why do you grow angry because I do not look at you benignly?

How many Cains there are on the Earth! Their cult for Me is derisory and hypocritical or is non-existent, and yet they want Me to look at them with love and to fill them with happiness.

God is your King. Not your servant. God is your Father. But a father is never a servant, if one judges according to justice. God is just. You are not. But He is. As He exceedingly fills you with His favours, if you only love Him a little, He cannot certainly avoid punishing you, since you deride Him. Justice does not follow two paths. One is its path. As you do, so you receive. If you are good, you receive good. If you are wicked, you receive evil. And, believe Me, the good you receive is always much more than the bad you should have, for your way of living, rebelling against the divine Law.

606. 11 <sup>11</sup>God has said: “Is it not true that if you do good you will have good and if you do wrong, sin will be immediately at your door? ”. In fact good leads to a constant spiritual elevation and makes one more and more capable of performing greater and greater good deeds, till one reaches perfection and becomes holy. Whereas it is enough to yield to evil to degrade oneself and deviate from perfection, becoming acquainted with the power of sin that enters hearts and by degrees makes them descend to greater and greater guiltiness.

“But” God also says “under you lies the desire of it and you must control it”. Yes. God did not make you slaves of sin. Passions are under you. Not above you. God has given you intelligence and strength to control yourselves. Also to the first men, struck by God’s severity, He left intelligence and moral strength. And now, since the Redeemer has consumed the Sacrifice on your behalf, you have the streams of Grace to assist your intelligence and strength, and you can and must dominate evil desires. Through your will fortified by Grace you must do it. That is why the angels at My Birth sang to the Earth: “Peace to men of good-

will". I had come to bring Grace back to you, and through its union with your good wills, Peace would come to men. Peace: the glory of God's Heaven.

<sup>12</sup>"And Cain said to his brother: 'Let us go out'". A lie concealing a murderous betrayal under a smile. Delinquency is always mendacious, both with regard to its victims and to the world it tries to deceive. And it would like to deceive even God. But God reads hearts.

606. 12

"Let us go out". Many centuries later one said: "Hail, Master" and kissed Him. The two Cains concealed their crimes under harmless appearances, and vented their envy, anger, arrogance, and all wicked instincts on the victim, because they had not controlled themselves, but had made their spirits the slaves of their corrupted *egos*.

In her expiation Eve rises. Cain descends towards hell. Despair seizes him and makes him fall into the abyss. And, with despair, comes the physical cowardly fear of human punishment, the last deadly blow to the spirit already languishing because of its crime. A being, no longer mindful of Heaven, man with a dead soul is an animal that trembles with fear for his animal life. Death, whose appearance is a smile for the just, because through it they go to the joy of possessing God, is terrifying for those who are aware that to die means to pass from the hell of one's heart, to the Hell of Satan, forever. And like people entranced, they see revenge everywhere ready to strike them.

<sup>13</sup>But you must know, I am speaking to the just, you must know that, if remorse and the darkness of a guilty heart allow and foster the hallucinations of a sinner, no one is allowed to set himself up as judge of his brother, and least of all as executioner. Only one is the Judge: God. And if the justice of men has created its law-courts, the task of administering justice is to be remitted to them, and woe to those who profane that name and judge instigated by their own passions or pressed by human powers.

606. 13

Malediction upon he who makes himself the private executioner of one of his fellows! But a greater malediction upon him who, not through the influence of rash wrath, but out of cold human interest, unjustly sends a man to death or to the disgrace of jail. Because, if he who kills a man who has killed, will be given a punishment seven times greater, as the Lord said would

happen to anybody who struck Cain, he who condemns without justice, through enslavement to Satan in the capacity of human Overbearingness, will be struck seventy-seven times by God's severity.

You should always bear that in your minds, men, particularly at the present moment\*, since you kill one another to make of those who have fallen the base of your triumph, and you do not realise that you are digging under your feet the pit into which you will fall cursed by God and by men. Because I have said: "You shall not kill".

606. 14 <sup>14</sup>Eve rises on her way of expiation. Repentance grows deeper in her before the proofs of her sin. She wanted to know good and evil. And the remembrance of the good she had lost is for her like the remembrance of the sun for someone who has become suddenly blind; and evil is in front of her in the mortal remains of her murdered son, and around her because of the void left by her homicide fugitive son. And Seth was born. And from Seth, Enos. The first priest.

Your minds swell with the rivers of your science and you speak of evolution as of a sign of your spontaneous generation. The animal-man, evolving, will become the superman. That is what you say\*\*. Yes. It is so. But in My way. In My field. Not in yours. Not by passing from the state of quadrumana to that of men. But passing from the state of men to that of spirits. The more the spirit grows, the more you will evolve.

You who speak of glands, and fill your mouths speaking of hypophysis or of the pineal gland, and place in it the seat of life, taken not in the time in which you live but in the days that preceded and that will follow your present life, must know that your true gland, the one that makes you the eternal possessors of Life, is your spirit. The more it develops, the more you will possess divine lights and will evolve from men to gods, to immortal gods, and so, without contravening God's desire, His order concerning the tree of Life, you will obtain the possession of this Life, exactly as God wants you to possess it, because on your behalf He created it eternal and bright, a beatific embrace with His eternity that absorbs you in Itself and communicates Its properties to you.

\* **particularly at the present moment**, since in 1944 World War II was raging.

\*\* **you say**, as in 4. 7.



The more your spirits are evolved, the more you will know God. To know God means to love Him and serve Him, and thus be able to invoke Him on your own behalf and on behalf of other people. It means to become the priests who from the Earth pray for their brothers. Because who is consecrated is a priest. But also the convinced, loving, faithful believer is a priest. And a priest above all is the victim soul that sacrifices itself out of an impulse of charity.

God does not look at the garment, but at the mind. And I solemnly tell you that My eyes see many tonsured people who have nothing sacerdotal except their tonsures, and they see many laymen in whom the Charity that possesses them and by which they allow themselves to be consumed is the Oil of ordination that makes them My priests, unknown to the world but known to Me, and I bless them. »

#### 607. John goes to get Mary.

<sup>1</sup>10. 30 a. m. Good Friday 1944 (7<sup>th</sup> April 1944). My internal warner tells me that that was the time when John went to Mary.

607. 1

I see the favourite apostle who looks even paler than when he was in Caiaphas' court-yard with Peter. Perhaps because the light of the fire there gave a reflection of heat to his cheeks, which now 100 hollow, as if he had suffered from a serious disease and were bloodless. His face emerges from his lilac tunic like that of a drowned man, so deathlike appears. His eyes also are dimmed, his hair is dull and ruffled, his beard, which has grown during these hours, lays a veil of a light shade on his cheeks and chin, and as it is very fair, it makes him look even paler. There is nothing left in him of the kind joyful John, or of the angry John who shortly before, his face flushed with indignation, restrained himself with difficulty from manhandling Judas.

He knocks at the door of the house and, as if from inside someone, fearing he might find Judas in front of him again, were asking who was knocking, he replies: «It is I, John. » The door is opened and he goes in.

He also goes into the Supper-room, without replying to the mistress who had asked him: «But what is happening in town? »

He locks himself in and falls on his knees against the seat in which Jesus had sat and he weeps calling Him sadly. He kisses the tablecloth on the spot where Jesus had joined His hands, he caresses the chalice that He held with His fingers... Then he says: «Oh! Most High God, help me! Help me to tell the Mother! I have not got the heart!... And yet, I *must* tell Her. I *must tell* Her, because I am the only one left! »

He stands up and is pensive. He touches the chalice again, as if he wished to draw strength from that object that the Master had touched. He looks around... In the corner in which Jesus had placed it, he sees the purificator used by the Master to dry His hands after washing the apostles' feet, and the other one with which He had girded His waist. He takes them, folds them, caresses them and kisses them.

He stands perplexed in the middle of the empty room. He says: «Let us go! », but he does not go towards the door. On the contrary, he goes back to the table and takes the chalice and the bread, a corner of which had been broken off by Jesus to give a morsel to Judas, after dipping it in the dish. He kisses them, he takes them and with the two purificators he presses them to his heart like relics. He repeats: «Let us go! » and sighs. He walks towards the little staircase and climbs it with stooping shoulders and dragging his reluctant feet. He opens the door and goes out.

607. 2    2«John, you have come? » Mary has reappeared at the door of Her room, leaning on the door-post as if She did not have enough strength to stand up by Herself.

John raises his head and looks at Her. He would like to speak, and he opens his mouth, but he does not manage. Two large tears stream down his cheeks. He lowers his head, ashamed of his weakness.

«Come here, John. Do not weep. *You* must not weep. *You* have always loved Him and made Him happy. May that comfort you. » These words open the floodgates to the tears of John, who cries so loud and noisily, that the mistress appears with Mary Magdalene, Zebedee's wife and the other women...

«Come with Me, John. » Mary departs from the door-post and takes the disciple by the wrist, and drags him into the room, as if he were a little boy, and She closes the door gently, to be alone with him.

John does not react. But when he feels Mary's trembling hand rest on his head, he falls on his knees laying on the floor the objects he was holding against his heart, and with his face on the floor, holding the edge of Mary's mantle pressed on his excited face, he says sobbing: «Forgive me! Forgive me! Mother, forgive me!»

Mary, Who is standing and is utterly distressed, with one hand pressed against Her heart and the other one hanging by Her side, says in a heart-rending voice: «What must I forgive you, My poor son? What? Forgive you!»

John raises his face, showing it as it is, with no longer any trace of manly pride, the face of a poor weeping child, and he shouts: «For abandoning Him! For running away! For not defending Him! Oh! my Master! Oh Master, forgive me! I should have died, rather than abandon You! Mother, Mother, who will ever rid me of this remorse?»

«Peace, John. He forgives you, He has already forgiven you. He has never taken your bewilderment into consideration. He loves you. » Mary speaks with pauses between the short sentences, as if She were panting, holding one hand on John's head and pressing the other to Her poor heart that is throbbing with anguish.

«But even yesterday evening I was not able to understand... and I slept while He was asking us to be awake and comfort Him. I left my Jesus all alone! And then I ran away when that cursed man came with the rascals... »

«John, do not curse. Do not hate, John. Let the Father judge that. <sup>3</sup>Listen: where is He now?»

607. 3

John falls again with his face on the floor, weeping louder. «Tell Me, John. Where is My Son?»

«Mother... I... Mother, He is... Mother... »

«He has been condemned, I know. I am asking you: where is He just now. »

«I did everything in my power so that He might see me... I tried to apply to the mighty ones to obtain compassion, to make Him... to make Him suffer less. They have not hurt Him very badly... »

«Do not lie, John. Not even out of pity for a mother. You would not succeed. And it would be useless. *I know*. Since yesterday

evening. I have followed Him in His sorrow. You cannot see it, but My flesh is bruised by the same scourges as His, the same thorns are piercing My forehead, I felt the blows... everything. But now... I no longer see. Now I do not know where My Son is, Who has been condemned to the cross!., to the cross!... to the cross!... Oh! God, give Me strength! He *must* see Me. I *must not* feel My sorrow while He feels His. Then when everything... is over, then let Me die, o God, if You so wish. Not now. No, for His

607. 4 sake. So that He may see Me. <sup>4</sup>Let us go, John. Where is Jesus? »

«He is leaving Pilate's house. This clamour is the crowd shouting around Him, tied as He is, on the steps of the Praetorium, awaiting the cross, or already on His way to Golgotha. »

«Inform your mother, John, and the other women. And let us go. Take that chalice, that bread, those linens... Put them here. We shall find solace in them... later... and let us go. »

John picks up the objects left on the floor and goes out to call the women. Mary waits for him, rubbing Her face with those linens as though She wanted to find the caress of Her Son's hand in them, and She kisses the chalice and the bread, and places everything on a shelf. And She wraps Herself in Her mantle, which She lowers as far as Her eyes, over the veil that covers Her head and is wound round Her neck. She does not weep, but She is trembling. And She seems to be short of breath, as She pants so much with her mouth open.

John comes back in, followed by the weeping women.

«My dear daughters! Be silent! Help me not to weep! Let us go. » And She leans on John, who guides and supports Her as if She were blind.

The vision ends thus. It is 12. 30, that is 11. 30 solar time.

## 608. The way of the Cross from the Praetorium to Calvary.

26<sup>th</sup> March 1945.

608. 1 <sup>1</sup>Some time goes by so\*, not more than half an hour, perhaps even less. Then Longinus, who is entrusted with the task of superintending the execution, gives his orders.

\* **Some time goes by so**, with regard to the end of the vision in 604. 35 written on the day before (25<sup>th</sup> March 1945).

But before Jesus is taken outside, into the street, to receive the cross and set out, Longinus, who has looked at Him twice or three times, with a curiosity that is already tinged with compassion and with the expert eye of one who is accustomed to certain situations, approaches Jesus with a soldier and offers Him a refreshment: a cup of wine, I think. In fact he pours a light blond rosy liquid out of a real military canteen. «It will do You good. You must be thirsty. The sun is shining outside. The way is a long one. »

And Jesus replies to him: «May God reward you for your compassion. But do not deprive yourself of it. »

«I am healthy and strong... You... I am not depriving myself... And even if I were... I would do it willingly, to give You some solace... A draught... to show me that You do not hate heathens. »

Jesus no longer refuses and takes a draught of the drink. As His hands are already untied and He no longer has the cane or the chlamys, He can do it by Himself But He refuses to take more, although the good cool drink should be a great relief to His fever, which is already showing itself in the red streaks that inflame His pale cheeks and His dry lips.

«Take some, take it. It is water and honey. It will give You strength and quench Your thirst... I feel pity for You... yes... pity... It was not You Who was to be killed among the Jews... Who knows! I do not hate You... and I will try to make You suffer only what is necessary. »

But Jesus does not drink any more... He is really thirsty... The dreadful thirst of those who have lost much blood and are feverish... *He knows that it is not a drink with narcotics*, and He would drink it willingly. *But He does not want to suffer less*. But I realise, a I understand what I am saying through an internal light, that the compassion of the Roman is of greater solace to Him than the water sweetened with honey.

«May God reward you with His blessings for this solace» He then says. And He smiles again... a heart-rending smile with His swollen wounded lips, which move with difficulty, also because the severe contusion between His nose and His right cheek-bone, caused by the blow with a cudgel He received in the court yard after the flagellation, is swelling considerably.

<sup>2</sup>The two robbers arrive, each surrounded by a decury of sol- 608. <sup>2</sup>

diers. It is time to go. Longinus gives the last instructions.

A century is set out in two lines, at about three meters from each other, and moves thus into the square, where another century has formed a square barrier to drive the crowd back, so that it may not obstruct the procession. In the little square there are already some mounted soldiers a cavalry decury with a young non-commissioner officer who commands it and has the ensign. A foot-soldier is holding the bridle of the centurion's black horse. Longinus mounts and goes to his place, about two metres in front of the eleven mounted soldiers.

The crosses are brought. Those of the two robbers are shorter. Jesus' is much longer. I say that the vertical stake is not less than four metres long.

I see that it is already assembled when they bring it. With regard to this matter, I read, when I used to read... that is, years ago, that the cross was assembled on the top of Golgotha and that along the way the condemned men carried only the two poles bundled together on their shoulders. Everything is possible. But I see a true cross, well formed, solid, perfectly mortised at the crossing of the two arms and well reinforced with nails and screw bolts at the junction. And in fact, if one considers that it was destined to support a substantial weight, such as the body of a grown-up person, and had to sustain it also in its last convulsions, one understands that it could not be assembled there and then on the narrow uncomfortable top of Calvary.

Before giving the cross to Jesus, they tie the board with the inscription «*Jesus Nazarene King of the Jews*» round His neck. And the rope that holds it, gets entangled with the crown, which is moved and scratches where it is not already scratched, and pierces new parts, causing fresh pain and making fresh blood spout. The people laugh with sadistic joy, they abuse and curse.

They are now ready. And Longinus gives the order of march. «First the Nazarene, behind Him the two robbers; a decury around each of them, the other seven decuries positioned on the flank as reinforcements, and the soldier who allows the condemned men to be wounded mortally will be held responsible.»

608. 3 <sup>3</sup>Jesus comes down the three steps that from the lobby take one into the square. And it is immediately clear that Jesus is in an extremely weak condition. He stragglers coming down the

three steps, hampered by the cross weighing on His shoulder all covered with sores, by the board of the inscription that sways in front of Him cutting into His neck, by the oscillations caused to the body by the long stake of the cross, which bounces on the steps and on the uneven ground.

The Jews laugh seeing Him stagger along like a drunk man and they shout to the soldiers: «Push Him. Make Him fall. In the dust the blasphemer! » But the soldiers do only what they have to do, that is they order the Condemned One to stay in the middle of the road and walk.

Longinus spurs his horse and the procession begins to move slowly. Longinus would also like to make haste, taking the shortest route to Golgotha, because he is not sure of the resistance of the Condemned One. But the unrestrained mob - and it is even an honour to call it so - does not want that. Those who are more cunning have already run ahead, to the crossroads where the road forks, going towards the walls along one way, and towards the town along the other and they riot, shouting, when they see Longinus try to take the way towards the walls. «You must not do that! You must not! It is not legal! The Law prescribes that condemned men are to be seen in the town where they sinned! » The Jews at the rear of the procession realise that at the front they are trying to defraud them of a right, and they join their shouts to those of their colleagues.

For peace sake Longinus turns along the way that takes towards the town and goes a short distance along it. But he beckons to a decurion to approach him (I say decurion because he is the noncommissioned officer, but perhaps he is what we would call an orderly officer) and he says something to him in a low voice. This man trots back, and as he meets each decury commander, he conveys the order. He then goes back to Longinus to inform him that it has been done. And finally he goes to the place where he was previously, in the line behind Longinus.

<sup>4</sup>Jesus proceeds panting. Each hole in the ground is a trap for His staggering feet, a torture for His shoulders covered with wounds, and for His head crowned with thorns, also because the sun, which is exceedingly warm, although now and again it hides behind a leaden awning of clouds, shines perpendicular on it. So even if it is concealed, it still burns. Jesus is congested with

608. 4

fatigue, fever and heat. I think that also the light and the howling must be a torture for Him. And if He cannot stop His ears in order not to hear so much coarse shouting, He half closes His eyes not to see the road dazzling in the sunshine... But He must also reopen them, because He stumbles over stones and holes, and each stumble is painful, as it jerks the cross, which knocks against the crown, which rubs against the wounded shoulder, widening the sores and increasing the pain.

The Jews cannot hit Him directly any longer. But odd stones and blows with cudgels still strike Him. The former, particularly in the little squares crowded with people. The latter, instead, at bends, along the narrow streets with frequent steps going up or down, at times one, at times three, at times more, because of the continuous variations of the ground. The procession is compelled to slow down at such places, and there is always some volunteer (! ) who challenges the Roman lances if only to add a finishing touch to the masterpiece of torture that Jesus is by now.

The soldiers defend Him as best they can. But they strike Him as well, while trying to defend Him, because the long lances wave about in such narrow spaces, knock against Him and make Him stumble. But upon arriving at a certain spot, the soldiers make a perfect maneuver and, notwithstanding shouts and threats, the procession deviates abruptly along a street that goes directly towards the walls, downhill, a good short cut to the place of the execution.

Jesus is panting more and more. Perspiration is streaming down His face, together with the blood that trickles from the wounds of the crown of thorns. Dust sticks to His wet face leaving odd stains on it. Because also the wind is blowing now. Continual gusts at long intervals, during which the dust falls after being raised in whirlwinds by each gust, and is blown into eyes and throats.

Many people have already assembled at the Judicial Gate, that is, those who providently and in good time have chosen a good place to see. But shortly before arriving there Jesus almost falls on the quick intervention of a soldier, on whom He almost falls, prevents Him from falling on the ground. The rabble laugh and shout: «Leave Him! He used to say to everybody: “Rise”. Let Him rise now... »



Beyond the Gate there is a stream and a little bridge. Walking on the uneven boards is a new fatigue for Jesus, as the long stake of the cross bounces on them even more violently. And there is a new mine of projectiles for the Jews. The stones of the stream fly and hit the poor Martyr...

<sup>5</sup>The ascent to Calvary begins. A barren road, without the least <sup>608. 5</sup> shade, paved with uneven stones, that goes straight up the hill.

Here again, when I used to read, I read that Calvary was a few metres high. It may be so. It is certainly not a mountain. But it is a hill, not certainly lower than the mount of the Crosses is, with respect to the Lungarni, where the Basilica of Saint Miniato is in Florence. Someone may say: «oh! not much! » Yes, for one who is healthy and strong it is not much. But it is enough to have a weak heart to feel whether it is much or little!... I know that after I began to suffer from heart trouble, even if only in a mild form, I could no longer go up that hill without suffering a great deal and I was compelled to stop now and again, and I had no load on my shoulders. I think that Jesus' heart must have been in a very bad state after the flagellation and sweating blood... and I take only these two things into consideration.

So Jesus suffers tremendously in climbing, also because of the weight of the cross which, being so long, must be very heavy. He finds a protruding stone and as He is exhausted, He can lift His feet only a little, so He stumbles and falls on His right knee, but He can hold Himself up with His left hand. The crowd howls with joy...

He gets up again. He proceeds, bending and panting more and more, congested, feverish... The board that swings in front of Him obstructs His sight; His long tunic, the front part of which trails on the ground, as He now walks bending, hampers His steps. He stumbles again and falls on both knees, hurting Himself where He is already wounded; and the cross, which slips out of His hands and falls, after striking His back violently, compels Him to bend to pick it up and to toil painfully to put it back on His shoulder. While He does so, one can clearly see on His right shoulder the wound made by the rubbing of the cross, which has opened the many sores of the scourges, making them all into one, from which serum and blood transude, so that spot of His white tunic is all stained. The people even applaud for the joy of seeing

Him fall so badly...

Longinus urges to make haste and the soldiers, striking with the flat of their daggers, press poor Jesus to proceed. He sets out again more and more slowly, despite all solicitations.

Jesus seems completely intoxicated, as He sways so much, knocking against one or the other lines of soldiers, wandering all over the road. And the people notice it and shout: «His doctrine has gone to His head. Look, look, how He staggers! » And others, and they are not of the people, *but priests and scribes*, say with a grin: «No. It is still the fumes of the banquets in Lazarus' house. Were they good? Take *our* food now... » And other sentences of the kind.

608. 6 <sup>6</sup>Longinus, who turns round now and again, feels sorry for Him and orders a few minutes stop. The rabble insults him so much that the centurion orders the soldiers to charge them. And the fainthearted crowds at the sight of the shining threatening lances, run away shouting and hurling themselves here and there down the mountain.

It is here that, among the few people who have remained, I again see the small group of the shepherds appear from behind some ruins, probably of a collapsed low wall. They are desolate, upset, dusty, in rags, and with the power of their glances they attract the Master's attention. He turns His head round, He sees them... He looks at them fixedly as if they were the faces of angels, He seems to quench His thirst and fortify Himself with their tears, and He smiles... The order to resume the march is given and Jesus passes just in front of them and He hears their anguished weeping. With difficulty He turns His head round from under the yoke of the cross and He smiles once again... His solace... Ten faces... a rest in the burning sun...

And immediately afterwards, the pain of the third fall, a complete one. And this time He does not stumble. He falls because of a sudden lack of strength, due to a syncope. He falls headlong, knocking His face on the uneven stones, and He remains in the dust under the cross that falls on Him. The soldiers try to raise Him. But as He seems to be dead, they go and inform the centurion. While they go and come back, Jesus comes to Himself, and slowly, with the help of two soldiers, one of whom lifts the cross and the other helps the Condemned One to stand up, He

puts Himself in His place again. But He is really exhausted.

«Make sure that He dies only on the cross! » shout the crowd.

«If you let Him die beforehand, you will answer to the Proconsul, bear that in your minds. The culprit must arrive alive at the execution place» say the chief scribes to the soldiers.

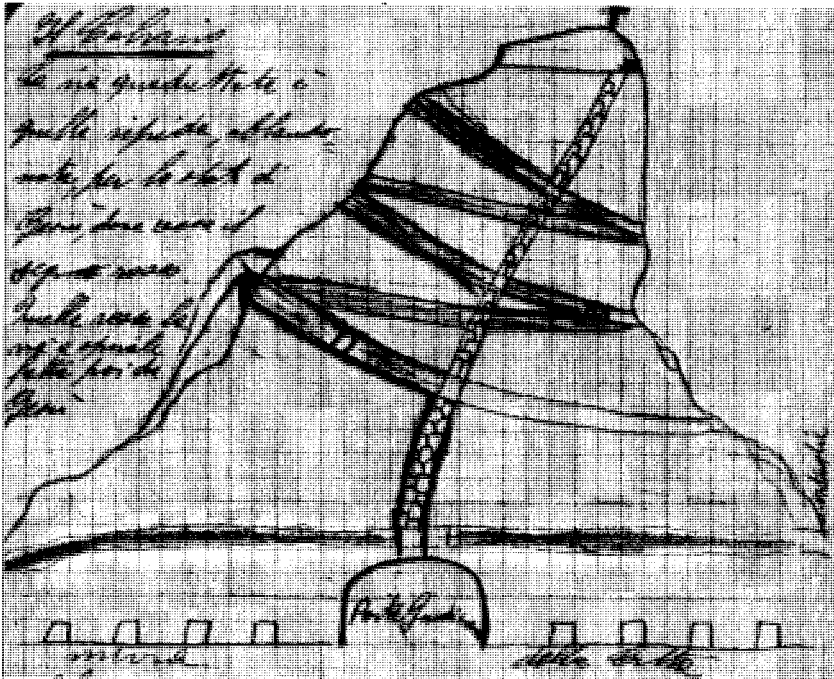
The latter cast withering glances at them, but discipline prevents them from speaking.

<sup>608. 7</sup>But Longinus is just as afraid as the Jews that the Christ may die on the road, and he does not want to have trouble. Without needing to be reminded, he knows what is his duty as officer responsible for the execution and he takes action. He takes action disconcerting the Jews who have already run ahead along the road that they have reached from all over the mountain, sweating, scratching themselves to pass among the few thorny bushes of the bare sun-baked mountain, falling on the rubble encumbering it as if it were a dump for Jerusalem, without feeling any pain except that of missing the panting of the Martyr, one of His sorrowful glances, a gesture, even an involuntary one, of suffering, and with no other fear but that of not being successful in having a good place. So Longinus gives the order to take the longer road that winds up the mountain and is therefore not so steep.

This road, which seems to have been used by many people, has become a rather comfortable one. This crossroad is situated about half-way up the mountain. But I see that farther up the straight road is crossed four times by this one, which climbs with a slighter slope and to compensate for this is much longer. And many people are going up this road, but they do *not* participate in this shameful uproar of possessed people, who follow Jesus to take delight in His tortures. They are mostly women, weeping and veiled, and some small groups of men, very small ones indeed, who are much ahead of the women and are about to pass from sight, when going on their way, the road turns round the mountain.

Calvary here looks somehow pointed in its odd structure, which is snout-shaped on one side, whilst on the other side it drops sheer. I shall try to give you an idea of its outline. But I must turn the page, as here I could not manage due to lack of space\*.

\* **space:** in the sketch by M. V. we can read, starting from the bottom: *Judicial Gate* at the center of the *Town Walls*. Going up, the word *Torrent* is written twice. On the right hand: *Vegetable gardens*. The note on the left says: *The Cal-*



The men disappear behind the stony point and I lose sight of them.

608. 8 <sup>8</sup>The people following Jesus are shouting with rage. It was more pleasant for them to see Him fall. While hurling obscene imprecations at the Condemned One and at those leading Him, some follow the judicial procession, and some go on almost running up the steep road, to make up for the disappointment received, by having a very good position on the top.

The women, who are proceeding weeping, and are at point *D*, turn round upon hearing the shouts, and see the procession turn towards them. Then they stop, leaning against the mountain, least they should be pushed down the slope by the violent Jews. They lower their veils on their faces even more, and there is one completely covered with her veil, like a Muslim, leaving only her

*vary. The chequered road is the steep one, abandoned, due to Jesus' condition, where the red sign stops [from the Judicial Gate to the first crossing]. The red winding road is the one covered by Jesus [starting from the first crossroad]. Letters D and M find explanation in the text. M. V. coloured the road in red, the mount in yellow and the torrent in blue.*

very dark eyes free. They are sumptuously dressed and they have a strong old man to defend them, but all wrapped as he is in his mantle, I cannot see his face clearly. I can only see his long beard, which is more white than dark, stick out of his very dark mantle.

When Jesus arrives near them, they weep more loudly and bow low to Him. Then they move forward resolutely. The soldiers would like to drive them back with their lances. But the one who is all covered like a Muslim moves her veil aside for a moment before the ensign, who has just arrived on horseback to see what it the cause of this new hindrance, and he orders the soldiers to let her pass. I cannot see her face or her dress, because the shifting of the veil is done with the speed of a flash, and her dress is all concealed under a heavy mantle that reaches down to the ground and is completely closed by a set of buckles. The hand that comes out from there for a moment to shift the veil, is white and beautiful. And it is the only thing, in addition to her very dark eyes, that can be seen of this tall matron, who is certainly influential if she is so promptly obeyed by Longinus' adjutant.

<sup>9</sup>They approach Jesus weeping and kneel at His feet, while He stops panting... and yet He still knows how to smile at those compassionate women and at their escort, who uncovers himself to show that he is Jonathan. But the guards do not let him pass. Only the women. 608. 9

One of them is Johanna of Chuza. And she is more haggard than when she was dying\*. Only the traces of her tears are red, all her face is snow-white with her kind dark eyes, which, dimmed as they are, seem to have become a very dark violet shade like certain flowers. In her hand she has a silver amphora and offers it to Jesus. But He refuses it. In any case, He is so breathless that He would not even be able to drink. With His left hand He wipes the sweat and blood that trickles into His eyes and that, streaming down His purple face and neck, the veins of which are swollen through the laboured throbbing of His heart, wets all His tunic at the chest.

Another woman, who is accompanied by a young maidservant holding a small casket in her arms, opens it and takes out a square piece of very fine linen cloth, and offers it to the Redeem-

\* she was dying, in 102. 7.

er. He accepts it. And as He cannot manage by Himself with one hand only, the compassionate woman helps Him to take it to His face, watching not to knock against His crown. And Jesus presses the cool linen cloth to His poor face and holds it there, as if He felt a great relic.

He then hands the linen cloth back and He says: «Thank you Johanna, thank you, Nike, Sarah... Marcella, Eliza, Lydia,... Anne, Valeria,... and you. But... do not weep for Me daughters of... Jerusalem... But for your sins... and for those... of your town... Bless... Johanna... for not having... more sons... See... It is God's mercy... not... not to have sons... because... they suffer... for this... And you... too, Elizabeth... Better... as it was... than among deicides... And you... mothers... weep for... your sons, because... this hour will not pass... without punishment... And what a punishment, if it is so for... the Innocent... You will weep then... for having conceived... suckled and for... having more... sons... The mothers... On those days... will weep because... I solemnly tell you... that he will be lucky... who then... will be... the first... to fall... under the ruins. I bless you. Go... home... pray for Me. Goodbye, Jonathan... take them away... »

And in the midst of the loud noise of weeping women and cursing Judaeans, Jesus sets out again.

608. 10 <sup>10</sup>Jesus is once again completely wet with perspiration. Also the soldiers and the other two condemned men are perspiring, because the sun this stormy day is as burning as flames, and the side of the mountain, very warm by itself, increases the heat of the sun.

What this sun must feel like on Jesus' woollen garment placed on the wounds of the scourges, one can easily imagine and be horror stricken at the idea... But He never moans. But although the road is not so steep as the other one and it is not strewn with uneven stones, which were so dangerous to His feet that He is now dragging, Jesus is staggering more and more, and once again He knocks first into one line of soldiers and then into the other and is bent more than previously.

They decide to overcome the difficulty by passing a rope around His waist and holding the two ends as if they were reins. It does in fact support Him, but it does not make His load any lighter. On the contrary the rope, knocking against the cross,

shifts it continuously on His shoulder and makes it strike the crown, which by now has turned Jesus' forehead into a bleeding tattoo mark. Further, the rope rubs against His waist, where there are many wounds, and it certainly makes them bleed again, in fact His white tunic is tinged with pale red at the waist. So, in order to help Him, they make Him suffer more.

<sup>11</sup>The road continues. It goes round the mountain, it comes <sup>608.</sup> 11 back almost to the front, towards the steep road. Here, there is Mary with John. I should say that John has taken Her to that shady place, behind the slope of the mountain, to give Her some relief. It is the steepest part of the mountain. There is no other road going round it.

Above and under it the slope rises or descends steeply, and that is why the cruel people have abandoned it. It is shady there, because I should say that it is the north, and Mary, leaning as She is on the mountain side, is protected from the sun. She is leaning against the slope, standing, but already exhausted, panting, as white as death, in Her very dark blue dress, which is almost black. John looks at Her with desolate pity. He has no trace of colour on his face either, and he looks pale, with wide-open tired eyes, unkempt, and his cheeks are sunken as if he were suffering from a disease.

The other women - Mary and Martha of Lazarus, Mary of Alphaeus and Mary of Zebedee, Susanna from Cana, the mistress of the house and some more whom I do not know\* - are all in the middle of the road looking to see whether the Saviour is coming. And when they see Longinus arrive, they rush towards Mary to inform Her. And Mary, supported by John who is holding Her by the elbow, departs from the hillside, stately in Her grief, and places Herself resolutely in the middle of the road, moving aside only at the arrival of Longinus, who from the height of his black horse looks at the pale Woman and at Her blond wan companion, whose meek eyes are blue like Hers. And Longinus shakes his head while passing by followed by the eleven soldiers on horseback.

Mary tries to pass through the dismounted soldiers, who, being warm and in a hurry, strive to drive Her back with their

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\* **I do not know**, since this vision precedes most of the visions about Jesus' public life.

lances, all the more that stones are thrown from the paved road, as a protest against so much compassion. It is the Jews, who once again curse because of the halt brought about by the pious women and say: «Quick! It is Easter tomorrow. Everything must be accomplished by this evening! You are accomplices who deride our Law! Oppressors! Death to the invaders and to their Christ! They love Him! Look how they love Him! Well, take Him! Put Him in your cursed Eternal City! We surrender Him to you! We don't want Him! Let rotters be with rotters! And leprosy with lepers! »

608. 12 <sup>12</sup>Longinus gets tired and followed by the ten lancers he spurs his horse against the reviling pack of hounds, who run away for the second time. And in doing so he sees a cart standing still, which has certainly come up from the vegetable-gardens at the foot of the mountain and is waiting for the crowds to pass, so that it may go down towards the town with its load of greens. I think that curiosity has made the man from Cyrene and his sons go up there, because it was not necessary for him to do so. The two sons, lying on the top of the green pile of vegetables, look and laugh at the fleeing Judaeans. The man, instead, a very strong man, about forty-fifty years old, standing near the little donkey, which is frightened and tries to draw back, looks attentively at the procession.

Longinus looks him up and down. He thinks that he can be useful and says to him in a commanding voice: «Man, come here. »

The man from Cyrene feigns he has not heard. But one cannot riffle with Longinus. He repeats the order in such a way that the man throws the reins to one of his sons and approaches the centurion

«Do you see that man? » he asks. And in doing so, he turns around to point out Jesus and he sees Mary, Who is imploring the soldier to let Her pass. He takes pity on Her and he shouts: «Let the Woman pass. » He then resumes speaking to the man from Cyrene: «He cannot proceed further laden as He is. You are strong.. Take His cross and carry it in His stead as far as the summit. »

«I cannot.. I have the donkey... it is restive... the boys cannot hook it... »



But Longinus says: «Go, if you do not want to lose your donkey and get twenty blows as punishment. »

The man from Cyrene dare no longer react. He shouts to the boys: «Go home and be quick. And say that I am coming at once» and he then goes towards Jesus.

<sup>13</sup>He reaches Him just when Jesus turns towards His Mother, Whom only now He sees coming towards Him, because He is proceeding so bent and with His eyes almost closed, as if He were blind, and He shouts: «Mother! »

608. 13

Since He began being tortured, it is the first word that expresses His sufferings. Because in that cry there is the confession of everything, and all the dreadful sorrow of His spirit, of His morale, of His body. It is the heart-broken and heart-breaking cry of a little boy who dies all alone, among torturers and the most cruel tortures... and who goes so far as to be afraid of his own breathing. It is the wailing of a raving little boy tormented by nightmare visions... and wants his mummy, his dear mummy, because only her fresh kisses soothe the ardour of his fever, her voice dispels phantoms, her embrace makes death less fearful...

Mary presses Her hand against Her heart, as if She had been stabbed, and She staggers lightly. But She collects Herself, quickens Her step and while going towards Her tortured Son with outstretched arms, She shouts: «Son! » But She says so in such a way that whoever has not got the heart of a hyena, feels it is breaking because of so much grief.

I notice signs of compassion even among the Romans... and yet they are soldiers, accustomed to slaughters, marked by scars... But the words: «Mother! » and «Son! » are always the same for all those who, I repeat it, are not worse than hyenas, they are understood everywhere and they raise waves of compassion everywhere...

The man from Cyrene feels such pity... As he sees that Mary cannot embrace Her Son because of the cross, and that after stretching Her arms out, She lets them drop, convinced that She is unable to do so — and She only looks at Him, striving to smile with Her smile of a martyr to encourage Him, while Her trembling lips drink Her tears, and He, turning His head round, from under the yoke of the cross, tries in His turn to smile at Her

and send Her a kiss with His poor lips, wounded and split by blows and fever — he hastens to remove the cross, and he does so with the gentleness of a father, in order not to give a shove to the crown or rub against His sores.

But Mary cannot kiss Her Son... Even the lightest touch would be a torture for His torn flesh, and Mary refrains, and then... the most holy feelings have a profound modesty and they exact respect or at least compassion, whilst here there is curiosity, and above all, mockery. Only the two anguished souls kiss each other.

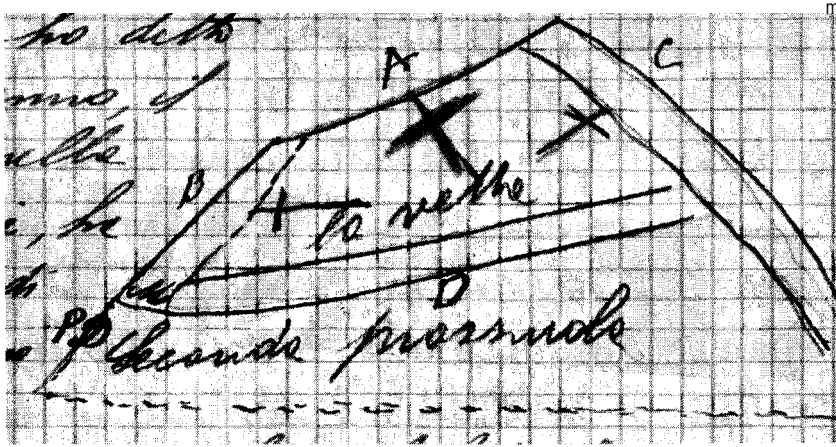
608. 14 <sup>14</sup>The procession, which sets out again under the pressure of the waves of the furious people, divides them, pushing the Mother against the mountain, to be sneered at by all the people...

Behind Jesus there is now the man from Cyrene with the cross. And Jesus, freed of that weight, is proceeding more easily. He is panting violently, He often presses His hand against His heart, as if He had a great pain or a wound there, in the sternum-heart region, and now, since His hands are no longer tied and He is able to do so, He pushes His hair, which had fallen forward and is sticky with blood and perspiration, behind His ears, to feel some air on His cyanotic face, He unties the cord round His neck, as it makes Him suffer in breathing... But He can walk better.

Mary has withdrawn with the women. She follows the procession once it has passed, and then, along a short cut, She turns Her steps towards the top of the mountain, defying the insults of the cannibalistic populace.

Now that Jesus can walk freely, the last stretch of the road around the mountain is soon covered, and they are already close to the top crowded with shouting people.

Longinus stops and orders his men to *inexorably* repel *everybody* farther down, so that the top, the place of the execution, may be free. And one half of the century carries out the order, rushing to the spot and mercilessly driving back whoever is there, making use of their daggers and lances to do so. The hail of blows with the flat of swords and clubs makes the Jews run away from the top, and they would like to stop in the open space below. But those already there do not give in and the people begin to brawl fiercely. They all seem to be mad.



<sup>608. 15</sup>As I told you last year\*, the top of Calvary is shaped like an irregular trapezium, slightly higher on A side, after which the mountain descends steeply for more than half of its height. In this little open space there are already three deep holes, lined with bricks or slates, that is, built for a special purpose. Near them there are stones and earth ready to prop the crosses. Other holes instead are full of stones. It is obvious that they empty them each time according to the number required.

Under the trapezoidal summit, on the side of the mountain that does not descend steeply, there is a kind of platform that slopes down gently forming a second little open space. Two wide paths depart from it going round the top, which is thus isolated and raise at least two metres in height on all sides.

The soldiers, who have driven the people away from the top, with convincing blows of their lances subdue quarrels and make room so that the procession may pass without any hindrance on the last stretch of the road, and they remain there forming a double hedge while the three condemned men, surrounded by the soldiers of horseback and protected behind by the other half of the century, arrive at the spot where they are stopped: at the foot of the natural raised platform that is the summit of Golgotha.

<sup>608. 16</sup>While that takes place, I see the Marys at the point that I have marked with an *M*, and a little behind them there is Johan-

\* As I told you (to father Migliorini) last year, in the vision described on 18<sup>th</sup> February 1944.

na of Chuza with the other four ladies mentioned previously. The others have withdrawn. And they must have gone by themselves, because Jonathan is still there, behind his mistress. The one we call Veronica and whom Jesus called Nike, is no longer there and also her maidservant is absent. Also the one, who was all covered with a veil and was obeyed by the soldiers, is no longer there. I can see Johanna, the old woman named Eliza, Anne (the mistress of the house where Jesus went for the vintage in the first year\* of His public life), and two more whom I cannot identify.

Behind these women and the Maries I can see Joseph and Simon of Alphaeus, and Alphaeus of Sarah with the group of the shepherds. They have scuffled with those who wanted to repel them insulting them, and the strength of these men, increased by their love and grief, has been so powerful that they defeated their opponents, forming a free semicircle at which the very pusillanimous Jews dare only to hurl cries of death and shake their fists. But nothing else, because the crooks of the shepherds are knotty and heavy, and these valiant men lack neither strength nor the ability to aim accurately. And I am not wrong in saying so. It takes real courage for a few men, known as Galileans or followers of the Galilean Master, to oppose a hostile population. It is the only place on the whole of Calvary in which Christ is not cursed!

The mountain, on the three sides on which the slopes descend gently towards the valley, is all crowded with people. The yellowish barren earth can no longer be seen. In the sun that appears and disappears, it looks like a flowery meadow with corollas of all colours, so numerous and close together are the headgears and mantles of the sadists standing there. More people are beyond the torrent, on the road, and more beyond the walls. And there are more on the nearest terraces. The rest of the town is deserted... empty... silent. They are all here. All the love and all the hatred. All the Silence that loves and forgives. All the Clamour that hates and curses.

608. 17 <sup>17</sup>While the men responsible for the execution prepare their instruments, finishing emptying the holes, and the men condemned await in the middle of the square formed by the sol-

\*the vintage in the first year, in chapter 108.

diers, the Jews, who have taken shelter in the corner opposite the Marys, insult them. They insult also the Mother: «Death to the Galileans. Death! Jalileans! Galileans! Curse them! Death to the Galilean blasphemer. Nail on the cross also the womb that bore Him! Away from here the vipers that give birth to demons! Death to them! Clear Israel of the females who copulate with the billy-goat!... »

Longinus, who has dismounted, turns round and sees the Mother... He orders his men to stop the uproar... The fifty soldiers who were behind the condemned men charge the rabble and clear the second esplanade completely, as the Jews run away along the mountain, reading on one another. Also the other soldiers dismount, and one takes the eleven horses, in addition to that of the centurion, and takes them to a shady spot, behind the *B* ridge of the mountain.

The centurion sets out towards the top. Johanna of Chuza moves forward and stops him. She gives him an amphora and a purse. She then withdraws weeping, and goes towards the edge of the mountain with the other women.

<sup>18</sup>Everything is ready on the summit. They then make the con- <sup>608.18</sup>demned go up. And once again Jesus passes near His Mother, Who utters a groan, which She tries to stifle, by pressing Her mantle against Her lips.

The Jews notice it, they laugh and deride. John, the meek John, Who has one arm round Mary's shoulders to support Her, turns around and glares at them. Even his eyes are phosphorescent. If he did not have to protect the women, I think that he would grip one of the cowards by the throat.

As soon as the condemned men are on the fatal platform, the soldiers surround the open space on three sides. Only the one that drops sheer is empty.

The centurion orders the man from Cyrene to go away. And he goes away, unwillingly now, and I would not say out of sadness, but of love. In fact he stops near the Galileans, sharing with them the insults that the crowds give liberally to these haggard believers of the Christ.

The two robbers throw their crosses on the ground swearing. Jesus is silent.

The sorrowful way of the cross has come to its end.

## 609. The Crucifixion, the death and the Deposition of Jesus.

27<sup>th</sup> March 1945.

609. 1 <sup>1</sup>Four brawny men, who look like Judaeans, and Judaeans more worthy of the cross than the condemned men, certainly of the same category as the scourgers, jump from a path onto the place of the execution. They are wearing short sleeveless tunics, and in their hands they are holding nails, hammers and ropes, which they show to the condemned men scoffing at them. The crowd is excited with cruel frenzy.

The centurion offers Jesus the amphora, so that He may drink the anaesthetic mixture of myrrhed wine. But Jesus refuses it. The two robbers instead drink a lot of it. Then the amphora, with a wide flared mouth, is placed near a large stone, almost on the edge of the summit.

609. 2 <sup>2</sup>The condemned men are ordered to undress. The two robbers do so without shame. On the contrary they amuse themselves making obscene gestures towards the crowd, and in particular towards a group of priests, who are all white in their linen garments, and who have gone back to the lower open space little by little, taking advantage of their caste to creep up there. The priests have been joined by two or three Pharisees and other overbearing personages, whom hatred has made friends. And I see people I know, such as the Pharisees Johanan and Ishmael, the scribes Sadoc and Eli of Capernaum...

The executioners offer the condemned men three rags, so that they may tie them round their groins. The robbers take them uttering the most horrible curses. Jesus, Who strips Himself slowly because of the pangs of the wounds, refuses it. He perhaps thinks that He can keep on the short breeches, which He had on also during the flagellation. But when He is told to take them off as well, He stretches out His hand to beg for the rag of the executioners to conceal His nakedness. He is really the Annihilated One to the extent of having to ask a rag of criminals.

But Mary has noticed everything and She has removed the long thin white veil covering Her head under Her dark mantle, and on which She has already shed so many tears. She removes it without letting Her mantle drop and gives it to John so that he

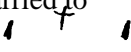
may hand it to Longinus for Her Son. The centurion takes the veil without any objection and, when he sees that Jesus is about to strip Himself completely, facing the side where there are no people, and thus turning towards the crowd His back furrowed with bruises and blisters, and covered with sores and dark crusts that are bleeding again, he gives Him His Mother's linen veil. Jesus recognises it and wraps it round His pelvis several times, fastening it carefully so that it may not fall off... And on the linen veil, so far soaked only with tears, the first drops of blood begin to fall, because many of the wounds, just covered with blood-clots, have reopened again, as He stooped to take off His sandals and lay down His garments, and blood is streaming down again.

<sup>3</sup>Jesus now turns towards the crowd. And one can thus see that also His chest, legs and arms have all been struck by the scourges. At the height of His liver there is a huge bruise, and under His left costal arch there are seven clear stripes in relief, ending with seven small cuts bleeding inside a violaceous circle... a cruel blow of a scourge in such a sensitive region of the diaphragm. His knees, bruised by repeated falls that began immediately after He was captured and ended on Calvary, are dark with hematomas and the kneecaps are torn, particularly the right one, by a large bleeding wound. 609. 3

The crowds scoff at Him\* in chorus: «Oh! Handsome! The most handsome of the sons of men! The daughters of Jerusalem adore You... » And in the tone of a psalm they intone: «My beloved is fresh and ruddy, to be known among ten thousand. His head is purest gold, his locks are palm fronds, as silky as the feathers of ravens. His eyes are like two doves bathing in streams not of water, but of milk, in the milk of his orbit. His cheeks are beds of spices, his lips are purple lilies distilling precious myrrh. His hands are rounded like the work of a goldsmith ending in rosy hyacinths. His trunk is ivory veined with sapphires. His legs are perfect columns of white marble on bases of gold. His majesty is like that of Lebanon; he is more majestic than the tall cedar. His conversation is drenched with sweetness and he is altogether delightful»; and they laugh and shout also: «The leper! The leper! So have You fornicated with an idol, if God has struck You so?

\* **The crowds scoff at Him**, with quotations from: *Psalm 45: 3; Song of Songs 5: 10-16*; and with allusions to: *Numbers 12; Deuteronomy 24: 9*.

Have You mumbled against the saints of Israel, as Mary of Moses did, if You have been punished so? Oh! Oh! the Perfect One! Are You the Son of God? Certainly not. You are the abortion of Satan! At least he, Mammon, is powerful and strong. You... are in rags, You are powerless and revolting. »

609.4 <sup>4</sup>The robbers are tied to the crosses and they are carried to their places, one to the right, one to the left, like this:  with regard to the place destined for Jesus. They howl, swear, curse, particularly when the crosses are carried to the holes, and they hurt them making the ropes cut into their wrists, their oaths against God, the Law, the Romans, the Judaeans are hellish.

It is Jesus' turn. He lies on the cross meekly. The two robbers were so rebellious that, as the four executioners were not sufficient to hold them, some soldiers had to intervene, to prevent them from kicking away the torturers who were tying their wrists to the cross. But no help is required for Jesus. He lies down and places His head where they tell Him. He stretches out His arms and His legs as He is told. He only takes care to arrange His veil properly. Now His long, slender white body stands out against the dark wood and the yellow ground.

609.5 <sup>5</sup>Two executioners sit on His chest to hold Him fast. And I think of the oppression and pain He must have felt under that weight. A third one takes His right arm, holding Him with one hand on the first part of His forearm and the other on the tips of His fingers. The fourth one, who already has in his hand the long sharp-pointed quadrangular nail, ending with a round flat head, as big as a large coin of bygone days, watches whether the hole already made in the wood corresponds to the radius-ulnar joint of the wrist. It does. The executioner places the point of the nail on the wrist, he raises the hammer and gives the first stroke.

Jesus, Who had closed His eyes, utters a cry and has a contraction because of the sharp pain, and opens His eyes flooded with tears. The pain He suffers must be dreadful... The nail penetrates, tearing muscles, veins, nerves, shattering bones...

Mary replies to the cry of Her tortured Son with a groan that sounds almost like the moaning of a slaughtered lamb; and She bends, as if She were crushed, holding Her head in Her hands. In order not to torture Her, Jesus utters no more cries. But the strokes continue, methodical and hard, iron striking iron... and



we must consider that a living limb receives them.

The right hand is now nailed. They pass on to the left one. The hole in the wood does not correspond to the carpus. So they take a rope, they tie it to the left wrist and they pull it until the joint is dislocated, tearing tendons and muscles, besides lacerating the skin already cut into by the ropes used to capture Him. The other hand must suffer as well, because it is stretched as a consequence, and the hole in it widens round the nail. Now the beginning of the metacarpus, near the wrist, hardly arrives at the hole. They resign themselves and they nail the hand where they can, that is, between the thumb and the other fingers, just in the middle of the metacarpus. The nail penetrates more easily here, but with greater pain, because it cuts important nerves, so that the fingers remain motionless, whilst those of the right hand have contractions and tremors that denote their vitality. But Jesus no longer utters cries, He only moans in a deep hoarse voice with His lips firmly closed, while tears of pain fall on the ground after falling on the wood.

<sup>609. 6</sup>It is now the turn of His feet. At two metres and more from the foot of the cross there is a small wedge, hardly sufficient for one foot. Both feet are placed on it to see whether it is in the right spot, and as it is a little low and the feet hardly reach it, they pull the poor Martyr by His malleoli. So the coarse wood of the cross rubs on the wounds, moves the crown that tears His hair once again and is on the point of falling. One of the executioners presses it down on His head again with a slap...

Those who were sitting on Jesus' chest, now get up to move to His knees, because Jesus with an involuntary movement withdraws His legs upon seeing the very long nail, which is twice as long and thick as those used for the hands, shine in the sunshine. They weigh on His flayed knees and press on His poor bruised shins, while the other two are performing the much more difficult operation of nailing one foot on top of the other, trying to combine the two joints of the tarsi.

Although they try to keep the feet still, holding them by the malleoli and toes on the wedge, the foot underneath is shifted by the vibrations of the nail, and they have almost to unnailed it, because the nail, which has pierced the tender parts and is already blunt having pierced the right foot, is to be moved a little clos-

er to the centre. And they hammer, and hammer, and hammer... Only the dreadful noise of the hammer striking the head of the nail is heard, because all Calvary is nothing but eyes and ears to perceive acts and noises and rejoice...

The harsh noise of iron is accompanied by the low plaintive lament of a dove: the hoarse groaning of Mary, Who bends more and more at each stroke, as if the hammer wounded Her, the Martyr Mother. And one understands that She is about to be crushed by such torture. Crucifixion is dreadful, equal to flagellation with regard to pain, it is more cruel to be seen, because one sees the nails disappear in the flesh. But in compensation it is shorter, whereas flagellation is enervating because of its duration.

I think that the Agony at Gethsemane, the Flagellation and the Crucifixion are the most dreadful moments. They reveal all the torture of the Christ to me. His death relieves me, because I say: «It is all over! » But they are not *the end*. They are *the beginning of new sufferings*.

609.7 <sup>7</sup>The cross is now dragged near the hole and it jerks on the uneven ground shaking the poor Crucified. The cross is raised and twice it slips out of the hands of those raising it; the first time it falls with a crash, the second time it falls on its right arm, causing terrible pain to Jesus, because the jerk He receives shakes His wounded limbs.

But when they let the cross drop into its hole and before being made fast with stones and earth, it sways in all directions, continuously, shifting the poor Body, hanging from three nails, the suffering must be atrocious. All the weight of the body moves forward and downwards, and the holes become wider, particularly the one of the left hand, and also the hole of the feet widens out, while the blood drips more copiously. And if that of the feet trickles along the toes onto the ground and along the wood of the cross, that of the hands runs along the forearms, as the wrists are higher up than the armpits, because of the position, and it trickles down the sides from the armpits towards the waist. When the cross sways, before being fastened, the crown moves, because the head falls back knocking against the wood and drives the thick knot of thorns, at the end of the prickly crown, into the nape of the neck, then it lies again on the forehead, scratching it mercilessly.

At long last the cross is made fast and there is only the torture of being suspended. They raise the robbers who, once they are placed in a vertical position, shout as if they were being flayed alive, because of the torture of the ropes that cut into their wrists and cause their hands to turn dark with the veins swollen like ropes.

Jesus is silent. The crowd instead is no longer silent. The people resume roaring in a hellish way.

Now the top of Golgotha has its trophy and its guard of honour. At the top (side\* A) there is the cross of Jesus. On sides B and C the other two crosses. Half a century of soldiers, in fighting trim, is placed all round the summit; inside this circle of armed soldiers there are the ten dismounted soldiers, who throw dice for the garments of the condemned men. Longinus is standing upright between the cross of Jesus and the one on the right. And he seems to be mounting guard of honour for the Martyr King. The other half century, at rest, is on the left path and on the lower open space, under the orders of Longinus' adjutant, awaiting to be employed in case of need. The indifference of the soldiers is almost total. Only an odd one now and again looks at the crucified men.

<sup>609. 8</sup> Longinus, instead, watches everything with curiosity and interest, he makes comparisons and judges mentally. He compares the crucified men, and the Christ in particular, and the spectators. His piercing eye does not miss any detail. And to see better, he shades his eyes with his hand, because the sun must be annoying him.

The sun is in fact strange. It is yellow-red like a fire. Then the fire seems to go out all of a sudden, because of a huge cloud of pitch that rises from behind the chains of the Judaeen mountains and soars swiftly across the sky, disappearing behind other mountains. And when the sun comes out again, it is so strong that the eye endures it with difficulty.

While looking, he sees Mary, just under the slope, with Her tormented face raised towards Her Son. He calls one of the soldiers who are playing dice and says to him: «If His Mother wants to come up with the son who is escorting Her, let Her come. Es-

\* side, as in the sketch in 608. 14/15.

cort Her and help Her. »

And Mary with John, who is believed to be Her «son», climbs the steps cut in the tufaceous rock, I think, and passes beyond the cordon of soldiers, and goes to the foot of the cross, but a little aside, to be seen and see Her Jesus.

The crowd showers the most disgraceful abuses on Her at once, associating Her with Her Son in their curses. But with Her trembling white lips, She tries only to comfort Him, with an anguished smile that wipes the tears, which no will-power can refrain.

609.9 <sup>9</sup>The people, beginning with priests, scribes, Pharisees, Sadducees, Herodians and the like, amuse themselves by going on a kind of roundabout, climbing the steep road, passing along the elevation at the end, and descending along the other road, or vice versa. And while they pass at the foot of the summit, on the second open space, they do not fail to offer their blasphemous words as a compliment to the Dying Victim. All the baseness, cruelty, hatred and folly, which men are capable of expressing with their tongues, is amply testified by those infernal mouths. The fiercest are the members of the Temple, with the assistance of the Pharisees.

«Well? You, the Saviour of mankind, why do You not save Yourself? Has Your king Beelzebub abandoned You? Has he disowned You? » shout three priests.

And a group of Judaeans shout: «You, Who not more than five days ago, with the help of the Demon, made the Father say... ha! ha! ha! that He would glorify You, how come You do not remind Him to keep His promise? »

And three Pharisees add: «Blasphemer! He said that He saved the others with the help of God! And He cannot save Himself! Do You want us to believe You? Then work the miracle. Hey, are You no longer able? Your hands are now nailed and You are naked. »

And some Sadducees and Herodians say to the soldiers: «Watch His witchcraft, you who have taken His garments! He has the infernal sign within Himself! »

A crowd howls in chorus: «Descend from the cross and we will believe You. You Who want to destroy the Temple... Fool!... Look at it over there, the glorious and holy Temple of Israel. It is untouchable, o profaner! And You are dying. »

Other priests say: «Blasphemous! You the Son of God? Come down from there, then. Strike us by lightning, if You are God. We are not afraid of You and we spit at You. »

Others who are passing by shake their heads saying: «He can but weep. Save Yourself, if it is true that You are the Chosen One! »

And the soldiers remark: «So, save Yourself! Burn to ashes this hell-hole of the hell-hole! Yes! You are the hell-hole of the empire, you Judaeen rabble. Do so! Rome will put You on Capitol and will worship You as a god! »

The priests and their accomplices say: «The arms of women were more pleasant than those of the cross, were they not? But, look, Your... (and they utter a disgraceful word) are already there waiting to receive You. You have the whole of Jerusalem as Your matchmaker. » And they hiss like snakes.

Others throw stones shouting: «Change these into bread, since You multiply loaves. »

Others mimicking the Hosannas of Palm Sunday, throw branches and shout: «Curses on He Who comes in the name of the Demon! Cursed be His kingdom! Glory to Zion that cuts Him off the living! »

A Pharisee stands in front of the cross, he raises his hand in an indecent gesture, and says: «“I entrust You to the God of Sinai” didn’t You say\*? Now the God of Sinai is preparing You for the eternal fire. Why don’t You call Jonah so that he may repay Your kindness? »

Another one says: «Don’t ruin the cross with the strokes of Your head. It is to be used for Your followers. A whole legion of them will die on Your cross, I swear it on Jehovah. And Lazarus will be the first one I’ll put there. We shall see whether You free him from death, now. »

«Yes. Let us go to Lazarus. Let us nail him on the other side of the cross» and parrot-like they speak slowly as Jesus did, saying: «Lazarus, My friend, come out! Unbind him and let him go. »

«No! He used to say to Martha and Mary, His women: “I am the Resurrection and Life” Ha! Ha! Ha! The Resurrection cannot drive death back, and the Life is dying! »

\* **didn’t You say**, in 109. 12, repeated in 126. 10.

609. 10 <sup>10</sup>«There is Mary with Martha over there. Let us ask them where Lazarus is and let us look for him. » And they come forward, towards the women, asking arrogantly: «Where is Lazarus? At his mansion? »

And while the other women, struck with terror, run behind the shepherds, Mary Magdalene comes forward, and finding in her grief the ancient boldness of her days of sin, she says: «Go. You will already find the soldiers of Rome in the mansion, with five hundred armed men of my land, and they will castrate you like old billy goats destined to feed the slaves of millstones. »

«Impudent! Is that how you speak to priests? »

«Sacriligious! Filthy! Cursed! Turn round! On your backs, I can see them, you have tongues of infernal flames. »

Mary's assertion sounds so certain that the cowards, who are really struck with terror, turn round; but if they have no flames on their shoulders, they have the sharp-pointed Roman lances at their backs. In fact Longinus has given an order, and the fifty soldiers, who were resting, have come into action and they prick the buttocks of the first Judaeans they find. The latter run away shouting and the soldiers stop to block the entrances to the two roads and protect the open space. The Judaeans curse, but Rome is the stronger.

The Magdalene lowers her veil again - she had raised it to speak to the revilers - and goes back to her place. The other women join her.

609. 11 <sup>11</sup>But the robber on the left hand side continues to insult from his cross. He seems to have summarised all the curses of the other people and he repeats them all, and ends by saying: «Save Yourself and save us, if You want people to believe You. You the Christ? You are mad! The world belongs to crafty people, and God does not exist. I do. That is true and everything is permitted to me. God?... Nonsense! Invented to keep us quiet. Long live our egos! Man's ego alone is king and god! »

The other robber, who is on the right hand side with Mary almost near his feet, and looks at Her almost more than he looks at Jesus, and for some moments has been weeping murmuring: «My mother», says: «Be silent. Do you not fear God even now that you suffer this pain? Why do you insult He Who is good? And His torture is even greater than ours. And He has done nothing wrong. »

But the robber continues to curse.

<sup>12</sup>Jesus is silent. Panting as a result of the effort He has to make by reason of His position, because of His fever and heart and breathing conditions, the consequence of the flagellation He suffered in such a violent form, and also of the deep anguish that had made Him sweat blood, He tries to find some relief by reducing the weight on His feet, pulling Himself up with His arms and hanging from His hands. Perhaps He does so also to overcome the cramp that tortures His feet and is revealed by the trembling of His muscles. But the same trembling is noticeable in the fibres of His arms, which are constrained in that position and must be frozen at their ends, because they are higher up and deprived of blood, which arrives at the wrists with difficulty and trickles from the holes of the nails, leaving the fingers without circulation. Those of the left hand in particular are already cadaveric and motionless, bent towards the palm. Also the toes of the feet show their pain, especially the big toes move up and down and open out, probably because their nerves have not been injured so seriously.

And the trunk reveals all its pain with its movement, which is fast but not deep, and tires Him without giving any relief. His ribs, wide and high as they are, because the structure of this Body is perfect, are now enlarged beyond measure, as a consequence of the position taken by the body and of the pulmonary oedema that has certainly developed inside. And yet they do not serve to relieve the effort in breathing, all the more that the abdomen with its movement helps the diaphragm, which is becoming more and more paralyzed.

And the congestion and asphyxia increase every minute, as is shown by the cyanotic colour that emphasises the lips, which the fever has made bright red, and by the red-violet streaks, which tinge the neck along the turgid jugular veins, and widen out as far as the cheeks, towards the ears and temples, while the nose is thin and bloodless, and the eyes are sunken in a circle, which is livid where no blood has trickled from the crown.

Under the left costal arch one can see the throbbing imparted by the point of the heart, an irregular but violent palpitation, and now and again, owing to an internal convulsion, the diaphragm has a deep pulsation, which is revealed by a total stretching of

the skin, for what it can stretch on that poor wounded dying Body.

The Face already has the aspect we see in photographs of the Holy Shroud, with the nose diverged and swollen on one side; and the likeness is increased by the fact that the right eye is almost closed, owing to a swelling on this side. The mouth, instead is open, with the wound on the upper lip by now turned into a crust.

His thirst, caused by the loss of blood, by the fever and by the sun, must be burning, so much so that He, with automatic movements, drinks the drops of His perspiration and His tears, as well as those of blood, that run down from His forehead to His moustache, and He wets His tongue with them...

The crown of thorns prevents Him from leaning against the trunk of the cross to help the suspension on His arms and lighten the weight on His feet. His kidneys and all His spine are curved outwards, detached from the cross from His pelvis upwards, owing to force of inertia that makes a body, suspended like His, hang forward.

609. 13 <sup>13</sup>The Judaeans, driven beyond the open space, do not stop insulting, and the unrepentant robber echoes their insults.

The other one, who now looks at the Mother with deeper and deeper compassion, and weeps, answers him back sharply, when he hears that She also is included in the insult. «Be silent. Remember that you were born of a woman. And consider that our mothers have wept because of their sons. And they were tears of shame... because we are criminals. Our mothers are dead... I would like to ask mine to forgive me... But shall I be able? She was a holy woman... I killed her with the sorrow I gave her... I am a sinner... Who will forgive me? Mother, in the name of Your dying Son, pray for me. »

The Mother for a moment raises Her tortured face and looks at him, the poor wretch who through the remembrance of his mother and the contemplation of the Mother moves towards repentance, and She seems to caress him with Her kind gentle eyes.

Disma weeps louder, which raises even more the mockery of the crowd and of his companion. The former shout: «Very well. Take Her as your mother. So She will have two criminal sons! » The latter aggravates the situation saying: «She loves you be-



cause you are a smaller copy of Her darling. »

<sup>14</sup>Jesus speaks for the first time: «Father, forgive them because they do not know what they are doing! » <sup>609. 14</sup>

This prayer overcomes all fear in Disma. He dares to look at the Christ and says: «Lord, remember me when You are in Your Kingdom. It is just that I should suffer. But give me mercy and peace hereafter. I heard You speak once and I foolishly rejected Your word. I now repent. And I repent of my sins before You, the Son of the Most High. I believe that You come from God. I believe in Your power. I believe in Your mercy. Christ, forgive me in the name of Your Mother and of Your Most Holy Father. »

Jesus turns round and looks at him with deep compassion, and He smiles a still beautiful smile with His poor tortured lips. He says: «I tell you: today you will be with Me in Paradise. »

The repentant robber calms down, and as he no longer remembers the prayers he learned when a child, he repeats as a litany: «Jesus Nazarene, king of the Jews, have mercy on me; Jesus Nazarene, king of the Jews, I hope in You; Jesus Nazarene, king of the Jesus, I believe in Your Divinity. »

The other robber continues cursing.

<sup>15</sup>The sky becomes darker and darker. Now the clouds hardly <sup>609. 15</sup> ever open to let the sun shine through. On the contrary they cluster on top of one another in leaden, white, greenish strati, they disentangle according to the caprices of a cold wind, which at times blows in the sky, then descends to the ground, and then drops again, and when it drops the air is almost more sinister, sultry and duller than when it hisses, blowing cutting and fast.

The light, previously exceedingly bright, is becoming greenish. And faces look strange. The profiles of the soldiers, under their helmets and in their armour, which were previously shining and have now become rather tarnished in the greenish light and under an ashen-grey sky, are so hard that they seem to be chiselled. The Judaeans, whose complexion hair and beards are mostly dark, seem drowned people, so ashen are their faces. The women look like statues of bluish snow because of their deadly paleness, which is accentuated by the light.

Jesus seems to be turning ominously livid, because of the beginning of decomposition, as if He were already dead. His head begins to hang over His chest. His strength fails Him rapidly.

He shivers, although He is burning with fever. And in His weakness, He whispers the name that so far He has only uttered in the bottom of His heart: «Mother! Mother! » He murmurs it in a low voice, like a sigh, as if He were already lightly delirious and thus prevented from holding back what His will would not like to reveal. And each time Mary makes an unrestrainable gesture of stretching Her arms, as if She wished to aid Him.

And the cruel people laugh at such pangs of He Who is dying and of She Who suffers agonies. Priests and scribes climb up again as far as the shepherds, who, however, are on the lower open space. And as the soldiers want to drive them back, they react saying: «Are these Galileans staying here? We want to stay here as well, as we have to ascertain that justice is done to the very end. And from afar, in this light, we cannot see. »

In fact many begin to be upset by the light that is enveloping the world and some people are afraid. Also the soldiers point to the sky and to a kind of cone that seems of slate, so dark it is, and that rises like a pine-tree from behind the top of a mountain. It looks like a whirlwind. It rises and rises and seems to produce darker and darker clouds, as if it were a volcano belching smoke and lava.

It is in this frightening twilight that Jesus gives John to Mary and Mary to John. He lowers His head, because the Mother has gone closer to the cross to see Him better, and He says: «Woman, this is Your son. Son, this is your Mother. »

Mary looks even more overwhelmed after this word, which is the will of Jesus, Who has nothing to give His Mother but a man, He Who out of love for man, deprives Her of the Man-God, born of Her. But the poor Mother tries to weep only silently, because it is impossible for Her not to weep... Tears stream down Her cheeks notwithstanding all the efforts to refrain them, even if on Her lips there is a heartbroken smile to comfort Him...

Jesus' sufferings increase more and more. And the light fades more and more.

609. 16 <sup>16</sup>It is in this sea-bottom light that Nicodemus and Joseph appear from behind some Judaeans, and they say: «Step aside! »

«You are not allowed. What do you want? » ask the soldiers.

«To pass. We are friends of the Christ. »

The chief priests turn round. «Who dare profess himself

friend of the rebel? » ask the priests indignantly.

And Joseph replies resolutely: «I, Joseph of Arimathea, the Elder, and noble member of the Supreme Council, and Nicodemus the head of the Judaeans, is with me. »

«Those who side with the rebel are rebels. »

«And those who take sides with murderers, are murderers, Eleazar of Annas. I have lived as a just man. And now I am old and close to death. I do not want to become unjust, while Heaven is already descending upon me and the eternal Judge with it. »

«And you, Nicodemus! I'm surprised! »

«So am I. And of one thing only: that Israel is so corrupt that you cannot even recognise God any more. »

«You disgust me. »

«Move aside, then, and let me pass. That is all I want. »

«To become even more contaminated? »

«If I have not become contaminated being with you, nothing else will ever contaminate me. Soldier, here is the purse and my pass. » And he gives the decurion who is closest to him, a purse and a waxed board.

The decurion examines them and says to the soldiers: «Let the two men pass. »

And Joseph and Nicodemus approach the shepherds. I do not even know whether Jesus can see them in the thick fog that is getting thicker and thicker, and with His eyes that are already veiled by agony. But they see Him and they weep without any respect for public opinion, although the priests now abuse them.

<sup>17</sup>The sufferings are worse and worse. The body begins to suffer from the arching typical of tetany, and the clamour of the crowd exasperates it. The death of fibres and nerves extends from the tortured limbs to the trunk, making breathing more and more difficult, diaphragmatic contraction weak and heart beating irregular. The face of Christ passes, in turns, from very deep-red blushes to the greenish paleness of a person bleeding to death. His lips move with greater difficulty, because the overstrained nerves of the neck and of the head itself, that for dozens of times have acted as a lever for the whole body, pushing on the cross bar, spread the cramp also to the jaws. His throat, swollen by the obstructed carotid arteries, must be painful and must spread its oedema to the tongue, which looks swollen and slow in

609. 17

its movements. His back, even in the moments when the tetanising contractions do not bend it in a complete arch from the nape of His neck to His hips, leaning as extreme points against the stake of the cross, bends more and more forwards, because the limbs are continuously weighed down by the burden of the dead flesh.

The people cannot see this situation very clearly, because the light now is like dark ashes, and only those who are at the foot of the cross can see well.

609. 18 <sup>18</sup>At a certain moment Jesus collapses forwards and downwards, as if He were already dead, He no longer pants, His head hangs inertly forward, His body, from His hips upwards, is completely detached from the cross, forming an angle with its bar.

Mary utters a cry: «He is dead! » A tragic cry that spreads in the dark air. And Jesus seems really dead.

Another cry of a woman replies to Her, and I see a bustle in the group of the women. Then some ten people go away holding something. But I cannot see who goes away so. The foggy light is too faint. It looks as we are immersed in a cloud of very dense volcanic ash.

«It is not possible» shout some of the priests and of the Judaeans. «It is a simulation to make us go away. Soldier, prick Him with your lance. It is a good medicine to give His voice back to Him. » And as the soldiers do not do so, a volley of stones and clods of earth fly towards the cross, hitting the Martyr and falling back on the armour of the Romans.

The medicine, as the Judaeans say ironically, works the wonder. Some of the stones have certainly hit the target, perhaps the wound of a hand, or the head itself, because they were aiming high. Jesus moans pitifully and recovers His senses. His thorax begins to breathe again with difficulty and His head moves from left to right, seeking where it may rest in order to suffer less, but finding nothing but greater pain.

609. 19 <sup>19</sup>With great difficulty, pressing once again on His tortured feet, finding strength in His will, *and only in it*, Jesus stiffens on the cross, He stands upright, as if He were a healthy man with all his strength, He raises His face, looking with wide open eyes at the world stretched at His feet, at the far away town, which one can see just indistinctly as a vague whiteness in the mist, and

at the dark sky where every trace of blue and of light has disappeared. And to this closed, compact, low sky, resembling a huge slab of dark slate, He shouts in a loud voice, overcoming with His will-power and with the need of His soul the obstacle of His stiffening Jaws, His swollen tongue and His oedematous throat: «Eloi, Eloi, lamma scebacteni! » (This is what I hear him saying). He must feel that He is dying, and in absolute abandonment by Heaven, if He confesses His Father's abandonment, with such an exclamation.

People laugh and deride Him. They insult Him saying: «God has nothing to do with You! Demons are cursed by God! »

Other people shout: «Let us see whether Elijah, whom He is calling, will come to save Him. »

And others say: «Give Him some vinegar, that He may gargle His throat. It helps one's voice! Elijah or God, as it is uncertain what this madman wants, are far away... A loud voice is required to make oneself heard! » and they laugh like hyenas or like demons.

But no soldier gives Him vinegar and no one comes from Heaven to give comfort. It is the solitary, total, cruel, also supernaturally cruel agony of the Great Victim.

The avalanches of desolate grief, which had already oppressed Him at Gethsemane, come back again. The waves of the sins of all the world come back to strike the shipwrecked innocent, to submerge Him in their bitterness. And above all what comes back is the sensation, more crucifying than the cross itself, more despairing than any torture, that God has abandoned Him and that His prayer does not rise to Him...

And it is the final torture. The one that accelerates death, because it squeezes the last drops of blood out of the pores, because it crushes the remaining fibres of the heart, because it ends what the first knowledge of this abandonment has begun: death. Because of that, as first cause, my Jesus died, o God, Who have struck Him for us! Because after Your abandonment, through Your abandonment, what does a person become? Either insane or dead. Jesus could not become insane, because His intelligence was divine, and since intelligence is spiritual, it triumphed over the total trauma of He Whom God had struck. So He became a dead man: the Dead Man, the Most Holy Dead Man, the Most

Innocent Dead Man. He Who was the Life, was dead. Killed by Your abandonment and by our sins.

609. 20 <sup>20</sup>Darkness becomes deeper. Jerusalem disappears completely. The very slopes of Calvary seem to vanish. Only the top is visible, as if darkness held it high up to receive the only and last surviving light, laying it as an offering, with its divine trophy, on a pool of liquid onyx, so that it may be seen by love and by hatred.

And from that light, which is no longer light, comes the plaintive voice of Jesus: «I am thirsty! »

A wind in fact is blowing, which makes even healthy people thirsty. A strong wind that now blows continuously, and is full of dust, cold and frightening. And I think of what pain its violent gusts must have caused to the lungs, the heart, the throat of Jesus, and to His frozen, benumbed, wounded limbs. Everything has really combined to torture the Martyr.

A soldier goes towards a jar, in which the assistants of the executioner have put some vinegar with gall, so that with its bitterness it may increase the salivation of those condemned to capital punishment. He takes the sponge immersed in the liquid, he sticks it on a thin yet stiff cane, which is already available nearby, and offers the sponge to the Dying Victim.

Jesus leans eagerly forward towards the approaching sponge. He looks like a starving baby seeking the nipple of its mother.

Mary Who sees and certainly has such a thought, leaning on John, says with a moan: «Oh! and I cannot give Him even one of My tears... Oh! breast of Mine, why do you not trickle milk? Oh! God, why do You abandon us thus? A miracle for My Son! Who will lift Me up, so that I may quench His thirst with My blood, since I have no milk?... »

Jesus, Who has greedily sucked the sour bitter drink, turns his head embittered in disgust. Above all, it must act as a corrosive on His wounded split lips.

609. 21 <sup>21</sup>He withdraws, loses heart, abandons Himself. All the weight of His body falls heavily on His feet and forward. His wounded extremities are the parts that suffer the dreadful pain as they are torn open by the weight of the body that abandons itself. He makes no further movement to alleviate such pain. His body, from His hips upwards, is detached from the cross, and remains such.

His head hangs forward so heavily that His neck seems hollowed in three places: at the throat, which is completely sunken, and at both sides of the sternum cleido-mastoid. He pants more and more and interruptedly, and it sounds more like a death-rattle. Now and again a painful fit of coughing brings a light rosy foam to His lips. And the intervals between one expiration and the next one are becoming longer and longer. His abdomen is now motionless. Only His thorax still heaves, but laboriously and with difficulty... Pulmonary paralysis is increasing more and more.

And fainter and fainter, sounding like a child's wailing, comes the invocation: «Mother! » And the poor wretch whispers: «Yes, darling, I am here. » And when His sight becomes misty and makes Him say: «Mother, where are You? I cannot see You anymore. Are You abandoning Me as well? » and they are not even words, *but just a murmur* that can hardly be heard by Her Who with Her heart rather than with Her ears receives every sigh of Her dying Son, She says: «No, no, Son! I will not abandon You! Listen to Me, My dear... Your Mother is here, She is here... and She only regrets that She cannot come where You are... »It is heart-rending...

John weeps openly. Jesus must hear him weep. But He does not say anything. I think that His impending death makes Him speak as if He were raving and that He does not even know what He says, and, unfortunately, He does not even understand His Mother's consolation and His favourite apostle's love.

Longinus — who inadvertently is no longer standing at ease with his arms folded across his chest, and one leg crossed over the other alternately, to ease the long wait on his feet and is now instead standing stiff at attention, his left hand on his sword, his right one held against his side, as if he were on the steps of the imperial throne — does not want to be moved. But his face is affected in the effort of overcoming his emotion, and his eyes begin to shine with tears that only his iron discipline can refrain.

The other soldiers, who were playing dice, have stopped and have stood up, putting on the helmets that had served to cast the dice, and they are near the little steps dug in the tufa, looking heedful and silent. The others are on duty and cannot move.

They look like statues. But some of those who are closer and hear Mary's words, mutter something between their lips and shake their heads.

609. 22 <sup>22</sup>There is dead silence. Then in utter darkness, the word: «Everything is accomplished! » is *clearly* heard and His death-rattle grows louder and louder, with longer and longer pauses between one rattle and the next one.

Time passes in such distressing rhythm. Life comes back when the air is pierced by the harsh breathing of the Dying Victim... Life stops when the painful sound is no longer heard. One suffers hearing it... one suffers not hearing it... One says: «Enough of this suffering! », and then one says: «Oh! God! let it not be His last breath. »

All the Marys are weeping, with their heads leaning against the slope. And their weeping is clearly heard, because the crowd is now silent again, to listen to the death-rattles of the dying Master.

There is silence again. Then the supplication pronounced with infinite kindness, with fervent prayer: «Father, into Your hands I commit My spirit! »

Further silence. Also the death-rattle becomes fainter. It is just a breath confined to His lips and throat.

Then, there is the last spasm of Jesus. A dreadful convulsion that seems to tear the body with the three nails from the cross, rises three times from the feet to the head, through all the poor tortured nerves; it heaves the abdomen three times in an abnormal way, then leaves it after dilating it as if it were upsetting the viscera, and it drops and becomes hollow as if it were empty; it heaves, swells and contracts the thorax so violently, that the skin sinks between the ribs which stretch appearing under the skin and reopening the wounds of the scourges; it makes the head fall back violently once, twice, three times, hitting the wood hard; it contracts all the muscles of the face in a spasm, accentuating the deviation of the mouth to the right, it opens wide and dilates the eyelids under which one can see the eyeballs roll and the sclerotic appear. The body is all bent; in the last of the three contractions it is a drawn arch, which vibrates and is dreadful to look at, and then a powerful cry, unimaginable in that exhausted body, bursts forth rending the air, the



«loud cry» mentioned\* by the Gospels and is the first part of the word «Mother»... And nothing else...

His head falls on His chest, His body leans forward, the trembling stops, He breathes no more. He has passed away.

<sup>23</sup>The Earth replies to the cry of the murdered Innocent with <sup>609.</sup> <sup>23</sup> a frightening rumble. From a thousand bugle-horn giants seem to give out only one sound and on that terrible chord there are the isolated rending notes of lightning that streaks the sky in all directions, falling on the town, on the Temple, on the crowd...

I think that some people were struck by lightning, because the crowd was struck directly. Now the lightning is the only irregular light that enables one to see at intervals. And immediately afterwards, while the volley of thunderbolts still continues, the earth is shaken by a cyclonic whirlwind. The earthquake and the tornado join together to give an apocalyptic punishment to the blasphemers. The summit of Golgotha trembles and quakes like a plate in the hands of a madman, because of the subsultory and undulatory shocks that shake the three crosses so violently that they seem on the point of being overturned.

Longinus, John, the soldiers grab whatever they can, as best they can, not to fall. But John, while grasping the cross with one arm, with the other supports Mary Who, both because of Her grief and the unsteadiness, has leaned on his chest. The other soldiers, and in particular those on the side sloping downhill, have had to take shelter in the centre, to avoid being thrown down the precipice. The robbers howl with terror, the crowd howls even more and would like to run away. But it is not possible. People fall one on top of the other, they tread on one another, they fall into the fissures of the ground, they hurt themselves, they roll down the slope as if they had gone mad.

The earthquake and the tornado recur three times, then there is the absolute immobility of a dead world. Only flashes of lightning, without the rumble of thunder, still streak the sky illuminating the scene of the Jews fleeing in every direction, at their wits' end, their hands stretched forward or raised to the sky, at which they had so far sneered and of which they are now afraid. Darkness is mitigated by a dim light which, increased by the si-

\* mentioned, in: Matthew 27: 50; Mark 15: 37.

lent magnetic lightning, enables one to see that many are lying on the ground, I do not know whether they are dead or have fainted. A house is on fire inside the walls and the flames rise up straight in the still air, a bright red spot in the grey-green atmosphere.

609. 24 <sup>24</sup>Mary raises Her head from John's chest and looks at Her Jesus. She calls Him, as She cannot see Him well in the dim light and Her poor eyes are full of tears. She calls Him three times: «Jesus! Jesus! Jesus! » It is the first time that She calls Him by His name, since She has been on Calvary. Then, as a flash forms a kind of crown over the top of Golgotha, She sees Him, motionless, all bent forward, with His head hanging so much forward and to the right, that His cheek touches His shoulder and His chin rests on His ribs, and She understands. She stretches out Her hands in the dark air and shouts: «My Son! My Son! My Son! » She then listens... Also Her mouth is open, She seems to be wanting to hear also with it, as Her eyes are wide open to see... She cannot believe that Her Jesus is no longer...

John, who has also looked and heard and has understood that everything is over, embraces Mary and tries to take Her away saying: «He no longer suffers. »

But before the apostle finishes his sentence, Mary, who has understood, frees Herself, She turns round, She bends towards the ground, She covers Her eyes with Her hands and shouts: «I no longer have My Son! »

She then staggers and would fall if John did not hold Her against his heart, and he then sits down, on the ground, to sustain Her on his chest more easily, until the Marys, no longer held back by the upper circle of armed soldiers — because, since the Jews have run away, the Roman soldiers have gathered in the open space below, commenting on the event — replace the apostle near the Mother.

The Magdalene sits where John was, and she almost lays Mary on her knees, holding Her between her arms and her breast, kissing Her deadly pale face, which is reclined on her compassionate shoulder. Martha and Susanna, with a sponge and a linen cloth soaked in vinegar, moisten Her temples and nostrils, while Her sister-in-law Mary kisses Her hands calling Her in a heart-rending voice, and as soon as Mary opens Her eyes again and casts a glance that Her grief makes, so to say, dull, she says to

Her: «Daughter, my beloved daughter, listen... tell me that You see me... I am Your Mary... Don't look at me so!... » And as the first sob opens Mary's throat and Her first tears begin to fall, the good Mary of Alphaeus says: «Yes, weep... Here with me, as if You were near a mother, my poor holy daughter»; and when she hears Her say: «Oh! Mary! Mary! have you seen? », she moans: «Yes, I have... but... but... daughter... oh! daughter!... » And the elderly Mary can find no other word and weeps. She weeps disconsolately, echoed by all the other women, that is, Martha and Mary, John's mother and Susanna.

The other pious women are no longer there. I think that they have gone away, and the shepherds with them, when that feminine cry was heard...

<sup>25</sup>The soldiers are speaking in low voices to one another.

609. 25

«Have you noticed the Judaeans? They were afraid, *now*. »

«And they were beating their breasts. »

«The priests were the most terrorised! »

«What a fright! I have seen other earthquakes. But never like this one. Look: the ground is full of fissures. »

«And a whole stretch of the long way has slid down over there. »

«And there are bodies under it. »

«Leave them! So many snakes less. »

«Oh! another fire! In the country... »

«But is He really dead? »

«Can't you see? Do you doubt it? »

<sup>26</sup>Joseph and Nicodemus appear from behind the rock. They had certainly taken shelter there, behind the protection of the mountain, to save themselves from the thunderbolts. They go to Longinus. «We want the Corpse. »

609. 26

«Only the Proconsul can grant it. Go quick, because I heard that the Judaeans want to go to the Praetorium to obtain permission to fracture His legs. I would not like them to insult His body. »

«How do you know? »

«A report of the ensign. Go. I will wait. »

The two men rush down the steep road and disappear.

<sup>27</sup>It is at this moment that Longinus approaches John and in a low voice says something to him, which I do not understand.

609. 27

Then he makes a soldier give him a lance. He looks at the women, who are all attending to Mary, Who is slowly recovering Her strength. They have all their backs turned to the cross.

Longinus places himself in front of the Crucified, he ponders carefully how to deal the blow and he strikes it. The lance penetrates deeply from the bottom upwards, from right to left.

John, wavering between the *desire* to see and the *horror* of seeing, makes a wry face for a moment.

«It is done, my friend» says Longinus, and he ends: «Better so. As for a knight. And without fracturing bones... He was really a Just Man! »

A lot of water and just a trickle of blood, already tending to clot, drip from the wound. I said *drip*. They only come out trickling from the neat cut that remains motionless, whereas, had there been any breathing, it would have opened and closed with the movements of the thorax and abdomen...

609. 27... While on Calvary everything remains in this tragic situation, I join Joseph and Nicodemus, who are going down along a short cut to gain time.

They are almost at the bottom when they meet Gamaliel. An unkempt Gamaliel, with no headgear, no mantle, with his magnificent garment soiled with dirt and torn by bramble. A Gamaliel who is running, climbing and panting, with his hands in his thin very grizzled hair of an elderly man. They speak to one another without stopping.

«Gamaliel! You? »

«You, Joseph? Are you leaving Him? »

«No, I am not. But how come you are here? And in that state?... »

«Dreadful things! I was in the Temple! The sign! The Temple door unhinged! The purple hyacinth veil is hanging torn! The Holy of Holies is open! There is anathema upon us! » He has spoken while running towards the summit, driven mad by the test.

The two men look at him go... they look at each other... they say together: «“These stones will shudder at My last words! ” He had promised him!... »

609. 29 They hasten their pace towards the town.

In the country, between the mountain and the walls and beyond them, many people looking idiotic are wandering, in the still

dim light... They howl, weep and lament... Some say: «His Blood has rained fire! » Some exclaim: «Jehovah has appeared in the midst of the lightning to curse the Temple! » Some moan: «The sepulchres! The sepulchres! »

Joseph gets hold of a man who is striking his head against the walls and calls him by his name, dragging him as he enters the town: «Simon! What are you saying? »

«Leave me! You are dead, too! All dead! All outside! And they curse me. »

«He has gone mad» says Nicodemus.

They leave him and they hasten towards the Praetorium.

The town is a prey to terror. People roam beating their breasts. People who jump backwards or turn round frightened upon hearing a voice or steps behind them.

In one of the many dark archivolts, the apparition of Nicodemus dressed in white wool - because, in order to be quicker, he has taken off his dark mantle on Golgotha - causes a fleeing Pharisee to utter a cry of terror. He then realises that it is Nicodemus and he clings to his neck with a strange effusion, shouting: «Don't curse me! My mother appeared to me and said: "Be cursed for ever! "» and then he collapses on the ground moaning: «I'm afraid! I'm afraid! »

«They are all mad! » say the two men.

They arrive at the Praetorium. And it is only here, while waiting to be received by the Proconsul, that Joseph and Nicodemus understand the reason for so much terror. Many sepulchres had been opened by the earthquake, and there were people who swore that they had seen skeletons come out of them, and that for a moment they resumed human appearance and were going about accusing and cursing those who were guilty of the deicide.

I leave them in the entrance-hall of the Praetorium, which Jesus' two friends enter without so many stupid horrors and fears of contamination, <sup>30</sup>and I go back to Calvary, joining Gamaliel, <sup>609. 30</sup> who by now exhausted, is climbing the last few metres. He is proceeding striking his breast, and when he arrives at the first of the two open spaces, he throws himself on the ground, face downwards, a long white form on the yellowish ground, and he says moaning: «The sign! The sign! Tell me that You forgive me!

A whisper, even only a whisper, to tell me that You hear me and forgive me. »

I understand that he thinks that Jesus is still alive. And he changes his mind only when a soldier, pushing him with his lance, says: «Get up and be silent. It's of no use! You should have thought of that previously. He is dead. And I, a heathen, am telling you: this Man, Whom you have crucified, was really the Son of God! »

«Dead? Are You dead? Oh!... » Gamaliel raises his terrorised face, he tries to see as far up as the top, in the twilight. He cannot see much, but he can see enough to realise that Jesus is dead. And he sees the compassionate group that is consoling Mary, and John standing on the left side of the cross and weeping, and Longinus, standing straight on the right side, solemn in his respectful posture.

He kneels down, stretches his arms out and weeping says: «It was You! It was You! We can no longer be forgiven. We have asked Your Blood upon us. And It cries to Heaven, and Heaven curses us... Oh! But You were Mercy!... I say to You, I, the destroyed rabbi of Judah: “Your Blood on us, *for pity's sake*”. Sprinkle us with It! Because only Your Blood can impetrate forgiveness for us... » and he weeps. And then, in a lower voice, he confesses his torture: «I have the requested sign... But ages and ages of spiritual blindness are upon my interior sight, and against my present will rises the voice of my proud thought of the past... Have mercy on me! Light of the world, let one of Your rays descend on the darkness that did not understand You! I am the old Judaeon faithful to what I thought was justice, and it was error. I am now a barren land, no longer with any of the ancient trees of the ancient Faith, without any seed or stalk of the new Faith. I am an arid desert. Work the miracle of making a flower, that has Your name, spring up in this poor heart of an old obstinate Israelite. Since You are the Liberator, come into my poor thought, which is a prisoner of formulas. Isaiah says so\*: “... He paid for sinners and took upon Himself the sins of many”. Oh! also mine, Jesus Nazarene... »

He stands up. He looks at the cross which is becoming neater

\* says so, in: *Isaiah 53: 12*.

and neater in the light that is clearing up, and then he goes away, stooping, aged, destroyed.

On Calvary there is once again silence, just broken by Mary's weeping. The two robbers, worn out by fear, no longer speak.

<sup>31</sup>Nicodemus and Joseph arrive back running and they say that they have Pilate's permission. But Longinus, who is not too trustful, sends a horse-soldier to the Proconsul to learn what he has to do also with regard to the two robbers. The soldier goes and come back at a gallop with the order to hand over Jesus and break the legs of the other two, by will of the Jews. 609. 31

Longinus calls the four executioners, who are crouched cowardly under the rock, still terrorised by what has happened, and orders them to give the robbers the death-blow with a club. Which takes place without any protest by Disma, to whom the blow of the club, delivered to his heart, after striking his knees, breaks in half, on his lips, the name of Jesus, in a death-rattle. The other robber utters horrible curses. Their death-rattles are lugubrious.

<sup>32</sup>The four executioners would also like to take care of Jesus, taking Him down from the cross. But Joseph and Nicodemus do not allow them. Also Joseph takes off his mantle and tells John to do likewise and to hold the ladders, while they climb them with levers and tongs. 609. 32

Mary stands up trembling, supported by the women, and She approaches the cross.

In the meantime the soldiers, having fulfilled their task, go away. And Longinus, before descending beyond the lower open space, turns round from the height of his black horse to look at Mary and at the Crucified. Then the noise of the hooves resounds on the stones and that of the weapons against the armour, and fades away in the distance.

The left palm is unnailed. The arm falls along the Body, which is now hanging semi-detached.

They tell John to climb up as well, leaving the ladders to the women. And John, after climbing up where Nicodemus was previously, passes Jesus' arm round his neck and holds it so, hanging completely on his shoulder, embraced at the waist by his arm and held by the tips of the fingers not to touch the horrible gash of the left hand, which is almost open. When the feet are un-

nailed, John has to make a great effort to hold and support the Body of his Master between the cross and his own body.

Mary has already placed Herself at the foot of the cross, sitting with Her back against it, ready to receive Her Jesus in Her lap.

But the unnauling of the right arm is the most difficult operation. Despite all John's efforts, the Body is hanging completely forward and the head of the nail is deeply sunk in the flesh. And as they do not want to make the wound worse, the two compassionate men work hard. At last the nail is seized with the tongs and pulled out gently.

John has been holding Jesus all the time by the armpits, with His head hanging on his shoulder, while Nicodemus and Joseph get hold of Him, one at the thighs, the other at the knees, and they cautiously come down the ladders.

609. 33<sup>33</sup> When on the ground, they would like to lay Him on the sheet that they have spread on their mantles. But Mary wants Him. She has opened Her mantle, letting it hang on one side, and She is sitting with Her knees rather apart to form a cradle for Her Jesus.

While the disciples are turning round to give Her Son to Her, the crowned head falls back and the arms hang down towards the ground, and the wounded hands would rub on the soil, if the pity of the pious women did not hold them up to prevent that.

He is now in His Mother's lap... And He looks like a big tired child who is asleep all cuddled up in his mother's lap. Mary is holding Him with Her right arm round the shoulders of Her Son and Her left one stretched over the abdomen to support Him also by the hips.

Jesus' head is resting on His Mother's shoulder. And She calls Him... She calls Him in a heart-rending voice. She then detaches Him from Her shoulder and caresses Him with Her left hand, She takes and stretches out His hands and, before folding them on His dead body, She kisses them and weeps on their wounds. Then She caresses His cheeks, particularly where they are bruised and swollen, She kisses His sunken eyes, His mouth lightly twisted to the right and half-open.

She would like to tidy His hair, as She has tidied His beard encrusted with blood. But in doing so, She touches the thorns. She stings Herself trying to remove that crown, and She wants



to do it by Herself, with the only hand which is free, and She rejects everybody saying: «No, no! I will! I will! » and She seems to be holding the tender head of a new-born baby with Her fingers, so delicately does She do it. And when She succeeds in removing the torturing crown, She bends to cure all the scratches of the thorns with Her kisses.

With a trembling hand She parts His ruffled hair, She tidies it and weeps, speaking in a low voice, and with Her fingers She wipes the tears that drop on the cold body covered with blood and She thinks of cleaning it with Her tears and Her veil, which is still round Jesus' loins. And She pulls one end of it towards Herself and She begins to clean and dry the holy limbs with it. And She continually caresses His face, then His hands and His bruised knees and then reverts to drying His Body, on which endless tears are dropping.

And while doing so Her hand touches the gash on His chest. Her little hand, covered with the linen veil, enters almost completely into the large hole of the wound. Mary bends to see in the dim light which has formed, and She sees. She sees the chest torn open and the heart of Her Son. She utters a cry then. A sword seems to be splitting Her heart. She shouts and then throws Herself on Her Son and She seems dead, too.

<sup>34</sup>They succour and console Her. They want to take Her divine Dead Son away from Her and as She shouts: «Where, where shall I put You? In which place, safe and worthy of You? » Joseph, all bent in a respectful bow, his open hand pressed against his chest, says: «Take courage, o Woman! My sepulchre is new and worthy of a great man. I give it to Him. And my friend here, Nicodemus, has already taken the spices to the sepulchre, as he wishes to offer them. But I beg You, as it is getting dark, let us proceed... It is Preparation Day. Be good, o holy Woman! »

609. 34

Also John and the women beg Her likewise and Mary allows Her Son to be removed from Her lap, and She stands up, distressed, while they envelop Him in a sheet, begging: «Oh! do it gently! »

Nicodemus and John at the shoulders, Joseph at the feet, they lift the Corpse enveloped not only in the sheet, but resting also on the mantles which act as a stretcher, and they set out down the road.

Mary, supported by Her sister-in-law and by the Magdalene, goes down towards the sepulchre, followed by Martha, Mary of Zebedee and Susanna, who have picked up the nails, the tongs, the crown, the sponge and the cane.

On Calvary remain the three crosses, the central one of which is bare and the other two have their living trophies, who are dying.

609. 35     <sup>35</sup>«And now» says Jesus «pay attention. I spare you the description of the burial, which was well described last year: on *19<sup>th</sup> February 1944*. So you will use that one, and P. M. at the end of it will put Mary's lamentation, which I gave on *4<sup>th</sup> October 1944*. Then you will put the new visions you see. They are new parts of the Passion and are to be put *very carefully* in their places to avoid confusion and gaps. »

### **610. At the Sepulchre. The embalming and the preparation of Jesus' body. Spiritual Anguish of Mary.**

19<sup>th</sup> February 1944.

610. 1     <sup>1</sup>It is useless to say what I feel. It would only be a description of *my* suffering, and therefore with no value as compared with the suffering that I see. So I will describe it, without any comment on myself.

610. 2     <sup>2</sup>I am present at Our Lord's burial.

The little procession, after descending Calvary, at the foot of it finds the sepulchre of Joseph of Arimathea, hewn out of the limestone of the mountain. The compassionate disciples enter it with Jesus' Body.

I see the sepulchre made as follows. It is a room dug in the stone, at the end of a vegetable garden all in blossom. It looks like a grotto, but it is evident that it has been dug by man. There is the burial room proper with its loculi (they are different from those of the catacombs). These are like round cavities, that penetrate into the stone, like the cells of a beehive, to give an idea. At present they are all empty. The empty opening of each loculus looks like a black spot on the grey stone. Before this room there

is a kind of anteroom, in the middle of which there is a slab of stone for anointing. Jesus is placed on it, wrapped in His sheet.

Also John and Mary go in. But nobody else, because the preparatory room is small, and if more people were in it, they would not be able to move. The other women are near the door, that is near the opening, because there is not a proper door.

<sup>3</sup>The two bearers uncover Jesus.

610. 3

While they prepare the bandages and spices on a sort of shelf in a corner, in the light of two torches, Mary bends over Her Son weeping. Once again She wipes Him with Her veil, which is still round Jesus' loins. It is the only washing that Jesus' Body has, this one with His Mother's tears, and if they are copious and abundant, they serve to remove the dust, sweat and blood of that tortured Body only superficially and partly.

Mary never tires of caressing those frozen limbs. With even greater delicacy than if She were touching those of a new-born baby, She takes the poor tortured hands, She clasps them in Her own, She kisses the fingers and stretches them, She tries to connect the gaping wounds, as if She wished to doctor them, so that they may not ache so much and She presses those hands, which can no longer caress, against Her cheeks, and moans and moans in Her dreadful grief. She straightens and joins the poor feet, which are so limp, as if they were deadly tired of walking so far on our behalf. But they have been displaced too much on the cross, and the left one in particular is almost flat, as if it had no ankle.

She then reverts to the body and caresses it, so cold and already stiff, and when once again She sees the gash of the lance, which is now wide open like a mouth, as Jesus is lying on His back on the stone slab, and so the cavity of the thorax can be seen more clearly — the point of the heart can be seen distinctly between the breastbone and the left costal arch, and about two centimetres above it there is the cut made by the point of the lance in the pericardium and in the heart, a cut about a good centimetre and a half long, whereas the external one on the right side is at least seven centimetres long — Mary utters a cry again as on Calvary. A lance seems to be piercing Her, so much She writhes in Her pain, pressing Her hands on Her heart, pierced like Jesus'. How many kisses on that wound, poor Mother!

She then attends to Jesus' head again and straightens it, because it is lightly bent back and much to the right. She tries to close His eyelids, which persist in remaining half-open, and His mouth, which has remained open, contracted and a little twisted to the right. She tidies His hair, which only yesterday was beautiful and tidy, and now has become a tangle heavy with blood. She disentangles the longer locks, She smooths them on Her fingers and curls them to give them back the form of the lovely hair of Her Jesus, so soft and curly. And She moans and moans, because She remembers when He was a little boy... It is the fundamental reason for Her grief: *the recollection of Jesus' childhood, of Her love for Him, of Her carefulness*, which was afraid also of the most crisp air for He little divine Child, and *the comparison with what men have now done to Him*.

610. 4 <sup>4</sup>Her lamentation makes me suffer. She says moaning: «What have they done to You, Son? », unable to put up with seeing Him thus, naked, rigid, on a stone, She takes Him in Her arms, passing Her arm under His shoulders and pressing Him to Her heart with the other hand and lulling Him, moving exactly as in the grotto of the Nativity. Her gesture makes me weep and suffer, as if a hand rummaged in my heart.

4<sup>th</sup> October 1944.

610. 5 <sup>5</sup>The terrible spiritual distress of Mary.

The Mother is standing near the anointing stone caressing, contemplating, moaning, weeping. The flickering light of the torches illuminates Her face now and again, and I see large tear drops stream down the cheeks of Her ravaged face. And I can hear Her words. Everyone of them. All of them, very clearly, although whispered between Her lips, a real conversation of a mother's soul with the soul of Her Son. I am told to write them.

610. 6 <sup>6</sup>«Poor Son! How many wounds! How much You have suffered! Look what they have done to You!... How cold You are, Son! Your fingers are ice-cold. And how motionless they are! They seem to be broken. Never, not even in the sound sleep of a child, or in the heavy sleep after working as an artisan, were they so inert... And how cold they are! Poor hands! My darling, My love, My holy love, give them to Your Mother! Look how lacerated they are! John, look what a gash! Oh! cruel men! Here,

give Me this wounded hand of Yours. That I may dress it. Oh! I will not hurt You... I will use kisses and tears, and I will warm it with My breath and My love.

Caress Me, Son! You are ice-cold, I am burning with fever. My fever will be relieved by Your ice, and Your ice will be mitigated by My fever. A caress, Son! Only a few hours have gone by since You last caressed Me, and they seem ages to Me. For months I was without Your caresses, and they seemed hours to Me, because I was always waiting for You to come back, and I considered each day an hour, and each hour a minute, to say to Myself that You had not been away for one or more months, but only for a few days, for a few hours. Why is time so long now? Ah! inhuman torture! Because You are dead.

They have killed You! You are no longer on the Earth! No longer!

Wherever I send My soul to look for Yours and embrace it; because finding You, having You, feeling You was the life of My body and of My spirit, wherever I look for You with the wave of My love, I no longer find you, I do not find You any more. Nothing of You is left to Me but these cold soulless remains!

. O soul of My Jesus, O soul of My Christ, O soul of My Lord, where are You? O cruel hyenas joined to Satan, why have you taken away the soul of My Son? And why have you not crucified Me with Him? Were you afraid of committing a second crime? (Her voice is becoming stronger and stronger and more and more heart-rending). And what was it for you killing a poor woman, since you did not hesitate to kill God Incarnate? Have you not committed a second crime? And is letting a mother outlive her murdered son not the most atrocious crime? »

<sup>7</sup>The Mother, Who with Her voice had raised also Her head, now bends again over the lifeless face and speaks in a low voice, to Him alone: «At least we would have been together in here, in the tomb, as we would have been together in the agony on the cross, and together in the journey beyond life and towards the Life. But if I cannot follow You in the journey beyond life, I can remain here waiting for You. » 610. 7

She straightens Herself up again and says to those present in a loud voice: «Go away, all of you. I will stay. Close Me in here with Him. I will wait for Him. What are you saying? That it is

not possible? Why is it not possible? If I had died, would I not be here, lying beside Him, waiting to be put in order? I will be beside Him, but on My knees. I was there when He, a delicate rosy baby, cried on a December night. I will be here now, on this night of the world, that no longer has the Christ. Oh! true night! The Light is no longer!... O ice-cold night! The Love is dead! What are you saying, Nicodemus? Shall I be contaminated? His Blood is not contamination. I was not contaminated even when I gave birth to Him. Ah! How you came out, You, Flower of My womb, without tearing any fibre, just like a flower of scented narcissus, that blooms from the soul of the matrix bulb and yields a flower even if the embrace of the earth has not been on the matrix. A virginal blooming that can be compared with You, Son, Who came through a heavenly embrace and were born in the diffusion of heavenly splendour. »

610.8 <sup>8</sup>Now the heart-broken Mother bends once again over Her Son, estranged to everything that is not He, and She whispers slowly: «But do You remember, Son, that sublime show of brightness that filled everything when Your smile was born in the world? Do You remember that beatific light that the Father sent from Heaven to envelop the mystery of Your flowering and to make You find this dark world less repellent, since You were the Light and You were coming from the Light of the Father and of the Paraclete Spirit? And now?... Now darkness and cold... How cold! I am shivering all over. More than that December night. Then there was the joy of have You to warm My heart. And You had two people loving you... Now... Now I am alone and I am dying, too. But I will love You for two: for those who have loved You so little that they abandon You at the moment of sorrow; I will love You for those who hated You, I will love You for the whole world, Son. You will not feel the chill of the world. No, You will not feel it. You did not tear My viscera to be born, but I am ready to tear them and enclose You in the embrace of My womb in order not to make You feel cold. Do you remember how My womb loved You, little throbbing embryo?... It is still the same womb. Oh! it is My right and My duty as a Mother. It is My wish. There is no one but the Mother Who can have it, Who can have a love as big as the universe for Her Son. »

610.9 <sup>9</sup>Her voice has been rising, and now, with all its strength She

says: «Go. I will stay. You will come back in three days time and we will go out together. Oh! to see the world again leaning on You arm, Son! How beautiful the world will be in the light of Your risen smile! The world thrilling in its Lord's steps! The Earth trembled when death extirpated Your soul and Your spirit departed from Your heart. But now it will tremble... oh! no longer with horror and spasm, but with a gentle throb, unknown to Me, but apprehended by My feminine insight that thrills a virgin when, after an absence, she hears the step of her bridegroom coming for the wedding. Even more: the Earth will tremble with a holy throb, as I was shaken in the deepest depth when I had the Lord One and Trine in Me, and the will of the Father with the fire of the Love created the seed from which You came, oh My holy Baby, My Son, all Mine! All of Your Mother! of Your Mother!...

Every child has a father and mother. Also an illegitimate boy has a father and a mother. But You had only Your Mother to make Your flesh of rose and lily, to make these embroidered veins, as blue as our streams in Galilee, and these lips of pomegranate, and this hair more graceful than the fair fleece of the goats of our hills, and these eyes: two little lakes of Paradise. No, more than that, they are of the water that comes from the Unique and Quadruple River of the Place of Delight\*, and carries with it, in its four branches, gold, onyx, beryl and ivory, and diamonds, and palms, and honey, and roses, and infinite riches, O Pishon, Gihon, Tigris, Euphrates: way for the angels exulting in God, way for the kings adoring You, known or unknown Essence, but Living and Present even in the most obscure heart! Only Your Mother did that for You, by means of Her "yes"... I formed You with music and love, I made You with purity and obedience, My Joy!

<sup>10</sup>What is Your Heart? The flame of Mine, that split to condense in a crown around the kiss given by God to His Virgin. That is what Your Heart is. Ah! (The shout is so heart-rending that the Magdalene hastens to succor Her with John. The other women dare not move and weeping and veiled, look stealthily from the opening).

610. 10

Ah! they have broken it! That is why You are so cold, and I am so cold! There is no longer inside You the flame of My heart,

\* **Place of Delight**, that in: Genesis 2: 8-15.

and I can no longer continue to live through the reflection of that flame, which was Mine and which I gave You to make Your heart. Here, here, here, on My breast! Before death kills Me, I want to warm You up, I want to lull You. I used to sing to You: “There is no home, there is no food, there is nothing but sorrow” a prophetic words! Sorrow, sorrow, sorrow for You, for Me! I used to sing to You: “Sleep, sleep on My heart”. Also now: here, here, here... » And sitting on the edge of the stone, She takes Him in Her lap, passing one arm of Her Son round Her shoulders, resting His head on Her shoulder, and bending Her head on His, holding Him close to Her breast, lulling and kissing Him, heart-broken and heart-rending.

610. 11 <sup>11</sup>Nicodemus and Joseph approach Her, laying vases and bandages, the clean Shroud, a basin of water, I think, and what seem lint wads, on a kind of seat, which is on the other side of the stone.

Mary notices it and asks in a loud voice: «What are you doing? What do you want? To prepare Him? For what? Leave Him in the lap of His Mother. If I succeed in warming Him up, He will rise sooner. If I succeed in consoling the Father and in comforting Him for the hatred which killed God, the Father will forgive sooner, and He will come back sooner. »

The Sorrowful Mother is almost raving.

«I will not give Him to you! I gave Him once, I gave Him once to the world, and the world did not want Him. It killed Him, because it did not want Him. Now I am not giving Him any more! What are you saying? That you love Him? Of course! Then, why did you not defend Him? You have waited, to say that you loved Him, until He could no longer hear you. What a poor love yours is! But if you were so afraid of the world that you did not dare to defend an innocent, you should at least have handed Him back to Me, to His Mother, so that She might defend Her Son. She knew who He was and what He deserved. You!... You have had Him as your Master, but you have learned nothing. Is that not true? Am I perhaps telling lies? But do you not see that you do not believe in His Resurrection? Do you believe in it? No. Why are you standing there, preparing bandages and spices? Because you consider Him a poor dead man, cold today, putrefied tomorrow, and that is why you want to embalm Him.



Leave your pomades. Come and worship the Saviour with the pure hearts of the shepherds of Bethlehem. Look: in His sleep He is only one who is tired and is resting. How much He worked in His lifetime! He has worked more and more, not to mention these last hours!... Now He is resting. As far as I, His Mother, am concerned, He is nothing but a big Boy who is tired and is sleeping. His bed and room are really miserable! But neither was His first pallet more beautiful, nor was His first dwelling place more cheerful. The shepherds worshipped the Saviour in His sleep as an Infant. Worship the Saviour in His sleep as Triumpher of Satan. Then, like the shepherds, go and say to the world: "Glory to God! Sin is dead! Satan is defeated! Peace be on the Earth and in Heaven between God and man! " Prepare the ways for His return. I am sending you. I, Whom Maternity makes the Priestess of the rite. Go. I said that I do not want it. I have washed Him with My tears. And it is enough. The rest is not necessary. And do not think that you will put it on Him. It will be easier for Him to rise if He is free from those funereal useless bandages.

Why are you looking at Me so, Joseph? And you, Nicodemus? Has the horror of this day made you dull-witted or absent-minded? Do you not remember? "This evil and adulterous generation, which asks for a sign, will be given no other sign but that of Jonah... So the Son of man will be for *three days and three nights* in the heart of the Earth". Do you not remember? "The Son" of man is going to be handed over to the power of men, who will kill Him, but *on the third day He will rise again*". Do you not remember? "Destroy this Temple of the true God and *in three days* I will rebuild it". O men, the Temple was His Body. Are you shaking your heads? Are you pitying Me? Do you think that I am insane? What? He raised the dead and will He not be able to raise Himself? <sup>12</sup>John? »

610. 12

«Mother! »

«Yes, call Me "mother". I cannot live thinking that I shall not be called so! John, you were present when He raised the young daughter of Jairus and the young man of Nain from the dead. They were really dead, were they not? It was not just a heavy sleep? Tell Me.

«They were dead. The girl had been dead two hours, the young man a day and a half. »

«And did they rise at His order? »

«The rose at His order. »

«Have you heard that? You two, have you heard? But why are you shaking your heads? Ah! perhaps you mean that life comes back quicker in those who are innocent and young. But My Child is the Innocent! And He is the Always Young One. He is God, My Son!... » With tormented feverish eyes Mary looks at the two preparers, who, depressed but inflexible, are laying the rolls of bandages already soaked in the spices.

Mary takes two steps. She has laid Her Son down again on the stone with the delicacy of one who lays a new-born baby in a cradle. She takes two steps, She bends at the foot of the death-bed, where the Magdalene is weeping on her knees, She gets hold of her shoulder, shakes her and calls her: “Mary. Tell Me. These people think that Jesus cannot rise from the dead, because He is a man and He died of wounds. But is your brother not older than He is? »

«Yes, he is. »

«Was he not full of sores? »

«Yes, he was. »

«Was he not already putrid before descending into his sepulchre? »

«Yes, he was. »

«And did he not rise from the dead after four days of asphyxia and putrefaction? »

«Yes, he did. »

«So? »

610. 13 <sup>13</sup>There is a long grave silence. Then an inhuman howl. Mary staggers, pressing a hand against Her breast. They support Her. She repels them. She seems to repel the compassionate people. In actual fact She repels what She alone can see. And She shouts: «Back! Back, you cruel one! Not *this* revenge! Be silent! I do not want to hear you! Be silent! Ah! he is biting at My heart! »

«Who, Mother? »

«O John! It is Satan! Satan who is saying: “He will not rise. No prophet said that”. O Most High God! Help Me all of you, good spirits, and you compassionate men! My reason is wavering! I do not remember anything any more. What do the prophets say? What does the Psalm say? Oh! who will repeat to Me the

passages that speak of My Jesus? »

It is the Magdalene who in her melodious voice recites David's psalm on the Passion of the Messiah.

Mary weeps more bitterly, supported by John, and Her tears fall on Her dead Son, wetting Him completely. Mary notices that and wipes Him saying in a low voice: «So many tears. And when You were so thirsty I could not give You even one drop. And now... I am wetting You completely! You look like a shrub under heavy dew. Here, Your Mother will dry You now, Son! You have tasted so much bitterness! Do not let also the bitterness and the salt of Your Mother's tears fall on Your wounded lips!... »

Then in a loud voice She calls: «Mary. David does not say... Do You know Isaiah? Repeat his words... »

The Magdalene repeats the passage on the Passion and she ends saying with a sob: «... He surrendered His life to death and was taken for a sinner, He Who took away the sins of the world and prayed for sinners. »

«Oh! Be silent! Death no! Not delivered to death! No! No! Oh! your lack of faith, forming an alliance with Satan's temptation, make My heart doubt! And should I not believe You, Son? Should I not believe Your holy Word?! Oh! tell My soul! Speak. From the far away shores, where You have gone to free those awaiting Your coming, cast the voice of Your soul to My anxious soul, to Mine which is here, all open to receive Your voice. Tell Your Mother that You are coming back! Say: "On the third day I will rise from the dead". I implore You, Son and God! Help Me to protect My Faith. Satan is crushing it in his coils to strangle it. Satan has removed his mouth of a snake from the flesh of man, because You have torn that pre away from him, and now with his hooked poisonous teeth he is piercing the flesh of My heart paralyzing its throbs, its strength and warmth. God! God! God! Do not allow Me to be distrustful! Do not allow doubt to freeze Me! Do not let Satan be free to lead Me to despair! Son! Son! Put Your hand on My heart. It will drive Satan away. Lay it on My head. It will bring the Light back to it. Sanctify My lips with a caress, so that they may be fortified to say: "I believe" even against a whole world that does not believe. Oh! how grievous it is not to believe! Father! Those who do not believe are to be "forgiven much. Because, when one no longer believes, when one no

longer believes,... all horror becomes easy. I tell You,... I, Who am experiencing this torture. Father, have mercy on the faithless! Holy Father, for the sake of this Victim Which has been consumed, and of Me, a victim which is still consuming, give them, give the faithless Your faith! »

610. 14 <sup>14</sup>A long silence.

Nicodemus and Joseph beckon to John and the Magdalene.

«Come Mother. » It is the Magdalene who says so, trying to take Mary away from Her Son and to separate Jesus' fingers which are interlaced with Mary's, Who is kissing them weeping.

The Mother straightens Herself up. She is impressive. For the last time She stretches out the poor bloodless fingers and lays the inert hand along the side of the body. Then She lowers Her arms towards the ground, and standing upright, Her head bent lightly back, She prays and offers. Not a word is heard. But from Her whole appearance it is clear that She is praying. She is really the Priestess at the altar, the Priestess at the moment of the offertory. «Offerimus praeclarae majestati tuae de tuis donis, ac datis, hostiam puram, hostiam sanctam, hostiam immaculatam... »

Then She turns round and says: «You may continue. *But He will rise from the dead.* In vain you mistrust My reason and are blind to the truth He spoke to you. In vain Satan tries to lay snares to My faith. To redeem the world also the torture given to My heart by Satan defeated is required. I suffer it and I offer it for future men. Goodbye, Son! Goodbye, My Child! Goodbye, My little Boy! Goodbye... Goodbye.. Holy... Good... Beloved and lovable... Beauty Joy... Source of health... Goodbye... On Your eyes... on Your lips on Your golden hair... on Your frozen limbs... on Your pierced heart... oh! on Your pierced heart... My kiss.. My kiss... My kiss... Goodbye... Goodbye... Lord! Have mercy on Me! »

[19<sup>th</sup> February 1944]

610. 15 <sup>12</sup>The two preparers have finished preparing the bandages. They come to the table and they denude Jesus also of His veil.

They pass a sponge, I think, or a linen cloth, on the body in a very rapid preparation of the limbs dripping from countless parts. Then they spread ointments on all the Body. In fact they bury it under a layer of pomade. First they lift it up, cleaning also the stone slab, on which they lay the Shroud, more than half of

which hangs from the head of the bed. They lay Him down again, on His chest, and spread the ointments on all His back, thighs and legs, on all the posterior part. Then they turn Him round delicately, watching that the pomade of spices is not removed, and they spread also the front, first the trunk, then the limbs. First the feet, then the hands, which they join on the lower belly.

The mixture of spices must be as sticky as gum, because I see that His hands remain in place, whereas before they always slid because of their weight of dead limbs. His feet do not slide. They remain in position: one is more straight, the other more stretched.

His head is the last. After spreading it diligently, so that its features disappear under the layer of ointment, they tie it with a chin bandage to keep the mouth closed.

Mary moans more loudly.

Then they lift the hanging side of the Shroud and fold it on Jesus. He disappears under the thick cloth of the Shroud. It is nothing but a form covered with a cloth.

Joseph ensures that everything is in order and on the Face he lays another linen sudarium and other cloths of the kind, similar to wide rectangular strips, that pass from right to left, above the Body, making the Shroud adhere to the Body. It is not the typical dressing as seen in mummies and also in Lazarus' resurrection. It is a rudimentary dressing.

Jesus is now annulled. Even His shape is confused under the linens. It looks like a long heap of cloths, narrower at the ends and wider at the centre, laid on the grey stone.

Mary weeps louder.

[4<sup>th</sup> October 1944]

<sup>16</sup>Jesus says:

«And the torture continued with periodic attacks until dawn on Sunday. In My Passion I had only one temptation. But the Mother, the Woman, expiated on behalf of woman, guilty, several times, of every evil. And Satan behaved mercilessly with infinite cruelty towards the conquerress. Mary had defeated him. The most atrocious temptation for Mary. Temptation against the flesh of the Mother. Temptation against the heart of the Mother. Temptation against the spirit of the Mother. The world thinks

610. 16

that Redemption ended with My last breath. No, it did not. The Mother completed it by adding Her treble torture to redeem the treble concupiscence, struggling for three days against Satan, who wanted to induce Her to deny My word and not to believe in My Resurrection. *Mary was the only one who continued to believe.* She is great and blessed also because of that faith.

You have become acquainted also with that. A torture corresponding to My torture at Gethsemane. The world will not understand this page. But “those who are in the world without being of the world” will understand it and they will have an increased love for the Sorrowful Mother. That is why I gave it.

Go in peace with our blessing. »

### **611. The closing of the Sepulchre and the return to the Supper room.**

28<sup>th</sup> March 1945.

611.1 <sup>1</sup>Joseph of Arimathea puts out one of the torches, he has a last look round and goes to the opening of the sepulchre, holding up high the remaining torch still lit.

Mary bends once again to kiss Her Son through His wrappings.

And She would like to do so controlling Her grief, to contain it in a form of respect for the Corpse, which, being already embalmed, no longer belongs to Her. But when She is close to the veiled face, She is unable to control Herself and relapses into a new crisis of affliction.

They lift Her with difficulty and with greater difficulty they take Her away from the funereal bed. They rearrange the cloths that had been upset, and carrying Her rather than supporting Her, they take away the poor Mother, Who goes off looking back to see Her Jesus, Who is left alone in the dark sepulchre.

611.2 <sup>2</sup>They go into the silent vegetable garden in the evening light. The faint light, that had cleared after the tragedy on Golgotha, is already growing darker, as night is falling. And in there, under the thick branches, although still bare of leaves and just adorned with the white-pink buds of the blossoming apple-trees, strangely late in this orchard of Joseph, whereas elsewhere they

are already all covered with open blossoms showing their tiny fruit, it is darker than in any other place.

They roll the heavy sepulchral stone into its lodging. Some long branches of a ruffled rose-bush hanging from the top of the grotto towards the ground seem to be knocking at the stone door saying: «Why are you closing before a weeping mother? » And they also seem to be weeping drops of blood, as they shed their red petals and their corollas lie along the dark stone, and, the closed buds knock against the inexorable door.

<sup>3</sup>But soon more blood stains that sepulchral door and more tears wet it. Mary, Who so far has been supported by John and has been sobbing rather quietly, frees Herself from the apostle and with a cry, which I think makes the very fibres of the plants quiver, throws Herself against the entrance, She gets hold of the protruding stone to shift it, She skins Her fingers and breaks Her nails without being successful and prises the rough stone even with Her head. And Her cry sounds like the roar of a lioness that wounds herself struggling near the trap in which her little ones are closed, being compassionate and wild out of motherly love. 611.3

There is nothing left in Her of the meek virgin of Nazareth, of the patient woman, known so far. She is the mother. Only and simply a mother, attached to her child with all the fibres and nerves of her body and of her love. She is the most true «mistress» of that body, to which She has given birth, the only mistress after God, and She does not want to be robbed of Her property. She is the «queen» who is defending Her crown: Her Son.

All the rebellion and rebellious acts that in thirty-three years any other woman would have had against the injustice of the world for her son, all the holy and lawful fierceness that any other mother would have felt during those last hours to wound and kill the murderers of her son with her own hands and teeth, all such feelings, which out of Her love for mankind She has always subdued, now stir in Her heart, they boil in Her blood and, meek as She is even in Her grief that makes Her rave, She does not curse, She does not rebel. She only asks the stone to move aside, to let Her go in, because Her place is in there, where He is. She only asks men, who are pitiless in their pity, to obey Her and to open the sepulchre.

After striking and staining the unrelenting stone with the

blood of Her lips and hands, She turns round, She leans against it with Her arms stretched out, gripping the two edges of the stone once again, and solemn in Her majesty of Our Lady of Sorrows, She orders: «Open it! Do you not want to? Well, I am staying here. Not inside? Well, here, outside. Here is My bread and My bed. Here is My abode. I have no other home, no other purpose. You may go. Go back to the world which is disgusting. I am staying where there is no avidity or smell of blood. »

«You cannot, Woman! » «You cannot, Mother! »

«You cannot, Mary, my dear! »

And they try to detach Her hands from the stone, while they are frightened of those eyes, which they have never seen before flash in such a way that makes them look hard and irresistible, glassy, phosphorescent.

611.4 <sup>4</sup>The meek are not overbearing, and the humble do not persist in pride... And Mary's vehement will and imperious command a vanish. Her eyes become meek again, like those of a tortured dove, Her gestures are no longer imposing and She lowers Her head in a beseeching attitude, and joining Her hands She begs them: «Oh! Do leave Me! For the sake of your dead relatives, for the sake of the living ones whom you love, have mercy on a poor mother. Feel... Feel My heart. It needs peace to stop throbbing so fiercely. It began throbbing thus up there, on Calvary. The hammer went bang, bang, bang... and each blow wounded My Child... and each blow resounded in My brain and in My heart... and My head is full of those blows, and My heart is beating fast, as those blows did on the hands and feet of My Jesus, of My little Jesus... My Child! My Child!... »

She is overwhelmed again by Her torture, which seemed to have been appeased after Her prayer to the Father near the anointing table. They are all weeping.

«I need not to hear shouts or bangs. And the world is full of voices and noises. Every voice sounds to Me like the “great cry” that curdled the blood in My veins, and every noise sounds like that of the hammer striking the nails. I need not to see men's faces. And the world is full of faces... For almost twelve hours I have been seeing faces of killers... Judas... the executioners... the priests... the Judaeans... They are all killers, all of them!... Go away! Go away... I do not want to see anybody any more... In



every man there is a wolf and a snake. Man disgusts and frightens Me... Leave Me here, under these quiet trees, on this flowery grass... Before long the stars will begin to shine... They have always been His friends and Mine.

Yesterday evening they kept us company in our lonely agony. They know so many things... They come from God... Oh! God! God!... » She weeps and kneels down. «Peace, My God! I am left with nothing but You! »

<sup>5</sup>«Come, my daughter. God will give You peace. But come. Tomorrow is the Passover Sabbath. We shall not be able to come and bring You food... » 611.5

«Nothing! Nothing! I do not want any food! I want My Child! I will appease My hunger with My grief, I will quench My thirst with My tears... Here... Can you hear how that horned owl is weeping? It is weeping with Me, and before long nightingales will be weeping. And tomorrow, in the sunshine, wood-larks and blackcaps and all the birds He loved will weep, and doves will come with Me to knock at this stone and say\*: “Rise, my love, and come! Love, Who are in the large fissure of the rock, in the hiding-place of the ravine, let me see Your face, let me hear Your voice”. Ah! What am I saying! They also, the wicked killers, have called Him with the word of the Canticle! Yes, come, daughters of Jerusalem, to see your King with the diadem with which His Fatherland crowned Him on the day of His wedding with Death, on the day of His triumph as Redeemer! ».

«Look, Mary! The guards of the Temple are coming. Let us go away, so that they may not scorn You. »

«The guards? Scorn? No. They are cowardly. Yes, cowardly. And if I, dreadful in My grief, should march against them, they would flee like Satan before God. But I remember that I am Mary... and I will not strike as I would be entitled to. I will be good... and they will not even see Me. And if they see Me and ask Me: “What do You want? ”, I will say to them: “The charity of being allowed to breathe the balmy air coming out from this fissure”. I will say: “In the name of your mothers”. Everybody has a mother... also the pitiful robber said so... »

«But these men are worse than robbers... They will insult

\* **and say**, as in: *Song of Songs 2: 13-14; 3: 11.*

You. » «Oh!... And is there still an insult of which I am not aware, after today's? »

611.6 «It is the Magdalene who finds a reason capable of bending the Sorrowful Mother to obedience. «You are good, You are holy, and You believe, and You are strong. But what are we?... You are aware of it! The majority have run away. Those who have remained are trembling. The doubt, which is already in us, would overwhelm us. Because you are the Mother. You have not only duties and rights on Your Son, but also duties and rights on what belongs to Your Son. You *must* come back with us, among us, to gather us together, to reassure us, to infuse Your faith into us. You said so, after Your just reproach for our timidity and misbelief: “It will be easier for Him to rise, if He is free from these useless bandages”. I say to You: “If He succeeds in being united in the faith in His Resurrection, He will rise earlier. We will evoke Him with our love...”. Mother, Mother of my Saviour, come back with us, since You are the love of God, to give us this love of Yours! Do You want poor Mary of Magdala to get lost again, after He saved her with so much pity? »

«No. I would be reproached for that. You are right. I must go back... and look for the apostles... the disciples... the relatives everybody... And say... say: have faith. Say: He forgives you... Whom have I already told so?... Ah! The Iscariot... I will have to... yes, I will have to look also for him... because he is the biggest sinner... » Mary remains with Her head bent on Her breast, trembling as if She were disgusted, and then She says: «John, you will look for him. And you will bring him to Me. You *must* do that. And I *must* do that. Father, let also this be done for the redemption of Mankind. Let us go! »

She stands up. They leave the half-dark vegetable garden. The guards look at them go out without saying anything.

611.7 <sup>7</sup>The road, dusty and thrown into a mess by the stream of people who went along it, striking it with their feet, with stones and cudgels, runs round Calvary and arrives at the main road, which is parallel to the walls. And the traces of what has happened are even clearer here. Twice Mary utters a cry and She stoops to examine the ground in the feeble light, because She seems to see so much blood and She thinks it is the blood of Her Jesus. But it is nothing but tatters of cloth torn off, I think, in the confusion

of the flight. The little stream, that flows along the road, babbles softly in the deep silence which has fallen everywhere. The town seems to be forlorn, as nothing but silence comes from it.

They are now at the little bridge that leads to the steep Calvary road. And, in front of it, there is the Judicial Gate. Before disappearing in there, Mary turns round to look at the top of Calvary and She weeps desolately. Then She says: «Let us go. But lead Me. I do not want to see Jerusalem, its streets, its inhabitants. »

«Yes, but let us be quick. They are about to close the Gates and see?, their guards have been reinforced. Rome is afraid of turmoil. »

«Quite rightly. Jerusalem is a den of tigers! It is a tribe of killers! It is a rabble of robbers! And those usurpers aim with their rapacious fangs not only at property, but also at lives. <sup>611.8</sup>For thirty-two years they have laid snares for the life of My Child... He was a little lamb of milk and roses, with golden curly hair... He could hardly say “Mummy”, and take His first steps, and laugh with His few teeth between His lips of pale coral, when they came to slaughter Him... Now they say that He had blasphemed, and infringed the Sabbath, and incited people to revolt, and aimed at a throne, and sinned with women... But what had He done then? Which blasphemy could He have uttered, if He could hardly call his Mummy? What Law could He infringe, if He, the Eternal Innocent, then was also the little innocent child of man? What revolt could He stir, if He was not even able to be naughty? Which throne could He aim at? He had His throne both on the Earth and in Heaven, and He did not seek any other: in Heaven He had His Father’s bosom, on the Earth *My* lap. He never cast a sensual glance, and you, young beautiful women, can confirm that. But then, but then... His senses were confined to the need of warmth and nourishment, He made love, yes, but to My tepid breast, to lay His little face on it and sleep so, and to My round nipple, from which My love flowed as milk... Oh. My Child!... And they wanted You dead! That is what they wanted to deprive You of: Your life! Your only treasure. They wanted to deprive the Mother of Her Son, and the Son of His Mother, to make us the most miserable and desolate people in the Universe. Why deprive the Living One of His life? Why unduly claim the right to remove this thing that is life: the gift of the flower and of the animal, the gift

of man? My Jesus asked nothing of you. Neither money, nor jewels, nor houses. He had a house, a little holy one, and He left it out of love for you, you men-hyenas. For your sake He had given up what even the young one of an animal has, and poor and alone He had gone through the world, without even his bed that the Just One had made for Him, without even the bread His Mother used to make for Him, and He had slept wherever He could and He had eaten as He was able. In the houses of kind people, like every son of man, or on the grass of meadows, watched over by the stars. Sitting at a table, or sharing the grains of corn or wild blackberries with the birds of God. And He did not ask you for anything. On the contrary, He gave you what He had. He only wanted to live, to give you the Life with His word. And all of you, and you, Jerusalem, have deprived Him of His life. Are you sated and fed with His Blood and His Flesh? Or are you not yet satisfied? And you, a hyena after being a vampire and a vulture, do you want to feed on His Corpse, and not yet satisfied with opprobrium and tortures, do you still want to be pitiless and take delight in disfiguring His remains and seeing once again His spasms, His sobs and convulsions in Me, the Mother of the Murdered One? <sup>6U. 9</sup> Have we arrived? Why are you stopping? What does that man want of Joseph? What is he saying? »

Joseph, in fact, has been stopped by one of the rare passers-by, and in the dead silence of the deserted town their words are heard very clearly.

«It is known that you have entered Pilate's house. You are a violator of the Law. You will answer for that. Passover is interdicted to you! You are contaminated. »

«And you, too, Helkai. You have touched me and I am all covered with the blood of Christ and with the sweat of His death! »  
«Ha! horror! Away, away with that blood! »

«Be not afraid. It has already abandoned and cursed you. »

«And you as well, you cursed one. And now that you are flirting with Pilate, don't think that you can take the Corpse away. We have taken the necessary steps to ensure that the story comes to an end. »

Nicodemus has approached them slowly, while the women have stopped with John, leaning against a closed portal.

«We have seen that» replies Joseph. «Cowards! You are afraid

even of a dead body! But of *my* vegetable garden and of *my* sepulchre do what I like. »

«We shall see. »

«We shall see. I will appeal to Pilate. »

«Yes. Fornicate with Rome, now. »

Nicodemus moves forward: «Better with Rome than with the Demon, as you, deicide, do! In any case, tell me: how come you are plucking up courage again? A moment ago you were running away, a prey to terror. Are you recovering already? Is what you had not sufficient yet? Was your house not burnt down? Tremble!

The punishment is not over, on the contrary it is coming. Like the Nemesis of the heathens it is impending over you. Neither guards or seals will prevent the Avenger from rising and striking.

«Cursed! » Helkai runs away and goes and knocks against the women. He realises that and utters a dreadful insult against Mary.

<sup>10</sup>John does not say one word. With the leap of a panther he <sup>611. 10</sup> clings to him and knocks him down and, pressing him with his knees and holding his hands round his neck, he says to him: «Ask Her to forgive you or I will strangle you, you demon. » And he does not relax his hold until the other, pressed and half choked by John's hands, utters gaspingly: «Forgive me. »

But his cry has attracted the attention of the patrol. «Halt there! What's happening? Further seditions? Stand still, all of you, or you will be struck. Who are you? »

«Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus, who have been authorized by the Proconsul to bury the Nazarene Who has been put to death and we are coming back from the sepulchre with His Mother, a son and women relatives and friends. This man offended the Mother and has been compelled to ask Her forgiveness. »

«Only that? You should have cut his throat. You may go. Soldiers arrest that man. What else do these vampires want? Also the hearts of mothers? Hail Judaeans! »

«How horrible! But they are no longer men... John, be good to them. Take into consideration the memory of Me and of My Jesus He preached forgiveness. »

«Mother, You are right. But they are criminals and they make me lose my head. They are sacrilegious, they offend You and I cannot allow that. »

611. 11 «Yes, they are criminals. And they know that they are. <sup>11</sup>Look how few there are in the streets, and how those few slink away. After committing a crime, delinquents are afraid. It horrifies Me to see them flee thus, enter houses and barricade themselves there, out of fear. I feel that they are all guilty of the Deicide. Look over there. Mary, at that old man. He already has a foot in the grave and yet, now that he is illuminated by the light of that door that has opened, I think I saw him march past accusing My Jesus, up there, on Calvary... He called Him a robber... My Jesus a robber!... That young man, a little more than a boy, uttered obscene blasphemies, invoking His Blood upon himself... Oh! the wretch!... And that man? So brawny and strong, will he have refrained from striking Him? Oh. I do not want to see! Look: the faces of their souls are superimposed on the faces of their bodies and... and they no longer look like men, but like demons... So fearless they were against the Man Who had been tied and crucified... And now they run away, they hide themselves, they shut themselves up. They are afraid. Of whom? Of a dead body. He is nothing but a dead body, as far as they are concerned, because they deny that He is God. So, of what are they afraid? Upon whom are they shutting their doors? Upon remorse. Upon punishment. It is of no avail. Remorse is within you. And it will follow you forever. And the punishment is not a human one. And locks and sticks, doors and bars are of no use against it. It descends from Heaven, from God, the avenger of His sacrificed Son, and it penetrates through walls and doors, and with its heavenly flame it marks you for the supernatural punishment awaiting you. The world will come to the Christ, to the Son of God and Mine, it will come to Him Whom you have pierced, but you will be those marked forever, the Cains of a God, marked as the dishonour of the human race. I, Who was born of you, I, Who am the Mother of everybody, must say that with regard to Me, your daughter, you have been more than step-fathers and that, in the immense number of My children, you are the ones who impose the greatest fatigue on Me in receiving you, because you are soiled with the crime against My Child. Neither do you repent saying: “You were the Messiah. We acknowledge and worship You”. Here is another Roman patrol. Love is no longer on the Earth. There is no more Peace among men. And Hatred and War are agitated like those

smoky torches. The rulers are afraid of the unrestrained crowd. By experience they know that, when that wild beast named man has tasted the flavour of blood, he becomes avid of slaughter... But be not afraid of these men. They are neither royal lions nor panthers. They are very cowardly hyenas. They rush upon defenceless lambs. But they are afraid of the lion armed with lances and authority. Do not fear these creeping jackals. The sound of your steps with hobnailed boots puts them to flight and your shining lances make them meeker than rabbits. <sup>12</sup>Those lances! 611. 12 One of the them slit the heart of My Son! Which of them? Their sight pierces My heart... And yet I should like to have them all in My trembling hands, to see which is the one that still has traces of blood, and say: "It is this one! Give Me it, soldier! Give it to a mother in remembrance of your far away mother, and I will pray for her and for you". And no soldier would deny Me it. Because they, the men on the war-path, were the best during the agony of the Son and of the Mother. Oh! why did I not think of that up there? I was like one whose head had been struck. It was already stunned by those blows... Oh! those blows! Who will grant Me not to hear them any more, here, in My poor head? The lance... How much I would like to have it!... »

«We can look for it, Mother. The centurion seemed to be very kind to us. I do not think that he will deny us of it. I will go tomorrow. »

«Yes, John. I am poor. I have only a little money. But I will deprive Myself of it, to the last farthing, to have that lance... Oh! why did I not ask for it then? »

«Mary, my dear, none of us were aware of that wound... When You saw it, the soldiers were far away. »

«That is true... Grief has made Me feeble-minded. And His clothes? I have nothing of what belonged to Him! I would give My blood to have them... » Mary weeps again desolately.

<sup>13</sup>And She arrives thus in the street where the Supper room is. 611. 13

And it is time, because She is exhausted and She drags Herself along like an old decrepit woman. And She says so.

«Pluck up heart. We have arrived now. »

«Arrived? So short the road that this morning seemed so long? This morning? Was it this morning? Not before? How many hours and how many ages have gone by since I came here yesterday

evening and since I left it this morning? Is it really I, the fifty-year-old Mother, or a very aged woman, a woman of many years ago, laden with years on My bent shoulders and on My white hair? I seem to have lived all the sorrow of the world, and that it is all on My shoulders, which bend under its weight. An incorporeal cross, but so heavy! Of stone. Perhaps even heavier than My Jesus'. Because I carry My cross and His with the remembrance of His torture and with the reality of My torment. Let us go in. Because we must go in. But it is no consolation. It is an increase of sorrow. My Son came in through this door for His last meal. And He went out through it to face death. And He had to put His foot where His traitor had put it, when he went out to call those who had to capture the Innocent. I saw Judas at that door... I saw Judas! And I did not curse him. But I spoke to him as a mother whose heart was torn apart. Torn apart because of the good Son and of the wicked one... I saw Judas! I saw the Demon in him! I, Who have always held Lucifer under My heel, and looking only at God I never lowered My eyes on Satan, I recognised his face looking at the Traitor, I spoke to the Demon... And he ran away, because he cannot bear My voice. Will he have left him now? So that I may speak to that dead body and I, the Mother, may conceive him again with the Blood of a God and bring him forth to Grace? John, swear to Me that you will look for him and that you will not be cruel to him. I am not, although I should be entitled to... Oh! let Me go into that room, where My Jesus had His last meal. Where the voice of My Child spoke His last words in peace! »

«Yes. We shall go. But now, look, come here, where we were  
<sup>611. 14</sup> yesterday. Have a rest. <sup>14</sup>Say goodbye to Joseph and Nicodemus, who are withdrawing. »

«Yes, I will say goodbye to them. Oh! I say goodbye to them, I thank them. I bless them! »

«Come, do come. You will do so at Your leisure. »

«No. Here. Joseph... Oh! I have not known anybody with this-name who did not love Me... »

Mary of Alphaeus bursts into tears.

«Do not weep... Joseph also... It was out of love that your son was mistaking. He wanted to give Me peace in a human way... But today!... You saw him... Oh! all the Josephs are kind to



Mary... Joseph, I thank you. And you, Nicodemus... My heart prostrates itself under your feet which are tired because of the long way you have gone for Him... for the last honours paid to Him... I have but My heart to give you... and I give it to you, the loyal friends of My Son... and... and excuse a mother with a pierced heart for the words I spoke to you in the sepulchre... »

«Oh! Holy Mother! Do forgive us!» says Nicodemus.

«Be good, now. Rest in Your Faith. We will come tomorrow» adds Joseph.

«Yes, we will come. We are at Your disposal. »

«It is Sabbath tomorrow» objects the mistress of the house.

«The Sabbath is dead. We will come. The Lord be with you» and they go away.

<sup>15</sup>«Come, Mary. »

611. 15

«Yes, come, Mother. »

«No. Open. You promised to do so after the greetings. Open this door! You cannot close it to a mother. To a mother who is trying to breathe the smell of the breath, of the body of her child in the air of the room. But do you not know that I gave Him that breath and that body? I, Who carried Him for nine months, Who gave birth to Him, suckled Him, brought Him up and took care of Him? That breath is Mine! The smell of that body is Mine! It is Mine, and it has become more beautiful in My Jesus. Let Me smell it once again. »

«Yes, dear. Tomorrow. You are tired now. You are burning with fever, You cannot. You are not well. »

«Yes. I am not well. Because in My eyes I have the sight of His Blood, and in My nose the smell of His Body covered with sores. Let Me see the table on which He leaned when He was alive and healthy, and let Me smell the scent of His youthful body. Open it! Do not bury Him for the third time! You have already concealed Him under spices and bandages, then you have shut Him up under the stone. Why now deny a Mother the possibility of finding again the last trace of Him in the breath He left beyond this door? Let Me go in. On the floor, on the table, on the seats, I will look for the traces of His feet, of His hands. And I will kiss them, I will kiss them until I consume My lips. I will search... I will search... Perhaps I shall find a fair hair of His head. A hair not encrusted with blood. But do you know what a hair of a son

means for a mother? You, Mary of Clopas, you, Salome, are mothers. And do you not understand? John? John? Listen to Me. I am your Mother. He has made Me such. He did! You must obey Me. Open the door! I love you, John. I have always loved you, because you loved Him. I will love you even more. But open the door. Open it, I say! Do you not want to? Do you not want to? Ah! So I no longer have a son!? Jesus never refused Me anything. Because He was My Son. You are refusing. You are not a son. You do not understand My grief... Oh! John, forgive... forgive Me... Open... Do not weep... Open... Oh! Jesus! Jesus! Listen to Me... Let Your spirit work a miracle! Open to Your poor Mother this door that nobody wants to open! Jesus! Jesus! »

With clenched fists Mary knocks at the little closed door. It is a paroxysm of torture, until She turns pale and, while whispering: «Oh! My Jesus! I am coming! I am coming! », She collapses without strength into the arms of the weeping women, who support Her to prevent Her from falling at the foot of that door, and they carry Her thus into the room in front of it.

### **612. The night of Good Friday. The lamentation of the Blessed Virgin. Nike's linen cloth and the preparation of the ointments for the embalming.**

29<sup>th</sup> March 1945.

<sup>1</sup>Mary, assisted by the weeping women, comes to Herself and She weeps without having any other strength but that of shedding tears. It really seems that Her life must flow and be consumed completely in Her tears.

They want to give Her some refreshment. Martha offers Her some wine; the mistress of the house would like Her to take at least some honey; Mary of Alphaeus, kneeling in front of Her, offers Her a cup of lukewarm milk, saying: «I milked it myself from little Rachel's goat» (Rachel must be a daughter of the people who live in this house, I do not know whether as tenants or as keepers). But Mary does not want anything. She weeps. She can only weep. And She asks and hears them promise that they will look for the apostles and disciples, for the lance and Jesus' garments, and that at the break of the day, since they do not want to

let Her go now, they will let Her go into the Supper room.

«Yes. If You calm down a little, if You rest a little, I will take You there» says Her sister-in-law. «We shall both go in, and on my knees I will look for every trace of Jesus on Your behalf... » and Mary of Alphaeus sobs. «But look! Here You have the chalice and the bread broken by Him and used by Him for the Eucharist. Is there a holier souvenir? See? John brought them for You this morning, so that You might see them this evening... <sup>612.2</sup> Poor John, he is over there and is weeping and is afraid... »

«Afraid? Why? Come here, John. » John comes out from the shade, because in the room there is only a little lamp placed on the table near the objects of the Passion, and he kneels at the feet of Mary, Who caresses him and asks: «Why are you afraid? »

And John, kissing Her hands and weeping replies: «Because You are not well. You are feverish and worried... And You are not tranquil. And if You continue so, You will die as He did... »

«Oh! I wish it were true! »

«No! Mother! Mama! Oh! It is more pleasant to say: “Mama”. As I say to my mother! Let me say so... But, as I find no difference between You and my mother, and I even love You more than I love her, because you are the Mother Whom He gave me and You are *His* Mother, so do not make too great a difference between the Son born of You, and the son who has been given to You... And love me a little as You love Him... If it were He Who said to You: “I am afraid that You may die”, would You reply: “Oh! I wish it were true”? No. You would not say that. On the contrary, You would be sorry to go away and leave Him, Your Lamb, in a world of wolves... And do You not grieve for me?... I am so much more a lamb than He was. Not through goodness and purity, but through stupidity and fear. If I am left without You, poor John will be torn to pieces by wolves without uttering a bleat that speaks of his Master... Do You want me to die so, without serving Him? As stupid in death as in life? No, You do not, do You? So, Mother, try to calm down... For His sake... Oh! do You not say that He will rise from the dead? Yes, You do, and it is true. Then, when He rises, do You want Him to find the house devoid of You? Because He will certainly come here... Oh! poor, poor Jesus, if instead of hearing Your cry of love He should hear our cries, of grief, if instead of finding Your breast to rest His tortured glo-

rious head on, He should find Your closed sepulchre... You must live. To greet Him when He comes back... I do not say “to our love”. We deserve all kinds of reproach because of our behaviour.  
612. 3 But to *Your* love. <sup>3</sup>Oh! what meeting will it be? And what will He be like? Mother of Wisdom, Mama of the most ignorant John, since You know everything, tell us what He will be like, when He appears after rising from the dead. »

«The sores of Lazarus’ legs were healed, but one could see their marks. And He appeared wrapped in bandages full of rottenness» says Martha.

«We had to wash him and wash him over again... » adds Mary.

«And he was weak, and we had to feed him by *His* order» ends Martha.

«The son of the widow of Nain looked bewildered and he was like a child unable to walk and speak without difficulty, so much so that He gave him back to his mother so that she might teach him to use the gift of life once again. And He Himself guided the first steps of Jairus’ little daughter... » says John.

«I think that my Lord will send an angel to us to say: “Come with a clean garment”. And my love has already prepared it. It is in the mansion. I could not spin it. But I had it spun by my wet-nurse, who is no longer worried about my future, and does not weep any more. I got the most precious linen and I received the purple from Plautina, and Naomi wove the border; and I made the belt, the bag and the taleth, embroidering them by night not to be seen. I learned from You, Mother. It is not perfect. But rather than by the pearls forming His name on the belt and on the bag, it is made beautiful by the diamonds of my tears of love and by my kisses. Every stitch is a throb of devoutness for Him. And I will take it to Him. You will allow me, will You not? »

«Oh!... I did not think that they would deprive Him of His garment... I am not familiar with the practises of the world and whit its ferocity... I thought that I was aware of it... (and tears once again stream down Her pale cheeks) but I see that I did not know anything yet... And I was thinking: “He will have the garment made by His Mother also afterwards”. He liked it so much! He wanted it like that. And He had told Me\* such a long time

\* **He had told Me**, in 303. 4 and in 477. 9.

ago: “You will make a tunic in such a manner. And You will bring it to Me for Passover... Because Jerusalem must see Me in the purple garment of a king... ” Oh! that wool, whiter than snow, while I spun it was turning red in the eyes of God and Mine, because My heart was wounded once again by that word... The other wounds, after years and months, if they had not healed, had dried up by dripping blood. But this one! Every day, every hour, turned the sword round in My heart: “One day less! One hour less! Then He will be dead! ” Oh! Oh!... And the yarn on the spindle and on the loom became red... Then it was steeped in the dye for the world... But it was already red... »

Mary weeps again. They try to comfort Her speaking to Her of the Resurrection.

Susanna asks: «What do You say? What will He be like when He rises? And how will He rise? »

And Mary, bewildered and *blinded* in this hour of redeeming martyrdom, replies: «I do not know... I do not know anything anymore... Except that He is dead!... »

<sup>4</sup>She bursts into tears again and kisses the linen cloth that Jesus had round His hips, and She presses it to Her heart and lulls it as if it were a baby... And She touches the nails, the thorns, the sponge and shouts: «These are the things that Your Fatherland gave You. Iron, thorns, vinegar, gall! And insults, insults, insults! And among all the sons of Israel a man from Cyrene had to be chosen to carry the cross for You. That man is as sacred to Me as a spouse. And if I knew another one who has helped My Son, I would kiss his feet. So no one took pity on Him? Go out! Go away! It grieves Me even to see you! Because among all of you, you were not able to obtain even a less cruel torture. Useless and idle servants of your King, go out! » She is frightening in Her outburst. Standing stiff, She looks even taller, with Her imperious eyes, Her arm stretched out pointing at the door. She commands like a queen on her throne.

612. 4

They all leave without reacting to avoid exciting Her more, and they sit outside the closed door, listening to Her moaning and to any noise She may make. But after the noise of a chair pushed aside and of Her knees falling on the floor, because She kneels down with Her head against the table on which are the objects of the Passion, they can only hear Her weep unceasingly

and disconsolately.

She whispers, but in such a low voice that those outside cannot hear Her: «Father, Father, forgive Me! I am becoming proud and bad. But You can see that what I say is true. There were crowds around Him. And all Palestine, during these festivities, is inside the holy walls... Holy? No. No longer holy... They would have remained such, if He had taken his last breath within them. But Jerusalem rejected Him like a nauseating regurgitation. So only the Crime is in Jerusalem... Well, of all the people that followed Him, they were not able to gather a handful of men who could impose themselves, I do not mean to save Him, because He had to die to redeem, but to let Him die without so much torture. They remained in the shade, or they ran away... My heart revolts at so much cowardice. I am the Mother. So forgive My sin of proud harshness... » and She weeps...

... Outside the others are on tenter-hooks for many reasons.

612.5 <sup>5</sup>The master of the house, who had gone out to stroll about curiously, comes back in and brings dreadful news. They say that many people died in the earthquake, many were wounded in scuffles between followers of the Nazarene and the Jews, that many have been arrested and that there will be more executions because of rebellions and threats to Rome; that Pilate has given orders to arrest all the followers of the Nazarene and the leaders of the Sanhedrin who are present in town or had already ran away through Palestine; that Johanna is dying in her mansion; that Manaen has been arrested by Herod, whom he insulted in the presence of all the Court as an accomplice of the Deicide. In brief, a pile of catastrophic news...

The women moan. Not so much out of fear for themselves, but for their sons and husbands. Susanna thinks of her husband, who is known as one of Jesus' followers in Galilee. Mary of Zebedee thinks of her husband, who is the guest of a friend, and of her son James, of whom she has had no news since the previous evening. And Martha says sobbing: «Perhaps they have already gone to Bethany! Who did not know what Lazarus was for the Master? »

«But he is protected by Rome» retorts Mary Salome.

«Oh! protected! Considering how much the chiefs of Israel hate us, who knows what charges they will make to Pilate

against him... Oh! God! » Martha, not knowing which way to turn, shouts: «The arms! The arms! The house is full of them... and also the mansion! I know! This morning, at dawn, Levi, the guardian came, and he told me... But you know as well! And you told the Jews on Calvary... Fool! You have put in the hands of the cruel people the weapon to kill Lazarus!... »

«I said so. I did. I spoke the truth without knowing. But be quiet, you chicken-hearted woman! What I said is the safest guarantee for Lazarus. They will be wary of venturing on searching where they know there are armed people! They are cowards! »

«Yes, the Jews are. But the Romans are not. »

«I am not afraid of Rome. She is just and peaceful in her provisions. »

«Mary is right» says John. «Longinus said to me: “I hope you will be left alone. But if you are not, come or send someone to the Praetorium. Pilate is benign towards the followers of the Nazarene. He was generous also towards Him. We will defend you”. »

«But if the Jews act by themselves? It was they who captured Jesus yesterday evening! And if they say that we are desecrators, they are entitled to capture us. Oh! My sons! I have four of them! Where will Joseph and Simon be? They were on Calvary and later they came down when Johanna was unable to resist. They came down to help and defend the women, they, the shepherds and Alphaeus... all of them! Oh! They will certainly have already killed them. Did you hear that Johanna is dying? It is certainly because she has been wounded. And before the mob could strike a woman, they must have defended her and were killed!... And Judas and James? My little Judas! My darling! And James as kind as a girl! Oh! I have no children left! I am like the mother of the Maccabean children!... »

<sup>612.6</sup>  
<sup>8</sup>All the women weep desperately, except the mistress of the house who has gone to look for a hiding place for her husband, and Mary Magdalene, who is not weeping. But her eyes are full of fire and she has become the authoritative woman of days gone by. She does not speak. But she darts angry looks at her dejected companions and in her eyes one can read an epithet very clearly: «Cowards! »

Some time goes by so... Now and again one stands up, opens the door slowly, casts a glance and closes the door again.

«What is She doing? » ask the others.

And the person who has looked answers: «She is always on Her knees. She is praying»; or: «She seems to be speaking to someone. » And also: «She has got up and She is gesticulating walking up and down the room. »

[No date]

612.7 <sup>7</sup>Lament of the Blessed Virgin.

«Jesus! Jesus! Jesus! Where are You? Can You still hear Me? Can You hear Your poor Mother, Who is now shouting Your Name, after keeping it in Her heart for so many hours? Your holy blessed Name that has been My love, the love of My lips, which tasted the flavour of honey repeating Your Name, of My lips, which now, instead, when they mention it, seem to be drinking the bitterness left on Your Lips, the bitterness of the terrible mixture. Your Name, the love of My heart that swelled with joy, when repeating it, as it had swelled to pour off its blood and receive You and clothe You with it, when You descended into Me from Heaven, so small, so tiny, that You could have rested in the calyx of wild mint, You, so great, the Mighty One, humiliated in the embryo of man for the salvation of the world. Your Name, grief of My heart, now that they have tom You away from the caresses of Your Mother, to throw You into the arms of the executioners, who have tortured You to death!

My heart has been crushed by Your Name, that I had to keep within Me for so many hours and whose cry increased more and more as Your sorrow increased, until it crushed it, as if it had been trodden on by the foot of a giant. Oh! My sorrow is a giant and it crushes Me, it shatters Me, and there is nothing that can alleviate it. To whom shall I mention Your Name? Nothing replies to My cry. Even if I shouted so loud that I split the stone closing Your sepulchre, You would not hear Me, because You are dead. You cannot hear Your Mother any more.

612.8 <sup>8</sup>How many times have I called You, Son, during these thirty-four years! Since I learned that I was to be a Mother and that My Little one was to be named “Jesus! ” You were not yet born and I, caressing My womb, in which You were growing, used to call in a low voice: “Jesus! ”, and You seemed to move to say: “Mummy! ” to me. I had already given You a voice and I dreamed of Your voice.



I could hear it before it existed. And when I did hear it, as faint as that of a new-born lamb, tremble in the cold night in which You were born, I became acquainted with the abyss of joy... and I thought that I had become acquainted with the abyss of sorrow, because it was the weeping of My Baby Who was cold, Who was uncomfortable, Who was shedding His first tears of Redeemer, and I had neither fire nor cradle, and I could not suffer in Your stead, Jesus. I had but My breast as fire and cushion, and My love to worship You, My holy Son.

I thought that I had become acquainted with the abyss of sorrow... It was the dawn of that sorrow, it was the edge of that sorrow. Now it is the broad noon, now it is the bottom. This is the abyss, this which I am touching now, after descending into it during these thirty-four years, driven by so many things and prostrated today in the horrible bottom of Your Cross.

When You were a little baby, I used to lull You singing: "Jesus! Jesus!" Which harmony is there more beautiful and holy than this Name, which makes the angels smile in Heaven? To Me it was more beautiful than the song, so sweet, of the angels the night of Your Birth. I could see Heaven in it, the whole of Heaven I could see through that Name. And now, saying it to You Who are dead and cannot hear Me, and You do not reply to Me, as if You had never existed, I see Hell, the whole of Hell. See, now I understand what it means to be damned. It is to be no longer able to say: "Jesus" Horrible! Horrible! Horrible!...

<sup>612. 9</sup>How long will this hell last for Your Mother? You said: "Within three days I will rebuild this Temple". I have been repeating these words to Myself all day today, in order not to drop dead, to be ready to greet You when You come back and go on serving You... But how shall I be able to put up with the knowledge that You are dead for three days? You, My Life, for three days dead?

How come, You, Who know everything, because You are the infinite Wisdom, are not aware of the torture of Your Mother? Can You not imagine it, remembering the day I lost You in Jerusalem, and You saw Me squeeze through the crowd around You, looking like a shipwrecked person that touches the shore, after struggling so much with waves and death, with the countenance of a woman who comes out of a torture exhausted, almost bled to death, aged, heart-broken? And then it was possible for me to

think that You were just lost. I could delude Myself that it was only that. But not today. Not today. I know that You are dead. No illusion is possible. I saw You being killed. And even if grief should make Me lose My memory, here is Your Blood on My veil and it says to Me: "He is dead! He is bloodless! These are the last drops that gushed out of His Heart! " Out of His Heart! Out of the Heart of My Child! Of My Son! Of My Jesus! Oh! God, merciful God, do not let Me remember that they split His Heart!...

612. 10 <sup>10</sup>Jesus! I cannot stay here, *alone*, while You are there, all *alone*. I, Who have never loved the roads of the world and crowds, and You know, after You left Nazareth, have more and more frequently followed You, in order not to live far from You. I could not live away from You. I faced oddities and derision, I do not take into account fatigue, because it was obliterated by the joy of seeing You, just to live where You were. And now I am here all alone. And You are there, all alone! Why did they not leave Me in Your sepulchre? I would have sat beside Your chilly bed, holding one hand of Yours in Mine, to make You feel that I was near You... No, to feel that You were close to Me. You do not feel anything any more. You are dead!

How often have I spent the night near Your cradle, praying, loving, taking delight in You! Shall I tell You how You slept, with Your little fists closed like two flower buds near Your holy little face? Shall I tell You how you used to smile in Your sleep and, certainly remembering Your Mummy's milk, You made the gesture of sucking, while sleeping? Shall I tell You how You woke up and opened Your eyes and laughed, seeing Me bent over Your face, and You stretched Your little hands joyfully, as You were anxious to be taken by Me, and how with a little cry as sweet as the trill of a blackcap You claimed Your food? Oh! I was happy when You clung to My breast and I felt the smooth tepidity of Your cheeks, the caresses of Your little hands on it.

You could not stay away from Your Mother. And now You are alone! Forgive Me, Son, for leaving You alone, for not rebelling for the first time in My life and for not insisting on remaining there. It was My place. I would have felt less desolate, if I had remained near Your funereal bed, to arrange Your clothes, as in days gone by, and change them... Even if You could not have smiled at and spoken to Me, I would have felt as if I had You

again as when You were a baby. I would have held You to My heart, in order not to make You feel the chillness of the stone, the hardness of the marble. Did I not hold You also today? The lap of a mother is always capable of holding a son, even if he is grown-up man. A son is always a baby for his mother, even if he is one who has been taken down from a cross, covered with sores and wounds.

<sup>11</sup>How many! How many wounds! How much sorrow! Oh! My Jesus, My Jesus so wounded! *So* wounded! *So* slaughtered! No. No. Lord, no! It cannot be true! I am mad! Jesus dead? I am raving. Jesus cannot die! Yes, He can suffer. But He cannot die. He is the Life! He is the Son of God. He is God. God does not die. 612. 11

Does He not die? Then, why has He been named Jesus? What does "Jesus" mean? It means... oh! it means: "Saviour"! He is dead! He is dead because He is the Saviour! He had to save everybody losing Himself... I am not raving. No. I am not mad. No. I wish I were! I should suffer less! He is dead. Here is His Blood. Here is His crown. Here are the three nails. They have pierced Him with them!

Men, look with what you have pierced God, My Son! And I *must* forgive you. And I *must* love you. Because He has forgiven you. Because He told Me to love you. He made Me your Mother, the Mother of the killers of My Child! One of His last words, struggling against the death-rattle at His agony... "Mother, here is Your son... your sons! " Even if I were not She Who obeys, today I would have had to obey, because it was the order of a dying man.

So, Jesus. I forgive. I love them. Ah! My hearts breaks in this forgiveness and in this love! Do You hear that I am forgiving them and loving them? I am praying for them. Yes, I am praying for them... I am closing My eyes not to see these objects of Your torture, to be able to forgive them, love them and pray for them. Each nail serves to crucify a will of Mine not to forgive, not to love, not to pray for Your executioners.

<sup>12</sup>I must, I *want* to think that I am near Your cradle. Also then I prayed for men. But it was easy then. You were alive and I, although I thought that men were cruel, I never went so far as to think that they could be so cruel to You, Who had assisted them excessively. I prayed and I was convinced that Your Word would 612. 12

make them better men. In My heart I said to them, looking at them: “Now you are bad, diseased brothers. But before long He will speak, before long He will defeat Satan in you. He will give you the Life lost! ” The life lost! It is You, You, You, Who have lost Your life for them, My Jesus! If, when You were in Your swaddling-clothes, I had seen all today’s horror, My sweet milk would have turned into poison through grief!

Simeon said so: “And a sword will pierce Your heart”. A sword? A mass of swords! How many wounds did they inflict on You, Son? How many groans did You utter? From how many spasms did You suffer? How many drops of blood did You shed? Well, each of them is a sword in Me. I am a mass of swords. There is not a strip of skin on You without sores. In Me there is not one that has not been pierced. They pierce My flesh and penetrate My heart.

612. 13 <sup>13</sup>When I was expecting You, I prepared Your swaddling-clothes and napkins, spinning the softest linen on the Earth. I did not mind the price, providing I had the softest cloth. How beautiful You looked in the swaddling-clothes made by Your Mother! Everybody said to Me: “Your Child is beautiful, Woman! ” You were lovely! From the white linen there appeared Your rosy little face, Your eyes were bluer than the sky, and Your little head seemed enveloped in a golden mist, so fair and soft was Your hair. It smelt of blossoms of almond-trees. People thought that I put scent on You. No. My Darling had but the scent of the swaddling-clothes washed by His Mother, warmed and kissed by Her heart and lips. I was never tired of working for You...

And now? Now I have nothing more to do for You. For three years You have been away from home. But You were still the aim of My days. I thought of You. Of Your clothes. Of Your food: I kneaded flour and baked bread, I looked after the bees to give You honey, I took care of the trees, so that they might yield fruit for You. How much You loved the things that Your Mother brought You! No food of a rich table, no garment of precious cloth was for You like those woven, sewn, taken care of, picked by the hands of Your Mother. When I came to You, You looked at once at My hands, as You used to do when You were a little boy, and Joseph and I gave You our poor gifts, to make You feel that You were “our” King. You have never been greedy, My Child; it was

love that You were seeking, that was Your food, and You found it in our attentions. Even now You found it and were looking for it, poor Son of Mine, so little loved by the world!

Now, nothing more. Everything has been accomplished. Your Mother will not do anything any more for You. You no longer need anything. Now You are alone... And I am alone... Oh! happy Joseph, who has not seen this day! I wish I had never seen it either! But in that case You would not have had even this comfort of seeing Your poor Mother. You would have been all alone on the cross, as You are alone in the sepulchre. All alone with Your wounds.

<sup>14</sup>Oh! God! God! How many wounds has Your Son, My Son! 612. 14  
How was I able to see them without dying, whereas I almost fainted every time You hurt Yourself when You were a child?

Once You fell in the kitchen garden in Nazareth and You hurt Your forehead. Only a few drops of blood. But I, Who felt I was dying when I saw the drops of Your Blood at the Circumcision, and Joseph had to support Me as I was shaking like one who is dying, I thought that that tiny cut would kill You and I cured it more with My tears than with water and oil, and I was not at peace until I saw that it no longer bled. Another time, You were learning to work and You hurt Yourself with a saw. A slight wound. But I felt as if the saw had cut Me in two. I had no rest until six days later, when I saw Your hand healed.

And now? And now? Now You have Your hands, feet, side ripped, now Your flesh is falling in pieces, Your face is bruised, that Face which I did not dare to touch lightly with a kiss, and Your forehead and the nape of Your neck are ulcerated. And no one gave You medicament or comfort.

<sup>15</sup>Look at My heart, God, Who have struck Me in My Child! 612. 15  
Look at it! Is it not as covered with sores as the Body of Your Son and Mine? The scourges have come down on Me like hailstones, while He was being lashed. What is distance for love? I suffered the torture of My Son! I wish I alone had suffered it, and that I alone were on the sepulchral stone! Look at Me, God! Is My heart not bleeding?

Here is the circle of thorns, I can feel it. It is a band that squeezes and pierces it. Here is the hole of the nails: three sty-lets driven into My heart. Oh! those blows! Those blows! How did Heaven not collapse because of those sacrilegious blows on

the flesh of God? And not being able to shout! Not being able to rush forward and snatch the weapon from the killers and use it to defend My Child, Who was already dying. But having to hear and hear... and not do anything! A stroke on the nail, and the nail penetrates the living flesh. Another stroke, and it penetrates even more. And another, another one, and bones and nerves break, and the flesh of My Child is pierced, and the heart of His Mother! And when they raised You on Your Cross? How much You must have suffered, Holy Son! I can still see Your hand torn by the shock of the drop. And My heart is torn likewise.

I am bruised, scourged, stung, struck, pierced like You. I was not with You on the cross. But look at Your Mother. Is She different from You? No, there is no difference of martyrdom. On the contrary, Yours is over. Mine is still on. You no longer hear the false charges; I do. You no longer hear the horrible curses. I still hear them. You no longer feel the bites of thorns and nails, You are no longer parched or feverish. I am full of points of fire and I am like one who is dying of thirst and delirious fever.

612. 16 <sup>16</sup>If they had even allowed Me to give You a drop of water. My tears, if the ferocity of men denied the Creator the water created by Him. I suckled You for a long time, because we were poor, My Son, and in our flight into Egypt we had lost so much, and we had to get a new house, furniture, clothes and food, and we did not know how long the exile would last, or what we would have found going back to our country. I suckled You longer than the usual period of time, so that You might not feel the lack of food. Until we got the little goat, I was Your little goat, Child of Your Mummy. You already had so many little teeth, and You used to bite... Oh! what a joy to see You laugh in Your childish games!...

You wanted to walk. You were so healthy and strong. I held You up for hours and hours, and I did not feel My back break being bent over You, Who were taking Your first steps and at each step You would say: "Mummy, Mummy! " Oh! what a beatitude to hear You sing that name! Also today You were saying: "Mother, Mother! " But Your Mother could only see You die! I could not even caress Your feet! Your feet? Ah! even if they had been within reach, I would not have been able to touch them, to avoid increasing Your torture. How much Your poor feet must have suffered, o My Jesus!

If only I could have come up to You and placed Myself between the wood and Your body, and prevented You from rubbing against the wood in the convulsions of the agony! I can still hear Your head knock against the wood in the last gasps. And that sound, that sound drives Me mad. It is in My head... like a hammer.

Come back, come back, My dear holy Son! I am dying. I cannot bear this desolation of Mine. Show Me Your face once again. Call Me again. I cannot think that You have no voice, no eyes, that You are a cold lifeless corpse. Oh! Father, assist Me! Jesus does not hear Me! Is His Passion not over? Is it not all accomplished? Are these nails, these thorns, this blood, these tears of Mine not sufficient? Is still more required to heal man?

<sup>17</sup>Father, I am mentioning the instruments of His sorrow and My tears. But that is the least important. What made Him die tortured in a superhuman manner was Your abandonment. What makes Me shout is Your abandonment. I cannot hear You any more! Where are You, holy Father? I was the "*Full of Grace*". The Angel said: "Hail, Mary, full of Grace, the Lord is with You and You are blessed amongst all women". 612. 17

No. It is not true! It is not true! I am like a woman cursed by You for her sin. You are no longer with Me. Grace has withdrawn, as if I were a second Eve sinner. But I have always been faithful to You. In what have I displeased You? You have dealt with Me as You liked, and I have always said to You: "Yes, Father. I am ready". So, can angels lie? And Anne\*, who assured Me that You would give Me Your angel in the hour of sorrow? I am alone. I no longer have grace in Your eyes, I no longer have You, Grace, in Me. I no longer have an angel. So, do saints lie? In what have I displeased You, if they do not lie and I have deserved this hour?

And Jesus? What wrong has Your pure meek Lamb done? In what have we offended You to deserve the incalculable torture of Your abandonment, in addition to the martyrdom given by men? He, above all, He was Your Son and He called You with that voice that made the Earth shudder and shake in a sob of pity. How could You abandon Him all alone in such a torture?

Poor Heart of Jesus, Who loved You so much! Where is the

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\* **Anne** is Anne of Phaniel in: 6. 4/5 - 10. 2/7 - 11. 3/4 - 12. 5 - 13. 3 - 32. 6. 9.

sign of the wound of His Heart? Here it is. Look, Father, at this sign. This is the impression of My hand that entered the gash of the lancethrust. Here... Here... It cannot be erased either by the tears or by the kisses of His Mother, Whose eyes are dry through weeping and Whose lips are consumed through kissing. This sign shouts and reproaches. This sign cries to You from the Earth more than Abel's blood. And You, Who cursed Cain and re-venge Yourself on him, did not intervene on behalf of My Abel already bled by His Cains, and You allowed this last outrage! You crushed His Heart with Your abandonment and You allowed a man to strip Him, so that I might see Him and be crushed. With regard to Me, it does not matter. It is for Him, for Him that I ask and call You to answer. You should not have done that...

612. 18 <sup>18</sup>Oh! forgive Me! Forgive Me, Holy Father! Forgive a Mother Who is mourning Her Child... He is dead! My Son is dead! Dead with His Heart rent! Oh! Father! Father, have mercy! I love You! We have loved You and You have loved us so much. How did You allow the Heart of *our* Son to be rent? Oh! Father!... Father, have mercy on a poor woman! I am blaspheming, Father! I, Your servant, Your nonentity, dare reproach You! Have mercy! You have been good. You have been good. The wound, the only wound that did not hurt Him, is this one. Your abandonment served to make Him die before sunset avoiding other tortures.

You have been good. You do everything for a purpose of good. It is we creatures who do not understand. You have been good. You have been good! O My soul, repeat that word, to remove the sting of Your suffering from Your suffering. God is good and has always loved You, My soul. From Your cradle to the present moment, He has always loved You. He has given You all the joy of the time. *All of it*. He has given You Himself. He has been good. Good. Good. Thank You, Lord. May You be Blessed for Your infinite goodness!

Thank You. Jesus, I say "thank You" also on Your behalf. This wound at least was not felt by You, Son! I only felt it in My Heart, when I saw Yours opened. Your lance is now in My heart and it rummages and tortures. But it is better so! You do not feel it. But, have mercy, Jesus! A sign from You! A caress, a word for Your poor Mother, Whose heart is torn to pieces! A sign, a sign, Jesus, if You want to find Me alive when You come back! »



[29<sup>th</sup> March 1945]

<sup>19</sup>A loud knock at the door makes everyone start. The master of the house bravely runs away. Mary of Zebedee would like her John to follow him and pushes him towards the yard. The other women with the exception of the Magdalene, press against one another moaning. 612. 19

It is Mary of Magdala who goes straight and resolutely to the door and asks: «Who is it? »

The voice of a woman replies: «I am Nike. I have something to be given to the Mother. Open! Quick. The patrol is around. »

John, who has freed himself from his mother and has rushed towards the Magdalene, busies himself with the many locks, which are well fastened this evening. He opens the door. Nike comes in with a servant and a brawny man who is escorting them. They close the door.

«I have a thing... » says Nike weeping and she is unable to speak...

«What? What? » They are all around her, full of curiosity.

«On Calvary... I saw the Saviour in that state... I had prepared a loincloth, so that He would not have to use the rags of the executioners... But He was so wet with perspiration, with blood in His eyes, that I thought I should give it to Him to wipe Himself. He did so... And He gave the cloth back to me. I have not used it again... I wanted to keep it as a relic with His perspiration and blood. And seeing the fury of the Jews, shortly afterwards, with Plautina and the other Roman ladies Lydia and Valeria, we decided to come back, for fear they might take this linen cloth from us. The Romans are brave women. They put the servant and me in the middle and they protected us. It is true that they are contamination for Israel... and that it is dangerous to touch Plautina. But one thinks of that in peaceful times. Today they were all drunk... At home I wept... for hours... Then there was the earthquake and I fainted... When I came to myself, I wanted to kiss that linen cloth and I saw... oh!... The face of the Redeemer\* is on it!... »

«Let us see! Let us see! »

«No. The Mother first. It is Her right. »

\* **The face of the Redeemer**, according to a promise hinted in 382. 7.

«She is so exhausted! She will not be able to resist... »

«Oh! don't say that! On the contrary, it will comfort Her. Tell Her! »

612. 20 <sup>20</sup>John knocks at the door lightly.

«Who is it? »

«It is I, Mother. Nike is here... She came during the night... She brought a souvenir to You... a gift... She hopes to comfort You with it. »

«Oh! one gift only can comfort Me! The smile of His Face... »  
«Mother! » John embraces Her lest She should fall, and as if he were confiding the true Name of God, he says: «It is that. The smile of His Face, impressed on a linen cloth with which Nike wiped Him on Calvary. »

«Oh! Father! Most High God! Holy Son! Eternal Love! May You be blessed! The sign! The sign I asked of You. Let her, let her come in! »

Mary sits down, because She cannot stand any longer, and while John beckons to the women, who are peeping into the room, to let Nike pass, She recovers Herself.

Nike goes in and kneels at Her feet with the servant beside her. John, standing near Mary, holds his arm round Her shoulders, as if he wanted to support Her. Nike does not utter one word. But she opens the casket, takes the linen cloth out and unfolds it. And the Face of Jesus, the living Face of Jesus, the sorrowful and yet smiling Face of Jesus looks at His Mother and smiles at Her.

Mary utters a cry of sorrowful love and stretches out Her arms.

The women echo Her cry from the door-space where they have crowded. And they imitate Her kneeling before the Face of the Saviour.

Nike cannot find words. She hands the linen cloth over to the motherly hands and she stoops to kiss its edge. She then goes out backwards without waiting for Mary to come out of Her ecstasy.

She goes away... She is already out, in the night, when they think of her... There is nothing to be done except to close the door, as it was before.

Mary is once again alone. In a conversation of Her soul with the image of Her Son, because they all withdraw again.

<sup>21</sup>Some more time goes by. Then Martha says: «What shall we do for the ointments? Tomorrow is the Sabbath... » 612. 21

«And we shall not be able to get anything... » says Salome.

«And we should do that... Many pounds of aloe and myrrh... but He was so badly washed... »

«We ought to have everything ready by dawn on the first day after the Sabbath» remarks Mary of Alphaeus.

«And what about the guards? What shall we do? » asks Susanna.

«We shall tell Joseph, if they do not let us go in» replies Martha.

«We shall not be able to shift the stone by ourselves. »

The Magdalene replies: «Oh! do you think that five of us will not be able? We are all strong... and love will do the rest. »

«In any case I will come with you» says John.

«Certainly not you. I do not want to lose you as well, son. »

«Don't worry about it. We shall be enough. »

«But in the meantime... Who will give us the spices? »

They are all depressed... Then Martha says: «We could have asked Nike whether it was true about Johanna... about the rebellions. »

«That is true! But we are dull-witted. We could have taken also the spices then. Isaac was at the doorstep when we came back. »

<sup>22</sup>«In the mansion there are many small vases of essences, and there is some fine incense. I will go and get them. » And Mary Magdalene stands up from her seat and puts on her mantle. 612. 22

Martha shouts: «You shall not go. »

«I will go. »

«You are mad! They will get you! »

«Your sister is right. Don't go! »

«Oh! what useless howling females you are! Jesus really had a fine group of followers! Have you already used up your reserve of courage? With regard to me, the more I use the more I get. »

«I will go with her. I am a man. »

«And I am your mother and I forbid you. »

«Be good, Mary Salome, and you, too, John. I will go by myself. I am not afraid. I know what it is like going round the streets at night. I have done that thousands of times for sinful reasons...

and should I be afraid now that I am going to serve the Son of God? »

«But there is a revolt in town today. You heard what the man said. »

«He is faint-hearted. And you are like him. I am going. »

«And if the soldiers find you? »

«I will say: “I am the daughter of Theophilus, the Syrian, a faithful servant of Caesar”. And they will let me go. In any case... A man before a beautiful young woman is a more harmless plaything than a stalk of straw. I know, much to my shame... »

«But how do you expect to find perfumes in the mansion if no one has lived in it for years? »

«Do you think so? Oh! Martha! Do you not remember that Israel forced you to leave it, because it was one of my meeting-places with my lovers? I kept everything there that served to make them even more crazy about me. When I was saved by my Saviour, in a place known only to me, I concealed the alabasters and incenses that I used for my orgies of love. And I swore that only the tears shed on my sins and the adoration of the Most Holy Jesus would be the scented waters and the burning incenses of repentant Mary. And that I would use those signs of a profane cult of senses and of the flesh only to sanctify them on Him and to anoint Him. This is the hour. I am going. Remain here. And be calm. The angel of God will come with me and no harm will befall me. Goodbye. I will bring you news. And do not say anything to Her... You would increase Her worries... » And Mary of Magdala goes out sure of herself and imposing.

612. 23      23«Mother, let that be a lesson for you... And may it say to you: do not let the world say that your son is a coward. Tomorrow, no, today, because this is already the second watch, I will go looking for my companions, as She wants... »

«It is the Sabbath... you cannot... » objects Salome to detain him.

«“The Sabbath is dead”. I also say with Joseph. The new era has begun. Other laws, other sacrifices and ceremonies for it. »

Mary of Salome bends her head on her knees and weeps without protesting any more.

«Oh! I wish we could have news of Lazarus» says Mary of Clopas with a moan.

«If you let me go, you will have news, because Simon the Cananean had instructions to take my companions to Lazarus. Jesus told Simon when I was present. »

«Alas! Are they all there? So they are all lost! » Mary of Clopas and Salome weep desolately.

More time passes while they weep and wait. <sup>24</sup>Then Mary Magdalene comes back triumphantly, laden with bags full of small precious vases. <sup>612. 24</sup>

«See, nothing has happened to me. Here are oils of all kinds, and nard, and olibanum, and benzoin. There is no myrrh and no aloe... I did not want any bitterness... I am drinking it all now... In the meantime we will mix these and tomorrow we will get... oh! if we pay, Isaac will give them also on a Sabbath... We will get myrrh and aloe. »

«Did anyone see you? »

«No one. There is not even a bat around. »

«And the soldiers? »

«The soldiers? I think they must be snoring in their pallets. »

«What about the seditions... the arrests... »

«The fear of that man saw them... »

«Who is in the mansion? »

«Levi and his wife. As peaceful as children. The armed men have fled... ha! ha! fine brave men we have, honestly!... They ran away as soon as they heard of the death sentence. I tell you the truth: Rome is hard and uses the scourge... But by it she makes people fear her and serve her. And she has men, not cowards... Oh! yes! He used to say: "My followers will experience the same destiny as Mine". H'm! If many Romans become followers of Jesus, that may be true. But if there are to be martyrs among the Israelites! He will remain alone... Here. This is my sack. And this one is Johanna's, who... yes. We are not only cowards, but also liars. Johanna is only depressed. She and Eliza felt ill on Golgotha. One is a mother whose son died, and, as she heard the death-rattles of Jesus, she was badly upset. The other is delicate and not used to so much walking and exposure to the sun. But there are no wounds and no agonies. She certainly weeps, as we do. Nothing else. She regrets that she was taken away. She will come tomorrow. And she sends these spices. The ones she had. As ordered by Plautina, Valeria had remained with her, and now she

has gone with the slaves to Claudia's house, because they have much incense. When she comes, because she, too, by the grace of Heaven, is not an ever trembling coward, don't start shouting as if you felt the dagger at your throats. Come on. Get up. Let us take the mortars and work. Weeping is of no avail. Or at least weep and work. Our balm will be mixed with our tears. And He will feel them upon Himself... He will feel our love. » And she bites her lips, not to weep and to give strength to the others, who are really depressed. They work eagerly.

612. 25 <sup>25</sup>Mary calls John.

«Mother, what is the matter? »

«Those blows... »

«They are pounding incenses... »

«Ah!... But forgive Me... Don't make that noise... they sound like the hammers... »

In fact the bronze pestles striking the marble of the mortars make the exact noise of hammers.

John tells the women, who go out into the yard, in order not to be heard so much. John goes back to the Mother.

«How did they get them? »

«Mary of Lazarus went to her house and to Johanna's... Also some more will be brought... »

«Did anybody come? »

«Nobody after Nike. »

«But look at Him, John, how handsome He is also in His sorrow! » Mary is absorbed in contemplation, with Her hands joined, before the cloth, which She has spread out on a chest holding it with some weights.

«Handsome, yes, Mother. And He is smiling at You... Do not weep any more... Some hours have already gone by. There is less to wait for His return... » and in the meantime John weeps...

Mary caresses his cheek. But She looks only at the image of Her Son.

John goes out, blinded by his tears.

612. 26 <sup>26</sup>Also the Magdalene, who has come back to get some amphorae, is in the same state. But she says to the Apostle: «We must not let them see that we are weeping. Because, otherwise, the women over there will not be able to do anything. And we have to do... »

«... and we have to believe» concludes John.

«Yes. We must believe. If one were not able to believe, it would be despair. I believe. And you? »

«I, too... »

«You say so badly. You do not love enough yet. *If you loved with your whole self, it would not be possible for you not to believe.* Love is light and voice. Also against the darkness of denial and the silence of death it says: “I believe”. » Wonderful is the Magdalene, so great and imposing, authoritative in her confession of faith! Her heart must be torn to pieces. And her eyes inflamed by tears confirm that. But her spirit is undefeated.

John looks at her full of admiration and whispers: «You are strong! »

«Always. I was so much, that I dared to defy the world. And I was, then, without God. Now that I have Him, I feel I know how to defy also hell. You, who are good, should be stronger than I am. Because sin disheartens, you know? More than consumption. But you are innocent... That is why He loved you so much... »

«He loved you as well... »

«And I was not innocent. But I was His conquest and... »

<sup>27</sup>There is a loud knock at the door.

«It may be Valeria. Open the door. »

John does so without any fear, dominated by Mary's calm.

It is in fact Valeria with her slaves, who are carrying the litter, from which she comes out. She goes in uttering the Latin greeting: «Salve. »

«Peace be with you, sister. Come in» says John.

«May I offer the Mother the homage of Plautina? Claudia also has contributed. But if it is not grievous for Her to see me. » John goes in to Mary.

«Who is knocking? Peter? Judas? Joseph? »

«No. It is Valeria. She has brought some precious resins. She would like to offer them to You... if that does not grieve You. » «*I must overcome grief. He called the children of Israel and the heathens to His Kingdom. He called everybody. Now... He is dead... But I am here for Him. And I receive everybody. Let her come in.* »

Valeria enters. She has taken off her dark mantle and she is all white in her stole. She stoops to the ground. She greets and

speaks. «Domina. You know who we are. The first women redeemed from heathen obscurantism. We were dirt and darkness. Your Son has given us wings and light. Now He is... sleeping in peace. We know your customs. And we want also the balms of Rome to be spread on the Triumpher. »

«May God bless you, daughters of My Lord. And... forgive Me if I am not able to say more... »

«Do not make any effort, Domina. Rome is strong. But she can also understand grief and love. She understands You, Sorrowful Mother. Goodbye. »

«Peace be with you, Valeria! My blessing to Plautina, to all of you. »

Valeria withdraws leaving her incenses and other essences. «See, Mother? The whole world is making offerings to the King of Heaven and Earth. »

«Yes» says Mary. «*The whole world.* And His Mother will have been able to give Him nothing but tears. »

612. 28 <sup>28</sup>A cock crows joyfully somewhere nearby. John starts.

«What is the matter, John? » asks the Blessed Virgin.

«I was thinking of Simon Peter... »

«But was he not with you? » asks the Magdalene who has gone back into the room.

«Yes. In Annas' house. Then I understood that I had to come here.

And I have not seen him again. » «It will soon be dawn. »

«Yes. Open the windows. »

They open the window coverings, and their faces look even paler in the greenish dawn light.

The night of Good Friday is over.

### **613. The redeeming value of Jesus' and Mary's sufferings. John's "co-Passion".**

[20<sup>th</sup> February 1944]

613. 1 <sup>1</sup>Now, it is already night-time, Jesus says:

«You have seen how much it costs to be Saviours. You have seen it in Me and in Mary. You have become acquainted with all our tortures and you have seen with what generosity, with



what heroism, with what patience, with what meekness, with what perseverance, with what strength we have suffered them through our love to save you.

All those who want, who ask the Lord God to make them “saviours”, must thoroughly consider that Mary and I are the model and that those are the tortures they must share in order to save. Their torture will not be the cross, the thorns, the nails, the material scourges. They will be different, of a different form and nature. But equally painful and equally consuming. And only by consuming the sacrifice amid those sorrows can you become saviours.

It is an austere mission. *The most austere of them all.* The one compared to which the life of the monk or of the nun of the strictest rule is a flower compared to a mass of thorns. Because it is not a rule of a human Order. But the Rule of a priesthood, of a divine monastic life, of which I am the Founder, I, Who in *My Rule*, in *My Order*, consecrate and receive those elected to it, and impose *My habit* on them: total Sorrow, even to sacrifice.

<sup>2</sup>You have seen *My sufferings*. They have been applied to make amends for your sins. No part of *My body* was excluded from them, because nothing in man is free from sin, and all the parts of your physical and moral egos - that ego that God gave you with the perfection of divine work and that you have depreciated with the sin of your first parents and with your tendencies to evil, with your bad will - are instruments of which you make use to commit sin. But I have come to cancel the effects of sin with *My Blood* and *My sorrow*, washing your individual physical and moral parts in them, to cleanse and strengthen them against culpable tendencies. 613. 2

<sup>3</sup>*My hands* were wounded and imprisoned, after they had become tired carrying the Cross, to make amends for all the crimes committed by the hands of man. From the true and proper ones committed holding and operating a gun against a brother, turning yourselves into Cains, to those perpetrated stealing, writing false accusations, making gestures against the respect of your bodies and other people’s, and idling in laziness, which is propitious ground for your vices. For the illicit freedom of your hands, I had Mine crucified, nailing them to the cross, depriving them of every movement more than lawful and necessary. 613. 3

The Feet of your Saviour, after becoming tired and bruised on the stones of the Way of My Passion were pierced and immobilised, to make amends for the evil you do with your feet, making them means to go to your crimes, thefts, fornications. I marked the streets, the squares, the houses, the steps in Jerusalem, to purify all the streets, the squares, the houses, the steps of the earth from all the evil that had grown on and in it, sown in past and future centuries by your bad will, obedient to Satan's instigations.

613.4 <sup>4</sup>My Flesh was bruised, contused, torn to punish in Me the exaggerated cult, the idolatry that you give to your flesh and to the flesh of those whom you love out of a sensual whim or also out of fondness, which is not blameworthy in itself, but you make it such by loving a parent, a husband, a son, a brother more than you love God.

No. Above all love and every tie on the earth, there is, there must be the love for your Lord God. No other love is to be superior to it. Love your relatives in God, not above God. Love God with your whole selves. That will not absorb your love to the extent of making you indifferent towards your relatives, on the contrary it will nourish your love for them with the perfection attained from God, because he who loves God has God in himself and, having God, has Perfection.

I turned My Flesh into one sore to remove from your flesh, the poison of sensuality, of lack of modesty, of lack of respect, of ambition and admiration for the flesh destined to become dust again. It is not with the cult for the body that one makes it beautiful. It is with detachment from it that one gives it the eternal Beauty in the Heaven of God.

613.5 <sup>5</sup>My Head was tortured with countless tortures: with blows, with exposure to the sun, with shouts, with thorns, to make amends for the sins of your minds. Pride, impatience, unbearableness, intolerance spring up like a mushroom-bed in your brains. I turned it into a tortured organ, enclosed in a casket decorated with blood, to make amends for everything that sprouts from your thought.

You have seen the only crown I wanted. The crown that only a madman or a convict can wear. No one, who is sound of mind (speaking from a human point of view) and is free to do what he likes will put it on. But I was considered mad and mad I was

from a supernatural divine point of view, as I wanted to die for you who do not love Me or love Me so little, as I wanted to die to defeat Evil in you, knowing that you love it more than you love God, and I was a prey to man, his prisoner, condemned by him. I, God, condemned by man.

How often you lose your patience over trifles, you become incompatible through trivialities, you are unbearable because of light indispositions! But look at your Saviour. Consider how irritating it must have been to be continuously stung in different parts, to have the locks of My hair entangled in the thorns, to feel the crown move continuously without being able to move My head, and not being able to lean it anywhere without being tortured! But think of what the shouts of the crowds, the blows on My head, the scorching sun were for My tortured, aching, feverish Head! Consider what pain I felt in My poor brain, since I went to the agony of Friday aching all over because of the efforts made Thursday evening, in My poor brain, which was affected by the fever of My tortured Body and of the intoxications brought about by tortures!

<sup>6</sup>And in My Head, My eyes, My mouth, My nose, My tongue, <sup>613. 6</sup> each had their torture. To make amends for your glances, so anxious to see what is evil and so forgetful of seeking God, to redress the too many, too false, filthy and lustful words that you utter, instead of using your lips to pray, to teach, to console; My nose and My tongue suffered their tortures to make amends for your gluttony and your sensuality of olfaction, through which you incur imperfections, which are the ground for graver sins, and you commit sins through the eagerness for superfluous food, without taking pity on those who are hungry, food which you can afford very often by having recourse to unlawful means of profit.

My organs were not exempted from suffering. Not one of them. Suffocation and cough for My lungs, contused by the cruel scourging, and suffering from oedema because of the position on the cross. Breathlessness and heart trouble as My heart was out of its place and had been injured by the merciless flagellation, by the moral grief that had preceded it, by the ascent under the heavy weight of the cross, by anaemia, the consequence of all the blood shed. Liver congested, spleen congested, kidneys bruised and congested.

613.7    7You have seen the crown of bruises round My kidneys. Your scientists, to give proof to your incredulity with regard to that evidence of My suffering, which is the Shroud\*, explain how the blood, the cadaveric perspiration and the urea of an over-fatigued body, when mixed with the spices, can have produced that natural drawing of My dead tortured Body.

It would be better to believe without the need of so much proof to believe. It would be better to say: "That is the work of God" and bless God, Who has granted you indisputable proof of My Crucifixion and of the tortures preceding it!

But as now you are no longer able to believe with the simplicity of children, but you need scientific proof - how poor is your faith, that without the support and the spur of science cannot stand up straight and walk - you must know that the cruel bruises of My kidneys have been the most powerful chemical agent in the miracle of the Shroud. My kidneys, almost crushed by the scourges, were no longer able to work. Like those of people burnt by fire, they were unable to filter, and urea accumulated and spread in My blood, in My body, bringing about the sufferings of uraemic intoxication and the reagent that oozed out of My corpse and fixed the impression on the cloth. But any doctor among you, or anyone suffering from uraemia, will realise what sufferings the uraemic toxins caused to Me, as they were so plentiful as to produce an indelible impression.

613.8    8Thirst. What a torture thirst! And yet you have seen it. Among so many, there was not one who gave Me a drop of water. From the Supper onwards, I had no refreshment. And fever, sunshine, heat, dust, loss of blood, made your Saviour so thirsty.

You have seen that I refused the wine mixed with myrrh. I did not want any lenitive for My suffering. When we offer ourselves as victims, we *must be victims* without pitiful arrangements, compromises, mitigations. It is necessary to drink the chalice as it is offered. We must relish the vinegar and gall to the very end. Not the spiced wine that deadens pain.

Oh! the destiny of a victim is really severe. But blessed are

\* **the Shroud**, already mentioned in 609. 12, is the very famous one preserved and worshipped in Turin, Italy. According to M. V. writings it is the authentic relic. It is the second of the two Shrouds used for the dead body of Jesus, as it will be explained in 644. 4/9. The Shrouds are also mentioned in 637. 7, 641. 3 and 643. 7.

those who chose it as their fate.

<sup>9</sup>That was the suffering of your Jesus in His innocent Body. <sup>613. 9</sup>  
And I will not mention the tortures of My love for My Mother and for Her sorrow. That sorrow was required. But for Me it was the most cruel torture. Only the Father knows what His Word suffered in His spirit, His morale, His physique! Also the presence of His Mother, even if it was what My heart most wished, as it needed that comfort in the infinite solitude that surrounded it, infinite solitude coming from God and from men, was a torture.

She was to be there, an angel of flesh, to prevent despair from assailing Me, as the spiritual angel had prevented it in Gethsemane, She was to be there to join Her Sorrow to Mine for your Redemption, She was to be there to receive the investiture of Mother of mankind. But to see Her die at each shudder of Mine was My greatest sorrow. Not even the betrayal, not even the knowledge that My Sacrifice would be useless for so many people, these two sorrows, which shortly before had seemed so great as to make Me sweat blood, were comparable with this one.

<sup>10</sup>But you have seen how great Mary was in that hour. Her <sup>613. 10</sup>  
torture did not prevent Her from being by far stronger than Judith. The latter killed\*. The former allowed Herself to be killed through Her Child. And She did not curse, She did not hate. She prayed, She loved, She obeyed. Always a Mother, to the extent of thinking among Her tortures, that Her Jesus needed Her virginal veil on His innocent body, to defend His decency, She was able to be at the same time the Daughter of the Father of Heaven and obey His dreadful will in that hour. She did not curse, She did not rebel. Either against God, or against men. She forgave the latter. She said "Fiat" to the Former.

Also later you heard Her say: "Father, I love You and You have loved us! " She remembers and She proclaims that God has loved Her and She renews Her act of love for Him. In that hour! After the Father had pierced Her and deprived Her of Her reason for existing. She loves Him. She does not say: "I do not love You any more because You have struck Me". She loves Him. And She does not grieve over *Her* sorrow. But over what Her Son suffered. She does not shout because *Her* heart is broken, but because Mine is

\* killed in: *Judith 13.*

pierced. She asks the Father the reason for that, not for Her sorrow. She asks the reason of the Father in the name of *their* Son.

613. 11 <sup>11</sup>She is the Spouse of God. It is She who conceived through union with God. She knows that no human contact has generated Her Child, but only the Fire descended from Heaven to penetrate Her immaculate womb and lay there the divine Embryo, the Body of the Man-God, of the God-Man, of the Redeemer of the world. She knows, and both as Spouse and as Mother She asks the reason for that wound. The others *were* to be given. But why this one, when everything had been accomplished?

Poor Mother! There was a reason, which Your sorrow did not allow You to read on My wound. And it was that men should see the Heart of God. You have seen it, Mary. And you will never forget it.

But, see? Although Mary at that moment did not see the supernatural reasons for that wound, She immediately thinks that it did not hurt Me, and She blesses God for that. She does not mind that that wound hurts Her, poor Mother, so much. It did not hurt Me, and that is enough and serves Her to bless God Who sacrifices Her.

613. 12 <sup>12</sup>She only asks for a little comfort in order not to die. She is necessary for the dawning Church, of which a few hours previously She was created the Mother. The Church, like a new-born baby, needs the care and milk of a mother. Mary will give it to the Church supporting the Apostles, speaking to them of the Saviour, praying for it. But how would She be able to do so if She had taken Her last breath tonight? The Church, that only in a few days' time will be left without her Head, would be completely an orphan if also Mary died.

And the destiny of new-born orphans is always precarious.

God never disappoints a just prayer and He comforts His children who hope in Him. Mary proves that through the comfort of Veronica\*. She, the poor Mother, had the image of My dead Face impressed in Her eyes. She cannot resist that sight. That is not Her Jesus, aged, swollen, with eyes closed not looking at Her, with lips twisted that do not speak to Her or smile. But here is a face that is the face of Jesus alive. Sorrowful, wounded, but still

\* **Veronica**, here called *Nike*.

alive. Here His eyes are looking at Her, his lips seem to be saying: “Mother!” Here His smile still greets Her.

Oh! Mary! Look for your Jesus in your sorrow. He will always come and will look at you, He will call you and will smile at you. We will share sorrow, but we shall be united!

<sup>13</sup>John, little John, you have shared sorrow with Mary and with Jesus. Be like John, always. Also in that. I have already said\* to you: “You shall not be great because of contemplations and dictations. They are Mine. But because of your love. And the deepest love is in the sharing of sorrow”. That gives you the possibility to know by insight the least desires of God and to turn them into reality despite all obstacles. 613. 13

Look at the lively delicate sensitiveness of John’s behaviour from the Thursday night to the Friday night. And further. But let us consider it during those hours.

A moment of dismay. An hour of dullness. But after he overcomes sleepiness through the excitement of the arrest, and the excitement through love, he comes, dragging Peter with him, so that the Master may have some comfort seeing the Head of the apostles and the Favourite apostle.

He then thinks of the Mother, to Whom some cruel person may shout that Her Son has already been captured. And he goes to Her. He does not know that Mary is *already living* the tortures of Her Son and that while the apostles were sleeping, She was awake and was praying, agonising with Her Son. He does not know. And He goes to Her and prepares Her for the news.

Then he goes to and fro from Caiaphas’ house to the Praetorium, from Caiaphas’ house to Herod’s palace, and then again from Caiaphas’ house to the Praetorium. And to do so that morning, elbowing his way through a crowd intoxicated with hatred, wearing garments that point him out as a Galilean, is not pleasant. But love supports him, and he does not think of himself, but of Jesus’ and His Mother’s sorrows. He could be stoned as a follower of the Nazarene. It does not matter. He defies everything. The others have run away, they are hiding, they are led by prudence and fear. He is led by love, and he remains and shows himself. He is pure. *Love thrives in purity.*

\* **already said** on 26<sup>th</sup> December 1943, in “*The Notebooks, 1943*”.

And if his pity and common sense of a man of the people persuade him to keep Mary away from the crowds and from the Praetorium - he does not know that Mary shares *all* the tortures of Her Son, suffering them spiritually - when he decides that the time has come when Jesus needs His Mother, and that it is not right to keep the Mother any longer away from Her Son, he takes Her to Him, he supports Her, he defends Her.

What is that handful of loyal people: a man all alone, unarmed, young, with no authority, leading a few women, with respect to a furious crowd? Nothing. A little pile of leaves that the wind can scatter. A small boat on a stormy ocean that can sink it. It does not matter. *Love is his strength and his sail.* He is armed with it, and with it he protects the Woman and the women until the end.

John possessed the love of compassion as no other person, except My Mother, possessed it. He is the Head of those who love with such love. He is your master with regard to that. Follow him in the example he gives you of purity and love, and you will be great.

Go in peace, now. I bless you. »

[7<sup>th</sup> april 1945]

613. 14 <sup>14</sup>Dice Gesù

«[•••]

And, as I foresee the remarks of too many Thomases and of the too many scribes of the present days on a sentence of this dictation, which seems to be in contrast with the sip of water offered by Longinus... - oh! how happy the deniers of the supernatural, the rationalists of perfection contrariwise, would be, if they could find a fissure in the wonderful complex of this work of divine bounty and of your sacrifice, little John, to make it all collapse, by prizing open such fissure with the pick of their lethal rationalism - to prevent them, I say and explain.

That poor sip of water - a *drop* in the fire of the fever and in the dryness of the emptied veins - taken out of love for a soul that was to be convinced of love to lead it to the Truth, taken with great difficulty in the severe pain that obstructed My breathing and prevented Me from swallowing, so crushed I was by the cruel scourges, gave Me *only* a supernatural relief. For My body



it was nothing, not to say that it was a torture... Rivers would have been required to quench My thirst then... And I could not drink because of the anguish of the precordial pain. And you are aware of that pain... Rivers would have been required later... and they were not given to Me. Neither could I have accepted them because of the stronger and stronger suffocation. But how much relief they would have given to My Heart, had they been offered! It was of love that I was dying. Of love not given. Pity is love. And in Israel there was no pity.

When you, good people, contemplate, or you, sceptical philosophers, analyse that “sip”, give it the right name: “pity”, not drink. So it can be said, without incurring falsehood, that “from the Supper onwards I had no comfort”. Of all the people who surrounded Me there was not one who gave Me any comfort, as I did not want to take the spiced wine. I had vinegar and mockery. I had betrayal and blows. That is what I had. Nothing else.

[... ]».

#### 614. The Holy Saturday.

30<sup>th</sup> March 1945.

It dawns with difficulty. And daybreak is strangely delayed, <sup>614. 1</sup> although there are no clouds in the sky. But the stars seem, to have lost all their brightness. And the sun, when it appears, is as pale as the moon was during the night. Opaque... Have they perhaps wept as well, as they look so dull, like the eyes of good people who have wept and still weep over the death of the Lord?

As soon as John realises that the Gates are open, he goes out, turning a deaf ear to his mother's entreaties. The women barricade themselves in the house, even more frightened now that also the Apostle has gone away.

Mary, still in Her room, Her hands resting in Her lap, looks fixedly out of the window, which opens on a not very large garden, but quite Spacious and full of roses in bloom along the high walls and the bizarre flower-beds. The tufts of lilies, instead, are still without the stalks of the future flowers: thick and beautiful, but with nothing but leaves. She looks and looks, but I think that She does not see anything, except what there is in Her poor tired

brain: the agony of Her Son.

The women go backwards and forwards. They approach Her, they caress Her, they beg Her to take some refreshment, and each time, as they come, there is a wave of a heavy, compound, stunning perfume.

And each time Mary shivers. But nothing else. She does not speak.

She does not make a gesture. Nothing. She is exhausted. She is waiting. It is only a wait. She is the One Who awaits.

614.2 <sup>2</sup>There is a knock at the door... The women rush to open. Mary turns round on Her seat, without standing up, and stares at the half-open door.

The Magdalene goes in. «Manaen is here... He would like to be useful in some way. »

«Manaen... Let him come in. He was always good. But I did not think that it was he... »

«Who did You think, Mother!... »

«Later... later. Let him come in. »

Manaen goes in. He is not as pompous as usual. He is wearing a very common tunic, of a brown shade which is almost black, and a similar mantle. No jewels and no sword. Nothing. He looks like a well-to-do person, but of the common people. He stoops to greet, first with his hands crossed on his chest, and then he kneels down as if he were in front of an altar.

«Stand up. And forgive Me if I do not reply to your bow. I cannot... »

«You must not. I would not allow that. You know who I am. So I beg You to consider me Your servant. Do You need me? I see that there is no man here. I heard from Nicodemus that they have all run away. There was nothing to be done. That is true. But at least we should have given Him the comfort of seeing us. I... I greeted Him at the Sixtus. And then I was no longer able, because... But it is useless to mention it. That also was wanted by Satan. Now I am free and I have come to put myself at Your service. Give me Your orders, Woman. »

«I should like to know and let Lazarus know... His sisters are worried, and also my sister-in-law and the other Mary. We should like to know whether Lazarus, James, Judas, and the other James are safe. »

«Judas? The Iscariot! But he betrayed Him! »

«Judas, the son of the brother of My spouse. »

«Ah! I will go» and he stands up. <sup>3</sup>But in doing so he makes a gesture of pain.

614. 3

«Are you wounded? »

«H'm... yes. Nothing serious. An arm is aching a little. »

«Because of us, perhaps? Is that why you were not up there? »

«Yes. That is why. And that is the only thing I regret. Not the wound. The remainder of Pharisaism, of Hebraism, of Satanism that was in me, because the cult of Israel has become Satanism, has all come out with that blood. I am like a baby, that after the excision of the sacred umbilical cord, has no further contact with his mother's blood, and the few drops still remaining in the excised cord do not flow into him, obstructed as they are by the linen string. But they fall... by now useless. The new-born baby lives with *his own* heart and *his own* blood. So do I. Till now I was not yet completely formed. Now I have come to the end, and I come, and *I was born* to the Light. I was born yesterday. My Mother is Jesus of Nazareth. And He gave birth to me when He uttered His last cry. I know... Because I ran to Nicodemus' house last night. I should only like to see Him. Oh! when you go to the Sepulchre, let me know. I will come... I do not know His Face as the Redeemer! »

«It is looking at you, Manaen. Turn round. »

The man, who had gone in with his head so lowered and then had had eyes only for Mary, turns round almost frightened and sees the veronica. He throws himself on the floor, worshipping... And he weeps.

He then stands up. He bows to Mary and says: «I am going. »

«But it is the Sabbath. You know. They already accuse us of infringing the Law through His instigation. »

«We are on an equal footing, because they infringe the law of Love. The first and greatest. He said so. May the Lord console You. » He goes out.

<sup>4</sup>Hours go by. How slow they are for those who are waiting...

614. 4

Mary stands up and, leaning on pieces of furniture, She goes to the door. She tries to walk across the large entrance hall. But when She has nothing to lean on, She staggers as if She were intoxicated.

Martha, who sees Her from the yard, which is beyond the door open at the end of the hall, rushes towards Her. «Where do You wan to go? »

«In there. You promised Me. »

«Wait until John comes. »

«Enough of waiting. You can see that I am calm. Since you have had the room locked from inside, go and have it opened. I will wait here. »

Susanna, as all the women have gathered there, goes away to call the master of the house with the keys. Mary in the meantime leans on the little door, as if She wished to open it with the power of Her will. The man arrives. Frightened and downcast, he opens the door and withdraws. And Mary, supported by the arms of Martha and Mary of Alphaeus, goes into the Supper room.

Everything is still as it was at the end of the Supper. The course of events and the instructions given by Jesus have prevented tampering. Only the seats have been put back in their places. And Mary, Who has not been in the Supper room, goes straight to the place where Her Jesus was sitting. She seems to be guided by a hand. And She looks like a sleep-walker, so stiff is She in Her effort to walk... She proceeds. She walks round the couch, She insinuates Herself between it and the table... She remains standing for a moment and then She collapses across the table in a fresh outburst of tears. She then calms down. She kneels down and prays with Her head resting on the edge of the table. She caresses the table-cloth, the seat, the dishes, the edge of the large tray on which the lamb was, the large knife used to carve it, the amphora placed before that seat. She does not know that She is touching what also the Iscariot has touched. She then remains stupefied, with Her head resting on Her arms crossed on the table.

All the women are silent, with the exception of Her sister-in-law who says: «Come, Mary. We are afraid of the Jews. Would You like them to come in here? »

«No. This is a holy place. Let us go. Help Me... You have done the right thing in telling Me. I would also like a chest, a beautiful large one with a lock, to close all My treasures in it. »

«I will have it brought to You from our mansion tomorrow. It is the nicest one in the house. It is strong and safe. I give it to You with joy» says the Magdalene promising it.

They go out. Mary is really exhausted. She staggers in climbing the few steps. And if Her grief is less dramatic, it is because it no longer has the strength of being so. But in its quietness it is even more tragical.

They go into the room in which they were previously, and before going back to Her seat, Mary caresses the Holy Face of the veronica, as if it were a face of flesh.

<sup>5</sup>There is another knock at the door. The women hasten to go <sup>614. 5</sup> out and close the door.

In Her tired voice Mary says: «If it is the disciples, and in particular Simon Peter and Judas, let them come to Me at once. »

But it is Isaac, the shepherd. After some minutes, he goes in weeping and he prostrates himself at once before the veronica and then before the Mother, and he does not know what to say.

It is Mary Who says: «Thank you. *He saw* you and I saw you. I know. He looked at you as long as He could. »

Isaac weeps louder. He can speak only when he has finished weeping. «We did not want to go away. But Jonathan begged us. The Jews were threatening the women and later we were no longer able to come. It was... it was all over... Where should we have gone then? We scattered through the countryside and at dead of night we gathered together half way between Jerusalem and Bethlehem. We thought we would turn His Death away by going towards His Grotto... But then we felt that it was not right to go there... It was selfishness, and we came back towards the City... And we found ourselves, without knowing how, at Bethany... »

«My sons! »

«Lazarus! »

«James! »

«They are all there. Lazarus' fields at dawn were strewn with people who were wandering and weeping... His useless friends and disciples!... I... went to Lazarus and I thought I was the first... Instead your two sons were already there, woman, and yours, with Andrew Bartholomew, Matthew. Simon Zealot had convinced them to go there. And Maximinus, who had gone out into the country early in the morning, had found more. And Lazarus has helped them all. And he is still doing so. He says that the Master had ordered him to do that. And also the Zealot says so. »

«But Simon and Joseph, my other sons, where are they? »

«I don't know, woman. We had been together until the earthquake... Then... I don't know anything else precisely. Amidst the darkness and lightning and the dead who had risen and the quaking ground and the whirlwind, I lost my head. I found myself in the Temple. And I still wonder how I got there, beyond the sacred limit. Consider that between me and the altar of scents there was only a cubit... Imagine! I was where only the priests on duty are allowed to stand!... And... and I saw the Holy of Holies!... Yes. Because the veil of the Holy is torn from top to bottom, as if the power of a giant had torn it... If they had seen me in there, they would have stoned me. But no one could see any more. I met nothing but ghosts of dead and ghosts of living people. Because we looked like ghosts in the light of thunderbolts, in the bright light of fires, and with terror on our faces... »

«Oh! my Simon! My Joseph! »

«And Simon Peter? And Judas of Kerioth? And Thomas and Philip? »

«I do not know, Mother... Lazarus sent me to see you, because they had told him that... they had killed you all. »

«Well, go at once to reassure him. I have already sent Manaen. But you had better go as well and tell him... tell him that He alone has been killed. And I with Him. And if you see any of the other disciples, take them there with you. But I want the Iscariot and Simon Peter here. »

«Mother... forgive us if we did not do more. »

«I forgive everything... Go. »

Isaac goes out. And Martha and Mary, Salome and Mary of Alphaeus overwhelm him with prayers, recommendations, orders. Susanna weeps silently, because nobody speaks to her of her husband. And that reminds Salome of hers. And she weeps as well.

<sup>614.6</sup> «There is silence again, until there is a further knocking at the door.

Since the town is quiet, the women are not so frightened. But when through the half-open door they see Longinus' clean-shaven face appear, they all run away as if they had seen a dead body wrapped in its shroud or the Devil himself. The master of the house, who is idling about the hall curiously, is the first to run away.

The Magdalene, who was with Mary, rushes there. Longinus, with an involuntary mocking smile on his lips, has gone in, and has closed the heavy main door himself. He is not wearing a uniform, but he has on a short grey tunic under a mantle which is also dark.

Mary Magdalene looks at him and he looks at her. Still leaning against the door, Longinus asks: «May I come in without contaminating anybody? And without terrifying anyone? This morning at dawn I saw Joseph, the citizen, and he mentioned the Mother's desire to me. I apologise for not thinking of it myself. Here is the lance. I had kept it as a souvenir of a... of the Saint of Saints. Oh! He is indeed! But it is right that the Mother should have it. With regard to the garments... it is more difficult. Do not tell Her... but perhaps they have already been sold for a few coins... It is the right of the soldiers. But I will try to find them... »

«Come. She is in there. »

«But I am a heathen! »

«It does not matter. I will go and tell Her, if you wish so. »

«Oh! no... I did not think I deserved that. »

<sup>7</sup>Mary Magdalene goes to the Blessed Virgin. «Mother, Longinus is out there... He offers the lance to You. » 614. 7

«Let him come in. »

The master of the house, who is at the entrance, grumbles: «But he is a heathen. »

«I am the Mother of everybody, man. As He is everybody's Redeemer. »

Longinus goes in and on the threshold he salutes in the Roman way, with his arm outstretched (he has taken off his mantle) and then he greets Her saying: «Ave, Domina. A Roman greets you: the Mother of mankind. The *true* Mother. I would have liked it not to have been me... at... at that affair. But it was an order. However, if I serve to give what You wish, I forgive destiny for choosing me for that horrible thing. Here» and he gives Her the lance enveloped in a red cloth. Only the steel head, not the shaft.

Mary takes it and becomes even wanner. Her very lips disappear in the pallor. The lance seems to open Her veins. And Her lips tremble as She says: «May He lead you to Himself. Because of your kindness. »

«He was the only Just Man I ever met in the vast empire of Rome. I regret I only knew Him through the words of my companions. Now... it is late! »

«No, son. He has finished evangelizing. But His Gospel remains. In His Church. »

«Where is His Church? » Longinus is slightly ironical.

«It is here. Today it is struck and scattered. But tomorrow it will gather like a tree that tidies up its foliage after a storm. And, even if there were nobody else, I am here. And the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God and Mine, is all written in My heart. All I need do is to look at My heart in order to be able to repeat it to you. »

«I will come. A religion that has as its head such a hero can but be divine. Ave, Domina! »

And also Longinus goes away.

Mary kisses the lance where there is still the Blood of Her Son... And She does not want to remove that Blood. But She leaves it saying: «a ruby of God, on the cruel lance»...

614. 8 <sup>8</sup>The day goes by thus, amid clear spells and threats of storms.

John comes back only when the sun shining perpendicularly tells that it is midday. «Mother, I have not found anybody, except... Judas of Kerioth. »

«Where is he? »

«Oh! Mother! How horrible! He is hanging from an olive-tree, all swollen and black, as if he had been dead for weeks. Rotten. Horrible... Above him vultures, crows, I do not know what, are shrieking fighting atrociously... It was their brawling that called me in that direction. I was on the road of the Mount of Olives, and on a hillock I saw ugly black birds wheel round and round. I went... Why? I do not know. And I saw. How horrible!... »

«How horrible! You are right. But above Goodness there was Justice. In fact Goodness is absent, now... But Peter! But Peter!... John, I have the lance. But the garments... Longinus did not mention them. »

«Mother, I want to go to Gethsemane. He had no mantle on when He was captured. Perhaps it is still there. Then I will go to Bethany. »

«Go. Go for the mantle... The others are with Lazarus. So do not go to Lazarus. It is not necessary. Go and come back here. »



John runs away, without taking any refreshment. Mary also is without any. The women, standing, have eaten bread and olives, working all the time at their balms.

<sup>9</sup>Then Johanna of Chuza comes with Jonathan. Her features <sup>614.9</sup> are disfigured by tears. And as soon as she sees Mary, she says: «He saved me! He saved me and He is dead. Now I wish I had never been saved! »

It is Our Lady of Sorrows Who has to comfort this woman, who was cured but has remained morbidly sensitive. And She consoles and fortifies her saying: «You would not have known and loved Him, and now you would not be able to serve Him. How much there is to be done in future! And we will have to do it, because you can see... We have remained, and the men have-run away. The true giver of life is always the woman. In Good. In Evil. We will generate the new Faith. We are full of it, as it was deposited in us by the Spouse God. And we will generate for the Earth. For the welfare of the world. Look how handsome He is! How He smiles and begs for this holy work of ours! Johanna, I love you, you know that. Do not weep any more. »

«But He is dead! Yes. There He still looks as if He were alive. But He is no longer alive. What is the world without Him? »

«He will come back. Go. Pray. Wait. The more you believe, the sooner He will rise from the dead. That belief is My strength... And only God, Satan and I know how many assaults have been made upon this faith of Mine in His Resurrection. »

Johanna also goes away, weak and bent like a lily too saturated with water.

But once she has gone out, Mary relapses into Her torture. «I have to give strength to everybody. To everybody! And who gives it to Me? » And She weeps, caressing the Face of the image, because She is now sitting near the chest on which the veronica is spread.

<sup>10</sup>Joseph and Nicodemus come. And they spare the women the <sup>614.10</sup> trouble of going out to buy myrrh and aloe, because they have brought some little bags of them. But their strength yields before the Face impressed on the linen cloth and the ravaged face of the Mother. They sit in a corner after greeting Her and they become silent. They are serious, gloomy... Later they go away.

Mary has no more strength to speak. But the darker it gets,

which occurs rather early because of a mass of sultry clouds, the more She is tortured. The shadows of the evening are also for Her, as for all those who suffer, a source of deeper grief.

The other women also become sadder. Particularly Salome, Mary of Alpheus and Susanna. But at last they have some consolation as Zebedee, Susanna's husband, Simon and Joseph of Alpheus arrive in a group. The first two remain in the hall, explaining that John found them as he was going through the Ophel suburb. The other two instead were found by Isaac while they were wandering through the countryside, undecided as to whether they should go back to town, or go to their brothers who they supposed were at Bethany.

614. 11 <sup>11</sup>Simon asks: «Where is Mary? I want to see Her» and preceded by his mother, he goes in and kisses his distressed relative.

«Are you alone? Why is Joseph not with you? Why have you parted? Are you still at variance with each other? You must not. See? The reason of the disagreement is dead! » And She points at the face of the veronica.

Simon looks at it and weeps. He says: «We have *never* parted again. And we will not part. Yes, the reason of the disagreement is dead. But not as You think. It is dead because Joseph, *now*, has understood... Joseph is out there... and he dares not come in... »

«Oh! no. I never frighten anybody. I am nothing but mercy. I would have forgiven also the Traitor. But it is no longer possible. He has killed himself. » And She stands up. She walks with a stoop and calls: «Joseph! Joseph! »

But Joseph, overwhelmed with weeping, does not reply.

She goes to the door, as She had done to speak to Judas, and leaning on the door-post, She stretches the other hand out and lays it on the head of the eldest and most stubborn of Her nephews. She caresses him and says: «Let Me lean on a Joseph! Everything was peace and serenity as long as I had that name as king in My house. Then My holy man died... And all the human welfare of poor Mary died as well. The supernatural welfare of My God and Son has remained... Now I am the forlorn wretch... But if I can be embraced in the arms of a Joseph I love, and you know whether I love you, I shall be less forlorn. I shall seem to have gone back in time. And that I can say: "Jesus is absent. But He is not dead. He is at Cana, at Nain, working, but He will soon

be back... ” Come, Joseph. Let us go in together where He is waiting to smile at you. He left His smile to us to tell us that He bears us no ill-will. »

Joseph goes in, held by the hand by Her, and as soon as he sees Her sitting down, he kneels in front of Her, with his head on Her lap and sobbing says: «Forgive me! Forgive me! »

«It is not Me, it is Him you must ask. »

«He cannot forgive me. On Calvary I tried to attract His attention. He looked at *everybody*, but not at me... He is right... I have known and loved Him, as a Master, too late. Now, it is all over. »

«*It begins now*. You will go to Nazareth and say: “I believe”. Your faith will have an infinite value. You will love Him with the perfection of future apostles, who will have the merit of loving Jesus known only through the spirit. Will you do that? »

«Yes! I will! To make amends. But I should like to hear a word from Him. And I shall never hear it again... »

«On the third day He will rise and He will speak to those whom He loves. The whole world is awaiting His Voice. »

«You are blessed, since You can believe... »

«Joseph! Joseph! My spouse was your uncle. And he believed something that is much more difficult to believe than this. He did believe that poor Mary of Nazareth was the Spouse and Mother of God. How can you, the nephew of that Just man after whom you are named, not believe that a God can say to Death: “Enough!” and to Life: “Come back! ”? »

«I do not deserve that faith, because I have been bad. I was unfair to Him. But You... You are the Mother. Bless me. Forgive me... Give me peace... ».

«Yes... Peace... Forgiveness... Oh! God! Once I said: “How difficult it is to be the ‘redeemers’”. Now I say: “How difficult it is to be the Mother of the Redeemer! ”. Have mercy, My God! Mercy!...

<sup>12</sup>Go, Joseph. Your mother has suffered so much during these hours. Console her... I am staying here... With what I have of My Child... And My solitary tears will obtain Faith for you. Good-bye, My dear nephew. Tell everybody that I want to be silent... to think... to pray... I am... I am a poor woman hanging from a thread over an abyss... The thread is My Faith... And your *lack of faith*, because nobody is *capable of* believing totally and ho-

614. 12

lily, *your lack of faith* knocks continuously against My thread... And you are not aware of what exhaustion you induce in Me... You do not know that you are helping Satan to torture Me. Go... »

And Mary remains alone... She kneels before the veronica. She kisses the forehead, the eyes, the lips of Her Son and says: «So! So! To have strength... *I must believe. I must believe. On behalf of everybody.* »

Night has fallen. A starless, dark, sultry night. Mary remains in the shadow with Her sorrow.

The day of the Sabbath is over.

### 615. The night of the Holy Saturday.

31<sup>st</sup> March 1945.

615.1 <sup>1</sup>Mary of Alphaeus goes in cautiously and listens. Perhaps she thinks that the Blessed Virgin has fallen asleep. She approaches Her and bends over Her. And she sees Her on Her knees, with Her face on the floor against the veronica. She whispers: «Oh! poor wretch! She has stayed like that! » She must think that She has fallen asleep like that or She has fainted.

But Mary, ending Her prayer, says: «No, I was praying. »

«On Your knees! In the dark! In the cold! With the window open! See? You are frozen. »

«But I feel so much better, Mary. While I was praying - and only the Eternal knows how exhausted I was after giving strength to so many wavering faiths and enlightening so many minds that not even His death had illuminated - I seemed to smell an angelical scent, a heavenly freshness, a caress of a wing... Only for a moment... Not longer. A drop of pacifying sweetness seemed to be instilled into the sea of myrrh that has been submerging Me furiously for three days now. The closed vault of Heaven seemed to open a little and a beam of bright love seemed to descend upon the Abandoned Mother. And I seemed to hear an incorporeal whisper, coming from an infinite distance, say: “It is really all over”. My prayer, so far desolate, has become more peaceful. It became tinged with the bright peace - oh! just a nuance! - with the bright peace that I used to experience in My contacts with  
615.2 God during My prayers... <sup>2</sup>My prayers!... Mary, did you love your

Alphaeus very much, when you were his virgin bride? »

«Oh! Mary!... I rejoiced at dawn saying: “Another night has gone by. One less to wait”. I rejoiced at sunset saying: “Another day is over. Nearer is my entrance into his house”. And as the sun set, I used to sing like a skylark thinking: “He will soon be here”.

And when I saw him come, looking as handsome as my Judas - that is why Judas is my favourite - but with the eyes of a deer in love like my James, oh! then I no longer knew where I was! And when he greeted me saying: “My sweet bride! ” and I was able to say him: “My Lord”, then I... I think that, if at that moment I had been crushed by a heavy cart or struck by an arrow, I would have felt no pain. And later!... When I became his wife... Ah!... » Mary is lost in the ecstasy of recollections. She then asks: «But why that question? »

«To explain to you what My prayers were for Me. Multiply your feelings by one hundred, raise them to thousands powers, and you will understand what prayer and the wait for the hour of prayer have always been for Me... Of course, I think that, even if I did not pray in the peace of the grotto or of My room, but I was intent on the work of a woman; My soul prayed incessantly... But when I was able to say: “Well, the hour to collect My thoughts in God is coming”, My heart would burn throbbing fast. And when I got lost in Him... then... No... I cannot explain this to you. When you are in the light of God you will understand... <sup>3</sup>All <sup>615. 3</sup> that had been lost for three days... And it was even more heart-rending than not having My Son any more... And Satan worked on these two wounds, laid one on top of the other, the death of My Son and the abandonment by God, creating a third wound: the terror of the lack of faith. Mary, I am fond of you and you are relative of Mine. Later, you will tell your sons, the apostles, so that they may persevere in their apostolate and triumph over Satan. I am sure that, if I had accepted the doubt, if I had yielded to Satan’s temptation and I had said: “It is not possible for Him to rise from the dead” denying God - because to say that was the same as denying God with His Truth and Power - such a great Redemption would have come to nothing. I, the new Eve, would have bitten once again at the forbidden fruit of pride and of spiritual sense, and I would have destroyed the work of My Redeemer. The apostles will be continuously tempted thus: by the world,

by the flesh, by power, by Satan. Let them be firm against all tortures, and the corporal ones will be the lightest, so that they may not destroy what Jesus has done. »

615.4 «You, Mary, should tell my sons... What do You expect Your poor sister-in-law to say?! <sup>4</sup>Oh! however! If they had come! That they should run away at first, well!... But later! »

«You know that Lazarus and Simon were ordered to take them to Bethany. Jesus knows everything... »

«Yes... But... Oh! when I see them, I will reproach them *severely*. They behaved cowardly. That everybody else should behave so is understandable, but not them, my sons! I will never forgive them... »

«Forgive them, forgive them... It was a moment of dismay... They did not believe that He could be captured. He had said so... »

«That is why I will not forgive them. They knew. So they were already prepared. When one knows something, and believes the person who tells it, nothing surprises any more! »

«Mary, also to all of you He said: “I will rise”. And yet... If I could lay your breasts and heads open, on your hearts and on your brains I would see written: “It is not possible”. »

«But, at least... Yes... It is difficult to believe... But we remained on Calvary. »

«Through the gratuitous grace of God. Otherwise we would have run away as well. Longinus, did you hear him? He said: “horrible thing”. And he is a warrior. We, women, all alone with a boy, we resisted through God’s direct help. So do not boast about it. It is no merit of ours. »

«And why was it not given to them? »

«Because they will be the priests of tomorrow. *So they must know*. They must know, having experienced it themselves, how easy it is for a follower of a Creed to lapse into abjuration. Jesus does not want priests like those who are so little so, that they have been His most obstinate enemies... »

«You speak of Jesus as if He had already come back. »

«See? You also admit that you do not believe. So how can you reproach your sons? »

Mary of Alphaeus does not know what to say in reply. She remains with her head lowered and mechanically moves some objects. She finds the little lamp and goes out with it and comes

back in after lighting it, and she puts it in its usual place.

Mary is sitting once again near the stretched out veronica. The veronica, in the yellow flickering little flame of the oil lamp acquires a particular liveliness, and the lips and eyes seem to move.

«Are You not taking anything? » asks Mary's sister-in-law, who is somewhat mortified.

«A little water. I am thirsty. »

Mary goes out and comes back... with some milk.

«Do not insist. I cannot. Some water, yes. There is no more water in Me. I think I have no more blood either. But... »

<sup>5</sup>There is a knock at the door. Mary of Alphaeus goes out. People can be heard talking in low voices in the hall, then John looks into the room.

615. 5

«John. Have you come back? Still nothing? »

«Yes. Simon Peter... and Jesus' mantle... together... At Gethsemane. The mantle... » John falls on his knees and says: «Here it is... But it is all torn and covered with blood. The marks of the hands are Jesus'. Only He had them so long and thin. But it has been torn by teeth, it is very clear that this is the mouth of a man. I think it must have been... it must have been Judas Iscariot, because near the spot where Simon Peter found the mantle, there was a piece of Judas' yellow tunic. He went back there... later... before committing suicide. Look, Mother. »

Mary has done nothing but caress and kiss the heavy red mantle of Her Son, but, pressed by John, She opens it and sees the marks of blood, dark against the red of the Blood, and the tears of the teeth. She trembles and whispers: «How much blood! » She does not seem to see anything but that.

«Mother... the ground is red with it. Simon, who ran up there in the early morning hours, says that there was still fresh blood on the leaves of the grass... Jesus... I do not know... He did not seem to me to be wounded... Where did so much blood come from? »

«From His Body. In the bitter anguish... Oh! Jesus total Victim! Oh! My Jesus! » Mary weeps so distressingly, with an exhausted lament, that the women appear at the door and look in and then they go away. «This, this while everybody was abandoning You... What were you doing, while He was suffering «His first agony? »

«We were sleeping, Mother... » John weeps.

615.6 6«Was Simon there? Tell Me. »

«I had gone to look for the mantle. I had thought of asking Jonah and Mark... But they have run away. The house is closed and everything has been abandoned. So I went down to the walls, to go along all the road we had gone on Thursday... I was so tired that evening, and so grieved, that now I could not remember where Jesus had taken off His mantle. It seemed to me that He had it, then that He did not have it... On the spot where He was arrested there was nothing... Where we three were, nothing... I went along the path taken by the Master... And I thought that also Simon Peter was dead, because I saw him there, all crouched against a rock. I shouted. He raised his head... and I thought he had gone mad, so changed was he. He uttered a cry and tried to run away. But he staggered, blinded by his weeping, and I got hold of him. He said to me: "Leave me. I am a demon. I denied Him. As He said... and the cock crowed and He looked at me. I ran away... I ran here and there through the country, and then I found myself here. And, see? Jehovah made me find His Blood here to accuse me. Blood everywhere. Blood everywhere! On the rock, on the ground, on the grass. I had it shed. Like you, like everybody. But I denied that Blood". He seemed delirious. I tried to calm him and take him away. But he did not want. He said:

"Here. Here. To guard this Blood and His mantle. And I want to wash it with my tears. When there is no more blood on the cloth, perhaps I will go back among the living, beating my breast and saying: 'I have denied the Lord! '". I told him that You wanted him. That You had sent me looking for him. But he would not believe me. Then I told him that You wanted also Judas, to forgive him, and that You were suffering as You were no longer able to do so, because of his suicide. Then he wept more calmly. He wanted to know *everything*. And he told me that there was still fresh Blood on the grass and that the mantle had been maltreated by Judas, of whose tunic he had found a piece. I let him talk and talk, and then I said: "Come to the Mother". Oh! how much I had to insist to convince him! And when I thought that I had succeeded in convincing him and I got up to come he did not want to come any more. He came only when it was getting dark. But



when he arrived beyond the gate, he hid once again in a deserted vegetable garden saying: "I don't want people to see me. I bear written on my forehead the word: *Denier of God*". Now that it is completely dark, I have succeeded in dragging him here. »

<sup>7</sup>«Where is he? »

615.7

«Behind that door. »

«Let him come in. »

«Mother... »

«John... »

«Do not reproach him. He is repentant. »

«Do you still know Me so little? Let him come in. »

John goes out. He comes back. Alone. He says: «He dares not. Try to call him Yourself. »

And Mary calls him kindly: «Simon of Jonah, come. » Nothing. «Simon Peter, come. » Nothing. «Peter of Jesus and Mary, come. » A sharp burst of weeping. But he does not go in. Mary stands up. She leaves the mantle on the table and goes to the door.

Peter is crouched outside. Like a dog with no master. He cries so loud and all curled up, that he cannot hear the noise of the door that opens squeaking or the shuffling of Mary's sandals. He realises that She is there when She bends so low as to take his hand, pressed against his eyes, and She compels him to stand up. She goes back into the room dragging him like a little boy. She closes the door and locks it, and bent with sorrow, as he is with shame, She goes back to Her seat.

Peter kneels at Her feet and weeps without restraint. Mary caresses his grey hair, wet with the perspiration of sorrow. Nothing but such caress, until he calms down.

<sup>8</sup>Then, when at last Peter says: «You cannot forgive me. So do not caress me. Because I have denied Him», Mary says: 615.8

«Peter, you have denied Him. That is true. You had the courage of denying Him in public. The cowardly courage of doing that. The others... *Everybody*, except the shepherds, Manaen, Nicodemus and Joseph and John, has only been cowardly. They have all denied Him: the men and women of Israel, except a few women... I will not mention the nephews and Alphaeus of Sarah. They were relatives and friends. But the others!... And they did not even have the satanic courage of lying to save themselves, or the spiritual courage of repenting weeping, or the more elevated

one of acknowledging their error in public. You are a poor man. Or rather, you were. As long as you relied on yourself. Now you are a man. Tomorrow you will be a saint. But even if you were not what you are, I would have forgiven you the same. I would have forgiven also Judas, to save his soul. *Because the value of a soul, also of one only, deserves every effort to overcome disgust and resentment, to the extent of being crushed thereby.* Bear that in mind, Peter. I will repeat it to you: *“The value of a soul is such that, at the cost of dying through the effort of suffering to have it close to us, one must hold it so, in one’s arms, as I am holding your grey-haired head, if one realises that, by holding it so, it can be saved”.* So... Like a mother who, after the father’s punishment, presses the head of her guilty son to her heart, and more with the words of her distressed heart that beats with love and sorrow, than with the father’s blows, reforms and achieves.

Peter of My Son, poor Peter who have been, like everybody, in the hands of Satan in this hour of darkness, and you were not aware of it, and you think that you had done everything by yourself, come, do come here, on the heart of the Mother of My Son’s children. Here Satan can no longer harm you. Here storms abate, and while waiting for the sun, My Jesus, Who will rise to say to you: “Peace to you, My Peter”, the morning star rises, pure, beautiful, and making everything it kisses pure and beautiful, as happens on the clear waters of our sea in the fresh spring mornings. That is why I have wished so much to have you. At the foot of the Cross, I was tortured because of Him and of you and - how come you did not perceive it? - and I called your spirits so loud that I think they really came to Me. And closed in My heart, or rather, laid on My heart, like the loaves of the offering, I held them under the bath of His Blood and His tears. I was able to do so, because, in John, He made Me the Mother of all His progeny... How much I longed for you!... That morning, in that afternoon, at night and the following day... Why, poor Peter, wounded and trampled on by the Demon, did you keep a mother waiting so long? Do you not know that it is the task of mothers to tidy up, cure, forgive and lead their children? I will lead you to Him.

<sup>615.9</sup> <sup>9</sup>Would you like to see Him? Would you like to see His smile, to be convinced that He still loves you? Would you? Oh! then move

away from My poor lap of a woman, and lay your forehead on His crowned forehead, your lips on His wounded lips and kiss your Lord. »

«He is dead... I shall never be able. »

«Peter. Reply to Me. Which do you think is the last miracle of your Lord? »

«The Eucharist. No. That of the soldier cured there... there... Oh! do not remind me!... »

«A faithful, loving strong woman met Him on Calvary and wiped His Face. And He, to tell us how much love can do, impressed the image of His Face on the linen cloth. Here it is, Peter. A woman achieved that, in an hour of hellish darkness and of divine wrath. Simply because she loved. Bear that in mind, Peter, for the hours in which the Demon will seem to you to be stronger than God. God was the prisoner of men, He was already overwhelmed, condemned, scourged, He was already dying... *And yet, as God is always God even among the most cruel persecutions, and if the Idea is struck, God Who inspires it is untouchable, so God to deniers, to unbelievers, to the men of the foolish "whys", of the guilty "it cannot be", of the sacrilegious "what I do not understand is not true"*, replies, without any words, with this cloth. Look at it. <sup>10</sup>One day, you told Me, you said to Andrew: 615. 10  
"The Messiah showed Himself to you? It cannot be true", and then your human reason had to bend before the power of the spirit, that saw the Messiah where reason did not see Him. On another occasion, on the stormy sea, you asked: "Shall I come, Master? " and then, when you were half way, on the agitated water, you became doubtful saying: "Water cannot hold me" and, with your doubt as ballast, you were almost drowned. Only when the spirit that believed prevailed against human reason, you were able to find the help of God. On another occasion you said: "If Lazarus has been dead four days, why have we come? To die in vain? ". Because with your human reason you could not suppose any other solution. And your reason was disproved by the spirit, that by pointing out to you, through the man raised from the dead, the glory of Him Who had raised him, showed you that you had not gone there in vain. Another time, many other times, upon hearing your Lord speak of death, and a cruel death, you said: "That will never happen to You! " And you can see how

your reason has been given the lie. I now wait to hear the word of your spirit in this last case.. »

«Forgive me. »

«No. Another word. »

«I believe. »

«Another one. »

«I don't know... »

«*I love. Peter, love. You will be forgiven. You will believe. You will be strong. You will be the Priest, not the Pharisee who oppresses and has nothing but formalism and lack of active faith.* 615. 11<sup>11</sup>Look at Him. Dare to look at Him. Everybody has looked at Him and venerated Him. Even Longinus... And would you not be able? And yet you were able to deny Him! If you do not recognise Him now, through the fire of My motherly loving sorrow that joins you and reconciles you, you will never be able again. He rises from the dead. How will you be able to look at Him in His new splendour, if you do not know His face in the passage from the Master you know, to the Triumpher Whom you do not know? Because sorrow, all the Sorrow of ages and of the world, has worked on Him with chisel and mallet in the hours from Thursday evening to the ninth hour on Friday. And they have changed His Face. Previously He was only the Master and Friend. Now He is the Judge and King. He has ascended on His throne to judge. And He has put on His crown. He will remain so. The only difference is that after His glorious Resurrection, He will no longer be the Man Judge and King, but the God Judge and King. Look at Him. Look at Him while Humanity and Sorrow veil Him, in order to be able to look at Him when He triumphs in His Divinity. »

Peter at last raises his head from Mary's lap and looks at Her, with his eyes red with weeping, in the face of an old child, who is desolate and surprised at the evil he has done and at all the good he finds.

Mary compels him to look at his Lord. Then while Peter, as if he were before a living face, says moaning: «Forgive me, forgive me! I do not know how it happened. What happened. I was not myself. It was something that made me be not myself. But I love You, Jesus! I love You, my Master! Come back! Come back! Do not go away like that, without telling me that You have understood me! », Mary repeats the gesture already made in the se-

pulchral room. Standing, Her arms outstretched, She looks like the priestess at the moment of the offerings. And as there She offered the immaculate Host, here She offers the repentant sinner. She is indeed the Mother of saints and sinners!

<sup>12</sup>Then She makes Peter stand up and continues to console him. And She says to him: «I am now happier. I know that you are here. Go now where the women and John are. You all need rest and food. Go. And be good... » as if he were a boy. 615. 12

And while in the house, which is calmer this second night after His death and is inclined to go back to the human customs of sleep and food, and has the tired resigned appearance of dwellings where the survivors recover slowly from the blow of death, Mary alone wants to stay up, motionless in Her place, awaiting, in prayer. Always. Always. Always. For the living and for the dead. For the just and the guilty. For the return. The return. The return of Her Son.

Her sister-in-law wanted to stay with Her. But now she is sound asleep, sitting in a corner, with her head leaning against the wall. Martha and Mary go in twice, but then, sleepy as they are, they withdraw into a nearby room, and after a few words, they fall asleep as well... And farther away, in a room as small as a plaything, Salome and Susanna are sleeping, while, on two mats laid on the floor, Peter and John are sleeping noisily. The former still sobbing mechanically at intervals in his snoring, the latter with the smile of a child who is dreaming of a happy vision.

Life resumes its activity and the flesh its rights... Only the Morning Star shines wakefully, with Her love watching near the image of Her Son.

And the night of Holy Saturday passes by thus. Until the crow of a cock, at the first light of daybreak, makes Peter jump to his feet with a shout. And his frightened sorrowful cry awakes those who were sleeping.

The truce is over for them and sorrow begins all over again. As for Mary, it only increases the anxiety of Her wait.

# The Glorification of Jesus and Mary.

616. The morning of the Resurrection. Mary's prayer.

1<sup>st</sup> April 1945.

<sup>616. 1</sup>  
The women resume working at the ointments, which, during the night, in the cool of the court-yard, have become a thick pomade.

John and Peter think that they ought to tidy up the Supper-room, cleaning the tableware, but putting everything back, as if the Supper were just over.

«He told us» says John.

«He had also said: “Do not fall asleep”! He had said: “Do not be proud, Peter. Do you not know that the hour of the trial is about to come?” And... and He said: “You will deny Me...”» Peter weeps again, while with deep grief he says: «And I did deny Him! »

«Enough, Peter! Now you have collected yourself. Enough of this torture! »

«No, never enough. If I should become as old as the ancient patriarchs, if I should live the seven hundred or the nine hundred years of Adam and of his first grandchildren, I would never cease having this torture. »

«Do you not hope in His Mercy? »

«Yes, I do. If I did not believe in that, I should be like the Iscariot: a desperate man. But even if He forgives me from the bosom of His Father, where He has gone back, I *will not forgive myself*. I! I! I who said: “I do not know Him”, because at that moment it was dangerous to know Him, because I was ashamed of being His disciple, because I was afraid of being tortured... He was going towards His death... and I thought of saving my life. And to save it, I rejected Him, like a woman in sin, who, after giving birth to a child, rejects the fruit of her womb, which is dangerous to keep, before her unaware husband comes back. I am worse than an adulteress... worse than... »

616.2 <sup>2</sup>Mary Magdalene, attracted by their shouts, comes in. «Do not shout like that. Mary can hear you. She is so exhausted! She has no strength left, and everything hurts Her. Your useless unseemly shouts renew Her torture of what you have been... »

«See? See, John? A woman can order me to be quiet. And she is right. Because we, the males sacred to the Lord, have only been able to lie or to run away. The women have been brave. You, a little more than a woman, so young and pure you are, were able to remain. We, the strong ones, the males, have fled. Oh! how the world must despise me! Tell me, tell me, woman! You are right! Put your foot, on my lips that lied. On the sole of your sandal there is perhaps a little of His Blood. And only that Blood, mixed with the mud of the road, can give the denier a little forgiveness, a little peace. I must get accustomed to the scorn of the world! What am I? Tell me: what am I? »

«You are full of pride» replies calmly the Magdalene. «Sorrow? Also. But you must believe that out of ten parts of your sorrow, five, I do not want to offend you by saying six, five are of your sorrow of being one who can be despised. And I will really scorn you if you continue only to moan and get into a frenzy, just like a foolish woman! What is done is done. And no unseemly shouting can repair it or cancel it. It only serves to draw attention and beg for undeserved pity. Be manly in your repentance. Do not shout. Act. <sup>3</sup>I... you know who I was... But, when I realised that I was more despicable than vomit, I did not fall into fits of convulsions. I acted. In public. Without being indulgent towards myself and without asking for indulgence. Did the world despise me? It was right. I had deserved it. The world said: “A new whim of the prostitute”? And it called blasphemy my recourse to Jesus? It was right. The world remembered my previous behaviour that justified such remarks. So? The world had to convince itself that the sinner Mary no longer existed. By means of facts, I convinced the world. Do the same and be quiet. »

«You are severe, Mary» objects John.

«More with myself than with other people. But I admit it. I do not have the light hand of the Mother. She is Love. I... oh! I! I lashed my feelings with the whip of my will. And I will do so even more. Do you think that *I have forgiven myself for being lustful?* No, I have not. But I only say so to myself. And I will

always repeat it to myself. I shall die consumed with this secret regret of having been my own corrupter, with this inconsolable sorrow of having profaned myself and not having been able to give Him but a trampled on heart... See... I have worked more than all the others at the balms... And with greater courage than the others I will uncover Him... Oh! God! what will He be like now! (Mary of Magdala grows pale at the very thought of it). And I will cover Him with fresh balms, removing those which are certainly all tainted on His countless wounds... I will do so, because the other women will look like convolvuli after a downpour... But it grieves me to have to do it with these hands of mine accustomed to caressing lustfully, and to have to approach His Holiness with this stained body of mine... I should like... I should like to have the hand of the Virgin Mother to accomplish this last unction... »

Mary is now weeping silently, without sobbing. How different she is from the theatrical Mary always shown to us! She is weeping noiselessly, as she did on the day of her forgiveness in the house of the Pharisee\*.

<sup>4</sup>«Are you saying that... the women will be afraid? » Peter <sup>616. 4</sup> asks her.

«Not afraid... But they will be upset seeing His Body, which is certainly already rotten... swollen... black. And then, and this is certain, they will be afraid of the guards. »

«Do you want me to come? With John? »

«Ha! Certainly not! We women are *all* going. Because, as we were *all up there*, so it is fair that we should all be round His death bed You and John will remain here. She cannot remain alone!... »

«Is She not coming? »

«We are not letting Her come! »

«She is convinced that He will rise from the dead... What do you think? »

«I, after Mary, am the one who believes more. I have always believed that that could be. He said so. And He never lies... Never!... Oh! before I used to call Him Jesus, Master, Saviour, Lord... Now. now I feel that He is *so great* that I do not know, I dare not

\* in the house of the Pharisee, in 236.



give Him a name any more... What shall I say to Him when I see Him?... »

«But do you really think that He will rise?... »

«Another one! Oh! By dint of telling you that I do believe and of hearing you say that you do not believe, I will end up by not believing any more myself! I have believed and I do believe. I have believed and a long time ago I prepared a garment for Him. And tomorrow, as tomorrow is the third day, I will bring it here, to have it ready... »

«But if you say that He will be black, swollen, filthy? »

«Filthy, never. Sin is filthy. But... of course! He will be black. So? Was Lazarus not already putrid? And yet he rose. And his body was healed. But, if I say so!... Be quiet, you misbelievers! My human reason says also to me: “He is dead and will not rise”. But my spirit, “His” spirit, because I have received a new spirit from Him, shouts resounding like blares of silver trumpets: “He will rise! He will rise! He will rise! ”. Why do you hurl me like a little boat against the cliffs of your doubts? I believe! I believe, my Lord! Although torn by grief, Lazarus has obeyed the Master and has remained in Bethany... I, who know who Lazarus of Theophilus is, a strong man, not a fearful leveret, can appreciate the sacrifice he made by remaining in the shade and not near the Master. But he obeyed. And by such obedience he has been more heroic than if with weapons he had snatched Him from armed men. I have believed and I believe. And I am staying here. Waiting like Her. But let me go. It is daybreak. As soon as there is enough light, we will go to the Sepulchre... »

And the Magdalene goes away, her face flushed with weeping, but always brave.

616.5 <sup>5</sup>She goes back into Mary’s room.

«What was the matter with Peter? »

«A nervous fit. But he has got over it. »

«Do not be severe, Mary. He suffers. »

«So do I. But You know that not even once have I asked a pitying caress of You. He has already been cured by You... On the contrary, I think that You alone, Mother, are in need of a balsam. My holy, beloved Mother! But take heart... Tomorrow is the third day. We shall lock ourselves in here, the two of us: His lovers. You, the holy Lover; I, the poor lover... But I love Him as

much as I can, with my whole self. And we will wait for Him... The rest, those who do not believe, we will lock them in over there, with their doubts. And I will put many roses here... I will have the chest brought here today... I will go to the mansion house and I will instruct Levi. All these horrible things must disappear! Our Resurrected Lord must not see them... So many roses... And You will put on a new dress... He must not see You so. I will comb Your hair, I will wash Your poor face disfigured by tears. Eternal maid, I will act as Your mother... I shall have, at last, the joy of taking motherly care of a child more innocent than a new-born baby! Dear! » and with her emotional exuberance, the Magdalene presses to her breast the head of Mary Who is sitting, she kisses and caresses Her, she tidies the light locks of Her hair ruffled behind Her ears, with her linen dress she wipes the fresh tears that stream down Her cheeks again, again, always...

<sup>6</sup>The women come in with lights and amphorae and large-mouthed vases. 616. 6

Mary of Alphaeus is carrying a heavy mortar. «It is not possible to stay outside. There is a weak wind that blows out the lamps» she explains.

They place themselves on one side. They lay all their things on a long narrow table, then they give the final touch to their balms by mixing the already heavy pomade of essences in the mortar with a white powder, handfuls of which they take from a little sack. They mix working with all their energy and then they fill a largemouthed vase. They place it on the floor. They repeat the same operation with another vase. Perfumes and tears fall on the resins.

Mary Magdalene says: «This is not the unction that I hoped I should be able to prepare for You. » Because it is the Magdalene who, being more skilled than the other women, has controlled and directed the composition of the perfume, which is so strong that they decide to open the door and leave the window ajar over the garden, which is just beginning to appear in the early light of dawn.

They all weep more loudly after the remark made by the Magdalene in a subdued voice.

They have finished. All the vases are full.

They go out with the empty amphorae, the mortar no longer useful, and many lamps. Two only are left in the little room and they tremble, they seem to be sobbing as well, with the flickering of their light...

The women come back again and they close the window, because it is a rather cold dawn. They put on their mantles and they take large sacks into which they put the vases of the balm.

616.7 <sup>7</sup>Mary stands up and looks for Her mantle. But they all crowd round Her convincing Her not to come.

«You are not fit to stand, Mary. You have not had any food for two days. Only a little water. »

«Yes, Mother, We will do it quickly and well. And we shall soon be back. »

«Be not afraid. We will embalm Him like a king. Look what precious balm we have prepared! And how much of it!... »

«We will not neglect any part of the body or any wound and we will arrange Him properly with our hands. We are strong and we are mothers. We will place Him like a child in a cradle. And the others will only have to close the place. »

But Mary insists: «It is My duty» She says. «I have always taken care of Him. Only these last three years that He was in the world, I surrendered the care of Him to other people, when He was far away from Me. Now that the world has rejected and disowned Him, He is Mine again. And I am once again His servant. »

Peter, who had approached the door with John, without being seen by the women, runs away upon hearing these words. He runs to some secluded corner to bewail his sin. John remains near the door. But he does not say anything. He would like to go as well. But he makes the sacrifice of remaining with the Mother.

616.8 <sup>8</sup>Mary Magdalene takes Mary back to Her seat. She kneels in front of Her, she embraces Her knees raising her sorrowful loving face towards Her, and she promises: «With His Spirit, He knows and sees everything. But with my kisses I will tell His Body Your love and Your wish. I know what is love. I know what spur, what hunger it is to love, what nostalgia of being with whoever is our love. And that applies also to any base love that looks like gold, but is filth. And when she who has sinned can understand what is the holy love for the living Mercy, Whom men did not know how to love, then she can understand better what is

Your love, Mother. You know that I know how to love. And You know that He said so, that evening of my true birth, on the shores of our serene lake, that Mary *knows how to love much*. Now this exuberant love of mine, like water that overflows from a tilted basin, like a flowery rosery that streams down a wall, like a flame that finding timber spreads and grows, has poured onto Him, and from Him-Love has drawn fresh power... Oh! my power of loving was not able to take His place on the Cross!... But what I was not able to do for Him - to suffer, and bleed, and die in His place, amid the mockery of all the world, happy, happy, happy to suffer in His place, and I am certain that the thread of my poor life would have been burnt more by the triumphant love than by the infamous scaffold, and from the ashes there would have sprung up the fresh snow-white flower of the new virgin life, unaware of everything that is not God - all that I was not able to do for Him, I can still do for You..., Mother, Whom I love with all my heart. Rely on me. I, who in the house of Simon, the Pharisee, knew how to gently caress His holy feet, now, with my soul that opens more and more to Grace, with greater gentleness will be able to caress His holy limbs, to dress His wounds embalming them more with my love, with the balm taken from my heart wrung by love and sorrow, than with the ointment. And death will not spoil that body that has loved so much and is so much loved. Death will flee, because Love is stronger. Love is invincible. And I, Mother, with Your perfect love, with my total love, will embalm my King of Love. »

Mary kisses this impassioned woman who, at last, has been able to find so much passion, and She yields to her entreaties.

<sup>9</sup>The women go out taking a lamp. One only is left in the room. <sup>616.9</sup>

The Magdalene is the last to go out, after a last kiss to the Mother Who remains.

The house is all dark and silent. The road is still dark and solitary. John asks: «Do you really not want me? »

«No. You may be useful here. Goodbye. »

John goes back to Mary. «They did not want me... » he says in a low voice.

«Do not feel mortified. They are with Jesus. You with Me.

John, let us pray a little together. Where is Peter? »

«I don't know. Somewhere in the house. But I have not seen

him. He is... I thought that he was stronger... I am suffering, too, but he... »

«He has *two* sorrows. You have only one. Come. Let us pray also for him. » And Mary slowly says the «*Our Father*».

Then She caresses John saying: «Go to Peter. Do not leave him all alone. He has been so much in darkness during these hours, that he cannot stand even the feeble light of the world. Be the apostle of your lost brother. Begin your preaching with him. On your road, and it will be a long one, you will always find people like him. Begin your work with your companion... »

«But what shall I say?... I don't know.... Everything makes him weep... »

«Mention His precept of love to him. Tell him that he who fears only, does not yet know God sufficiently, because God is Love. And if he says to you: "I have sinned", reply to him that God has loved sinners so much that He sent His Only-Begotten Son for them. Tell him that we must reply with love to so much love. And love makes one trust in the very good Lord. That trust does not make us be afraid of His judgement, because through it we have recognised the divine Wisdom and Goodness, and we say: "I am a poor creature. But He knows. And He gives me the Christ as guarantee of forgiveness and as a supporting pillar. My misery is overcome by my union with the Christ". It is in Jesus' name that everything is forgiven... Go, John. Tell him that. I am staying here, with My Jesus... » and She caresses the veronica.

John goes out, closing the door behind him.

616. 10 <sup>10</sup>Mary kneels down, as She did the previous evening, face to face with the veil of the veronica. And She prays and speaks to Her Son While She is strong enough to give strength to other people, when She is alone She bends under Her overwhelming cross. And yet, now and again, like a flame no longer oppressed by the bushel, Her soul rises towards a hope that cannot die in Her. On the contrary it grows as hours pass. And She expresses Her hope also to the Father. Her hope and Her request.

616. 11 <sup>11</sup>(You can put here the prayer of last year, the lament of this Passover dawn, dated 21st February 1944, leaving it exactly as it is, because no change is to be made to it).

[21<sup>st</sup> February 1944]

<sup>12</sup>«Jesus, Jesus! Are You not coming back yet? Your poor Mother can no longer put up with the idea that You are lying dead over there. You said it, but no one understood You. *But I understood You!* “Destroy the Temple of God and I will rebuild it in three days”. This is the beginning of the third day. Oh! My Jesus! Do not wait till it ends to come back to life, to Your Mother, *Who needs* to see You alive in order not to die remembering that You are dead, *Who needs* to see You handsome, healthy, triumphant, in order not to die remembering You in that state in which I left You!

<sup>13</sup>Oh! Father! Father! Give My Son back to Me! That I may see Him come back as a Man and not as a corpse, a King, not a condemned man. Later, I know, He will come back to You, in Heaven. But I shall have seen Him cured of so much evil, I shall have seen Him strong after so much weakness, I shall have seen Him triumphant after struggling so much, I shall have seen Him God after so much humanity suffered on behalf of men. And I shall feel happy even if I lose the possibility of being near Him. I shall know that He is with You, Holy Father, I shall know that He is forever free from Sorrow. Now, instead, I cannot forget that He is in a sepulchre, that He is there, killed because of all the sorrow they have given Him, that He, My Son-God, is sharing the destiny of men in the dark of a sepulchre, He, Your Living Son.

Father, Father, listen to Your servant. Because of that “yes”... I have never asked anything of You for My obedience to Your will; it was Your Will, and Your Will was Mine; I did not have to exact anything for the sacrifice of My will to Yours, Holy Father. But now, but now, for the sake of that “yes” that I said to the messenger Angel, o Father, listen to Me!

He is now free from tortures, because He accomplished everything with the agony of three hours after the tortures of the morning. But I have been for three days in this agony. You can see My heart and You hear its throbs. *Our* Jesus said that no feather falls off a bird without You seeing it, that no wild flower dies without its agony being consoled by You with Your sunshine and Your dew. Oh, Father, I am dying of this grief! Deal with Me as You do with the sparrow that You reclothe with a new feather, and with the flower that You warm and quench its thirst

in Your pity. I am dying frozen by sorrow. I have no more blood in My veins. Once it became all milk to nourish Your Son and Mine; now it has all turned into tears because I have no Son any more. They have killed Him, they have killed Him, Father, and You know how!

616. 14 <sup>14</sup>I have no more blood! I have shed it all with Him on Thursday night, on the sorrowful Friday. I am as cold as one whose veins have been severed. The sun no longer shines for Me, because He is dead, My holy Sun, My blessed Sun, the Sun born of My womb for the joy of His Mother, for the salvation of the world. I have no more refreshment, because I no longer have Him, the sweetest fountain for His Mother, Who drank His Word, Who quenched Her thirst with His presence. I am like a flower in dry sand. I am dying, I am dying, holy Father.

And I am not afraid to die, because He also is dead. But what will these little ones do, the little herd of My Son, so weak, so frightened, so fickle, if there is no one to support it? I am nothing, Father. But, by the desires of My Son, I am like a formation of armed men. I defend, I will defend His Doctrine and His heritage as a she-wolf defends her wolf-cubs. I, a ewe-lamb, will become a she-wolf to defend what belongs to My Son, and consequently, what is Yours.

616. 15 <sup>15</sup>You have seen it, Father. Eight days ago this town stripped its olive-trees, stripped its houses, stripped its gardens, stripped its inhabitants and became hoarse shouting: "Hosanna to the Son of David; blessed He Who comes in the name of the Lord". And while He was passing walking on carpets of branches, of garments, of clothes, of flowers, the citizens pointed Him out to one another saying: "He is Jesus, the Prophet from Nazareth in Galilee. He is the King of Israel". And while those branches had not yet withered and their voices were still hoarse through so much singing hosannas, they changed their cries into accusations and curses and requests for death, and of the branches cut off for the triumph they made cudgels to strike Your Lamb, Whom they were taking to His death. If they have done so much while He was among them and spoke to them, and smiled at them, and looked at them with His eyes that melt hearts, and even stones tremble when looked at by them, and He helped them and taught them, *what will they do when He comes back to You?*

His disciples, You have seen them. One betrayed Him, the others ran away. He was no sooner struck than they ran away like cowardly sheep, and they did not even stay around Him while He was dying. One only, the youngest, remained. Now comes the elder. But he already denied Him once. When Jesus is no longer here to watch him, will he persist in his Faith?

<sup>16</sup>I am a nonentity, but a little of My Son is in Me, and My love <sup>616. 16</sup>supplies what I lack and annuls it. So I become something useful for the cause of Your Son, for His Church, that will never find peace and needs to strike deep roots in order not to be uprooted by winds I am the one who will take care of it. Like a diligent gardener I will watch that it grows up strong and straight in its dawn. Then I shall not be worried about dying. But I cannot live if I remain any longer without Jesus.

Oh! Father, Who have abandoned Your Son for the welfare of men, and then You have comforted Him, because You have certainly received Him on Your bosom after His death, do not leave Me any longer in abandonment. I suffer it and offer it for the welfare of men. But console Me, now, Father. Father, mercy! Mercy, Son! Mercy, divine Spirit! Remember Your Virgin! »

[1<sup>st</sup> April 1945]

Later, prostrated on the floor, Mary seems to be praying with Her attitude as well as with Her heart. She is really a poor crushed thing. She looks like that flower parched to death of which She has spoken.

She does not even notice the shaking of a short but strong earthquake that makes the master and mistress of the house shout and run away, while Peter and John, as white as death, drag themselves as far as the threshold of the room. But as they see Her absorbed in Her prayer, inattentive, unaware of what is not God, they withdraw closing the door, and frightened as they are, they go back into the Supper room.



## 617. The Resurrection.

1<sup>st</sup> April 1945.

6X7. 1 <sup>1</sup>I see again\* the joyful and powerful Resurrection of Christ.

In the vegetable garden all is silent and glittering with dew. Above it the sky is becoming a clearer and clearer sapphire shade, after leaving its dark-blue hue studded with stars, that through the whole night had watched over the world. Dawn is driving back, from east to west, these still dark zones, like a wave that during the high tide advances more and more, covering the dark beach and replacing the grey-dark shade of the damp sand and of the reef with the blue sea water.

A few little stars do not want to die yet and peep more and more faintly through the wave of the white greenish light of dawn, a white shaded with grey, like the leaves of the drowsy olive-trees that form a crown on that not far away hillock. And then it is wrecked, submerged by the wave of dawn, like land overflowed by water. And there is a star less... And then also another one less... and another one, and another one. The sky loses its herd of stars and only over there, to the remote east, three, then two, then one remain to contemplate that daily wonder, which is the rising dawn.

And then, when a pink thread draws a line on the turquoise silk of the eastern sky, a breath of wind passes over leaves and herbs and says: «Wake up. The day has risen. » But it awakes only leaves and herbs, that shiver under their dewy diamonds and rustle gently while the falling drops resound like arpeggios. The birds have not awakened yet among the thick branches of a very tall cypress that seems to dominate like a lord in his kingdom, or in the thick entanglement of a laurel hedge that shelters from the north wind.

617. 2 <sup>2</sup>The guards, weary, cold, sleepy, in various postures are watching over the Sepulchre, the stone of which has been reinforced round its edge, as if it were a buttress, with a thick layer of lime, on the opaque white of which stand out the large rosettes of red wax of the Temple seal, impressed with others directly on the fresh lime.

\* I see again, as already "seen" and described, in a more concise way, on 21<sup>st</sup> February 1944.

The guards must have lit a little fire during the night, because there are ashes and half-burnt fire-brands on the ground, and they must have played and eaten, because scattered around there are remains of food and some small clean bones, which have certainly been used for some game, like our dominoes or our children's games of marbles, which are played on a coarse board traced on a path. Then they became tired and left things as they are now, and they tried to find more or less comfortable postures to sleep or to keep watch.

<sup>3</sup>In the clear sky, where to the east there is now a completely rosy zone, which is spreading out more and more widely, but where, however, there are no sunbeams as yet, a very bright meteor appears, coming from unknown depths, and it descends like a sphere of fire of unsustainable splendour, followed by a glowing trail, which perhaps is nothing but the persistence of its brightness in our retinae. It descends at a very high speed towards the Earth, shedding such an intense phantasmagoric light, frightful in its beauty, that the rosy light of dawn vanishes, outshone by such white incandescence. 617.3

The guards, astonished, raise their heads, also because with the light there comes a mighty, harmonious, solemn rumble that fills the whole of Creation with its roar. It comes from heavenly depths. It is the alleluia, the angelical glory, that follows the Spirit of Christ, which is returning to His glorious Flesh.

The meteor clashes on the useless closure of the Sepulchre, tear it off, throws it on the ground, and it strikes with terror and noise the guards placed as jailors of the Master of the Universe, producing with its return to the Earth a new earthquake, as it had cause one when this Spirit of the Lord fled from the Earth. It enters the dark Sepulchre that becomes all bright with its indescribable light and while it remains suspended in the still air, the Spirit is infused again into the Body, motionless under the funereal bandages.

All this takes place not in a minute, but in the fraction of a minute, so fast have been the appearance, descent, penetration and the disappearance of the Light of God...

<sup>4</sup>The «I want» of the divine Spirit to its cold Body is noiseless. 617.4  
It is uttered by the Essence to the immobile Matter. But no word is perceived by the human ear. The Flesh receives the order and

obeys it with a deep sigh... Nothing else for some minutes.

Under the Sudarium and the Shroud, the glorious Body is recomposed in eternal beauty, it awakes from the sleep of death, it comes back from the «nothing» in which it was, it lives after being dead. The heart certainly awakes and gives its first throb, it propels the remaining frozen blood through the veins and at once creates the full measure of it in the empty arteries, in the immobile lungs, in the dark brain, and brings back warmth, health, strength, thought.

Another moment, and there is a sudden movement under the heavy Shroud. It is so sudden that, from the moment He certainly moves His folded arms to the moment He appears standing, imposing, splendid in His garment of immaterial matter, supernaturally handsome and majestic, with a gravity that changes and elevates Him, and yet leaves Him exactly Himself, the eye has hardly time to follow the development. And now it admires Him: so different from what the mind remembers, tidied up, without wounds or blood, only blazing with the light that gushes from the five wounds and issues from every pore of His skin.

617.5 <sup>5</sup>When He takes His first step - and in the movement the rays emanating from His Hands and Feet halo Him with beams of light: from His Head haloed with a garland, made with the countless little wounds of the crown, but they no longer bleed but only shine, to the hem of His tunic, when, opening His arms, that were folded across His chest, He uncovers the zone of very bright luminosity that filters through His tunic inflaming it like a sun at the height of His Heart - then it is really the «Light» that has taken a body. Not the poor light of the Earth, not the poor light of the stars, not the poor light of the sun. But the Light of God: all the heavenly brightness that gathers in one Being and grants Him its inconceivable azure as eyes, its golden fire as hair, its angelic whiteness as garment and complexion and all that exists, but cannot be described by human words, the supereminent ardour of the Most Holy Trinity, that outshines with its ardent power every fire in Paradise, absorbing Him in Itself to generate Him again at each moment of the eternal Time, Heart of Heaven that attracts and spreads His blood, the countless drops of His incorporeal blood: the blessed souls, the angels, everything Paradise is: the love of God, the

love for God, all this is the Light that is, that forms the Risen Christ.

When He moves, coming towards the exit, and the eye can see beyond His brightness, two most beautiful brilliances, but similar to stars compared with the sun, appear to me, one on this side, the other on the other side of the threshold, prostrated in the adoration of their God, Who passes by enveloped in His light, beatifying with His smile, and He goes out, leaving the funereal grotto and going back to walk on the earth, that awakes out of joy and shines in its dews, in the hues of herbs and roseries, in the countless corollas of apple-trees, that open, by a wonder, to the early sun that kisses them, and to the eternal Sun Who proceeds under them.

The guards are there, shocked... The corrupt powers of man do not see God, whereas the pure powers of the universe - the flowers, herbs, birds - admire and venerate the Mighty One, Who passes by in a halo of His own Light and in an aureola of sunlight.

His smile, His eyes that rest on flowers, on branches, that look up at the clear sky, everything becomes more beautiful. Softer and shaded than a silky rosery are the millions of petals forming a flowery foam on the head of the Conqueror. And brighter are the diamonds of the dew. And of a deeper blue is the sky reflecting His refulgent eyes, and more joyful is the sun that with gladness paints a little cloud blown by a light wind, that comes to kiss its King with scents stolen from gardens and with caresses of silky petals.

Jesus raises His Hand and blesses all around Him, while the birds sing more loudly and the wind carries its scents, He disappears from my sight, leaving me in a joy that cancels even the slightest remembrance of sadness and sufferings and hesitancy for tomorrow...

### **618. Jesus appears to His Mother.**

[21<sup>st</sup> February 1944]

<sup>1</sup>Mary is prostrated with Her face on the floor. She looks like <sup>618.1</sup> a poor wretch. She looks like that withered flower of which She has spoken.

The closed window is opens with a violent banging of the heavy shutters, and with the first ray of the sun, Jesus enters.

Mary, Who has been shaken by the noise and has raised Her head to see which wind has opened the shutters, sees Her radiant Son: handsome, infinitely more handsome than He was before suffering, smiling, lively, brighter than the sun, dressed in a white garment that seems woven light, and Who is advancing towards Her.

She straightens Herself up on Her knees and crossing Her hands on Her breast, She says with a sob that is joy and grief: «Lord, God». And She remains thus, enraptured in contemplating Him with Her face all washed by tears, but made serene, pacified by the smile and by the ecstasy.

618.2     <sup>2</sup>But He does not want to see His Mother on Her knees, like a servant. And He calls Her, stretching out His hands, from the wounds of which emanate rays that make His glorious Flesh even brighter: «Mother! » But it is not the sorrowful word of the conversations and the farewells before His Passion, or the heart-rending lament of the meeting on Calvary and of the agony. It is a cry o triumph, of joy, of freedom, of rejoicing, of love, of gratitude. And He bends over His Mother, Who dare not touch Him, and He places His hands under Her bent elbows, and He lifts Her up, He presses Her to His Heart and kisses Her.

Oh! Mary realises then that it is not a vision, that it is Her Son. *Who has really risen*, that it is Her Jesus, the Son Who still loves Her as a Son. And with a cry, She flings Her arms round His neck and She embraces and kisses Him, laughing in Her weeping. She kisses His Forehead, where there are no longer any wounds, His Head no longer unkempt and bloody, His shining Eyes, His healed Cheeks, His Mouth no longer swollen. She then takes His Hands and kisses their backs and palms, their radiant wounds, and She suddenly bends down to His Feet and uncovers them from under His bright garment and kisses them. Then She stands up, looks a Him, but dare not.

618.3     <sup>3</sup>But He smiles and understands. He uncovers His chest a little and says: «And this one, Mother, are You not kissing it, this one that grieved You so much and that You alone are worthy to kiss? Kiss My Heart, Mother. Your kiss will cancel the last remembrance of what is sorrowful and will give Me that joy, which

My Joy of having risen from the dead still lacks. » And He takes the face of His Mother in His Hands and He lays Her lips on the lips of the wound of His Chest, from which streams of a very bright light are flowing.

Mary's face is haloed by that light, flooded as it is with "its beams.

She kisses and kisses, while Jesus caresses Her. She never tires of kissing. She looks like a thirsty woman whose mouth is attached to a fountain and who drinks from it the life that was escaping her.

<sup>4</sup>Jesus speaks now.

«It is all over, Mother. You no longer have to weep over Your Son. The trial is over. Redemption has taken place. Mother, thanks for conceiving Me, for bringing Me up, for helping Me in life and in death. 618.4

I heard Your prayers come to Me. They have been My strength, My grief, My companions in My journey on the Earth and beyond the Earth. They came with Me on the Cross and to Limbo. They were the incense that preceded the Pontiff, Who was going to call His servants and take them to the temple that does not die: to My Heaven. They have come with Me to Paradise, preceding, like an angelical voice, the procession of the redeemed led by the Redeemer, so that the angels should be ready to greet the Conqueror, Who was returning to His Kingdom. They have been seen and heard by the Father and by the Spirit, Who smiled at them, as if they were the most beautiful flower and the sweetest song born in Paradise. They have been recognised by the Patriarchs and by the new Saints, by the new, *first*, citizens of My Jerusalem, and I bring You their thanks, Mother, together with the kisses of their relatives, with their blessings and with that of Joseph, the spouse of Your soul.

The whole of Heaven sings its hosanna to You, Mother, Holy Mother! A hosanna that does not die, that is not a false one like the one given to Me a few days ago.

<sup>5</sup>I will now go to the Father in My human appearance. Paradise must see the Conqueror in His appearance of Man, by means of which He defeated the Sin of Man. But I will come again. I must confirm in the Faith those who do not yet believe and are in need to believe to lead the others to believe, I must fortify the 618.5

pusillanimous ones who will need so much strength to resist the world.

Then I will ascend to Heaven. But I will not leave You alone. Mother, can You see that veil? In My annihilation, I still exhaled the power of miracle on Your behalf, to give You that comfort. But for You I will work another miracle. You will have Me, in the Sacrament, as real as when You carried Me.

You will never be alone. But these past days You have been alone. But *also* that sorrow of Yours was required for My Redemption. Much is continuously to be added to Redemption, because much will be continuously created in the way of Sin. I will call all My servants to this redeeming participation. You are the one who by Yourself will do more than all the others together. But *also* this long abandonment was required.

Now no longer so. I am no longer separated from the Father. You will no longer be separated from Your Son. And, by having Your Son, You have our Trinity. A living Heaven, You will bring the Trinity to men on the Earth, and You will sanctify the Church, You, Queen of the Priesthood and Mother of the Christians.

Then I will come to get You. And no longer shall I be in You, but You will be in Me, in My Kingdom, to make Paradise more beautiful.

618.5 <sup>5</sup>I am going now, Mother. I am going to make the other Mary happy. Then I will ascend to the Father. Then I will come to those who do not believe. Mother, Your kiss as a blessing. And My Peace to You as a companion. Goodbye. »

And Jesus disappears in the sunshine that streams down from an early morning clear sky.

## 619. The pious women at the Sepulchre.

2<sup>nd</sup> April 1945.

619.1 <sup>1</sup>The women, in the meanwhile, after leaving the house are walking close to the wall, shadows in the shade. They are silent for some time, all muffled up and frightened in so much silence and solitude. Then, recovering confidence seeing that the town is complete in calm, they group and dare to speak.

«Will the Gates be already open?» asks Susanna.

«Certainly. Look over there at the first market-gardener who is going in with vegetables. He is going to the market» replies Salome «Will they say anything to us?» asks Susanna again.

«Who?» inquires the Magdalene.

«The soldiers, at the Judicial Gate. There... only few people are going in and even fewer are coming out... We shall rouse suspicion... » «So? They will look at us. They will see five women going towards the country. We could be also people who, after celebrating Passover, are going back to their villages. »

«But... In order not to attract the attention of any malicious person, why do we not go out by another Gate and then we can go round along the walls?... »

«We would go the long way round. »

«But we shall be safer. Let us take the Gate of the Water... »

«Oh! Salome! If I were you, I should choose the Eastern Gate! You would have to go a longer way round! We must make haste and go back soon. » It is the Magdalene who is so resolute.

«Then another one, but not the Judicial Gate. Be good... » they all beg her.

«All right. <sup>2</sup>Well, since that is what you want, let us call on Johanna. She begged me to let her know. If we had gone straight there, we could have done without seeing her. But since you want to go a longer way round, let us call on her... » 619.2

«Oh! yes. Also because of the guards placed there... She is well known and respected... »

«I think we should call also on Joseph of Arimathea. He is the owner of the place. »

«Why not! To avoid attracting people's attention, we will form a procession! What a timid sister I have! Rather, do you know what, Martha? Let us do this. I will go ahead and have a look. You will follow me with Johanna. I will stand in the middle of the road, should there be any danger, and you will see me. And we will come back. But I can assure you that the guards, seeing this, I thought of it (and she shows a purse full of money) will let us do everything. »

«We will tell Johanna as well. You are right. »

«Go then, and let me go. »

«Are you going all alone, Mary? I will come with you» says



Martha, who is afraid for her sister.

«No. You will go with Mary of Alphaeus to Johanna's. Salome and Susanna will wait for you near the Gate, outside the walls. And then you will all come together along the main road. Good-bye. » And Mary Magdalene cuts other possible comments short, as she goes away quickly with her bag full of balms and her money in her breast.

She flies, so fast she goes along the road, which is becoming more delightful in the first pink shade of dawn. She goes through the Judicial Gate, to be quicker. And no one stops her...

619.3 <sup>3</sup>The others watch her go, then they turn their backs to the crossroads where they were, and they take another one, narrow and dark, which near the Sixtus opens out into a wider road, where there are some beautiful houses. They part again, Salome and Susanna proceed along the road, while Martha and Mary of Alphaeus knock at the iron door and show themselves at the little window (eye-hole) half opened by the porter.

They enter and go to Johanna, who already up and all dressed in a very dark violet garment that makes her look even paler, is preparing some oils with her nurse and a maidservant.

«Have you come? May God reward you. But, if you had not come, I should have gone by myself... To find comfort... Because many things have remained upset after that dreadful day. And, in order not to feel alone, I must go against that Stone and knock and say: "Master, I am poor Johanna... Do not leave me alone, You, too..."» Johanna weeps silently but with deep desolation, while Esther, her nurse, makes large indecipherable gestures behind the back of her mistress, while putting a mantle on her.

«I am going, Esther. »

«May God comfort you! »

They leave the mansion house to join their companions. It is at this moment that the short but strong earthquake takes place, creating a panic again in the people of Jerusalem, still terrified by the events of Friday. The three women retrace their steps precipitately, and they remain in the large hall, among maidservants and servants who are howling and imploring the Lord, fearing new shocks...

619.4 <sup>4</sup>... The Magdalene, instead, is just on the border of the path that takes one to the vegetable garden of Joseph of Arimathea,

when she is caught in the powerful and also harmonious roar of this heavenly sign, while, in the faint rosy light of dawn, that is advancing in the sky, where to the west a persistent star still resists, and that makes fair the so far greenish light, a very bright light appears and descends like and incandescent wonderful globe, cutting the air in a zigzag course.

Mary of Magdala is almost grazed and thrown on the ground by it. She bends for a moment whispering: «My Lord! » and then she straightens up like a stalk after the wind has passed by, and she runs towards the vegetable garden even faster.

She enters it quickly, and goes towards the sepulchre in the rock as fast as a bird that is chased and is looking for its nest.

But, no matter how fast she runs, she cannot be there when the heavenly meteor acts as a lever and as a flame on the seal of lime, placed in a reinforcement for the heavy stone, or when with the final crash the stone door collapses, causing such a shake that joins the one on the earthquake, which, although of a short duration, is so violent that it knocks the guards down as if they were dead.

When Mary arrives, she sees the useless jailors of the Triumpher thrown on the ground like a sheaf of mown corn. Mary Magdalene does not associate the earthquake with Resurrection. But looking at the spectacle, she thinks it is a punishment of God for the desecrators of Jesus' Sepulchre, and she falls on her knees" saying: «Alas They have stolen Him! » She is really disconsolate and weeps like a girl who has come, being sure that she would find her father whom she was looking for, and instead finds the house empty.

<sup>5</sup>She then stands up and runs away to go to Peter and John. <sup>619. 5</sup> And as she thinks of nothing but of informing the two, she forgets to go and meet her companions and remain on the road, but as far as a gazelle she goes back the road she came, she passes through the Judicial Gate, and flies through the streets, which are a little more crowded, and she rushes against the door of the hospitable house and knocks at it furiously. The mistress opens the door to her.

«Where are John and Peter? » asks Mary Magdalene panting.

«There» says the woman pointing at the Supper-room.

Mary of Magdala enters and as soon as she is in, standing be-

fore the two astonished men, and in her voice, kept low out of pity for the Mother, there is more anguish than if she had shouted, she says: «They have taken the Lord away from the Sepulchre! I wonder where they have put Him! » and for the first time she staggers and is unsteady, and in order not to fall, she holds on whatever she can.

«What? What are you saying? » ask the two.

And panting she replies: «I went ahead... to buy the guards... so that they would let us be. They are there like dead bodies... The Sepulchre is open, the stone is on the ground... Who? Who did it? Oh! come! Let us run... »

Peter and John set out at once. Mary follows them for a few steps. Then she goes back. She seizes the mistress of the house, she shakes her, violent in her far-sighted love, and she shouts in her face: «Mind you do not let *anybody* go to Her (and she points at the door of Mary's room). Remember that I am your mistress. Obey and be silent. » Then she leaves her aghast and joins the apostles, who are striding towards the Sepulchre...

619.6 6... In the meantime Susanna and Salome, after leaving their companions and reaching the walls, are caught in the earthquake. Frightened, they take shelter under a tree and remain there, torn between their desire to go to the Sepulchre or to run to Johanna's. But love overcomes fear and they go towards the Sepulchre.

They are still frightened when they enter the garden and see the senseless guards... they see a bright light come out of the open Sepulchre. Their fright increases and reaches its climax when, holding each other's hand to pluck up courage, they peep in from the threshold and in the dark sepulchral cave, they see a bright most beautiful creature, that smiling kindly greets them from the place where it is standing: leaning on the right hand side of the anointment stone, which, grey as it is, disappears behind so much incandescent brightness. They fall on their knees, utterly astonished.

But the angel speaks to them gently: «Be not afraid of me. I am the angel of the divine Sorrow. I have come to rejoice at its end. The sorrow of the Christ, His humiliation in death is over. Jesus of Nazareth, the Crucified Whom you are looking for, has risen from the dead. He is no longer here! The place where He

was laid is empty. Rejoice with me. Go. Tell Peter and the disciples that He has risen and will precede you in Galilee. You will see Him there for a short time, as He said. »

The women fall with their faces on the ground, and when they raise them, they run as if they were chased by a punishment. They are terrorised and they whisper: «We shall die now! We have seen the angel of the Lord! »

They calm down a little in the open country and they consult with each other. What are they to do? If they relate what they have seen, they will not be believed. If they say where they come from, they may be charged by the Judaeans with the murder of the guards. No. They cannot say anything to friends or to enemies...

Fearful, dumbfounded, they go back home along a different road. They go in and take shelter in the Supper room. They do not even ask to see Mary... And in there they think that what they have seen is nothing but a deception of the Demon. Humble as they are, they conclude that «it is not possible that they have been granted to see the messenger of God. It is Satan who wanted to frighten them to send them away from there. »

They weep and pray like two little girls frightened by a nightmare...

<sup>7</sup>... The third group, that of Johanna, Mary of Alphaeus and Martha, when they see that nothing new is happening, decides to go where their companions are certainly waiting for them. The go out into the streets, where by now there are frightened people, who comment on the new earthquake connecting it with the event of Friday, and see also things which do not exist. 169. 7

«It is better if they are all frightened! The guards may be so as well and will raise no objection» says Mary of Alphaeus. And they walk fast towards the walls.

<sup>8</sup>But while they are going there, Peter and John, followed by Magdalene, have arrived at the garden. And John, who runs fast is the first to arrive at the Sepulchre. The guards are no longer there and neither is the angel. 619. 8

John, timid and sorrowful, kneels down at the open entrance to venerate and get some indication from the things he sees. But he only sees, heaped on the floor, the linen cloths placed on the Shroud. «There is really nothing, Simon! Mary has seen accu-

rately. Come, come in, look. »

Peter, who is breathless after so much running, goes into the Sepulchre. On the way he had said: «I will never dare to approach that place. » But now he thinks only of finding out where the Master may be. And he calls Him also, as if He might be concealed in some dark corner.

At this early hour in the morning it is still very dark in the deep Sepulchre, which receives light only from the opening of the entrance, where John and the Magdalene now cast a shadow... And Peter finds it hard to see, and has to help himself with his hands to ascertain what the situation is... He touches, trembling, the table of the anointment, and feels that it is empty...

«He is not here, John! He is not here!... Oh! come here! I have wept so much that I can hardly see in this poor light. »

John stands up and goes in. And while he does so, Peter discovers the sudarium in a corner, folded diligently and within it the Shroud rolled up carefully.

«They have really abducted Him. The guards were not here for us, but to do that... And we have let them do it. By going away, we have allowed that... »

«Oh! where will they have put Him? »

«Peter, Peter! This... is really the end! »

The two disciples come out looking annihilated. «Let us go, woman. You will tell the Mother... »

«I am not going away. I am staying here... Somebody will come... Oh! I am not coming... There is still something of Him here. The Mother was right... To breathe the air where He was is the only relief left to us. »

«The only relief... Now you also can see that it was nonsense to hope... » says Peter.

Mary does not even reply to him. She crouches on the ground, close to the entrance, and weeps, while the others go away slowly.

619.9 <sup>9</sup>She then raises her head and looks inside, and through her tears sees two angels, sitting at the head and at the foot of the anointment stone. Poor Mary is so stupefied in her fiercest struggle between hope that is dying and faith that does not want to die, that she looks at them like one whose mind is completely blank, without even being surprised. The strong woman, who has resisted everything like a heroine, has nothing left but tears.

«Why are you weeping, woman? » asks one of the two shining young boys, because they look like very beautiful adolescents.

«Because they have taken away my Lord and I do not know where they have put Him. »

Mary is not afraid to speak to them. She does not ask: «Who are you? » Nothing. Nothing amazes her any more. She has already suffered everything that can astonish a human being. Now she is only a broken thing that weeps without strength or reserve.

The angelical youth looks at his companion and smiles. And so does the other. And in a flash of angelical joy they both look outside, towards the garden all in bloom with millions of corollas that have opened at the first sunshine on the closely planted apple-trees of the orchard.

<sup>10</sup>Mary turns round to see whom they are looking at. And she <sup>619. 10</sup> sees a Man, most handsome, and I do not know how she does not recognise Him at once. A Man Who looks at her pitifully and asks her: «Woman, why are you weeping? Whom are you looking for? » It is true that Jesus is dimmed out of pity for the woman, whom emotions have exhausted and who might die from sudden joy, but I really wonder why she does not recognise Him.

And Mary sobbing says: «They have taken my Lord Jesus! I had come to embalm Him while awaiting His resurrection... I gathered all my courage, my hope and my faith around my love... and now I cannot find Him any more... Or rather, I put my love around faith, hope and courage to defend them from men... but all in vain! Men have abducted my Love and with it they have deprived me of everything... O my lord, if you have taken Him away, tell me where you have put Him. And I will get Him... I will not tell anybody... It will be a secret between you and me. Look: I am the daughter of Theophilus, Lazarus' sister, but I am on my knees before you to implore you, like a slave. Do you want me to pay you for His Body? I will do so. How much do you want? I am rich. I can give you as much gold and as many gems as it weighs. But give it back to me. I will not denounce you. Do you want to strike me? Do so. Until I bleed, if you wish so. If you bear Him a grudge, let me expiate it. But give Him back to me. Oh! don't make me wretched with this misery, my lord! Have mercy on a poor woman!... Do you not want to do it for me? Then, do it

for His Mother. Tell me! Tell me where is my Lord Jesus. I am strong. I will take Him in my arms and I will carry Him like a child to safety. Lord... lord... you can see it... for three days we have been struck by the wrath of God for what was done to the Son of God... Do not add Desecration to Crime... »

«Mary! » Jesus shines in calling her. He reveals Himself in His triumphant brightness.

«Rabboni! » Mary's cry is really the «great cry» that closes the cycle of death. With the first one, the darkness of hatred enveloped the Victim with funereal bandages; with the second, the lights of love increased His brightness. And Mary stands up as her cry fills the garden, she rushes to Jesus' feet and would like to kiss them.

Jesus moves her away, hardly touching her forehead with the tips of His fingers: «Do not touch Me! I have not yet ascended to My Father in this appearance. Go to My brothers and friends, and tell them that I am ascending to My Father and yours, to My God and yours. And then I will come to them. » And Jesus disappears, absorbed by an unsustainable light.

619. 11 <sup>11</sup>Mary kisses the ground where Jesus was and she runs toward the house. She goes in like a rocket, because the main door is half open, to let the master pass, who is going to the fountain; she opens the door of Mary's room and drops on Her breast shouting: «He has risen! He has risen! » and she weeps happily.

And while Peter and John rush there, and Salome and Susanna, still frightened, come from the Supper room and listen to her narration, Mary of Alphaeus with Martha and Johanna come in, from the street, and out of breath they say «that they have been there as well, and they saw two angels, who said that they were the Guardian of the Man God and the angel of His Sorrow, and ordered them to tell the apostles that He had risen from the dead. » And as Peter shakes his head, they insist saying: «Yes. They said: "Why are you looking for the Living One among the dead? He is not here. He has risen from the dead, as He said when He was still in Galilee. Do you not remember? He said: 'The Son of man is to be delivered into the hands of sinners to be crucified. But on the third day he will rise from the dead'". »

Peter shakes his head saying: «Too many things during these

days! They have been upset. »

The Magdalene raises her head from Mary's breast and says: «I have seen Him! I have spoken to Him. He told me that He is ascending to the Father and then He will come. How handsome He was! » and she weeps as she had never wept, now that she no longer has to torture herself to oppose the doubt rising from every side.

But Peter and John are very doubtful. They look at each other and their eyes say: «Women's fancy! »

Then also Susanna and Salome dare to speak. But the very inevitable difference in the details of the guards that first are there like dead bodies and then are not there, of the angels that sometimes are one and sometimes are two and did not show themselves to the apostles, of the two versions concerning Jesus' coming here or His preceding His disciples in Galilee, makes the doubt, and more than that, the persuasion of the apostles grow stronger and stronger.

<sup>12</sup>Mary, the blessed Mother, is silent, supporting the Magdalene... I do not understand the mystery of this maternal silence.

Mary of Alphaeus says to Salome: «Let the two of us go back there. Let us see whether we are all intoxicated... » And they run out.

The other women remain there, quietly derided by the two apostles, near Mary Who is silent, engrossed in a thought that each interprets in a personal manner, and no one realises that it is ecstasy.

The two elderly women come back: «It is true! It is true! We have seen Him. He said to us, near Barnabas' vegetable garden: "Peace to you. Be not afraid. Go and tell My brothers that I have risen from the dead, and that they should go within a few days to Galilee. We shall be together again there". That is what He said. Mary is right. We must inform those who are at Bethany, Joseph, Nicodemus, the most faithful disciples, the shepherds, we must go and do, and do... Oh! He has risen!... » and they all weep happily.

«You are mad, women. Grief has upset you. The light has seemed an angel to you. The wind, a voice. The sun, the Christ. I do not criticise you. I understand you, but I can only believe what I have seen: the open empty Sepulchre, and the guards who have



run away with the stolen Corpse. »

«But if the very guards say that He has risen! If the whole town is in a turmoil and the Princes of the Priests are mad with rage, because the guards have spoken while running away terrified! Now they want them to say something different and they are paying them for that. But it is already known. And if the Judaeans do not believe in the Resurrection, *they do not want to believe*, many other people do believe... »

«H'm! Women... » Peter shrugs his shoulders and is about to go away.

619. 13 <sup>13</sup>Then the Mother, Who still has on Her heart the Magdalene, who is weeping like a willow-tree in a downpour, for her too great joy, and who kisses Her fair hair, raises Her transfigured face and says a short sentence: «He has really risen. I have had Him in My arms and I kissed His Wounds. » She then bends over the head of the passionate woman and says: «Yes, joy is even stronger than sorrow. But it is only a grain of sand compared to what will be your ocean of eternal joy. You are blessed because you made your spirit speak above reason. »

Peter dare not deny any longer... and with one of those sudden changes of the old Peter, who is coming back to light again, he says and shouts, as if the delay depended on the others and not on him. «Then, if it is so, we must let the others know. Those spread out in the country... look for them... take action... Come on, get a move on. If He really should come... let Him at least find us», and he does not realise that again he confesses that he does not believe blindly in His Resurrection.

## 620. Comment on the Resurrection.

[21<sup>st</sup> February 1944]

620. 1 <sup>1</sup>Jesus says:

«The fervent prayers of Mary have anticipated My Resurrection by some time.

I had said: “The Son of man is about to be killed, but on the third day He will rise from the dead”. I died at three o'clock in the afternoon of Friday. Whether you count the days by their names, or you count them by their hours, it was not the dawn on

Sunday that was to see Me rise. With regard to the hours, they were only thirty-eight instead of seventy-two, in which My Body had remained lifeless. With regard to the days, it should have been the evening of the third day to say that I had been in the sepulchre three days.

But Mary anticipated the miracle. As when with Her prayers She opened the Heavens a few years in advance of the predetermine time, to give the world its Salvation, so now She obtains some hours in advance to give comfort to Her dying heart.

<sup>2</sup>And I, at the beginning of dawn on the third day, descended <sup>620. 2</sup> like the sun and with My brightness I broke the human seals, so useless before the power of a God, with My power I prized open and overthrew the stone watched over in vain, with My apparition like lightning I knocked down the utterly useless guards placed as guardians of a death that was Life, that no human power could prevent from being such.

By far more powerful than your electric current, My Spirit entered like a sword of divine Fire to warm the cold remains of My Corpse, and in the new Adam the Spirit of God breathed life, saying to Itself: "Live. I want it".

I, Who had raised the dead when I was only the Son of Man, the Victim appointed to be burdened with the sins of the world, should I not have been able to raise Myself, now that I was the Son of God, the First and the Last, the eternal Living Being, He Who holds in His hands the keys of Life and of Death? And My Corpse felt Life go back to It.

Look: like a man who awakes after a sleep brought about by enormous labour, I breathe deeply, and I do not open My eyes yet. Blood begins to circulate again, though not fast yet, in My veins, it brings thought again to the mind. But I come from so far! Look: like a wounded man, whom a miraculous power heals, blood comes back into My empty veins, it fills My Heart, warms My limbs, heals My wounds, bruises and sores disappear, strength comes back. But I was wounded so badly!

Look: Power works. I am cured. I am awake. I have come back to Life. I was dead. Now I live! Now I rise! I shake the linens of death, I cast off the covering of ointments. I do not need them to appear the eternal Beauty, the eternal Integrity. I clothe Myself with a garment that is not of this Earth, but is woven by Him

Who is My Father and Who weaves the silk of the virginal lilies. I am dressed in splendour. I adorn Myself with My wounds, which no longer drip blood, but give off light. The light that will be the joy of My Mother and of the blessed souls, and the terror, the unsustainable sight of the damned and of the demons on the Earth and on the last day.

620. 3 <sup>3</sup>The angel of My life of man and the angel of My sorrow are prostrated before Me and worship My Glory. Both My angels are here. One to delight in the sight of Him Whom he guarded, and Who now no longer needs angelical protection. The other, who saw My tears, to see My smile; who saw My struggle, to see My victory; who saw My grief, to see My joy.

620. 4 <sup>4</sup>And I go out into the garden full of flower buds and of dew. And the apple-trees open their corollas to form a flowery arch over My Royal head and the grass makes a carpet of gems and corollas for My Foot, that treads again on the Earth redeemed after being lifted up on it to redeem it. And the early sun, and the sweet April wind, and the light cloud that passes by, as rosy as the cheek of a child, and the birds among branches, they all greet Me. I am their God. They adore Me.

I pass through the stunned guards, a symbol of souls in mortal sin, that do not perceive the passing of God.

It is Passover, Mary! This is really the “Passing of the Angel of God”! His Passing from death to life. His Passing to give Life to those who believe in His Name. It is Passover! It is the Peace that passes through the world. The Peace no longer veiled by the condition of man, but free, complete in its recovered efficiency of God.

620. 5 <sup>5</sup>And I go to My Mother. It is fair that I should go. It was fair for My angels. It is much more so for Her Who, besides being My guardian and comfort, gave Me life. Before going back to the Father in My glorified appearance of Man, I go to My Mother. I go in the splendour of My paradisiac appearance and of My living Gems. She can touch Me, She can kiss them, because She is the Pure, the Beautiful, the Beloved, the Blessed Saint of God.

The new Adam goes to the new Eve. Evil entered the world through a woman, and was defeated by the Woman. The Fruit of the Woman has detoxicated men of the slaver of Lucifer. *Now, if they want, they can be saved.* She saved woman who had remained so fragile after the mortal wound.

<sup>6</sup>And after showing Myself to the Pure One, to Whom by right <sup>620. 6</sup> of Holiness and Maternity it is just that the Son-God should go, I present Myself to the redeemed woman, to the file-leader, to the representative of *all the female creatures*, whom I have come to free from the sting of lust. So that she may tell them to approach Me to be cured, to have faith in Me, to believe in My Mercy that understands and forgives, to look at My Body adorned with the five wounds, in order to defeat Satan, who rummages in their flesh.

I do not let her touch Me. She is not the Pure One, who can touch without contaminating Him, the Son Who goes back to the Father. She has still much to purify through penance. But her love deserves that reward. She *was able to rise through her own will* from the sepulchre of her vice, to strangle Satan who held her, to defy the world out of love for Her Saviour, she was able to divest herself of everything that was not love, she was able to be nothing but love that is consumed for her God. And God calls her: "Mary". Listen to her replying: "Rabboni! " Her heart is in that cry.

As she deserved it, I entrusted her with the task of being the messenger of Resurrection. And once again she will be somewhat derided, as if she were raving. But the judgement of men is of no importance to her, to Mary of Magdala, to Mary of Jesus. She saw Me raised from the dead and that gives her a joy that appeases all other feelings.

Do you see how I love also who was guilty, but wanted to come out of guilt? Not even to John did I show Myself first. It was to the Magdalene that I showed Myself. John had already received the state of son from Me. He could have it, because he was pure and could be not only a spiritual son, but also one who gave the Pure Mother of God and received from Her those needs and those cares which are connected with the body.

The Magdalene, the one revived to Grace, has the first vision of Grace Risen.

<sup>7</sup>When you love Me to the extent of overcoming everything for <sup>620. 7</sup> Me, I take your diseased heads and hearts in My pierced hands and I breathe My Power on your faces. And I save you, I save you, children whom I love. You become again beautiful, wholesome, free, happy. You become again the dear children of the Lord. I

make you the bearers of My Goodness among poor men, to witness My Goodness to them and convince them of it and of Me.

Have, have, have faith in Me. Love. Be not afraid. May what I suffered to save you assure you of the Heart of your God.

620. 8 <sup>8</sup>And you little John, smile after weeping. Your Jesus does not suffer any more. There is no more blood nor wounds. But light, light, light and joy and glory. May my light and my joy remain in you until the hour of Heaven».

### 621. Jesus appears to Lazarus\*.

3<sup>rd</sup> April 1945.

621. 1 <sup>1</sup>The sun of a clear April morning fills the thickets of roses and jasmine in Lazarus' garden with bright scintillation. And the hedges of box and laurel, the tuft of a tall palm-tree swaying gently at the end of an avenue, the very thick bay near the fish-pond, seem to have been washed by a mysterious hand, so neatly the abundant night dew has deterged and sprayed their leaves, which now seem covered with fresh enamel, so glossy and spotless are they.

The house is silent, as if it were full of dead people. The windows are open, but not even one voice, not even a noise comes from the rooms, which are in a dim light because all the curtains have been lowered.

Inside, beyond the hall, in which there are many doors, now all open - and it is strange to see the halls without any preparation, while they are generally used for more or less numerous banquets - there is a large court-yard, which is paved and surrounded by a porch filled with seats. Many disciples are sitting on them, and some are sitting also on the floor, on mats, or on the marble itself. Among them I see the apostles Matthew, Andrew, Bartholomew, the brothers James and Judas of Alphaeus, James of Zebedee, the shepherd disciples with Manaen, besides some whom I do not know. I do not see the Zealot, Lazarus or Maximinus.

\* **Appears...** with regards to these apparitions not reported in the Gospel - except those to the disciples of Emmaus and to the Apostles - M. V. made a note where, after referring to *John 20: 30-31*, says: *The Fathers and Doctors of the Church, among whom S. Augustin, affirm that the apparitions were numerous.* We add a reference to *1 Co 15: 16*.

Finally Maximinus comes in with some servants and he gives bread to everybody with various foodstuffs, that is, olives or cheese, or honey, and also fresh milk to those who want it. But they are not anxious to eat, although Maximinus exhorts everybody to do so. They are all deeply dejected. In a few days their faces have become sunken and ashen under the redness of tears. The apostles in particular, and those who ran away at the very first hours, look downcast, whilst the shepherds and Manaen are less dejected, nay, less ashamed, and Maximinus is only sorrowful in a manly manner.

<sup>2</sup>The Zealot enters almost running and asks: «Is Lazarus here?» 621. 2

«No, he is in his room. What do you want?»

«At the end of the path, near the fountain of the sun, there is Philip. He has come from the Jericho plain. He is exhausted. And he does not want to come here, because... like everybody, he feels he is a sinner. But Lazarus will convince him.»

Bartholomew stands up and says: «I will come, too...»

They go to Lazarus, who, upon being called, comes out from the half-dark room, where he certainly has wept and prayed, with a downcast face.

They all go out and go across the garden first, then the village, where it descends towards the slopes of the Mount of Olives, they then reach the end of the village, where also the tableland, on which it is built, ends, and they proceed along the only mountain road that rises and descends along natural flights of steps across the mountains, which slope down towards the plain to the east and rise towards the town of Jerusalem to the west.

There is a fountain here with a large basin, where cattle and men quench their thirst. The place just now is solitary and cool, because there is plenty of shade of thick trees around the cistern full of pure water, which is renewed continuously by the spring-water of some mountain, and overflows keeping the ground damp.

<sup>3</sup>Philip is sitting on the upper edge of the fountain, with his head lowered, his hair unkempt, dusty, his broken sandals hanging from his grazed feet. 621. 3

Lazarus calls him in a pitiful voice: «Philip, come to me! Let

us love one another for His sake. Let us be united in His Name. We shall still love Him by doing so! »

«Oh! Lazarus! Lazarus! I ran away... and yesterday, beyond Jericho, I heard that He is dead!... I... I cannot forgive myself for running away... »

«We all ran away. With the exception of John, who remained faithfully with Him, and Simon who gathered us together by His order, after we had cowardly run away. So... of us apostles, no one was faithful» says Bartholomew.

«And can you forgive yourself? »

«No. But I am thinking of making amends, as I can, by not giving myself up to sterile dejection. We must join together. We must join together. We must join John and learn about His last hours. John followed Him all the time» Bartholomew replies to his companion Philip.

«And not let His Doctrine die. We must preach it to the world. We must keep at least that alive, since we did not take action in time to save Him from His enemies, as we were too slow and late» says the Zealot.

«You could not have saved Him. Nothing could have saved Him. He told me. I repeat it again» says Lazarus resolutely.

«Did you know, Lazarus? » asks Philip.

«Yes, I did. It was my torture to be informed, since the Sabbath evening, of His death by Him, and in detail, to be told how we would act... »

«No. Not you. You have obeyed and suffered. We acted like cowards. You and Simon are the ones who were sacrificed to obedience» exclaims Bartholomew.

«Yes. To obedience. Oh! How hard it is to resist love in order <sup>621.4</sup> to obey the Beloved! <sup>4</sup>Come, Philip. Almost all the disciples are in my house. You must come, too. »

«I am ashamed of appearing to the world, to my companions... »

«We are all alike! » says Bartholomew moaning.

«Yes. But my heart does not forgive itself. »

«That is pride, Philip. Come. On the Sabbath evening He said to me: “They will not forgive themselves. Tell them that I forgive them, because I know that they are not acting freely, but it is Satan who is leading them astray”. Come. »

Philip weeps more loudly, but he surrenders. And, stooping as if he had aged in a few days, he walks beside Lazarus as far as the court-yard where they are all waiting for him. And the glance he casts at his companions, and the ones his companions cast at him, are the most evident confession of their total dejection.

<sup>5</sup>Lazarus is aware of it and says:

621.5

«A new sheep of the herd of Christ, that was frightened by the coming of wolves and had run away after the arrest of the Shepherd, has been received by His friend. To this lost sheep, that has experienced the bitterness of being alone, without even the comfort of weeping over the same error with his brothers, I repeat His testament of love.

In the presence of the heavenly choruses I swear that He said to me, among many other things that your present human weakness cannot bear, because they are so distressing that they have torn my heart during these last ten days - and if I did not know that my life is of some use to the Lord, although it is so poor and faulty, I should give myself up to the wound of this grief of a friend and disciple who has lost everything by losing Him - He said to me: "The miasma of corrupt Jerusalem will drive also My disciples mad. They will run away and they will copie to you". In fact, you can see that you are all here. I could say all of you. Because, with the exception of Simon Peter and of the Iscariot, you have all come towards my house and to my heart of a friend. He said: "You will gather them. You will encourage My scattered sheep. You will tell them that I forgive them. I entrust you with My forgiveness for them. They will not set their minds at rest for having run away. Tell them not to fall into the greater sin of despairing of my forgiveness".

That is what He said. And I have forgiven you on His behalf. And I blushed in giving you in His Name this thing which is so holy, so peculiar of Him, which is Forgiveness, that is, the perfect Love, because he who forgives a guilty person, loves perfectly. This ministry has been a solace to my hard obedience... Because I should have liked to be there, like Mary and Martha, my sweet sisters. And if He was crucified on Golgotha by men, I swear it to you, I am crucified here by obedience, and it is really a heart-rending martyrdom. But if it serves to give solace to His



Spirit, if it serves to save His disciples for Him, until He gathers them to bring them to perfection in faith, well, once again I sacrifice my wish to go to *at least* venerate His corpse before the third day ends.

<sup>621.6</sup> <sup>6</sup>I know that you doubt. You must not. Of His words at the Passover banquet I know only what you have told me. But the more I think of them, the more I raise, one by one, these diamonds of truthful words, and the more I feel that they have a sure reference to the immediate morrow. He cannot have said: "I am going to the Father and then I will come back", if He were not really to come back. He cannot have said: "When you see Me again you will be full of joy" if He had disappeared for good. He has always said: "I will rise from the dead". You told me that He said: "Dew is about to fall on the seeds sown in you and will make them all sprout, then the Paraclete will come and will make them become mighty trees". Did He not say so? Oh! do not allow that to happen only for the last of His disciples, for poor Lazarus, who was with Him only rarely! When He comes back, ensure that all His seed has sprouted under the dew of His Blood.

Since the dreadful hour when He was lifted up on the Cross, there is in me a great glow of light, a mighty outburst of strength. Everything is bright, everything revives and springs up. There is not one word left in me in its poor human meaning. But everything I heard from Him or of Him, now becomes full of life, and my barren land really changes into a fertile flower-bed, where every flower has His Name and every sap draws life from His blessed Heart.

I believe, Christ! But so that these may believe in You, in every promise of Yours, in Your forgiveness, in everything that is You, I offer You my life. Consume it, but do not let Your Doctrine die! Crush poor Lazarus to smithereens, but gather together the scattered members of the apostolic group. Everything You may wish, but in return let Your Word be vivid and eternal, and now and forever, let those come to it who only through You can possess eternal life. »

<sup>621.7</sup> <sup>7</sup>Lazarus is really inspired. Love elevates him to a very high sphere and his transport is so strong that it relieves also his companions. Some call him on his right, some on his left, as if he were a confessor, a doctor, a father. The court-yard of Lazarus' rich

house, I do not know why, reminds me of the abodes of Christian patricians in the days of persecutions and of heroic faith...

He is bent over Judas of Alphaeus, who can find no reason to appease his anguish for leaving His Master and cousin, when *something* makes him stand up straight all of a sudden. He turns round and then he says clearly: «I am coming, Lord. » His usual word of prompt assent. And he goes out, as if he were running behind someone who was calling and preceding him.

They all look at one another, seized with astonishment. They consult with one another.

«What has he seen? »

«But there is nothing! »

«Have you heard a voice? »

«I have not. »

«Neither have I. »

«So? Is Lazarus perhaps not well again? »

«May be... He has suffered more than we have, and he has encouraged us so much, we... the cowards! Perhaps he is raving. »

«In fact he looks worn out. »

«And his eyes were inflamed while he was speaking. »

«Perhaps Jesus has called him to Heaven. »

«In fact Lazarus offered Him his life not long ago... He has picked him at once like a flower... Oh! how wretched we are. What shall we do now? »

Comments are desperate and sorrowful.

<sup>8</sup>Lazarus crosses the hall, he goes out into the garden, running all the time, smiling, whispering, and there is his soul in his voice: «I am coming, Lord. » He arrives at a box thicket that forms a green shelter, we would say a green bower, and he falls on his knees, with his face on the ground, shouting: «Oh! my Lord! » 621.8

Because Jesus, in His beauty of the Resurrection, is on the threshold of this green bower and smiles at him... and says: «Everything has been accomplished, Lazarus. I have come to thank you, My faithful friend. I have come to ask you to tell our brothers to come at once to the house of the Supper. You - another sacrifice, My dear friend, out of love for Me - will remain here, for the time being... I am aware that you suffer because of that. But I know that you are generous. Mary, your sister, has already

been comforted, because I have seen her and she has seen Me. »

«You no longer suffer, my Lord. And that repays me for every sacrifice. I suffered... knowing that You were suffering... and that I was not there... »

«Oh! you were! Your spirit was at the foot of My Cross, and it was in the darkness of My sepulchre. From the depth where I was, you have evoked Me earlier, like all those who have loved Me with their whole selves. Just now I said to you: “Come, Lazarus”. As on the day of your resurrection. But for several hours you have been saying to Me: “Come”. I have come. And I called you, to draw you out, in My turn, from the depth of your grief. Go. Peace and blessings to you, Lazarus! Grow greater in your love for Me. I will come again. »

621.9 <sup>9</sup>Lazarus has remained on his knees all the time without daring to make a gesture. The majesty of the Lord, although mitigated by love, is such that it paralyses Lazarus' usual behaviour.

But before disappearing in a flood of light that absorbs Him, Jesus takes a step and with His hand He touches the faithful forehead lightly.

It is at that moment that Lazarus recovers from his blissful astonishment, he stands up and running headlong towards his companions and with brightness of joy in his eyes and on his forehead barely touched by the Christ, he shouts: «He has risen, brother! He called me. I went. I have seen Him. He spoke to me. He told me to tell you to go at once to the house of the Supper. Go! Go! I am staying here, because He wants that. But my joy is complete... » And Lazarus weeps in his joy, while he urges the apostles to be the first to go where He orders. «Go! Go! He wants you! He loves you! Be not afraid of Him... Oh! He is more than ever the Lord, the Goodness, the Love! »

Also the disciples stand up... Bethany becomes empty. Lazarus remains with his great heart comforted...

## **622. Jesus appears to Johanna of Chuza.**

4<sup>th</sup> April 1945.

622.1 <sup>1</sup>In a rich room, where the light hardly filters from outside, Johanna is weeping, completely dejected on a seat near the low

bed covered with magnificent covers. She is weeping with her arm resting on the edge and her forehead on her arm, completely shaken by sobs, that must break her breast. When, in the anguish of her tears, she raises her face for a moment to breathe, a large damp spot can be seen on the precious cover, while her face is literally flooded with tears. Then she rests it again on her arm and once again one can see only her very white thin neck, the mass of her brown hair, her very slender shoulders and the top of her trunk. The rest is lost in the dim light, where her body disappears, wrapped in her dark violet dress.

Without moving the curtains or opening the door Jesus goes in, and without making any noise He approaches her. He touches her hair lightly with His Hand and in a whisper He asks: «Why are you weeping, Johanna? »

And Johanna, who must think that it is her angel who has asked her the question, and who does not see anything because she does not raise her head from the edge of the bed, with more desolate tears she expresses her torture: «Because I do not even have the Sepulchre of the Lord any more, to go and shed my tears there and not be alone... »

«But He has risen. Are you not happy? »

«Oh! yes! But all the women have seen Him with the exception of Martha and me. And Martha will certainly see Him at Bethany... because their house is a friendly one. Mine... mine is no longer a friendly house... I have lost everything with His Passion... Both my Master and my husband... and his soul... because he does not believe... he does not believe... and he derides me... and he orders me not to venerate even the memory of my Saviour... in order not to ruin him... Human interests are more important for him... I... I... I do not know whether I should continue to love him or to be disgusted at him. I do not know whether I should obey him, being his wife, or disobey him, as my soul would like to do, because of the greater nuptial tie of the spirit with the Christ, to Whom I will remain faithful... I... I should like to know... And who will advise me, if poor Johanna can no longer reach Him? Oh!... the Passion is over for my Lord!... But for me it began on Friday, and it lasts... Oh! I am so weak and I have not got the strength to carry this cross!... »

«But if He helped you, would you carry it for His sake? »

«Oh! yes! Providing He helps me... He knows what it means to carry the cross by oneself... Oh! have mercy on my misfortune!... »

<sup>622. 2</sup> «Yes. *I know* what it is to carry the cross by oneself. That is why I have come, and I am beside you. <sup>2</sup>Johanna, do you realise Who is speaking to you? Is your house no longer friendly with the Christ? Why? If he, your earthly husband, is like a star covered with a cloud of human miasma, you are still Johanna of Jesus. The Master has not left you. Jesus never leaves the souls who have become His spiritual spouses. He is always the Master, the Friend, the Spouse, also now that He has risen. Johanna, raise your head. Look at Me. In this hour of a secret lesson, which is even sweeter than if I had appeared to you as I did to the other women disciples, I will tell you what your future behaviour is to be. The same as that of many sisters of yours. Love your upset husband patiently and submissively. Increase your kindness all the more as he fosters the bitterness of human fears in himself. Increase your spiritual brightness the more he gives off shadows of human interests. Be faithful for two. And be strong in your spiritual nuptial tie. How many women, in future, will have to choose between the will of God and that of their husbands! But they will be great when, above love and maternity, they follow God. Your passion is beginning. Yes. But you can see that every passion ends in a resurrection... »

Johanna has been raising her head little by little. Her sobbing had become less frequent. She now looks and sees, she slides down on her knees, worshipping and whispering: «The Lord! »

«Yes. The Lord. You can see that I have not dealt with any of the women disciples as I have done with you. But I see peculiar needs and I arrange in gradations the assistance to be given to souls that expect help from Me. Climb your Calvary of a wife with the help of My caress and with that of your innocent child. He has entered Heaven with Me and he has given Me his caress for you. I bless you, Johanna. Have faith. I saved you. You will save, if you have faith. »

<sup>622. 3</sup> <sup>3</sup>Johanna now smiles and she dares to ask: «Are You not going to the children? »

«I kissed them at dawn while they were still sleeping in their little beds, and they believed I was an angel of the Lord. I can

kiss the innocent whenever I wish. But I did not wake them not to upset them too much. Their souls keep the memory of My kiss... and in due time, they will transmit it to their minds. Nothing is lost of what is Mine. Always be a mother to them. And always be a daughter of My Mother. Never be completely detached from Her. With motherly gentleness She will perpetuate what was our friendship. And take the children to Her. She needs children to feel less deprived of Her Child... »

«Chuza will not agree... »

«Chuza will let you do. »

«Will he repudiate me, Lord? » It is the cry of a fresh torture.

«He is a dimmed star. Bring him back to light with your heroism of a wife and of a Christian. Goodbye. With the exception of My Mother, do not mention this coming of Mine to anybody else. Also revelations are to be mentioned to those to whom and when it is fair to do so. »

Jesus smiles at her shining brightly, and He disappears in His refulgence.

Johanna stands up, lost in reverie, torn between joy and sorrow, between the fear of having dreamt and the certainty of having seen. But her feelings reassure her. <sup>4</sup>She goes to the little <sup>622. 4</sup> ones, who are playing quietly on the upper terrace, and kisses them.

«Are you not weeping any more, mummy? » asks Mary shyly, no longer the poor wretched little girl, but a delicate gentle girl, well dressed and with tidy hair; and Matthias, swarthy and lean, with the exuberance of a nice little boy says: «Tell me who makes you weep, and I will punish him. »

Johanna embraces them together and presses them to her heart, and says speaking over the brown-haired head of Mary and over the dark hair of Matthias: «I am not weeping any more. Jesus has risen and He blesses us. »

«Oh! so does He not bleed any more? Does He not suffer any longer? » asks Mary.

«Silly girl! You should rather say: He is no longer dead! Then, He is happy now!... Because it must be awful to be dead... » says Matthias.

«So is there no reason to weep any more, mummy? » asks Mary again.

«No. Not for you, innocent children. Rejoice with the angels. »

«The angels!... Last night, I don't know what watch it was, I felt being caressed and I woke up saying: "Mummy! ", but I was not calling you. I was calling my dead mother, because that caress was lighter and gentler than yours, and I opened my eyes for a moment. But I saw only a bright light and I said: "My angel has kissed me to console me for my deep grief over the death of the Lord"» says Mary.

«I, too. But I was very sleepy, and I said: "Is it you? " I was thinking of my Guardian angel and I wanted to say to him: "Go and kiss Jesus and Johanna, so that they may no longer be afraid", but I did not succeed. I fell asleep again and I began to dream, and I seemed to be in Heaven with you and Mary. Then there was that earthquake and I woke up and was frightened. But Esther said to me: "Don't be afraid. It is already all over" and I fell asleep again. »

Johanna kisses them again, and then she leaves them to their  
622. 5 peaceful games <sup>5</sup>and she goes to the house of the Supper.

She asks after Mary. She goes into Her room. She closes the door and says her great word: «I have seen Him. I tell You. I am comforted and happy. Love me, because He said that I must be united to You. »

The Mother replies: «I have already told you, on the day of the Sabbath, that I love you. Yesterday. Because it was yesterday... And that day of weeping and darkness seems so far from this day of light and smiles! »

«Yes... Now I remember that You had already said what He has now repeated to me. You said: "We women will have to take action, because we remained and the men ran away... The true giver of life is always the woman... " Oh! Mother, help me to give life to Chuza! He has abandoned Faith!... » Johanna begins to weep again.

Mary takes her in Her arms: «Love is stronger than faith. It is the most active virtue. With it you will create a new soul for Chuza. Be not afraid. But I will help you. »

623. Jesus appears to Joseph of Arimathea,  
to Nicodemus and to Manaen.

4<sup>th</sup> April 1945.

<sup>1</sup>Manaen, with the shepherds, is walking fast along the slopes that from Bethany take one to Jerusalem. A beautiful road goes straight towards the Mount of Olives. And Manaen turns towards it, after leaving the shepherds, who, few at a time, want to enter the town to go to the Supper room. 623. 1

Shortly before, I gather this from their conversation, they must have met John, who was coming towards Bethany to bring the news of the Resurrection and the order for everybody to be in Galilee in a few days' time. They part precisely because the shepherds want to repeat personally to Peter, what they have already told John, that is, that the Lord, when he appeared to Lazarus, said that they had to gather in the Supper room.

Manaen climbs a secondary road towards a house in the middle of an olive-grove. A beautiful house, with around it a row of cedars of Lebanon, which with their imposing mass dominate the numerous olive-trees of the mountain. He goes in resolutely and to the servant, who has rushed to meet him, he says: «Where is your master? »

«Over there with Joseph. He came not long ago. »

«Tell him that I am here. »

The servant goes away and comes back with Nicodemus and Joseph.

The voices of the three men mingle in the same cry: «He has risen! » They look at one another, surprised that they all know.

<sup>2</sup>Then Nicodemus takes his friend and leads him to a room inside the house. Joseph follows them. 623. 2

«Have you dared to come back? »

«Yes. He said: "At the Supper room". I do want to see Him now, glorious, to get rid of the grievous memory of Him tied and covered with filth, like a criminal struck by the rage of the world. »

«Oh! we should like to see Him as well... to free ourselves from the horror of remembering Him tortured, of His countless wounds... But He has shown Himself only to the women» whispers Joseph.



«And that is fair. They have always been faithful to Him during these last years. We were afraid. The Mother said so: “A very poor love indeed, if it waited until now to show itself! ”» says Nicodemus objecting.

623.3 «But to defy Israel, now more than ever opposed to Him, we should really need to see Him!... <sup>3</sup>If you knew! The guards have spoken... Now the Leaders of the Sanhedrin and the Pharisees, not yet converted by so much wrath of Heaven, are looking for those who are aware of His Resurrection, to put them in prison. I have sent little Martial - a child passes unnoticed more easily - to inform the people at home to be on the alert. They have taken sacred money from the Treasury of the Temple to pay the guards, so that they may say that the disciples stole Him, and that what they had said previously about the Resurrection, was a lie, as they were afraid of being punished. The town is in a turmoil. And there are some disciples who are already leaving it out of fear... I mean the disciples that were not at Bethany... »

«Yes, we would need His blessing to have courage. »

«He appeared to Lazarus... It was almost the third hour. Lazarus seems transfigured to us. »

«Oh! Lazarus deserves it! We... » says Joseph.

«Yes. We are still encrusted with doubt and human thoughts, like a leper badly cured... And there is no one but He Who can say: “I want you to be cleansed! ” So, now that He has risen, will He no longer speak to us, who are less perfect? » asks Nicodemus.

«And will He not work any more miracles, to punish the world, now that He is the One Who has Risen from death and from the miseries of the flesh? » asks Joseph again.

But their questions can have but one reply. His. And it does not come. The three remain dejected.

623.4 <sup>4</sup>Then Manaen says: «Well. I am going to the Supper room. If they kill me, He will absolve my soul and I shall see Him in Heaven, if I do not see Him here, on the Earth. Manaen is such a useless thing in the group of His followers that, if he falls, he will leave the same void that is left by a flower picked in a meadow crowded with corollas: he will not even be noticed... » and he gets up to go.

But, as he turns towards the door, the latter is brightly illu-

minated by the Divine Resurrected Lord, Who, with His open hands, in a gesture of an embrace, stops him saying: «Peace to you! Peace to you two! But remain where you are, you and Nicodemus. Joseph may still go, if he wishes so. But you have Me here, and I speak the word you requested: “I want you to be cleansed of what is still impure in your belief”. Tomorrow you will go down to the town. You will go to the brothers. This evening I have to speak only to the apostles. Goodbye. And may God be always with you. Thanks, Manaen. You have believed more than these two. So, thanks also to your spirit. I thank you two for your pity. But ensure that it may become something higher through a life of fearless faith. » Jesus disappears behind a dazzling incandescence.

The three are blissful and bewildered.

«But was it He? » asks Joseph.

«And did you not hear His voice? » replies Nicodemus.

«Also a spirit can have... a voice... You, Manaen, since you were so close to Him, what do you think? »

«A real body. Most handsome. He breathed. I could feel His breath. And He emitted heat. And then... His Wounds, I saw them. They looked as if they had been opened then. They did not bleed, but it was living flesh. Oh! do not doubt any more! So that He may not punish you. We have seen the Lord. I mean Jesus, Who has come back as glorious as His Nature wants! And... He still loves us... Truly, if Herod should now offer me his kingdom, I should say to him: “Your throne and crown are dust and dung, as far as I am concerned. Nothing exceeds what I possess. I have the blissful knowledge of the Face of God”. »

## 624. Jesus appears to the shepherds.

4<sup>th</sup> April 1945.

<sup>1</sup>They also walk fast under the olive-trees, and they are so certain of His Resurrection that they converse with the joy of happy children. They go straight towards the town. 624. 1

«We will tell Peter to look at Him carefully and to tell us how beautiful is His face» says Elias.

«Oh! no matter how beautiful it may be, I shall never be able

to forget what He was like when He was tortured» whispers Isaac.

«But do you remember Him when He was lifted up on the Cross?» asks Levi. «And do you all remember Him?»

«I do, and perfectly. The light was still good then. Later, with my old eyes, I could not see much» says Daniel.

«I, instead, saw Him until He seemed to be dead. But I would have preferred to be blind, in order not to see» says Joseph.

«Oh! well. Now He has risen. That must make us happy» says John to comfort him.

«And the thought that we only left Him for an act of charity» adds Jonathan.

«But our hearts remained up there. All the time» whispers Matthias.

«Yes. All the time. Since you have seen the veronica, tell us: what is it like? Does it look like Him?» asks Benjamin.

«As if He were speaking» replies Isaac.

«Will we see that veil?» many ask.

624.2 «Oh! the Mother shows it to everybody. You will certainly see it. But it is a sad sight. It would be better to see...<sup>2</sup>Oh! Lord!»

«Faithful servants. Here I am. Go. I will wait for you in Galilee in a few days' time. I want to tell you once more that I love you. Jonah is blissful, with the others, in Heaven.»

«Lord! Oh! Lord.»

«Peace to you of goodwill.»

The Risen Lord vanishes in the bright midday sunbeam. When they raise their heads, He is no longer there. But there is the joy of having seen Him as He is now: glorious.

They stand up, transfigured with joy. In their humbleness they cannot be persuaded that they deserved to see Him and they say: «To us! To us! How good is our Lord! From His birth to His triumph, always humble and good to His poor servants!»

«And how handsome He was!»

«Oh! He was never so handsome! What majesty!»

«He looks even taller and of riper age.»

«He is really the King!»

«Oh! They called Him the peaceful King! But He is also the terrible King for those who must be afraid of His judgement!»

«Did you see what beams were emitted by His Face?»

«And how His eyes flashed! »

«I did not dare stare at Him. And I would have liked to stare at Him, because I think that perhaps I shall be granted to see Him so only in Heaven. And I want to know Him, so that I shall not be afraid of Him then. »

<sup>3</sup>«Oh! we must not be afraid if we remain as we are: His faithful servants. You have heard Him: “I want to tell you once more that I love you. Peace to you of goodwill”. Oh! not a word too many. But in that little there is His full approval of what we have done so far and His greatest promises for our future lives. Oh! let us intone the song of joy. Of our joy: 624.3

“Glory to God in the most high Heavens and peace on earth to men of goodwill.

The Lord has really risen, as He had said through the mouths of the prophets and with His own faultless word.

With His Blood He has wiped off the corruption that the kiss of a man had laid on Him,

and, as the altar is cleansed, His Body has assumed the inexpressible beauty of God.

Before ascending to Heaven He has shown Himself to His servants. Alleluia.

Let us go on singing, alleluia! The eternal youth of God!

Let us go announcing to the people that He has risen, alleluia!

The Just, the Holy Lord has risen, alleluia, alleluia!

From the Sepulchre He has risen immortal. And just men have risen with Him.

In sin, as in a grotto, the hearts of men were closed.

He died to say: ‘Rise!’ And those who were dispersed have risen, alleluia!

Having opened the gates of Heaven, He said to the chosen ones: ‘Come’.

For the sake of His holy Blood may He grant us to ascend as well. Alleluia! ”»

Matthia, the elderly ex-disciple of John the Baptist, goes ahead singing, as perhaps in days gone by David had sung before His people along the streets in Judaea. The others follow him, replying in chorus to each alleluia with holy joy.

<sup>4</sup>Jonathan, who is a member of the group, while Jerusalem is 624. 4 already at the feet of the hillock which they are descending rap-

idly, says: «Through His birth I have lost fatherland and home, and through His death I have lost the new house where for thirty years I worked honestly. But even if they had taken my life because of Him, I would have died happily, because I would have lost it for Him. I bear him who is unfair to me, no grudge. Through His death my Lord has taught me perfect meekness. And I am not worried about the future. My abode is not here, but in Heaven. I shall live in the poverty so dear to Him and I will serve Him until He calls me... and... yes... I will offer Him also the fact that I have to abandon... my mistress... This is the most aching pain... But now that I have seen the suffering of the Christ and His glory, I must not weigh my grief, but only hope in the celestial glory. Let us go and tell the apostles that Jonathan is the servant of the servants of the Christ. »

## **625. Jesus appears to the disciples of Emmaus.**

5<sup>th</sup> April 1945.

625.1 <sup>1</sup>Along a mountain road two middle-aged men are walking fast turning their backs on Jerusalem, whose mountains are disappearing more and more behind those that follow with uninterrupted undulations of summits and valleys.

They are speaking to each other. The elder one says to the other, who must be about thirty-five years old at most: «Believe me: it was better to do so, I have a family, and you have one, too. The Temple is not joking. They want to have really done with this matter. Are they right? Are they wrong? I don't know. I know that they clearly intend to put an end to this matter once for all. »

«To this crime, Simon. Give it its right name. Because it is at least a crime. »

«It depends. Love instigates us against the Sanhedrin. But perhaps... who knows! »

«Not at all. Love enlightens. It does not lead to error. »

«Also the Sanhedrin, also the Priests and the Chiefs love. They love Jehovah, Whom all Israel has loved since the agreement was made between God and the Patriarchs. So, love is light also for them and does not lead to error! »

«Their love is not for the Lord. Yes. Israel has been in that

Faith for ages. But tell me. Can you say that it is still Faith what the Chiefs of the Temple, the Pharisees, the scribes, the Priests give us? You can see it. With the gold sacred to the Lord - people already knew or at least suspected that it happened - with the gold sacred to the Lord they have paid the Traitor and now they are paying the guards. The former, to make him betray the Christ, the latter to make them lie, Oh! I don't know how the eternal Power has limited Itself to overthrowing the walls and tearing the Veil! I tell you that I would have liked the new Philistines to have been buried under the ruins. All of them! »

«Cleopas! You would be complete vengeance. »

«I would. Because, let us admit that He was only a prophet, is it legal to kill an innocent? Because He was innocent! Have you ever seen Him commit one of the crimes with which they charged Him to kill Him? »

«No. Not even one. <sup>2</sup>But He made one mistake. »

625. 2

«Which, Simon? »

«He did not show His power from the height of His Cross, to confirm our faith and to punish the incredulous sacrilegious people. He should have accepted the challenge and descended from the Cross. »

«He has done more than that. He has risen from the dead. »

«Is it really true. Risen how? Only with His Spirit or with His Spirit and His Body? »

«But the spirit is eternal! It need not rise! » exclaims Cleopas.

«I know that, too. What I mean is whether He has risen only with His Nature of God, superior to all the snares of man. Because they laid snares to His Spirit through the terror of man. You did hear, didn't you? Mark said that at Gethsemane, where He went to pray against a rock, there is blood everywhere. And John, who has spoken to Mark, said to him: "Do not let that place be trampled on, because it is Blood sweated by the Man-God". If He sweated blood before being tortured, He must have been terrified of the torture! »

«Our poor Master!... »

They become silent feeling dejected.

<sup>3</sup>Jesus joins them and asks: «What were you speaking of? In the silence I could hear your words at intervals. Who has been killed? »

625. 3

It is a Jesus veiled under the humble appearance of a poor wayfarer who is in a hurry. The two do not recognise Him.

«Have you come from far away, man? Have you not stopped in Jerusalem? Your dusty tunic and your sandals in that state look like those of an indefatigable pilgrim. »

«I am. I have come from very far... »

«So you must be tired. Are you going far? »

«Yes, very far, even farther than the place from which I come. »

«Are you in business? Markets? »

«I have to purchase an enormous number of herds for the greatest Lord. I have to go round the whole world to choose sheep and lambs, and I have to go also among wild herds, which, however, once they have been tamed, will be better than the ones which at present are not wild. »

«Hard work. And have you gone on your way without stopping in Jerusalem? »

«Why do you ask Me? »

«Because you seem to be the only one who is unaware of what happened there these past days. »

«What happened? »

«You have come from afar and therefore perhaps you do not know. And yet your way of speaking is Galilean. So, even if you are the servant of a foreign king or the son of emigrated Galileans, you must know, if you are circumcised, that for three years in our Fatherland a great Prophet had risen, named Jesus of Nazareth, powerful in deeds and in words before God and before men, and He went preaching all over the Country. And He said that He was the Messiah. His words and His deeds were really those of the Son of God, of the Son of God only, as He said He was.

625. 4 All Heaven... Now you know why... 4But are you circumcised? »

«I am the first-born and sacred to the Lord. »

«Then do you know our Religion? »

«I know every syllable of it. I know the precepts and the customs. The Halacha, the midrash and the Haggadah are known to Me like the elements of the air, of the water, of the fire and of the light, that are the first to which tend the intelligence, the instinct and the needs of man, shortly after he is born. »

«Well, in that case you know that Israel was promised the Messiah, but as a powerful king who would re-unite Israel. This

one instead was not so... »

«How, then? »

«He did not aim at earthly power. But He said that He was the king of an eternal spiritual kingdom. He did not re-unite, on the contrary He divided Israel, because the country is now divided between those who believe in Him and those who say that He is a criminal. Really, He was not the stuff kings are made of, because He only wanted meekness and forgiveness. And can one subdue and defeat with such weapons?... »

«So? »

«So the Chiefs of the Priests and the Elders of Israel captured Him and sentenced Him to death... charging Him, really, with crimes of which He was not guilty. His only fault was to be too good and too severe... »

«If He was one, how could He be the other? »

«It was possible, because He was too severe in speaking the truth to the Chiefs in Israel and too good in not working miracles of death on them, striking His unjust enemies dead. »

«Was He as severe as the Baptist? »

«Well... I would not know. He used to reproach scribes and Pharisees very severely, particularly recently, and He threatened those of the Temple, as if they were marked by the wrath of God. But if one was a sinner and repented, and He saw true repentance in that heart, because the Nazarene read hearts better than a scribe can read the text, then He was kinder than a mother. »

«And did Rome allow an innocent to be killed? »

«Pilate condemned Him... But he did not want to, and said that He was “just”. But they threatened to report him to Caesar, and he was frightened. <sup>5</sup>In short He was condemned to be crucified and He died on the Cross. And that, together with the fear of the members of the Sanhedrin, has greatly disheartened us. Because I am Cleopas, the son of Cleopas, and he is Simon, both from Emmaus, and relatives, because I am the husband of his oldest daughter, and we were disciples of the Prophet. »

625. 5

«And are you no longer so? »

«We hoped that He would free Israel and also that, by means of a miracle, He would confirm His words. Instead!... »

«What words had He spoken? »

«We have told you: “I have come to the Kingdom of David. I am



the peaceful King” and so forth. And He used to say: “Come to the Kingdom”, but, then, He did not give us the kingdom. And He would say: “On the third day I will rise from the dead”. Now this is the third day since He died. And it is even finished, because it is later than the ninth hour, and He has not risen. Some women and guards say that He has risen. But we have not seen Him. The guards now state that they said so to justify the theft of the corpse made by the disciples of the Nazarene. But the disciples!... We all abandoned Him out of fear when He was alive... and we certainly did not steal Him now that He is dead. And the women... who believes them? That is what we were talking about. And we wanted to know whether He intended to say that He would rise only with the Spirit that had become divine again, or also with His body. The women say that the angels - because they say that they saw also angels after the earthquake, and it may be, because on Friday some just people had already appeared out of their sepulchres - they say that the angels said that He is like one who has never died. And in fact that is how the women seemed to see Him. But two of us, two chiefs, went to the Sepulchre. And while they saw it empty, as the women had said, they did not see Him there or anywhere else. And it is a great desolation, because we no longer know what to think! »

625. 6 <sup>6</sup>«Oh! how foolish you are and hard to understand! And how slow you are in believing the words of the prophets! And had all that not already been said? The error of Israel is this: they have misinterpreted the regality of the Christ. That is why He was not believed. That is why He was feared. That is why you are now in doubt. In high places, in low ones, in the Temple, in villages, everywhere people thought of a king according to human nature. The reconstruction of the Kingdom of Israel was not limited, in the mind of God, in time, in space and in means, as it was in you.

*Not in time:* no royalty, even the most powerful one, is eternal. Remember the mighty Pharaohs who oppressed\* the Jews in the days of Moses. How many dynasties have come to an end, and only soulless mummies remain of them at the bottom of secret hypogea! And a remembrance remains, if even that still re-

\* **Pharaohs who oppressed...** starting from the one of whom is narrated in *Exodus* 1: 8-22.

mains, of their power of one hour, and even less, if we measure their centuries by the eternal Time. This Kingdom is eternal.

*In space.* It was called: Kingdom of Israel. Because the stock of the human race came from Israel; because in Israel there is, so to say, the seed of God; and therefore, by saying Israel, it was meant: the kingdom of those created by God. But the regality of the King Messiah is not limited to the small space of Palestine, but it stretches from north to south, from east to west, wherever there is a being with a spirit in its body, that is, wherever there is a man. How could one person alone gather under him all the peoples, hostile to one another, and form only one kingdom, without shedding rivers of blood and subjecting them all by means of cruel oppressions of armed men? So, how could He have been the peaceful king mentioned by the prophets?

*In means:* the human means, I said, is oppression. The super-human means is love. The former is always limited, because peoples rebel against the oppressor. The latter is unlimited, because love is loved or, if it is not loved, it is derided. But as it is spiritual, it cannot be attacked directly. And God, the Infinite, wants means to be like Himself. He wants what is not finite, because He is eternal: the spirit; what belongs to the spirit; what leads to the Spirit. That has been the error: that men conceived in their minds a Messianic idea that is wrong in means and form.

Which is the highest regality? God's. Is it not so? Therefore, this Admirable, this Immanuel, this Holy, this sublime Germ, this Strong, this Father of the future century, this Prince of peace, this God like Him from Whom He comes, because so is He named and so is the Messiah, will He not have a regality like that of Him Who generated Him? Of course, He will! A regality which is completely spiritual and eternal, immune from violence and blood, unaware of betrayals and abuse of power. His Regality! That which the Eternal Goodness bestows also on poor men, to give honour and joy to His Word.

<sup>625.7</sup>  
<sup>7</sup>But did David not say\* that this powerful King had all things placed under His feet as a footstool? Did Isaiah not narrate all His Passion, and did David not count, one might say, also His tortures? And is it not said that He is the Saviour and Redeemer,

\* say in *Psalms 110*.

Who with His holocaust will save sinful mankind?

And is it not stated, and Jonah is the sign, that for three days He would be swallowed by the insatiable stomach of the Earth, and then He would be ejected as the prophet was by the whale? And was it not said by Him: “My Temple, that is My Body, the third day after being destroyed, will be rebuilt by Me (that is, by God)? ” And what did you think? That by magic He would raise the walls of the Temple again? No. Not the walls. But Himself. And God only could make Himself rise from the dead. He has raised the true Temple: His Body of the Lamb. Sacrificed, as Moses received the order and the prophecy, to prepare the “passage” from death to Life, from slavery to freedom, of men, the children of God and slaves of Satan.

How did He rise? you ask each other. I reply: He has risen with His true Body and with His Divine Spirit that dwells in it, as in every mortal body there dwells the soul as queen of the heart. That is how He has risen after suffering everything to expiate everything, and make amends for the primitive Offence and for the countless ones that every day are committed by Mankind. He has risen as it had been said under the veil of the prophecies. He had come at His time, I remind you of Daniel, at His time He was sacrificed. And listen and remember, at the time predicted after His death the deicide town will be destroyed.

625. 8 I advice you to do this: read the prophets with your souls, not with proud minds, from the beginning of the Book to the words of the Sacrificed Word; remember the Precursor who indicated Him as the Lamb; recall which was the destiny of the symbolic Mosaic lamb. The first-born of Israel were saved through that blood. Through *this* Blood the first-born of God will be saved, that is, those who with goodwill have made themselves sacred to the Lord. Remember and understand the Messianic psalm of David and the Messianic prophet Isaiah. Remember Daniel, recall to your minds, but raising these from the filth of the earth to the celestial blue, recall every word on the regality of the Saint of God, and you will understand that no other more just or more strong sign could be given to you than this victory over Death, than this Resurrection accomplished by Himself. Remember that it would have been contrary to His mercy and to His mission to punish from the height of His Cross those who had put Him on it.

He was still the Saviour, even if He was the Crucified scoffed at and nailed to a scaffold! His limbs were crucified, but His spirit and will were free. And with the latter He wanted to wait, to give the sinners time to believe and to invoke His Blood on themselves, not with blasphemous cries, but with groans of contrition.

<sup>9</sup>Now He is risen. He has accomplished everything. Glorious He was before His incarnation. Three times glorious He is now that, having humbled Himself in a body for so many years, He sacrificed Himself, elevating Obedience to the perfection of being able to die on the Cross to do God's Will. Most glorious, with His glorified Body, now that He ascends to Heaven, and enters into the eternal Glory, beginning the Kingdom that Israel has not understood. 625. 9

To this Kingdom, in a more and more pressing manner, through the love and the authority of which He is full, He calls the tribes of the world. As foreseen and predicted by the just of Israel and by the prophets, all peoples will come to the Saviour. And there will no longer be Judaeans or Romans, Scythians or Africans, Iberians or Celts, Egyptians or Phrygians. The land beyond the Euphrates will join the springs of the perennial River. The Hyperboreans beside the Numidians will come to His Kingdom, and races and languages will fall away. There will no longer be different customs and different colours of skins and hair, but there will be an immense bright pure people, one language only and one love. It will be the Kingdom of God. The Kingdom of Heaven. And eternal Monarch: the Sacrificed Lord Who has risen again from the dead. The eternal subjects: the believers in His Faith. Do believe, in order to belong to it.

<sup>10</sup>Here is Emmaus, My friends. I am going farther. No stop is granted to the Wayfarer Who has to travel so far. » 625. 10

«Sir, you are more learned than a rabbi. If He were not dead, we should say that He has spoken to us. We should like to hear some more and wider truths from you. Because now, we are like sheep without a shepherd, upset by the storm of Israel's hatred, and we are no longer able to understand the words of the Book. Do you want us to come with you? See, you would go on teaching us, completing the work of the Master Who was taken away from us. »

«You have had Him for such a long time and was He not able

to complete your instruction? Is this not a synagogue? »

«Yes, it is. I am Cleopas, the son of Cleopas the synagogue\* Leader who died in the joy of having become acquainted with the Messiah. »

«And have you not succeeded yet in believing with clear firm faith? But it is not your fault. After the Blood, the Fire is still missing. And then you will believe, because you will understand Goodbye. »

«O sir, it is nearly evening and the sun is beginning to set. You are tired and thirsty. Come in. Stay with us. You will speak to us of God, while we share bread and salt. »

625. 11 <sup>11</sup>Jesus goes in and they serve Him with the customary Jewish hospitality, offering Him drinks and water for His tired feet.

Then they sit at the table and the two beg Him to offer the food for them.

Jesus stands up holding the bread in the palms of His hands, and raising His eyes to the red sky of the evening, He recites the thanksgiving for the food and sits down. He breaks the bread and gives some to His two guests. And, in doing so, He reveals Himself for what He is: the Risen Lord. He is not the bright Risen Lord Who appeared to the others who are dearer to Him. But He is a Jesus full of majesty, with the wounds very clear in His long Hands: red roses against the ivory of His skin. A Jesus fully alive in His recomposed Body.

But He is also clearly God in the majesty of His eye and of all His aspect.

The two recognise Him and fall on their knees... But when they dare to lift their faces, there is nothing left of Him except the broken bread. They take it and kiss it. Each takes his own piece and after enveloping it in a linen cloth, he puts it, like a relic, on his chest.

They weep saying: «It was He! And we did not recognise Him. And yet did you not feel your heart burn within you while He spoke and explained the Scriptures to us? »

«Yes, I did. And now I seem to see Him again. And in the light coming from Heaven. The light of God. And I see that He is the Saviour. »

\* **Cleopas the synagogue**, in chapter 126. 1 and in 140.

<sup>12</sup>«Let us go. I am no longer hungry or tired. Let us go and tell Jesus' disciples in Jerusalem. » 625. 12

«Let us go. Oh! I wish my old father had enjoyed this hour! »

«Don't say that! He has enjoyed it more than we have. Without the veils used out of pity for the weakness of our flesh, he, the just Cleopas, with his spirit has seen the Son of God enter heaven again. Let us go! Let us go! We shall arrive at dead of night. But if He so wishes, He will find a way to let us pass. If He has opened the gates of death, He will certainly be able to open those of the walls! Let us go. »

And in the fully purple sunset, they go speedily towards Jerusalem.

## **626. The coming of the Romans and the admission of other apparitions.**

5<sup>th</sup> April 1945.

<sup>1</sup>The house of the Supper room is full of people. The hall the court-yard, the rooms, apart from the Supper room and the Virgin Mary's room, show the joyful excited appearance of a place where many people meet, after some time, for a feast. The apostles are there, except Thomas. The shepherds are there. The faithful women are there, and with Johanna, there are Nike, Eliza, Syra, Marcella, Anne. They are all speaking in low voices, but with evident joyful excitement. The house is locked, as if they were afraid, but the fear from outside does not affect the joy inside. 626. 1

Martha goes backwards and forwards with Marcella and Susanna, preparing the supper of the «servants of the Lord», as she calls the apostles. The other women and men ask one another questions, they confide their impressions, their joys and fears... like many children awaiting something that thrills them and also frightens them a little.

The apostles would like to appear as the most self-confident. But they are the first to become uneasy if a noise seems the knock at a door or sounds like a window that bursts open. Also Susanna, who rushes with two multi-flamed lamps to help Martha, who is looking for some table-linen, makes Matthew jump

back shouting: «The Lord! », which causes Peter, who is evidently more excited than the others, to fall on his knees.

626.2 <sup>2</sup>A resolute knock at the door cuts all words short and leaves them all in suspense. I think that all their hearts are beating fast.

They look through the spy-hole and open with an «Oh! » of surprise, as they see the unexpected group of the Roman ladies escorted by Longinus and by another man, who like Longinus, is wearing dark clothes. Also the ladies are all wrapped in dark mantles, which cover also their heads. They are not wearing any jewels, in order not to attract attention.

«May we come in for a moment to express our joy to the Mother of the Saviour? » says Plautina, who is the most respected of them all.

«Do come in. She is there. »

They go in, in a group, with Johanna and Mary of Magdala, who gives me the impression that she knows them very well.

Longinus and the other Roman remain, separate in a corner of the hall, as they are looked at somewhat askance.

The women greet with their: «Ave Domina! » and they then kneel down saying: «If previously we admired the Wisdom, now we want to be daughters of the Christ. And we are telling You. You alone can overcome the Jewish distrust towards us. We will come to You to be taught until they (and they point at the apostles standing still in a group near the door) allow us to say that we are of Jesus. » It is Plautina who has spoken on behalf of everybody

Mary smiles blissfully and says: «I ask the Lord to cleanse My lips as He did with the prophet\*, so that I may be able to speak worthily of My Lord. May you be blessed, the first fruits of Rome. »

626.3 <sup>3</sup>«Longinus also would like to... and the Roman lance, who felt a fire in his heart when... when at the cry of God, Earth and Heaven opened. But if we know little, they know nothing, apart that He was the Saint of God and that they no longer want to belong to the Error. »

«You will tell them to come to the apostles. »

\*with the prophet, in *Isaiah* 6: 5-7.

«They are over there. But the apostles distrust them. »

Mary stands up and goes towards the soldiers. The apostles look at Her go, trying to guess Her mind.

«May God lead you to His Light, sons! Come! To meet the servants of the Lord. This is John. And you know him. And this is Simon Peter, chosen by My Son and Lord to be the head of the brothers. This is James and this is Judas, cousins of the Lord. This is Simon and this is Andrew, who is Peter's brother. And this is James, John's brother. And these are Philip, Bartholomew and Matthew. Thomas is absent, still far away, but I mention his name as if he were present. They are the ones who have been chosen for a special mission. But these ones, who are standing humbly in the shade, are the first in the heroism of love. For over thirty years they have been preaching the Christ. Neither persecutions against them, nor the conviction of the Innocent have impaired their faith. Fishermen and shepherds, and you patricians. But in Jesus' name distinctions do not exist any more. Love in the Christ makes us all equal and brothers. And My love calls you sons, including you of another nation. Even more, I say that I find you once again after losing you, because, at the moment of sorrow, you were near My Dying Son. And I will not forget your compassion, Longinus, or your words, soldier. I looked as if I had been killed. But I saw everything. <sup>626. 4</sup>I do not have the possibility of rewarding you. And, really, for holy things there is no money, but only love and prayer. And that is what I will give you, praying our Lord Jesus Himself to reward you. »

«We have received it, Domina. That is why we have dared to come all together. A common impulse gathered us together. Faith has already placed its tie from heart to heart» says Longinus.

They all go near with curiosity. And there is someone who, overcoming the reluctance and perhaps the disgust of contact with heathens, says: «What did you receive? »

«I, a voice, His. And it said: "Come to Me"» says Longinus. «And I heard: "If you think that I am Holy, believe in Me"» says the other soldier.

«And we» says Plautina «while this morning we were speaking of Him, saw a light, a light! It changed into a face. Oh! you...



please say how bright it was. It was His. And He smiled so kindly at us, that we wanted only one thing, to come and say to you: “Do not reject us”. »

Voices whisper making comments. They all speak, telling how they saw it.

626. 5 <sup>5</sup>The ten apostles are silent, mortified. In order to recover from their unpleasant situation, and not appear as the only ones who had been left without His greetings, they ask the Hebrew women whether they were without a Passover gift.

Eliza says: «He removed from my heart the sword of sorrow for the death of my son. »

And Anne: «I heard His promise concerning the eternal salvation of my relatives. »

And Syra: «I received a caress. »

And Marcella: «I saw a flash and I heard his voice say: “Persevere”. »

«And what about you, Nike? » they ask her, since she is silent.

«She had already had her gift» reply others.

«No. I have seen His Face, and He said to me: “That it may be impressed on your heart”. How beautiful it was! »

Martha goes backwards and forwards, silently and quickly, and does not speak.

«And what about you, sister? Nothing for you? You are silent and you smile. You smile too sweetly to have no joy of your own» says the Magdalene.

«It is true. Your eyes are closed and your tongue is silent, but your eyes shine so much under the veil of your eyelids, that you seem to be singing a song of love. »

«Oh! speak then! Mother, did she tell You? »

The mother smiles but does not speak.

Martha, who is busy laying the cloth on the table, does not want to reveal her happy secret. But her sister gives her no rest. Then Martha, blushing blissfully, says: «He gave me a rendezvous for the hour of my death and the accomplishment of the nuptials... » and her face lights up with a brighter flush and the smile of her soul.

## 627. Jesus appears to the ten apostles in the Supper room.

6<sup>th</sup> April 1945.

<sup>1</sup>They are gathered in the Supper room. It must be late in the evening, because no noise comes from the street or the house. I think that all those, who had come earlier, have withdrawn to their houses or to sleep, tired of so many emotions. 627. 1

The ten apostles, instead, after eating some fish, some of which is still left on a tray on a sideboard, are conversing in the light of only one little flame of the chandelier, the one closest to the table, at which they are still sitting. Their conversation is fragmentary, and sounds like monologues, as each seems to be talking to himself, rather than to his companion. And the others let him speak, while they, in turn, speak of something completely different. But one feels that these rambling talks, that give me the impression of the spokes of a broken wheel, deal with one subject only, which is their centre, even if they are so disconnected, and it is Jesus.

<sup>2</sup>«I hope that Lazarus has not misunderstood, and that the women have understood better than he did... » says Judas of Al-phaeus. 627. 2

«At what time did the Roman lady say that she saw Him? » asks Matthew.

No one replies to him.

«I am going to Capernaum tomorrow» says Andrew.

«How wonderful! To arrange things in such a way that Claudia's litter should come out just at that moment! » says Bartholomew.

«We made a mistake in coming away at once this morning, Peter... If we had stayed, we would have seen Him as the Magdalene did» says John with a sigh.

«I don't understand how He could be at Emmaus and at the mansion house at the same time. And how He was here with His Mother and there with the Magdalene and at Johanna's all at the same time... » says James of Zebedee talking to himself.

«He will not come. I have not wept enough to deserve it... He is right. I say that He will keep me waiting for three days because of my three denials. How was I able to do that? »

«How transfigured was Lazarus! I tell you: he looked like a

sun himself. I think that it happened to him as it did to Moses after he had seen God. And immediately after - it's true, isn't it, you who were there? - immediately after he had offered his life! » says the Zealot. No one listens to him.

<sup>627.3</sup> <sup>3</sup>James of Alphaeus turns towards John and asks: «What did He say to those from Emmaus? I think that He excused us, did He not? Did He not say that everything happened because we Israelites failed to understand the nature of His Kingdom? »

John does not pay attention to him, and turning round to look at Philip, he says... wasting his breath, because he does not speak to Philip: «It is sufficient for me to know that He has risen. And then... And then that my love may be stronger and stronger. You have noticed this, eh! If you consider things properly, He has gone in proportion to the love we have had: the Mother, Mary Magdalene, the children, my mother and yours, and then Lazarus and Martha... When did He appear to Martha? I say when she intoned David's psalm\*: "The Lord is my shepherd, I lack nothing. He has laid me in meadows of green grass, He has led me to waters of repose. He has called my soul to Himself... "Do you remember how she made our hearts beat violently with that unexpected song? And those words are connected to what she said: "He has called my soul to Himself". Martha, in fact, seems to have found her way again... Previously, she, the strong woman, was lost! Perhaps, when calling her, He told her the place where He wants her. And more than that, it is certain, because, if He gave her a rendezvous, He must know where she will be. What did she mean by: "accomplishment of the nuptials"? »

Philip, who has looked at him for a moment, and then has left him to talk to himself, says moaning: «If He comes, I shall not know what to say to Him... I ran away... and I feel that I will run away. Previously out of fear of men. Now out of fear of Him. »

«Everybody says: He is most handsome. Can He be more handsome than He already was? » asks Bartholomew.

«I will say to Him: "You forgave me without saying one word, when I was a publican. Forgive me also now with Your silence, because my cowardice does not deserve Your Word"» says Matthew.

\* **David's Psalm**, that is: *Psalm 23*.

«Longinus said that he was thinking: “Shall I ask Him to be cured or to believe? ” But his heart said: “To believe”, and then the Voice said: “Come to Me”, and he felt that he wanted to believe and that he was cured at the same time. That is exactly what he told me» states Judas of Alphaeus.

«My mind is always fixed on the idea that Lazarus was rewarded at once because of his offering... I also said: “My life for Your glory”. But He has not come» says the Zealot with a sigh.

<sup>4</sup>«What do you think, Simon? As you are a learned man, tell me: what shall I say to Him to make Him understand that I love Him and I ask Him to forgive me? And you, John? You have conversed a great deal with the Mother. Help me. If you are compassionate, you cannot leave poor Peter alone! » 627. 4

John feels pity for his dejected companion and says: «Well... I would simply say to Him: “I love You”. Repentance and the wish for forgiveness are also included in love. But... I don't know. Simon, what do you think? »

And the Zealot: «I would say what was the cry for miracles: “Jesus, have mercy on me! ” I would say: “Jesus”. Nothing else. Because He is by far more than the Son of David! »

«That is exactly what I think and makes me tremble. Oh! I will hide my head... Also this morning I was afraid of seeing Him and... »

«... and then you were the first to go in. But don't be so afraid. One would think that you do not know Him» says John encouraging him.

<sup>5</sup>The room lightens brightly, as if there were a dazzling flash. 627. 5  
The apostles cover their faces, fearing it is lightning. But they hear no noise and they raise their heads.

Jesus is in the middle of the room, near the table. He stretches out His arms saying: «Peace be with you. »

No one replies. Some look paler, some flush, they all look at Him with fear and embarrassment. They are fascinated and at the same time they are almost anxious to run away.

Jesus takes a step forward, smiling more brightly. «But do not be so afraid! It is I. Why are you so upset? Were you not wishing to see Me? Did I not let you know that I would come? Did I not tell you on Passover evening? »

No one dare open his mouth. Peter is already weeping, and

John is already smiling, while His two cousins, with shining eyes and lips that tremble without uttering a word, look like two statues representing desire.

«Why do you have in your hearts thoughts that are in such contrast between doubt and faith, love and fear? Why do you still want to be flesh and not spirit, and only with the latter see, understand, judge, act? Have your old *egos* not been completely burnt by the flame of sorrow, and have your new *egos* not risen to  
627.6 a new life? <sup>6</sup>I am Jesus. Your Jesus, Who has risen from the dead, as He had said. Look, John has seen My wounds, and you all, who are not aware of My torture. Because what you know is quite different from the exact knowledge that John has. Come, be the first. You are already completely cleansed. So cleansed that you can touch Me without fear. Love, obedience, loyalty had already cleansed you. My Blood, which wetted you completely when you took Me down from the Cross, has finished cleansing you. Look. These are real hands and real wounds. Look at My feet. Can you see that the mark is that of the nail? Yes. It is really I and not a ghost. Touch Me. Ghosts do not have bodies. I have real flesh on a real skeleton. » He lays His Hand on the head of John who has dared to approach Him: «Can you feel it? It is warm and heavy. » He breathes on his face: «And this is My breath. »

«Oh! my Lord! » John whispers in a low voice, so...

«Yes. Your Lord. John, do not weep out of fear and desire. Come to Me. I am always the one who loves you. Let us sit down, as usual, at the table. Have you nothing to eat? Well, give Me it. »

Andrew and Matthew, with the gestures of sleep-walkers, from the sideboards take bread and fish, and a tray with a honeycomb, a corner of which has just been nibbled at.

Jesus offers the food and eats, and gives each of them a little of what He eats. And He looks at them. He is so kind and so majestic that they are paralysed.

627.7 <sup>7</sup>James, John's brother, is the first who dares to speak: «Why do You look at us so? »

«Because I want to know you. »

«Do You not know us yet? »

«As you do not know Me. If you knew Me, you would know Who I am and how I love you, and you would find words to tell Me

your torture. You are silent, as if you were before a mighty stranger of whom you are afraid. Not long ago you were speaking...

For almost four days you have been talking to yourselves saying:

“I will say this to Him...”, saying to My Spirit: “Come back, Lord, that I may tell You this”. Now I have come, and you are silent? Have I changed so much that I no longer seem Myself to you? Or have you changed so much that you no longer love Me? »

John, sitting near his Jesus, makes the usual gesture of laying his head on His chest, while he whispers: «I love You, my God», but he becomes stiff, preventing such abandon out of respect for the shining Son of God. Because Jesus seems to be shedding a light, although His Body is like ours.

But Jesus clasps him to His Heart, and then John opens the flood-gates to his blissful tears. And it is the sign for everybody to do the same.

<sup>627. 8</sup> Peter, two seats behind John, falls on his knees between the table and the seat and he weeps shouting: «Forgive me, forgive me! Take me out of this hell in which I have been for so many hours. Tell me that You have seen my error for what it was. Not of the spirit, but of the flesh that overwhelmed my heart. Tell me that You have seen my repentance... It will last until my death. But... but do tell me that I must not fear You as Jesus... and I, and I... I will try to behave so well, as to make also God forgive me... and die... having only a long purgatory to suffer. »

«Come here, Simon of Jonah. »

«I am afraid. »

«Come here. Be no longer cowardly. »

«I do not deserve to come near You. »

«Come here. What did My Mother say to you? “If you do not look at Him on this veronica, you will never have the heart to look at Him again”. O foolish man! Did that Face not tell you with its sorrowful look that I understood you and forgave you? And yet I gave that linen as comfort, guide, absolution and blessing... But what has Satan done to you to blind you so much? Now I say to you: if you do not look at Me now, that I have spread a veil on My glory to adapt Myself to your weakness, never again will you be able to come to your Lord without fear. And then what will happen to you? You sinned out of presumption. Do you want now to sin again out of obstinacy? Come, I tell you. »

Peter drags himself along on his knees, between the table and the seats, covering his weeping face with his hands. Jesus stops him when he is at His feet, by laying His Hand on his head. Peter, weeping more bitterly, takes that Hand and kisses it, amid hearty sobs without restraint. He can only say: «Forgive me! Forgive me! »

Jesus frees Himself from his grip and lifting the chin of the apostle with His hand. He compels him to raise his head, and He stares at his reddened, burnt eyes, tortured by repentance, with His own clear bright Eyes. He seems to be wishing to pierce his soul. He then says: «Come on. Remove the shame of Judas from Me. Kiss Me where he kissed Me. Wash with your kiss the sign of betrayal. »

Peter raises his head, while Jesus bends even more, and he touches His cheek lightly... then he rests his head on Jesus' knees and remains thus... like an old child who has done wrong but is forgiven.

627.9 <sup>9</sup>The others, who now see Jesus' kindness, become somewhat daring, and they approach Him, as best they can.

His cousins are the first to come... They would like to say so much, but they do not succeed in saying anything. Jesus caresses them and encourages them with His smile.

Matthew comes with Andrew. Matthew says: «As in Capernaum... », and Andrew: «I... I love You, I do. »

Bartholomew comes moaning: «I was not wise, but foolish. He is wise» and he points at the Zealot, at whom Jesus is already smiling.

James of Zebedee comes and he whispers to John: «You should tell Him... »; and Jesus turns round and says: «You have said it for four evenings, and I have pitied you all that time. »

Philip, the last, comes completely stooped. Jesus compels him to raise his head and says to him: «Greater courage is required to preach the Christ. »

627.10 <sup>10</sup>They are all now around Jesus. They pluck up courage little by little. They find again what they had lost or had feared they had lost for good. Confidence and tranquillity come to light again and, although Jesus is so majestic as to make His apostles have a new respect for Him, they at long last find the courage to speak.

It is His cousin James who says with a sigh: «Why have You done this to us, Lord? You knew that we are nothing and that everything comes from God. Why did You not give us the strength to remain beside You? »

Jesus looks at him and smiles.

«Now everything has happened. And You do not have to suffer anything any more. But do not ask this sort of obedience of me any more. I have grown five years older every hour, and Your sufferings, which love and Satan have also increased five times more in my imagination than what they really were, have really consumed all my strength. I have left only what I need to continue to obey, holding, like one who is drowning with his hands broken, my strength with my will, like teeth set on a board, in order not to perish... Oh! do not ask Your leper that any more. »

Jesus looks at Simon Zealot and smiles.

«Lord, You know what my heart wanted. But later I no longer had my heart... as if the rascals who had captured You had torn it off me... and I was left with a hole through which all my previous thoughts escaped. Why did You allow that, Lord? » asks Andrew.

«I... you say it was your heart? I say that I was one who no longer had his reason. Like one who is struck by a club on the nape of his neck. When, at dead of night, I found myself at Jericho... oh! God! God!... But can a man perish like that? I say that that is what possession is like. Now I realise what is that dreadful thing!... » Philip opens his eyes wide at the recollection of his suffering.

«Philip is right. I was looking back. I am old and not devoid of wisdom. And I did not know anything of what I had known till that hour. <sup>11</sup>I looked at Lazarus, so tortured but so sure of himself, and I said to myself: “But how can it be possible that he still knows how to find a reason and I can no longer find anything? » says Bartholomew.

627. 11

«I also was looking at Lazarus. And as I hardly know what You have explained to us, I was not thinking of knowledge. But I said to myself: “If at least my heart were like his! ”; instead I felt nothing but grief, grief, grief. Lazarus was grieved but had peace... Why so much peace for him? »

Jesus in turn looks first at Philip, then at Bartholomew and



then at James of Zebedee. He smiles and is silent.

Judas says: «I was hoping to get to see what Lazarus certainly saw. That is why I was always close to him... His face!... A mirror. Shortly before the earthquake on Friday he was like a man who is crushed to death. Then all of a sudden he became imposing in his grief. Do you remember when he said: “An accomplished duty gives peace”? We all thought that it was only a reproach for us or an approval for himself. Now I think that he said so referring to You. Lazarus was like a lighthouse in our darkness. How much You have given him, Lord! »

Jesus smiles and is silent.

«Yes. His life. And perhaps with it You have given him a different soul. Because, after all, in what is he different from us? And yet he is no longer a man. He is already something more than a man, and considering what he was in the past, he should have been even less perfect in spirit than we are. But he has made himself, and we... Lord, my love has been empty like certain ears of wheat. I have produced only chaff» says Andrew.

And Matthew: «I cannot ask for anything. Because I have already received so much with my conversion. Of course! I should have liked to have what Lazarus had. A soul given by You. Because I also think as Andrew does... »

«Also the Magdalene and Martha were like lighthouses. It must be their race. You did not see them. One was piety and silence. The other! If we were like a bundle round the Blessed Mother, it is because Mary of Magdala grouped us together with the flames of her courageous love. Yes. I said: the race. But I must say: love. They have exceeded us in love. That is why they have been what they have been» says John.

Jesus smiles and is always silent.

«But they have received a great reward for it... »

«You appeared to them. »

«To the three of them. »

«To Mary immediately after Your Mother... »

It is clear that the apostles have a regret for these privileged apparitions.

«Mary for so many hours has known that You had risen. And we can only see You now... »

«They are no longer in doubt. With us, instead, well... only

now we feel that nothing has come to an end. Why to them, Lord, if You still love us and You do not reject us? » asks Judas of Alphaeus.

«Yes. Why to the women, and in particular to Mary? You also touched her forehead, and she says that she seems to be wearing an eternal crown. And to us, Your apostles, nothing... »

<sup>12</sup>Jesus no longer smiles. His Face is not upset, but He has stopped smiling. He looks gravely at Peter, who was the last to speak, recovering boldness as his fear vanishes, and He says:

627. 12

«I had twelve apostles. And I loved them with all My Heart.

I had chosen them and like a mother I took care to bring them up in My Life. I had no secrets for them. I told them everything, I explained everything, I forgave everything. Their humanity, their thoughtlessness, and their stubbornness... everything. And I had some disciples. Some rich and some poor disciples. I had women with a gloomy past or of a delicate constitution. But the apostles were the favourite ones.

My hour came. One betrayed Me and handed Me over to the executioners. Three slept while I was sweating blood. All of them, with the exception of two, ran away cowardly. One denied Me out of fear, although he had the example of another one, who was young and faithful. And, as if it were not enough, among the twelve I had a desperate suicide and one who doubted My forgiveness so much that only with difficulty and through maternal words he believed in God's Mercy. So that, if I had looked at My group, if I had looked at it with human eyes, I should have said: "With the exception of John, faithful out of love, and of Simon, faithful to obedience, I no longer have disciples". That is what I should have said while I was suffering in the enclosure of the Temple, in the Praetorium, along the streets, on the Cross.

<sup>13</sup>I had some women... And one, the most guilty in the past, has been, as John said, the flame that has joined together the broken fibres of hearts. That woman is Mary of Magdala. You denied Me and you ran away. She defied death to be close to Me. When they insulted her, she uncovered her face, ready to receive spittle and slaps, considering that by doing so she would resemble her crucified King more. And when people sneered at her from the depth of their hearts because of her firm faith in My Resurrection, she

627. 13

continued to believe. Although tortured, she took action. When she was desolate this morning she said: "I will divest myself of everything, but give me my Master". Can you still dare to ask Me: "Why to her?"

I had some poor disciples: the shepherds. I did not approach them very often, and yet how able they were to acknowledge Me with their faithfulness!

I had some shy women disciples, like all the Hebrew women. And yet they left their homes and amid a tremendous crowd of people that cursed Me, they came to give Me that assistance that My apostles had denied Me.

I had some heathen women who admired the "philosopher". Such was I for them. But the mighty Roman ladies were able to lower themselves to Hebrew customs, to say to Me, in the hour that I was forsaken by a world of ungrateful people: "We are friends of Yours."

627. 14 <sup>14</sup>My face was covered with spittle and blood. Tears and perspiration dripped on My wounds. Filth and dust encrusted them. Whose hands cleansed Me? Yours? Or yours? Or yours? None of your hands. This man was near My Mother. This one was gathering together the scattered sheep. *You*. And if My sheep were scattered, how could they help Me? You were concealing your faces, because you were afraid of the scorn of the world, while your Master was covered with the contempt of all the world. And He was innocent.

I was thirsty. Yes. You had better know also that. I was dying of thirst. I had nothing but a temperature and pain. My Blood had already been shed in Gethsemane, drawn by the grief of being betrayed, forsaken, denied, beaten, overwhelmed by the infinite sins and by God's severity. And it had been shed in the Praetorium... Who thought of giving Me a drop of water for My parched throat? A hand of Israel? No. The pity of a heathen. The same hand that, by an eternal decree, opened My chest to show that My Heart already had a mortal wound, the one made by lack of love, by cowardice and by the betrayal. A heathen. I remind you: "I was thirsty and you gave Me drink". There was not even one person *in the whole of Israel* who gave Me comfort, either out of lack of possibility to do so, as in the case of My Mother and the faithful women, or because of bad will. And for the Unknown

One a heathen found the pity that My people had denied Me. In Heaven he will find the sip he gave Me.

I solemnly tell you that, while I refused *all comforts*, because when one is a Victim one must not mitigate one's destiny, *I did not want to reject the heathen*, in whose offer I tasted the sweetness of all the love that will come to Me from the Gentiles, as compensation for the bitterness Israel gave Me. It did not quench My thirst, but it relieved My dejection. That is why I took that ignored sip. To draw to Me him who was already inclined towards Good. May he be blessed by the Father for his pity!

<sup>15</sup>Are you no longer speaking? Why do you not continue to ask Me why I acted so. Do you not dare ask? I will tell you. I will tell you everything of the whys of this hour. 627. 15

Who are you? My continuators. Yes, you are, notwithstanding your bewilderment. What are you to do? To convert the world to Christ. Convert it! It is the most delicate and difficult matter, My friends. Indignation, disgust, pride, excessive zeal, are all harmful to success. But, as nothing and nobody would induce you to be kind, complying, charitable with those who are in darkness, it has been necessary - do you understand? - it has been necessary for you, once for all, to crush your pride of Hebrews, of males, of apostles, to make room only for the true wisdom of your ministry: for meekness, patience, compassion, love without ostentation and disgust.

You can see that everybody, among those whom you looked at with scorn or with proud indulgence, has exceeded you in believing and in acting. *Everybody*. The woman who had sinned in the past. Lazarus, imbued with profane culture, the first who in My Name has forgiven and guided. And the heathen ladies. And Chuza's delicate wife. Delicate? She really surpasses all of you! The first martyr of My faith. And the soldiers of Rome. And the shepherds. And the Herodian Manaen. And even Gamaliel, the rabbi. Do not start, John. Do you think that My Spirit was in darkness? All of you. And I say this so that in future, remembering your error, you may not close your hearts to those who come to the Cross.

I tell you. And I know that, although I tell you, you will not do it until the Strength of the Lord bends you like twigs to My

Will, which is to have Christians all over the Earth. I defeated Death. But it is not so hard as old Hebraism. But I will bend you.

627. 16 <sup>16</sup>You, Peter, instead of weeping dejectedly, since you are to be the Stone of My Church, have these bitter truths engraved in your heart. Myrrh is used to preserve from corruption. So, become imbued with myrrh. And when you want to close your heart and the Church to someone of a different faith, remember that it was not Israel, it was not Israel, it was not Israel, but it was Rome that defended Me and took pity on Me. Remember that not you, but a woman, a sinner, remained at the foot of the Cross and deserved to be the first to see Me. And in order not to be worthy of reproach, be the imitator of your God. Open your heart and the Church saying: “I, poor Peter, cannot despise anybody, because if I do, I shall be despised by God, and my error will become alive once again in His eyes”. Woe to you, if I had not broken you so! You would not have become a shepherd, but a wolf. »

627. 17 <sup>17</sup>Jesus stands up. He looks most imposing.

«My children. I will speak to you again, while I remain among you. But, in the meantime, I absolve you and forgive you. May the peace of forgiveness come to you, after the trial, that, although humiliating and cruel, has been beneficial and necessary. And with this peace in your hearts, become once again My faithful strong friends. The Father sent Me into the world. I send you into the world to continue My evangelization. All kinds of miseries will come to you asking for relief. Be kind, thinking of your misery when you remained without your Jesus. Be enlightened. It is not possible to see in darkness. Be pure to give purity. Be love, to love. Then He will come, Who is Light, Purification and Love. But in the meantime, to prepare you for your ministry, I communicate the Holy Spirit to you. For those whose sins you forgive, they will be forgiven. For those whose sins you retain, they will be retained. May your experience make you just in judging. May the Holy Spirit make you saints, so that you may sanctify. May your sincere wish to overcome your faults make you heroes for the life expecting you. What is still to be said, I will tell you when your absent companion has come. Pray for him. Remain with My peace and without being upset by doubts about My love. »

And Jesus disappears as He had come in, leaving an empty

place between John and Peter. He disappears in a flash that is so bright that it makes the apostles close their eyes. And when their dazzled eyes are opened again, they find that only Jesus' peace is left, a flame that burns and cures and consumes the bitterness of the past in one only desire: to serve.

## 628. The return of Thomas and his incredulity.

7<sup>th</sup> April 1945.

<sup>1</sup>The ten apostles are in the court-yard of the house of the Supper room. They are talking to one another and then they pray. Later they resume speaking. 628. 1

Simon Zealot says: «I am really distressed at Thomas' disappearance. I do not know where to look for him any more. »

«Neither do I» says John.

«He is not with his relatives. And no one has seen him. Has he perhaps been arrested? »

«If that were the case, the Master would not have said: "I will tell you the rest when your absent companion is here". »

«That is true. But I want to go to Bethany again. Perhaps he is wandering about those mountains and does not dare show himself. »

«Go, Simon. You gathered us all together... and by gathering us you saved us, because you took us to Lazarus. Did you hear what words the Master spoke of him? He said: "The first who in My Name has forgiven and guided". Why does He not put him in the place of the Iscariot? » asks Matthew.

«Probably because He does not want to give His perfect friend the place of the betrayer» replies Philip.

<sup>2</sup>«A short while ago, I heard, when I was going round the markets and I spoke to the fishmongers, who... I can trust, of course, that those of the Temple do not know what to do with Judas' body. I do not know who it was... but at dawn this morning the guards of the Temple found his putrid body inside the sacred enclosure, with the rope still round his neck. I think it must have been some heathens who pulled him down and threw him in there, who knows how» says Peter. 628. 2

«Instead, yesterday evening at the fountain I was told, I

heard them say that since yesterday evening they threw the bowels of the traitor even at Annas' house. Heathens, certainly. Because no Hebrew would touch that body after more than five days. I wonder how rotten it must have been! » says James of Alphaeus.

«Oh! it was horrible since the Sabbath! » says John turning pale at the recollection.

«But how did he end up in that place? Did it belong to him? »

«And who was ever told anything precise by Judas of Kerioth? Remember how reserved and complicated he was... »

«You can say: false, Bartholomew. He was never sincere. He was with us for three years, and we, who had everything in common, before him were like people before the high wall of a fortress. »

«Of a fortress? Oh! Simon! Of a labyrinth! » exclaims Judas of Alphaeus.

«Oh! listen. Let us not speak of him! I get the impression that we are evoking him and that he is to come to give us trouble. I should like to cancel his memory from me and from all hearts, whether they are the hearts of Hebrews or of Gentiles. Of Hebrews, in order not to blush because our race gave birth to that monster. Of Gentiles, so that none of them may say to us one day: 628. 3 “His betrayer was one from Israel”. <sup>3</sup>I am a boy. And I should not be the first one to speak before you. I am the last and you, Peter, are the first. And here is the Zealot and Bartholomew, both learned men, and there are the brothers of the Lord. But, now, I should like to put one in the twelfth place at once, someone who is holy, because, as long as I see that empty place in our group, I shall see the mouth of hell with its stench among us. And I am afraid that it may lead us astray... »

«No, John! You have been struck by the ugliness of his crime and of his hanging body... »

«No, no. The Mother also said: “I saw Satan when I saw Judas of Kerioth”. Oh! let us be quick in finding a holy person to put in that place! »

«Listen, I am not going to choose anybody. If He, Who was God, chose an Iscariot, what will poor Peter choose? »

«And yet you will have to... »

«No, my dear friend. I am not choosing anything. I will ask

the Lord. Enough of the sins committed by Peter! »

<sup>4</sup>«We have to ask so many things. The other evening we were <sup>628. 4</sup> like dull-witted people. But we must be taught. Because... How will we be able to understand whether a thing is really a sin? Or whether it is not? You have seen how the Lord speaks of the heathens in a different manner than we do. You have seen how He excuses more cowardice and a denial than the doubt about the possibility of His forgiveness... Oh! I am afraid of doing the wrong thing» says James of Alphaeus disconsolately.

«He has really spoken to us so much. And yet I seem to know nothing. I have been dull-witted for a week» states the other James dejectedly.

«And I. »

«And I. »

«I, too. »

They are all in the same situation and they look at each other utterly bewildered. They have recourse to the solution which is by now customary: «We shall go to Lazarus» they say. «We may find the Lord there... and Lazarus will help us. »

<sup>5</sup>There is a knock at the main door. They all become silent and <sup>628. 5</sup> listen. And they utter an «oh! » of surprise when they see Elias come into the hall with Thomas. Such a strange Thomas that he seems another person.

His companions crowd round him shouting their joy: «Do you know that He has risen and has come? And He is waiting for you so that He may come back! »

«Yes. Also Elias told me. But I do not believe it. I believe what I see. And I see that it is the end for us. I see that we are all scattered. I see that there is not even a known sepulchre where we may mourn over His death. I see that the Sanhedrin wants to get rid of both their accomplice, whose burial they have decreed at the foot of the olive-tree where he hanged himself, as if he were a filthy animal, and of the followers of the Nazarene. On Friday I was stopped at the gates and they said to me: “Were you one of His followers as well? He is dead, now. Go back to beating gold”. And I ran away... »

«Where? We have looked for you everywhere. »

«Where? I went towards the house of my sister at Ramah. But I did not dare to go in because... I did not want to be reproached



by a woman. So I wandered about the Judaeen mountains and yesterday I ended up at Bethlehem, in His grotto. How much I wept... I fell asleep among the ruins and Elias, who had come there... I do not know why, found me. »

«Why? Because in the hours of too great a joy or too great a sorrow, one goes where God is more felt. Many a time, in these past years, I have gone there by night, like a thief, to feel my soul being caressed by the remembrance of His cries. And then I would run away at sunrise, in order not to be stoned. But I was already comforted. Now I went there to say to that place: “I am happy” and to take what I can from it. That is what we have decided. We want to preach His Faith. And the strength to do so will be given to us by a bit of that will, by a handful of that soil, by a splinter of those poles. We are not holy, as to dare to take the earth of Calvary... »

«You are right, Elias. We shall have to do that as well. And we will. But Thomas?... »

«Thomas slept and wept. I said to him: “Wake up and stop weeping. He has risen”. He would not believe me. But I insisted so much that I convinced him. Here he is. He is now with you and I will go away. I will join my companions who are going to Galilee. Peace to you. » Elias goes away.

628. 6      6«Thomas: He has risen. I am telling you. He was with us. He ate some food. He spoke. He blessed us. He forgave us. He has given us the power to forgive. Oh! Why did you not come before? »

Thomas does not shake off his dejection. He stubbornly shakes his head. «I do not believe. You have seen a ghost. You are all mad. The women first of all. A dead man does not rise by himself. »

«A man, no. But He is God. Do you not believe that? »

«Yes. I believe that He is God. But, just because I Believe that, I think and say that, no matter how good he is, He cannot be so good to the extent of coming among those who have loved Him so little. And I say that, however humble He may be, He must have had enough of humiliating Himself in our filthy flesh. No. He may be, He certainly is triumphant in Heaven, and, perhaps, He may appear as a spirit. I say: perhaps. We do not deserve even that! But risen in flesh and bones, no. I do not believe it. »

«But we have kissed Him, we have seen Him eat, we have

heard His voice, we have felt His hand, we have seen His wounds! »

«Nothing. I do not believe it. I cannot believe. I should see in order to believe. If I do not see the holes of the nails in His hands, and I do not put my finger into them, if I do not touch the wounds of His feet and if I do not put my hand where the lance opened His chest, I will not believe. I am not a child or a woman. I want evidence. I reject what my reason cannot accept. And I cannot accept your word. »

«But Thomas! Do you think that we want to deceive you? »

«No, my poor fellows. On the contrary! May you be blessed since you are so kind as to wish to guide me to that peace, that you have succeeded in giving yourselves through this illusion of yours. But... I do not believe in His Resurrection. »

«Are you not afraid of being punished by Him? He hears and sees everything, you know? »

«I ask Him to convince me. I am gifted with reason, and I make use of it. Let Him, the Master of human reason, revise mine if it has been led astray. »

«But reason, He said so, is free. »

«All the more reason for not making it the slave of a collective suggestion. I love you and I love the Lord. I will serve Him as best I can and I will stay with you to help you to serve Him. I will preach His doctrine. But I can only believe by seeing. »

And Thomas, obstinate, listens only to himself. They speak to him of all those who have seen Him and how they have seen Him. They advise him to speak to the Mother. But he shakes his head, sitting on a stone seat, more stony himself than the seat. As obstinate as a child, he repeats: «I will believe if I see... »

The big word of unhappy people who deny what is so pleasant and holy to believe, admitting that God can do everything.

## **629. Jesus appears to the apostles with Thomas. Speech on priesthood and the future priests.**

[9<sup>th</sup> August 1944]

<sup>1</sup>The apostles are gathered in the Supper room, around the table where the Passover supper was consumed. But out of respect, 629. 1

the central seat, that of Jesus, has been left empty.

Also the apostles, now that there is no longer One Who groups and distributes them according to His will or by choice of love, have placed themselves differently. Peter is still in his place. But Judas Thaddeus is now in John's place. Then comes Bartholomew, the oldest of the apostles, then James, John's brother, almost at the corner of the table on the right hand side, with respect to me who am looking on. John is sitting near James, but on the narrow side of the table. After Peter, instead, comes Matthew, and after him Thomas, then Philip, then Andrew, then James, Judas Thaddeus' brother, and Simon Zealot on the other sides. The long side in front of Peter is empty, as the apostles are sitting closer than they were at Passover.

The windows are closed and the doors are locked. The lamp, of which only two flames are lit, sheds a feeble light only on the table. The rest of the large room is in a dim light.

As there is a sideboard behind him, John is entrusted with the task of serving his companions with what they wish of their frugal meal, consisting of fish, which is on the table, bread, honey and fresh cheese. As he turns again towards the table, to give his elder brother the cheese he asked for, John sees the Lord.

629. 2 <sup>2</sup>Jesus has appeared in a very strange manner. The central part of the wall behind the apostles sitting at the table - a wall all of one piece except for the little door in the corner - brightens up at about one metre from the floor, with a feeble phosphoric light, like that shed by certain little pictures, which are luminous only in the dark at night. The light, about two metres high, is oval, like a niche. From the brilliancy, as if He were advancing from behind veils of luminous mist, Jesus emerges with increasing neatness.

I do not know whether I have made myself understood. His Body seems to *flow* through the thickness of the wall, which does not open. It remains compact, but the Body passes just the same. Light seems to be the first emanation of His Body, the announcement of His approach. The Body at first consists of soft lines of light, as in Heaven I see the Father and the holy angels: *immaterial*. Then it becomes more and more material, taking the aspect of a real body in everything, that of His Divine glorified Body.

It has taken me a long time to describe this, but it happened in a few seconds.

Jesus is dressed in white, as when He rose and appeared to His Mother. He is most handsome, loving and smiling. He is standing with His arms along the sides of His Body, a little detached from it, but with His Hands towards the floor and the palms towards the apostles. The two wounds of His Hands are like two diamond stars, from which two very bright beams issue. I do not see His Feet, covered by His tunic, or His Chest. But from the fabric of His garment, which is not an earthly one, light emanates where the divine Wounds are concealed. At the beginning Jesus seems to be nothing but a Body of lunar whiteness, later, when it materialises appearing outside the halo of light, His hair, eyes, skin have their natural colours. In short, it is Jesus, Jesus-Man-God, but looking more solemn now that He has risen.

<sup>3</sup>John sees Him when He is already like that. Nobody else had <sup>629.</sup> <sup>3</sup> become aware of the apparition. John jumps to his feet, dropping the plate of the little round whole cheeses on the table and, laying his hands on the edge of the table, he bends a little towards it sideways, as if he were attracted by a magnet, and in a low subdued voice he utters an intensely expressive «Oh! ».

The others, who had raised their heads from their plates at the noisy fall of the plate of the cheese and at John's start and had looked at him with astonishment, when they see his ecstatic posture, look in the same direction as he is looking. They turn their heads or they turn round, according to their position with respect to the Master, and they see Jesus. They all stand up, deeply moved and happy, and they rush towards Him, as He, smiling more brightly advances towards them, walking now on the floor like all mortals.

Jesus, Who previously looked fixedly only at John, and I think that the latter turned round because he felt attracted by that glance that caressed him, looks at them all and says: «Peace to you. »

They are all now around Him, some on their knees at His feet, and among these there is Peter with John - and John even kisses the hem of His tunic and presses it to his face as if he wished to be caressed by it - some farther back, standing, but stooping in a respectful attitude.

Peter, to arrive quicker, jumps over the seat without waiting for Matthew to come out first and make room for him. It must be borne in mind that the couch-seat served for two persons at a time.

629.4 <sup>4</sup>The only one who has remained a little farther away, somewhat embarrassed, is Thomas. He is on his knees near the table. But he dare not come forward, on the contrary, he seems to be trying to hide behind the corner of the table.

Jesus, while stretching out His Hands to be kissed - the apostles seek them with holy loving eagerness - looks around at the lowered heads, as if He were looking for the eleventh. He has actually seen him from the very beginning and He is behaving so only to give Thomas time to pluck up courage and come forward. When He sees that the incredulous apostle dare not do so, ashamed as he is of his lack of faith, He calls him: «Thomas. Come here. »

Thomas raises his head; embarrassed, almost in tears, but he dare not go. He lowers his head again.

Jesus takes a few steps towards him and repeats: «Come here, Thomas. » Jesus' voice is more authoritative than the first time.

Thomas stands up reluctantly, abashed, and goes towards Jesus.

«Here is the man who does not believe unless he sees! » exclaims Jesus. But in His voice there is the smile of forgiveness.

Thomas feels that, he dares to look at Jesus and sees that He is really smiling, so he musters up courage and walks faster.

«Come here, quite close to Me. Look. Put your finger, if it is not sufficient for you to look, into the wounds of your Master. »

Jesus has stretched His Hands out, then He has opened His tunic on His chest, uncovering the gash on His Side. No light emanates now from the Wounds. It no longer emanates since He began to walk like a mortal Man, when He came out of the halo of lunar light, and the Wounds now appear in their bloody reality: two irregular holes, the left one of which extends as far as the thumb, and they pierce a wrist and a palm at its base, and a long gash, which in the upper part is lightly curved like a circumflex accent, on His Side.

Thomas trembles, looks but does not touch. He moves his lips, but is not able to speak clearly.

«Give Me your hand, Thomas» says Jesus so kindly. And with His right hand He takes the right one of the apostle, He grasps his forefinger and takes it towards the hole of His left Hand, He thrusts it well into it, to make him feel that His palm has been pierced, and then from His Hand He takes it to His Side. Now He grasps the four fingers of Thomas, at their base, at the metacarpus, and puts those four big fingers into the gash of His Side, making them go in deeply, not limiting Himself to leaning them against its edge, and He holds them there, looking fixedly at Thomas. A severe yet kind look, while he continues to say: «... Put your finger here, put your fingers and also your hand, if you wish so, into My Side and do not doubt, but believe. » That is what He says while doing what I have said previously.

Thomas - it would appear that the closeness of the divine Heart, which He almost touches, has communicated courage to him - succeeds at last in speaking and uttering words, and falling on his knees with his arms raised and bursting into tears of repentance, he says: «My Lord and My God! » He cannot say anything else.

Jesus forgives him. He lays His right hand on his head and replies: «Thomas, Thomas! You believe now because you have seen... But blessed are those who will believe in Me without seeing! Which reward shall I have to give them, if I have to reward you, whose faith has been assisted by the power of seeing?... »

<sup>5</sup>Then Jesus lays His arm on John's shoulder, He takes Peter by the hand and approaches the table. He sits at His place. They are now sitting as they Were on Passover evening. But Jesus wants Thomas to sit next to John. 629. 5

«Eat, My friends» says Jesus.

But no one is hungry any more. Joy fills them. The joy of contemplation.

So Jesus gathers together the little cheeses scattered on the table, He puts them on a plate, He cuts them and hands them out, and He gives the first bit just to Thomas, laying it on a piece of bread and passing it behind John's shoulders; He pours wine from the amphorae into a chalice and hands it to His friends: this time Peter is the first to be served. Then He has some honeycombs given to Him, He breaks them and gives the first bit to John, with a smile which is sweeter than the golden trickling

honey. And to encourage them He eats some of it Himself. He tastes nothing but the honey.

John with his usual gesture rests his head on Jesus' shoulder, and Jesus draws him to His Heart and speaks holding him so.

629.6 6«You must not get upset, My friends, when I appear to you. I am always your Master, Who has shared with you food and sleep and Who has chosen you because He loves you. *I love you also now.* »

Jesus lays much stress upon these last words.

«You» He continues «have been with Me in the trials... You will be with Me also in the glory. Do not lower your heads. On Sunday evening, when I came to you for the first time after My Resurrection, I infused the Holy Spirit into you... may the Spirit come also to you who were not present... Do you not know that the infusion of the Spirit is like a baptism of fire, because the Spirit is Love, and love cancels sins? Therefore your sin of desertion, while I was dying, is forgiven. »

In saying so Jesus kisses the head of John who did *not* desert, and John weeps for joy.

«I have given you the power to remit sins. *But one cannot give what one does not possess.* So you must be certain that I possess this power in a perfect manner and I make use of it for you, who *must* be pure in the highest degree to purify those who will come to you, soiled with sin. How could one judge and purify, if one deserved to be condemned and were personally impure? How could a man judge another man if he had planks in his own eyes and infernal weights in his heart? How could he say: "I absolve you in the name of God" if, because of his own sins, he did not have God with him?

629.7 7My friends, consider your dignity of priests.

Before, I was among men to judge and to forgive. Now I am going to the Father. I am going back to My Kingdom. The faculty to judge is not taken off Me. On the contrary, it is entirely in My hands, because the Father has entrusted it to Me. *But it is a terrible judgement because it will take place when it is no longer possible for man to obtain forgiveness through years of expiation on the Earth.* Each human being will come to Me with his spirit when, through material death, he leaves his body as useless mortal remains. And I will judge him for the first time.

Then Mankind will come again clothed with its flesh, resumed by divine order, to be separated into two parts. The lambs with the Shepherd, the wild billy-goats with their Torturer. But how many men would there be, who would be with their Shepherd, if after the Baptismal bath they did not have who can forgive them in My name?

That is why I create priests. *To save those who had been saved by My Blood. My Blood saves. But men continue to fall into death. To fall again into Death.* It is necessary for them to be continuously washed in It, seventy and seventy times seven, by those who have the authority to do so, so that they may not be a prey to Death. You and your successors will do that. That is why I absolve you of *all* your sins. Because you need to *see*, and sin blinds one, because it deprives the spirit of the Light which is God. Because you need *to understand*, and sin makes one dull, because it deprives the spirit of the Intelligence which is God. Because it is your ministry *to purify*, and sin sullies, because it deprives the spirit of the Purity which is God.

Great is your ministry of judging and absolving in My name!

When you consecrate the Bread and Wine *for you* and make them My Body and My Blood, you will do a great, supernaturally great and sublime thing. In order to accomplish it worthily you must be pure, because you will touch Him Who is the Pure One and you will nourish yourselves with the Flesh of a God. You must be *pure in your hearts, minds, limbs and tongues*, because with your hearts you must love the Eucharist, and no profane love is to be mixed with this celestial love, as that would be a sacrilege. Pure in your minds, because you must believe and understand this mystery of love, and the impurity of thought kills Faith and Intellect. The science of the world remains, but the Wisdom of God dies in you. You must be pure in your limbs, because the Word will descend into your bosoms, as it descended into Mary's womb by deed of the Love.

<sup>8</sup>You have the living example of how a bosom, which receives the Word Incarnate, must be. The example is the Woman Who, without original sin and without personal sin, bore Me. Look how pure is the summit of the Hermon still wrapped in the veil of winter snow. From the Mount of Olives it looks like a lot of lilies stripped of their petals or like sea-foam, that rises like an offer-

629. 8



ing against the other whiteness of the clouds, blown by the April wind along the blue fields of the sky. Look at a lily that now opens the mouth of its corolla to a scented smile. And yet both purities are not so bright as that of the womb that carried Me. Dust blown by the winds has fallen on the snow of the mountain and on the silk of the flower. Human eyes cannot perceive it, so light is it. But it is there, and it spoils the whiteness. Even more, look at the purest pearl taken from the sea, from the shell where it was born, to adorn the sceptre of a king. It is perfect in its compact iridescence, that is unaware of the desecrating touch of all flesh, as it was formed in the pearly hollow of the oyster, isolated in the sapphire fluid of sea depths. And yet it is not so pure as the womb that bore Me. In its centre there is a grain of sand: a very minute corpuscle, but still an earthly one. In Her Who is the Pearl of the Sea, there is no grain of sin, not even of incentive to sin. The Pearl born in the Ocean of the Trinity to bring the Second Person to the Earth, She is compact around Her fulcrum, which is not the seed of earthly concupiscence, but the spark of the eternal Love. The spark that found correspondence in Her and thus engendered the Divine Meteor, that now calls and draws to Itself the children of God: I, the Christ, the Morning Star.

I give you that inviolate Purity as example.

629.9 <sup>9</sup>But when, as vintagers do with vats, you dip your hands into the sea of My Blood and from it you draw what is needed to cleanse the soiled stoles of the poor wretches who committed sin, be perfect, in addition to being pure, in order not to stain yourselves with a greater sin, even more, *with several sins*, by shedding or touching the Blood of a God in a sacrilegious manner, or by failing in love and justice, denying or giving it with a severity that is not of the Christ, Who was good to the wicked to attract them to His Heart, and three times good with the weak, to encourage them to be trustful. Such severity would be used three times undeservedly, because it would be used against My Will, My Doctrine and Justice. How can one be severe with lambs when one is an idol shepherd?

O My beloved friends, whom I am sending along the roads of the world to continue the work that I began and that will be pursued until the end of Time, remember these words of Mine. I am telling you them so that you may repeat them to those whom you

will consecrate to the ministry, to which I have consecrated you.

<sup>10</sup>I see... I look at future ages... Time and the infinite crowds <sup>629. 10</sup> of men that will exist are all in front of Me... I see... massacres and wars, false peace treaties and horrible slaughters, hatred and robbery, sensuality and pride. Now and again a green oasis: a period of return to the Cross. Like an obelisk that indicates pure water among the arid sands of the desert, My Cross will be raised with love, after the poison of evil has made men rabid, and around it, planted on the edges of healthy waters, there will thrive the palms of a period of peace and wealth in the world. Spirits, like deer and gazelles, like swallows and doves will rush to that pleasant, cool, nourishing shelter, to be cured of their sorrows and hope once again. And it will gather its branches close together like a dome as a protection from storms and dog-days and will keep away serpents and wild animals with the Sign that puts Evil to flight. And it will be so, as long as men so wish.

I see... Men and men... women, old people, children, warriors, scholars, doctors, peasants... They all come and pass by with their loads of hopes and sorrows. And I see many stagger, because their sorrow is too great, and their hope has slipped off the load first of all, as the load is too heavy, and their hope has crumbled on the ground... And I see many fall on the roadsides, because they are pushed by others who are stronger, stronger or luckier, as their weights are lighter. And I see many who, feeling that they are abandoned by those who pass by, and they are even trampled on, and feeling that they are about to die, go to the extent of hating and cursing.

Poor children! Among all these, struck by life, who pass by or fall, My Love has *deliberately* spread some compassionate Samaritans, good doctors, lights in the night, voices in the silence, so that the weak who fall may find assistance, and once again they may see Light and hear the Voice that says: "Hope. You are not alone. Over you there is God. Jesus is with you". I have *deliberately* placed this active charity, so that My poor children may not die in their spirits, losing their paternal abode, and they may continue to believe in Me-Love, seeing My reflection in My ministers.

<sup>11</sup>But, o grief that makes the Wound of My Heart bleed as it <sup>629. 11</sup> did when it was opened on Golgotha! But what do My divine eyes

see? Are there perhaps no priests among the infinite crowds passing by? Is that why My Heart is bleeding? Are seminaries empty? So does My divine invitation no longer resound in hearts? Is man's heart no longer capable of hearing it? No. Throughout ages there will be seminaries and Levites in them. Priests will come out of them, because in the hour of adolescence My invitation will have sounded with a celestial voice in many hearts, and they will have followed it. But other, other, other voices will have come later with their youth and maturity, and My Voice will have been overwhelmed in those hearts. My Voice that speaks throughout ages to its ministers, that they may always be what you are now: the apostles at Christ's school. The cassock has remained. But the priest is dead. This will happen to too many in the course of ages. *Useless dark shadows, they will not be a lever that lifts, a rope that pulls, a fountain that quenches people's thirst, corn that satisfies their hunger, a heart that is a pillow, a light in darkness, a voice that repeats what the Master says to him. But for poor mankind they will be a weight of scandal, a weight of death, a parasite, a putrefaction...* Horror! Once again and always I shall have the greatest Judases of the future in My priests!

629. 12 <sup>12</sup>My friends, I am in My glory, and yet I weep. I take pity on these infinite crowds, herds without shepherds or with too few shepherds. Infinite pity! Well, I swear it on My Divinity, I will give them the bread, the water, the light, the voice that those chosen for this work do not want to give. I will repeat the miracle of the loaves and fish in future ages. *With a few mean little fish, and with scanty crusts of bread - humble laic souls - I will give food to many people, and they will be satisfied, and there will be some for those of the future,* because "I feel sorry for this people" and I do not want it to perish.

Blessed are those who will deserve to be such. *Not blessed because they are such. But because they will have deserved it with their love and sacrifice. And most blessed those priests who will remain apostles:* bread, water, light, voice, rest and medicine for My poor children. They will shine in Heaven with a special light. I swear it to you, I Who am the Truth.

629. 13 <sup>13</sup>Let us get up, My friends, and come with Me, that I may teach you again to pray. *It is prayer that nourishes the strength of the apostle, because it blends him with God. »*

And here Jesus stands up and goes towards the little staircase.

But when He is at its bottom, He turns round and looks at me\*. Oh! Father! He looks at me! He thinks of me! He looks for His little «voice», and the joy of being with His friends does not make Him forget me! He looks at me over the heads of the disciples, and smiles at me. He raises His hand blessing me and He says: «Peace be with you».

And the vision ends.

### **630. The apostles are sent to Gethsemane. Meditation on the prayer “Our Father”.**

11<sup>th</sup> April 1947.

<sup>1</sup>The apostles put on their mantles and ask: «Where are we going, Lord?» 630. 1

Their language is no longer so familiar as it was before Pass-over. If I were allowed to say so, I should say that they speak with *their souls on their knees*. Rather than the posture of their bodies, which are always respectfully somewhat bent before the Risen Lord, rather than their reservedness in touching Him and their trembling joy when He touches, caresses or kisses them, or speaks to some in particular, it is their whole attitude, something that cannot be described but is so obvious, and that says that, more than their humanity, it is their spirits that cannot become again as they were in their relationship with the Master, and pervade all their human acts with their new feelings.

Previously He was «the Master». The Master Whom their faith believed to be God. But for their senses He was always a man. Now He is «the Lord»: He is God. It is no longer necessary to make an act of faith to believe it. Evidence has abolished such need. He is God. He is the Lord to Whom the Lord has said<sup>\*\*</sup>: «Sit at My right hand» and has proclaimed it by means of His word and of the miracle of His Resurrection. He is God like the Father. And He is the God Whom they abandoned out of fear, after receiving so much from Him...

\* **me** refers to Maria Valtorta.

\*\* **has said**, as *Psalm 110, 1*.

They always look at Him with their eyes full of the reverential veneration, with which a *true* believer looks at the Host glowing in the monstrance, or looks at the Body of Christ raised by the priest in the daily Sacrifice. In their eyes that want to see the beloved face, which is even more handsome than in the past, there is also the expression of one who *dare not* see, of one who dare not linger to look... Love urges them to set their hearts on their Beloved, fear makes them close their eyes and lower their heads, as if they were dazzled by lightning.

630.: <sup>2</sup>In fact, although Jesus, the Risen Jesus, is really He, it is not He at the same time. If one looks at Him carefully, He is different. The features of His face, the colour of His eyes and of His hair, His size, hands and feet are identical, and yet He is different. His voice and actions are the same, and yet He is different. His body is a real one, so much so that it now intercepts the light of the setting sun, as its last rays enter the room through the open window. It casts behind Him the shadow of His tall person. And yet He is different. He has not become proud or offish, and yet He is different.

A new perennial majesty has spread where there reigned so much the indefatigable Master's humble modest aspect, at times so modest as to appear disheartened. Now that the emaciation of the last days has disappeared, that the mark of the physical and moral tiredness, which made Him look older, has vanished, that His eyes are no longer sorrowful and imploring, as when He seemed to ask without speaking: «Why do you reject Me? Take Me... », the Risen Christ seems even taller and stronger, free from all encumbrances, sure, victorious, majestic, divine. Not even when He was mighty in His powerful miracles, or imposing in the most important moments of His teaching, was He as He is now that He has risen and is glorified. No light emanates from Him. No. No light emanates as in His transfiguration and in His first apparitions after His resurrection. And yet He seems bright. It is really the Body of God, with the beauty of glorified bodies. He attracts and frightens at the same time.

630. <sup>3</sup>Perhaps it is those wounds, so clearly visible on His hands and feet, that command such deep respect. I do not know. I know that the apostles, although Jesus is so kind to them and tries to

recreate the atmosphere of days gone by, are different. Whilst previously they were so insistent and talkative, now they speak very little, and if He does not reply, they do not insist. If He smiles at them or at one of them, they change colour and do not dare reply, with a smile, to His smile. If, as He is doing now, He stretches out His hand to take His white mantle - He is always dressed in a white garment which shines more than the whitest satin, since He is the Risen Lord - none of them go, as they used to do previously, contending for the joy and the honour of helping Him. They seem to be afraid to touch His garments and His body. And He has to say, as He does now: «Come, John. Help your Master. These wounds are real wounds, and wounded hands are not as agile as they were previously... »

John obeys, helping Jesus to put on His wide mantle, and he seems to be dressing a Pontiff, so careful and diligent are his movements, avoiding to touch His Hands on which are the red stigmata. But, however careful he is, he knocks against Jesus' left hand and he shouts as if he had been hurt, and he looks fixedly at the back of that hand, fearing to see it bleed again. That cruel wound is so sensitive!

Jesus lays His right hand on his head saying: «You had more courage when you received Me as I was taken off the Cross. And then it was still dripping blood, so much so that your hair was red with it. New dew of the night on the new loving disciple. You had picked Me like a bunch from the stump... Why are you weeping? I gave you My dew of a Martyr. On My Head you shed your dew of compassion. But then you could cry... Not now. <sup>4</sup>And you, Simon Peter, why are you weeping? You have not knocked against My Hand. You did not see Me dead... »

630. 4

«Ah! my God! That is why I am weeping! Because of my sin. »

«I have forgiven you, Simon of Jonah. »

«But I cannot forgive myself. No. Nothing will put an end to my tears. Not even Your forgiveness. »

«But My glory will. »

«You glorious, I sinner. »

«You glorious, after being My fisherman. Peter, you will have a great, good, miraculous haul. Then I will say to you: “Come to the eternal banquet”. And you will not weep any more. But you all have tears in your eyes. And you, James, My brother, are lying

in that corner as if you had lost all blessings. Why? »

«Because I was hoping that... So, do You feel Your Wounds? Do You still feel them? I was hoping that all sorrow had come to an end for You, that every sign had been cancelled. Also for us. For us sinners. Those Wounds!... How grievous it is to see them! »

«Yes. Why have You not effaced them? No sign was left with Lazarus... They are a... a reproach those Wounds! They shout in a dreadful voice! They are more dazzling and frightening than the lightning on Sinai» says Bartholomew.

«They shout our cowardice. Because we ran away while You were receiving them... » says Philip.

«And the more we look at them, the more our consciences reproach us and throw cowardice, foolishness and incredulity in our faces» says Thomas.

«For the sake of our peace and that of this people of sinners, as You have died and risen to forgive the world, o Lord, cancel those charges against the world! » begs Andrew.

630.5 <sup>5</sup>«They are the Health of the world. It is in them that there is Health. The world that hates, opened them, but the Love has turned them into Medicine and Light. Through them Fault was nailed. Through them all the sins of men were suspended and supported, so that the Fire of Love might consume them on the true Altar. When the Most High ordered Moses to make the ark and the altar of incense, did He not want them pierced with rings\*, so that they could be lifted and carried wherever the Lord wanted? I have been pierced, too. I am more than ark and altar. I am by far more than ark and altar. I have burnt the incense of My love for God and for My neighbour, and I carried the weight of all the iniquities of the world. And the world *must* remember that, to remember how much it cost a God. To remember how a God loved it. To remember what is brought about by sin. To remember that in One only there is salvation: in He Whom they pierced. If the world did not see the redness of My Wounds, it would really soon forget that a God sacrificed Himself for its sins, it would forget that I really died in the most cruel torture, it would forget which is the balm for its wounds. Here is the balm. Come and kiss it. Each kiss is an increase of purification and grace for you. I sol-

\* **pierced with rings** as prescribed in: *Exodus 25: 12-15; 30: 4; 37: 3-5. 27.*

emply tell you that purification and grace are never sufficient, because the world consumes what is infused by Heaven and it is necessary to counterbalance the ruins of the world by means of Heaven and its treasures. I am Heaven. All Heaven is in Me, and the celestial treasures flow from the open wounds. »

He stretches out His Hands to be kissed by His Apostles. And He has to press His wounded Hands against the eager timid lips, because the fear of increasing His pain prevents those lips from pressing against those Wounds.

«This is not what causes pain, even if it gives stiffness. The pain is a different one!... »

«Which, Lord?» asks James of Alphaeus.

«That I died for too many in *vain*... <sup>630. 6</sup>But let us go. Or rather, go ahead. We are going to Gethsemane... What? Are you afraid? »

«Not for ourselves, Lord... The fact is that the great ones in Jerusalem hate You more than previously. »

«Be not afraid. Neither for yourselves, as God protects you, nor for Me. With regard to Me the constraints of Mankind are over. I am going to My Mother, and then I will join you. We have to cancel many horrible things of the recent past of sin and hatred. And we will do it through love, through the opposite of sin... See? Your kisses cancel and soothe the pain and consequences of the nails in the live flesh. So, what we do will cancel the horrible signs and will sanctify the places desecrated by sin. So that their sight may not grieve you too much... »

«Are we going also to the Temple?» Everybody's face shows dreadful fear.

«No. I would sanctify it through My presence. And that is not possible. It could have been possible. But it did not want it. *There is no more redemption for it.* It is a corpse that is decomposing quickly. Let us leave it to its dead people, so that they may bury it. Lions and vultures will really tear the sepulchre and the corpse to pieces and not even the skeleton will be left of the Great Dead One that did not want the Life. »

Jesus climbs the little staircase and goes out. The others follow Him silently. But when they set foot in the corridor that serves as an entrance-hall, Jesus is no longer there. The house is silent and seems deserted. All the doors are closed.

<sup>7</sup>John points at the door in front of the Supper room and says:

<sup>630. 7</sup>



«Mary is there. She is always there. As if She were in continuous ecstasy. Her face shines with ineffable light. It is the joy that irradiates from Her Heart. Yesterday She said to me: “Consider, John, how much happiness has spread through all the kingdoms of God”. I asked Her: “Which kingdoms?” I thought that She was acquainted with some wonderful revelation on the kingdom of Her Son, Who had defeated also death. She replied to me: “In Paradise, in Purgatory, in Limbo”. Forgiveness to those in Purgatory. Ascent to Heaven of all the just and of all those who had been forgiven. Paradise peopled with blissful souls. God glorified in them. Our ancestors and relatives up there, in jubilation. And happiness also to the kingdom which is the Earth, where the sign is now shining, and the fountain, that defeats Satan and cancels the Sin and sins, is opened. No longer just peace to men of goodwill, but also redemption and re-election to the rank of children of God. I see the crowds, oh! how many! descend to this Fountain, and plunge into it and come out renewed, beautiful, in wedding-dresses, in royal garments. The wedding of souls with Grace, the royalty of being children of the Father and brothers of Jesus”. »

They have gone out into the street, while speaking, and they go away, as it grows dark.

630. 8 <sup>8</sup>The street is not very crowded, particularly at this time, when people gather round tables for supper. Jerusalem, after the stream of people that flooded it at Passover, and abandoned it after the festivities, which were so tragical this year, looks even more empty than usual. And Thomas notices it and makes the others notice it.

«That’s what it is. The foreigners, who were terrorised, left the town precipitately after the Friday, and those who had resisted the great fear of that day, ran away at the second earthquake, the one that certainly took place when the Lord came out of the Sepulchre. And also those who were not Gentiles fled. Many, I am certain of this, did not even consume the lamb and they will have to come back for the supplementary Passover. And also the citizens of this place have fled or run away, some to take their dead relatives away, those who had died in the earthquake on Preparation Day, some out of fear of the wrath of God. It has been a very strong example» says the Zealot.

«And it was a good thing. Lightning and stones on all sinners! » imprecates Bartholomew.

«Don't say that! Don't say that! We deserve the punishments of Heaven more than anybody else. We also are sinners... Do you remember in this place?... How long ago? Ten? Ten evenings... or ten years, or ten hours? So remote and so near my sin seems to me, those hours, that evening... that I never know... I am dull-witted! We were so sure, so bellicose, so heroic! And then? And then? Ah!... » and Peter strikes his forehead with his hand and points at the little square, where they already are: «There. And I was already afraid there! »

«Enough! Enough, Simon! He has forgiven you. And Mary, before Him. Stop it! You are torturing yourself» says John.

«Oh! I wish I were! You, John, must always support me, you know? Always! It's because you can guide people that He gave you His Mother. It is just. But I, a faint-hearted lying worm, need to be guided more than Mary does. Because I have scales on my eyes and I cannot see... »

«You will really get them if you behave like that. You will really burn your eyes, and the Lord will not be here to cure them... » says John again, embracing his shoulders to comfort him.

«It would suffice me to see well with my soul. And then... my eyes do not matter. »

«But they do matter to many people!! <sup>630.9</sup>What will sick people do now? Yesterday you saw how desperate was that woman! » says Andrew.

«Yes... » They look at one another and then all together they admit: «And none of us felt worthy of imposing our hands on her... » Humbleness, brought about by the recollection of their behaviour, crushes them.

But Thomas says to John: «But you could have done it. You did not run away, you did not deny, you were not incredulous... »

«I have a sin as well. And it is a sin against love, like yours. Near the arch of Joshua's house, I caught Helkai by the neck and I would have strangled him, because he was abusing the Mother. And I hated and cursed Judas of Kerioth! » says John.

«Be silent! Don't mention that name. It's the name of a demon, and I am under the impression that he is not in hell yet, and that he is wandering about here, around us, to make us sin again»

says Peter with real terror.

«Oh! he is in hell all right! But even if he were here, his power is over now. He had everything to be an angel, and he was the demon, and Jesus has defeated the demon» says Andrew.

«All right... But it is better not to mention his name. I am afraid. Now I know how weak I am. As far as you are concerned, John, do not feel guilty. Everybody will curse the man who betrayed the Master! »

«It is right to do so» says Thaddeus, who has always had the same opinion of the Iscariot.

«No. Mary said to me that the judgment of God is enough for him and that we must cherish only one feeling: gratitude for not being the traitors. And if She does not curse, although She is the Mother Who saw the tortures of Her Son, shall *we* do so? Let us forget... »

«That's foolish! » exclaims his brother James.

«And yet it is the Master's word for Judas' sins... » says John with a sigh and then becomes silent.

«What? Are there others as well? You know... Speak up! »

«I have promised to try and forget, and I am striving to do so. With regard to Helkai... I was guilty of excess... But on that day each of us had his angel and his demon beside him, and we did not always listen to the angel of light... »

The Zealot says: «Do you know that Nahum is crippled and his son was crushed by a wall or a landslide? Yes. On the day of His death. He was found later. Oh! much later, when he already was putrid. He was found by one who was coming to the market. And Nahum was with others like him, and I do not know what happened to him, whether he was struck by a rock or he had a stroke of apoplexy. I know that he looks like shattered and does not even understand. He looks like a beast, he slobbers and howls, and yesterday with his only sound hand he caught by the throat his... master who had gone to him and he shouted and shouted: "Because of you! Because of you! " If the servants had not rushed there... »

«How do you know, Simon? » they ask the Zealot.

«I saw Joseph yesterday» he replies laconically.

630. 10 <sup>10</sup>«I think that the Master is late in coming. And I am worried» says James of Alphaeus.

«Let us go back... » suggests Matthew.

«Or let us stop here at the little bridge» says Bartholomew.

They stop. But James of Zebedee and the other James, Andrew and Thomas, go back, and pensive, they look at the ground, they look at the houses.

Andrew, growing pale, points at the wall of a house, where a red-brown spot stands out on the white of the lime, and he says: «It is blood! Perhaps Blood of the Master? Was He already losing blood here? Oh! tell me! »

«And what do you want us to tell you, if none of us followed him? » says James of Alphaeus dejectedly.

«But my brother, and above all John, followed Him... »

«Not at once. Not at once. John told me that they followed Him from Malachi's house onwards. There was *nobody* here. None of us... » says James of Zebedee.

They look, as if they were hypnotised, at the large dark spot on the white wall, a little off the ground, and Thomas remarks: «Not even the rain has washed it away. Not even the hailstones, which fell so heavily these past days, have scraped it... If I knew that it is His Blood, I would scrape that wall... »

«Let us ask the people of the house. Perhaps they know... » suggests Matthew, who has joined them.

«No, you know? They might recognise us as His. apostles, they might be enemies of the Christ and... » replies Thomas.

«And we are still cowards... » ends James of Alphaeus with a deep sigh.

Very slowly they have all approached that wall and they look...

<sup>11</sup>A woman passes by, a late-comer who is coming back from the fountain with pitchers dripping cold water. She watches them. She lays her pitchers on the ground and questions them. 630. 11

«Are you looking at that spot on the wall? Are you disciples of the Master? You seem to be so, even if you are haggard-faced and... even if I did not see you follow the Lord, when He passed by here, captured to be put to death. This makes me feel uncertain, because a disciple, who follows the Master in pleasant hours and is proud to be His disciple, and looks severely at those who are not as prompt as he is to leave everything in order to follow the Master, should follow the Master also in un-

pleasant hours. He should at least do that. And I have not seen you. No. I have not seen you. And if I did not see you, it means that I, a woman from Sidon, went behind Him Whom His Jewish disciples did not follow. But I received a favour from Him. You... Had He perhaps never favoured you? It seems strange to me, because He helped Gentiles and Samaritans, sinners and also robbers, giving them eternal life, if He could no longer give them the life of their bodies. Did He perhaps not love you? Then that means that you were worse than asps and unclean hyenas, although, I really think that He loved also vipers and jackals, not because they are such, but because they were created by His Father. That is blood. Yes. It is blood. The blood of a woman from the shores of the great sea. Once it was the land of the Philistines, and its inhabitants are still somewhat despised by the Hebrews. And yet she was able to defend the Master, until her husband killed her, throwing her there with so much strength, after beating her, that her head was split, and brains and blood squirted out on the wall of the house, where her orphans are now weeping. But she had been helped. The Master had cured her husband, who was unclean with a horrible disease. So she loved the Master. She loved till she died for Him. She preceded Him in Abraham's bosom, as you say. Also Annaleah preceded Him, and she also would have been able to die like that, if she had not died unexpectedly beforehand. And also a mother, further up, has washed the street with her blood, with the blood of her womb opened by her brutal son, to defend the Master. And an old woman died of grief, when she saw Him, Who had given eyes back to her son, pass by wounded and beaten. And an old man, a beggar died, because he stood up to defend Him, and his head was struck by the stone destined to the head of your Lord. Because you believed Him to be such, did you not? The valiant men of a king die around him. But none of you died. You were far away from those who were striking Him. Ah! no! One died. He killed himself. But not out of grief. Not to defend the Master. First he sold Him, then he pointed Him out with a kiss, then he killed himself. He had nothing else to do. He could not grow any more in iniquity. He was perfect. Like Beelzebub. The world would have stoned him to remove him from the earth. Oh! I think that that compassionate woman,

who died to prevent the Martyr from being struck, I think that old Anne, who died of grief seeing Him in that state, and the old beggar and Samuel's mother and the virgin who died and I, who am not able to go up to the Temple, because I feel sorry for the lambs and doves that are sacrificed, I think that we would have had the courage to stone him, and we would not have trembled seeing him torn by our stones... He was aware of that, and he spared the world the trouble of killing him, and he spared us the trouble of becoming executioners to avenge the Innocent... »

She looks at them with contempt. Her contempt has become more and more evident as she has spoken. Her large black eyes have the hardness of the eyes of rapacious animals, while she looks at the group that does not know how to react and cannot react... The last word is hissed through her teeth: «Bastards! », and she picks up her pitchers and goes away, and she is happy that she has spat her scorn on the disciples who abandoned their Master...

They are crushed, with their heads lowered, their arms hanging, enervated... The truth overwhelms them. They meditate on the consequences of their cowardice... They are silent... They dare not look at one another. Even John and the Zealot, the two who are free from *this* fault, have the same attitude as the others, probably because of their sorrow seeing their companions so mortified and because of their impossibility to cure the wound brought about by the sincere words of the woman...

<sup>12</sup>The road is by now in a dim light. The moon, in her last days, rises late, so twilight deepens quickly. There is dead silence. Not a noise or a human voice. And only the bubbling of the Kidron reigns in the silence. So, when Jesus' voice resounds, it makes them start, as if it were a frightening sound, whilst it is so gentle when it says: «What are you doing here? I was waiting for you among the olive-trees... Why are you contemplating dead things when Life is awaiting you? Come with Me. » 630. 12

Jesus seems to be coming towards them from Gethsemane. He stops beside them. He looks at that spot, on which are fixed the terrified eyes of the apostles and He says: «That woman is already in peace. And she has forgotten her sorrow. Inactive for her children? No. Twice as active. And she will sanctify them, because that is all she asks of God. »

He sets out and they follow Him, in silence.

But Jesus turns round and says: «Why do you ask in your hearts: “And why does she not ask for the conversion of her husband? She is not holy if she hates him...” “ She does not hate him. She forgave him since the time he killed her. But, being a soul that has entered the Kingdom of Light, she can see with wisdom and justice. And she sees that there is no conversion and forgiveness for her husband. So she prays for those who may benefit by her prayer. <sup>13</sup>No, it is not My blood. And yet I lost so much of it also on this road!... But the steps of My enemies have spread it, mixed it with dust and filth, and the rain has dissolved and carried it away among the layers of dust. But there is so much of it, still visible... Because so much flowed out of Me that steps and water will not be able to cancel it easily. We will go together, and you will see My Blood shed for you... »

«Where? Where does He want to go? To the place where He wept? To the Praetorium?» they ask each other.

And John says: «But Claudia went away again two days after the Sabbath, and they say that she was indignant and even frightened of being near her husband... The Roman lance told me. Claudia, separates her responsibility from her husband's. Because she had warned him not to persecute the Just Man, as it is better to be persecuted by men rather than by the Most High, Whose Messiah was the Master. And neither Plautina nor Lydia are here. They followed Claudia to Caesarea. And Valeria has gone to Bether with Johanna. If they had been here, we could have gone in. But now... I do not know... Longinus is not here either, as Claudia wanted him to escort her... »

«It will be where you saw the grass wet with blood... »

Jesus, Who is ahead of them, turns round and says: «At Golgotha. There is so much of My Blood there, that the dust is like hard ferrous mineral. And there is someone who has preceded you... »

<sup>14</sup>«But it is an unclean place!» shouts Bartholomew.

Jesus smiles compassionately and replies: «Every place in Jerusalem is unclean after the dreadful sin; and yet you feel no other uneasiness to stay there, except that of fear of the crowds... »

«Highwaymen have always died there... »

*«I died there. And I have sanctified it forever. I solemnly tell*

you, that until the end of times, there will be no holier place than it, and from all over the Earth and in all ages crowds will come to kiss that dust. And there is already someone who has preceded you, without fearing mockery and revenge, without being afraid of being contaminated. And yet, the person who has preceded you had double reason for being afraid of that. »

«Who is it, Lord? » asks John, whose side Peter prods with his elbow to make him ask the question.

«Mary of Lazarus! As she picked the flowers trampled on by My feet as I entered her house, before Passover, a souvenir of joy that she distributed to her companions, so now she went up to Calvary, and with her hands she dug the earth, hard with My Blood, and she came down with her load and laid it on My Mother's lap. She was not afraid. And she was known as "the Sinner" and as "the disciple". Neither She, Who in Her lap received that earth of the place of the Skull, thought She would be contaminated. My Blood has cancelled everything, and holy is the clod of earth where it fell. Tomorrow, before the sixth hour, you will go up to Golgotha. I will join you... But who wants to see My Blood, here it is. » He points at the parapet of the little bridge. «My mouth struck here, and blood came out... My mouth had uttered but holy words, and words of love. So why was it struck, and why did no one treat it with a kiss?... »

<sup>15</sup>They go into Gethsemane. But Jesus first has to open a lock, that now blocks the entrance to the Garden of Olives. A new lock. A strong fence, with sharp points, tall, closed with a strong new lock. Jesus has the key, which is so new that it shines like steel, and He opens the lock in the light of a burning branch that Philip has lit in order to see, as it is now completely dark.

630. 15

«It was not here... Why?... » they whisper to one another, looking at the enclosure that isolates Gethsemane. «Lazarus certainly did not want anybody here any more. Look over there. Stones and bricks and lime. It is wood now, later it will be a wall... »

Jesus says: «Come. Do not attend to dead things, I tell you... Here. You were here... And here I was surrounded and captured, and you ran away there... If this enclosure had been there at that time... It would have prevented you from running away at once. But how could Lazarus think, since he was so anxious to fol-



low Me, while you were anxious to run away, that you would run away? Am I making you suffer? I suffered previously. And I want to cancel that sorrow. Kiss Me, Peter... »

«No, Lord! No! The gesture of Judas, here, at the same hour, no, no, no! »

«Kiss Me. I want you to make with sincere love the insincere gesture of Judas. Afterwards you will be happy. We shall be happier. You and I. Come, Peter. Kiss Me. »

Peter does not only kiss Him. With his tears he washes the cheek of the Lord and he withdraws, covering his face and sitting on the ground to weep. One after the other, the others kiss Him in the same place. Some more, some less, they all have tears on their faces...

630. 16 <sup>16</sup>«And now let us go. All together. I separated you from Me that evening after fortifying you with My Body, and for a few hours. But you fell immediately. Always remember how weak you were, and that without the help of God you would not be able to remain in justice for one hour. Here. Here I told those, who considered themselves the strongest, to keep watch, they considered themselves so strong as to ask to drink at My chalice and to proclaim, even at the cost of their death, that they would not deny Me. And I left them, advising them to pray... I left them, and they fell asleep. Remember this and teach it: he who is left by Jesus, if he does not keep in touch with Him through prayer, is overcome by drowsiness and can be captured. If I had not waked you up, you could really have been killed in your sleep and have appeared at the judgement of God heavily laden with humanity. Come here... There you are! Lower the branch, Philip. There! Who wants to see some of My Blood, should look. Here, in the greatest anguish, like one who is dying, I sweated blood. Look... So much, that the earth is hard with it and the grass is still red, because the rain was not able to melt the clots of blood that had dried up among stalks and corollas. There! And I leaned there and the angel of the Lord hovered here to comfort Me in My will to do the Will of God. Because, remember this, if you always wish to do the Will of God, where the creature cannot persist, God comes with His angel to support the exhausted hero. When you are in anguish, do not be afraid of falling into cowardice or abjuration, if you

persist in wanting what God wants. God will make you giants of heroism, if you remain faithful to His will. Remember that! Remember that! I told you once that after the temptation in the desert I was assisted by angels. Now you must know that here also, after the extreme temptation, I was assisted by an angel. And the same will happen to you and to all those who will be My believers. Because I solemnly tell you that what I have had as help, you also will have. I would obtain it for you Myself, if it were not already the Father, in His loving justice, to grant it to you. Only your sorrow will always be inferior to Mine... Sit down. The moon is rising in the east. She will shed her light on us. I do not think that you will sleep tonight, although you are still so much and only men. No. You will not sleep because an agent, that you did not have previously, has entered into you. It is remorse. A torture, that is true. But it serves to pass to higher stages, both in good and in evil. In Judas of Kerioth, as he moved away from God, it brought about desperation and damnation. In you who have never come away from the closeness to God - I can assure you, because in you there was not the will and the full consideration of what you were doing - it will cause a trustful repentance that will lead you to wisdom and justice. <sup>17</sup>Remain where you are. I am withdrawing over there, within a stone's throw, awaiting dawn. »

630. 17

«Oh! do not leave us, Lord! You have said what we are, when we are far from You! » implores Andrew on his knees, his hands stretched out, as if he were begging for an offer of pity.

«You have your remorse. It is a good friend in good people. »

«Do not go away, Lord! You told us that we would pray together... » beseeches Thaddeus, who no longer dare take the friendly attitude of a relative towards the Risen Master and is standing with his tall person lightly bent forwards in veneration.

«And is meditation not the most active prayer? And have I not made you contemplate and meditate and have I not given a subject on which to meditate since I met you on the road, moving your hearts with true acts of holy feelings? *This is prayer, men: to get in touch with the Eternal and with the things that help to lead the spirit far beyond the Earth, and from the meditation on the perfections of God and the miseries of man, of one's ego,*

*rouse acts of a will, which is either loving or repairing, but always adoring, even if it is a will rising from a meditation on a fault or a punishment. Evil and good serve for the final purpose, if one knows how to make use of them. I have told you many a time. Sin is an irremediable ruin only if it is not followed by repentance and atonement. In the opposite case, the contrition of a heart makes a solid mortar to keep the foundations of holiness compact and its stones are good resolutions. Could you keep stones joined together without mortar? Without the substance, that is apparently ugly and base, but without which clean stones and polished marbles will not remain united together to form a building? »*

630. 18 <sup>18</sup>Jesus is on the point of going away.

John, to whom his brother and the other James with Peter and Bartholomew have spoken in low voices, stands up and follows Him saying: «Jesus, my God. We were hoping to say the prayer to Your Father with You. *Your* prayer. We feel that we have been forgiven only a little, if You do not grant us to say it with You. We feel that we need it so much... »

«Where two are united in prayer, I am in the middle of them. So say the prayer together, and I shall be among you. »

«Ah! You no longer judge us worthy of praying with You! » shouts Peter with his face concealed in the grass, not all clean of the divine Blood, and he weeps bitterly.

James of Alphaeus exclaims: «We are unhappy, brot... Lord. » He corrects himself at once, saying: “Lord” instead of “brother”.

And Jesus looks at him and says: «Why do you not say brother to Me, you, who are of My blood? A brother to all men, I am so twice, three times to you, as son of Adam, as son of David, as son of God. Complete your word. »

«Brother, my Lord, we are unhappy and foolish, as You know, and the dejection in which we are makes us more foolish. How can we say Your prayer with our souls, if we do not know its meaning? »

«How many times, as to boys under age, have I explained it to you! But more stubborn and obstinate than the most absent-minded pupil of a pedagogue, you have not remembered My word! »

«That is true! But now our minds are fixed on our torture

of not having understood You... Oh! we have understood nothing! I confess it on behalf of everybody! And we do not understand You well yet, Lord. But, I beg You, take the indulgence for our evil from the same evil that makes us dull-witted. You had taken Your last breath and the great rabbi shouted the truth on the dullness of Israel, over there, at the foot of Your Cross. And You, omnipresent God, Spirit of God freed from the prison of the Body, heard those words: "Ages and ages of spiritual blindness are upon the interior sight", and he made this request to You: "Since You are the Liberator, come into my poor thought, which is a prisoner of formulas". O my adored and adorable Jesus, Who have saved us from the original Sin, taking our sins upon Yourself and consuming them in the ardour of Your perfect love, take and consume also our intellects of obstinate Israelites, give us new mentalities, as pure as that of a new-born baby, make us lose our memories, to fill us only with Your wisdom. So many things of the past died on that horrible day. Dead like You. But now that You have risen from the dead, make a new thought come into our minds. Create new hearts and new minds for us, my Lord, and we shall understand You» begs John.

<sup>19</sup>«That task is not for Me, but for Him of Whom I spoke to you at the last Supper. Every word of Mine is lost in the abyss of your thoughts, all or in part, or remains locked and closed in its spirit. Only the Paraclete, when He comes, will draw My words from your abyss and will open them to you, to make you understand the spirit of them. » 630. 19

«But You have infused Him into us» says the Zealot objectingly.

«But You said that, when You had gone to the Father, He, the Spirit of Truth, would come» objects also Matthew with the Zealot.

«Tell Me: when a baby is born, has he a soul infused in him? »

«Of course he has! » they all reply.

«But has that soul the Grace of God? »

«No. There is the Sin of origin on it and it deprives it of Grace. »

«And where do the soul and Grace come from? »

«From God. »

«Why then does God not give man a soul in grace directly? »

«Because Adam was punished, and we in him. But now that You have become the Redeemer, it will be so. »

«No. It will not be so. Men will always be born impure in their souls, that God created and that Adam's inheritance has stained. But, through a rite that I will explain to you another day, the soul infused into man will be vivified by Grace, and the Spirit of the Lord will take possession of it. But you, who were baptised with water by John, will be baptised with Fire by the Power of God. And then the Spirit of God will really be in you. And it will be the Master, Whom men cannot persecute or drive away, and Who in your interior will explain the spirit of My words to you and many other instructions. I have infused it into you, because only through My merits everything can be obtained and be valid. God can be obtained and the word of a delegate of God can obtain validity. But the Spirit of Truth is not yet in you as Master. »

«Well, let it be so. In due course it will come. But in the meantime, let us feel that You have forgiven us. Be our Master, my Lord. Again, again, because You said that we must forgive seventy times seven» insists John and he concludes - he is always the most confiding and loving one - daring to take in his own hands Jesus' left Hand, which is hanging down His side and on which the moonlight seems to enlarge the hole of the nail, saying: «Since You are the eternal Light, do not allow Your servants to remain in darkness» and he kisses His fingers lightly, on the tips, these fingers which have remained a little bent just like those of one who has been wounded and is cured, but the nerves are left slightly contracted.

630. 20 <sup>20</sup>«Come. Let us go farther up and we will say the prayer together» says Jesus obligingly, leaving His hand in those of John, while He already walks towards the highest limit of Gethsemane, towards the higher road which, through the Field of the Galileans, goes to Bethany.

Here also one can see that the delimitation works wanted by Lazarus are in course. Even more, here, farther away from the house of the keeper of the olive-grove, they have built a smooth high wall, that follows the hedge and the winding path that were the limit of Gethsemane.

Jerusalem, below, comes slowly out of darkness, also on the western side, because the moon is now at her zenith and illu-

minates everything with the white light of her thin crescent, as bright as a diamond flame laid on the dark firmament, where there are palpitating the shining corollas of an incalculable number of stars, of the unbelievable stars of the eastern skies.

<sup>21</sup>Jesus stretches out His arms in His usual attitude of prayer and intones: «Our Father Who art in Heaven. » 630. 21

He stops and comments:

«That He is a Father is proved to you by the fact that He has forgiven you. You, obliged to be perfect more than anybody else, you, who have received so many favours, and so, as you say, unsuited for the mission, which Lord, who were not your Father, would not have punished you? I have not punished you. The Father has not punished you. Because the Son does what the Father does, because the Father does what the Son does, as we are one only Divinity united in Love. I am in the Father, and the Father is with Me. The Word is always near God, Who is without beginning. And the Word is before all things, since always, since an eternity named *always*, since an eternal present near God, and is God like God, being the Word of the divine Thought.

<sup>22</sup>So, when I shall have gone, and in this manner you will pray our, My, your Father, whereby we are brothers, I the first-born, you, the younger brothers, be always willing to see also Me in My Father and yours. Be willing to see the Word, Who was “the Master” for you, and loved you even to accepting death and beyond death, leaving Himself to you in food and drink, so that you may be in Me and I in you as long as the exile lasts, and then you and I in the Kingdom, for which I taught you to pray, saying: “Thy Kingdom come”, after you have implored that your work may sanctify the Name of the Lord, giving Him glory on Earth and in Heaven. Yes. There would be no Kingdom for you in Heaven, the Kingdom for those who will believe like you, if first you did not want the Kingdom of God in yourselves through the *real* practice of the Law of God and of My word, which is the perfecting of the Law, having given, in the time of Grace, the Law of the chosen ones, that is, of those who are, beyond the civil, moral, religious constitutions of the Mosaic time, already in the spiritual Law of the time of Christ.

You see what it is to have the closeness of God, but not God

in you; what it is to have the word of God, but not the *real* practice of *that* word. Man has committed every crime by having God close to him, but not in his heart; by having the knowledge of the word, but not the obedience to it. Everything! Everything because of that. Dullness and delinquency, deicide, betrayal, tortures, the death of the Innocent and of His Cain; everything has come through that. And yet, who was loved by Me like Judas? But he did not have Me-God in his heart. And he is the damned deicide, infinitely guilty as an Israelite and as a disciple, as a suicide and a deicide, in addition to his seven deadly sins and every other sin of his.

630. 23     <sup>23</sup>You can now have the Kingdom of God in yourselves more easily, because I have obtained it for you with My death. I have redeemed you with My sorrow. Bear that in your minds. So let no one trample on Grace, because it cost the life and the Blood of a God. So let the Kingdom of God be in you, men, through Grace; let it be on the Earth, through the Church, let it be in Heaven, for the blessed souls who, having lived with God in their hearts, united to the Body of which Christ is the Head, united to the Vine of which every Christian is a branch, deserve to rest in the Kingdom of Him for Whom all things have been made: Me, Who am speaking to you and Who have given Myself to the Will of the Father, so that everything might be accomplished. I can therefore teach you, without hypocrisy, that you must say: “Thy; Will be done on Earth as It is in Heaven”. How I have done the will of My Father can be told even by the clods of earth, by plants, by flowers, by the stones in Palestine, by My wounded Body and by a whole population.

Do as I did. To the very end. Even unto death on a cross, if God so wishes. Because, remember, I have done it, and there is no disciple who deserves mercy more than I do. And yet I have consumed the greatest sorrow. And yet I have obeyed with perpetual renunciations. You know. You will understand even more in future when you resemble Me drinking a draught at My chalice... Let this thought be constantly present to you: “Through His obedience to the Father, He saved us”. And if you want to be saviours, do what I have done. There will be some who will be acquainted with the cross, some with the tortures of tyrants, some with the torture of love, some with the exile from Heaven,

to which they will tend until a very late age before ascending there. Well, in everything let the will of God be done. Consider that the torment of death or the torment of life, while you would like to die to come where I am, are the same in the eyes of God, if they are suffered with cheerful obedience. *They are His Will*. So they are holy.

<sup>24</sup>“Give us this day our daily bread”. Day by day, hour by hour. 630. 24  
It is faith. It is love. It obedience. It is humbleness. It is hope, this asking for the bread for *one* day, and accepting it as it is. Sweet today, bitter tomorrow, much, little, with spices or with ashes. Always as it is just. God, Who is a Father, gives it. So it is good.

Another time I will speak to you of the other Bread, which it would be healthy to eat every day, and to pray the Father to keep it. Because woe betide that day and those places where there should be none through the will of men! Now you can see how mighty men are in their deeds of darkness. Pray the Father that He may defend His Bread and give you it. The more darkness will try to suffocate the Light and the Life, as it did on Preparation Day, the more He may give you of it. The second Preparation Day would be without resurrection. Remember that, all of you. If the Word can no longer be killed, His doctrine could still be killed and the freedom and will of loving Him could be extinguished in too many people. But then also Life and Light would come to an end for men. And woe betide that day! Let the Temple be an example for you. Remember, I said: “It is the great Corpse”.

<sup>25</sup>“Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us”. 630. 25

Since you are all sinners, be meek with sinners. Remember My words: “Why do you observe the splinter in your brother’s eye, if first you do not take the plank out of your own eye?” That Spirit that I infused into you, that order that I gave you, grant you the authority to remit the sins of your neighbour, in the name of God. But how will you be able to do that, if God does not remit them to you? I will speak again of that. For the time being I say to you: Forgive those who offend you, in order to be forgiven and to be entitled to absolve or to condemn. He who is without sin can do so with full justice. He who does not forgive, while he is in sin and feigns to be scandalised, is a hypocrite and Hell awaits him. Because, if there is still mercy for wards, severe will be the ver-



diet against the guardians of wards, guilty of the same or greater sins, although they had the fullness of the Spirit to assist them.

630. 26 <sup>26</sup>“Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil”. That is humbleness, the fundamental stone of perfection. I solemnly tell you to bless those who humiliate you, because they give you what is necessary for your celestial thrones.

*No. Temptation is not a ruin, if man remains humbly near the Father and asks Him not to allow Satan, the world and the flesh to triumph over him. The crowns of the blessed souls are adorned with the gems of the temptations they overcame. Do not look for them. But do not be cowards when they come. Humble, and thus strong, shout to My Father and yours: “Deliver us from evil”, and you will defeat evil. And you will really sanctify the Name of God with your deeds, as I said at the beginning, because every man, when seeing you, will say: “God exists, because they live as gods, so perfect is their behaviour”, and they will come to God, multiplying the citizens of the Kingdom of God.*

Kneel down, that I may bless you and My blessing may open your minds to meditate. »

630. 27 <sup>27</sup>They prostrate themselves on the ground and He blesses them, then He disappears, as if He were absorbed by a moon-beam.

Shortly afterwards the apostles raise their heads, surprised at not hearing any more words, and they realise that Jesus has disappeared... They prostrate themselves again with their faces on the ground, in the age-old fear of every Israelite who experiences the sensation of having been in touch with God, as He is in Heaven.

### **631. The apostles go along the way of the Cross up to Golgotha. Their return to the Supper room.**

14<sup>th</sup> April 1947.

631. 1 <sup>1</sup>Jerusalem is already burning hot in the midday sun. A shady archivolt is a relief for one's eyes dazzled by the sun, that blazes down on the white walls of houses and makes the surface of streets exceedingly hot. And the incandescent white of the walls and the dark of the archivolts make Jerusalem a whimsical pic-

ture in black and white, a succession of bright lights and dim lights, and the contrast with the bright lights makes the latter look dark, a succession as tormenting as an obsession, because it deprives one of the faculty of sight, because the light is either too strong or too dim. People proceed with half-closed eyes, striving to walk fast in the areas of light and heat, slowing down under the archivolts, where one must go slow, because the contrast between light and darkness prevents one from seeing anything, even if one's eyes are open.

That is how the apostles proceed in a town that the midday heat makes deserted. And they perspire and wipe their faces and necks with their head-coverings and they pant...

But when they have to leave the town, they no longer have the relief of the archivolts. The road that runs along the walls and disappear towards the north and the south like a dazzling ribbon of incandescent dust, gives the impression of a furnace ground. The heat rising from it is like that of an oven, a heat that dries one's lungs. The little torrent that flows beyond the walls has a thin trickle of water in the centre of its bed of stones, that the sun makes as white as desiccated skulls. The apostles rush towards that stream of water and drink it. They immerse their head-coverings into it, and after washing their faces, they put them on their heads still dripping. They wallow in it, in that thin trickle of water, with their bare feet. Of course, it is a very poor relief. The water is as warm as if it had been poured out of a pot hanging over a fire. And they say so: «It is warm and scanty. It tastes of mud and lye. When it is so little, it tastes of the washing done at dawn.»

<sup>2</sup>They begin to climb Golgotha. The scorched Golgotha, where <sup>631. 2</sup> the blazing sun has dried the sparse grass that looked like thin down on the yellowish mountain fifteen days previously. Now only stiff and very rare tufts of thorny plants, all aculei and no leaves, here and there prick up their skeleton-like stems, of a yellowish green because of the dust of the mountain, exactly like bones just taken out of the earth. Yes. They do look like bunches of desiccated bones stuck into the ground. There is one of them, which after a straight stem about two spans long, has a sudden bend that ends in five twigs after a kind of palette. It really looks like the hand of a skeleton, stretched out to catch whoever passes

by and hold him in that place of nightmares.

«Do you want to take the long road or the short one? » asks John, who is the only one who has already been up that mountain.

«The shorter one! The shorter one! Let us be quick! One suffocates to death here! » they all say, except the Zealot and James of Alphaeus.

«Let us go! »

The stones of the paved street are as hot as plates taken out of a fire.

«But it is not possible to go on here! It is impossible! » they say after a few metres.

«And yet the Lord climbed up as far as that spot, where that thorn-bush is, and He was already wounded and was carrying the cross» remarks John, who has been weeping since he has been on Calvary.

They proceed. But they soon throw themselves on the ground, utterly exhausted and gasping for air. Their head-coverings which they had dipped into the stream, have already been dried by the sun, on the other hand their garments are wet with perspiration.

«Too steep and too hot! » says Bartholomew, puffing and blowing.

«Yes. Far too much! » confirms Matthew, who is congested.

«The sun is the same everywhere. But to go uphill, let us take that road. It is longer, but not so toilsome. Longinus also took it to make it possible for the Lord to climb it. See there, where that rather dark stone is? The Lord fell there and we thought He was dead, as we were looking from there, from the north, over there, see? where that cavity is, before the slope rises steeply. He did not move any more. Oh! the cry of His Mother! It resounds in me here! I will never forget that cry! I will not forget any of Her moaning... Ah! there are things that make one an old man in one hour and they give the measure of the sorrow of the world... Come on, let us go! Our Martyr, the Lord, did not stop here as long as you have done! » says John urging them.

631. 3 <sup>3</sup>They stand up looking astonished and they follow him as far as the intersection of the paved road with the spiral path, and

they go along the latter. Yes. It is not so steep. But as far as the sun is concerned! Its heat is even stronger, as the slope, which the path skirts, reflects its heat on the wayfarers already scorched by the sun.

«But why make us come up here at this time?! Could He not have made us come up at dawn, as soon as there was enough light to see where we were putting our feet? All the more that we were outside the walls and we could have come without awaiting the gates to be opened. » They complain and grumble among themselves.

Men, still and always men, now, after the tragedy of Good Friday, which is more the tragedy of their proud and cowardly humanity, than a tragedy of the Christ, Who is always the triumphant hero even when dying; men as they were previously, when they were inebriated with the shouts of hosannas of the crowds, and they were overjoyed thinking of the feasts and sumptuous banquets in Lazarus' house... Deaf, blind, dull-minded to all the signs and warnings of the impending storm.

James of Alphaeus and the Zealot are weeping silently. Also Andrew no longer complains after John's last words. John speaks also now, remembering, and his recollections are a brotherly admonition, an exhortation not to complain... He says: «This is the hour in which He came up here. And He had already walked for a long time. Oh! I could say that, since He left the Supper room, He did not have a moment's rest! And it was a very warm day! There was the sultriness of the oncoming storm... And He was burning with a high temperature. Nike says that she had the impression of touching fire when she laid the linen cloth on His face. The place where He met the women must be somewhere here... As we were on the opposite side, we did not see the meeting. But, as Nike and the other women told me... Come on. Let us go! Just consider that the Roman ladies, who are accustomed to moving about in litters, walked up this road exposed to the sun from the morning, from the third hour, when He was sentenced to death. Oh! they, the heathen women, preceded everybody, and they sent slaves to warn the others who were absent for some reason... »

<sup>4</sup>They proceed... That road is a burning torture! They even <sup>631.4</sup> stagger.

Peter says: «If He does not work a miracle, we shall fall struck by the sun. »

«Yes. My heart is burning in my throat» says Matthew in agreement.

Bartholomew no longer speaks. He seems to be inebriated. John holds him by the elbow and supports him, as he did with the Mother on the cruel Good Friday. And to comfort them he says: «Not far from here there is some shade. Where I took the Mother. We will rest there. »

They proceed, more and more slowly...

They are now at the rock where Mary was. And John tells them. There is in fact a little shade. But the air is still and hot.

«If there were at least a stalk of anise, a mint leaf, a blade of grass. My mouth is like parchment placed near a fire. But nothing! Nothing! » moans Thomas, whose veins are swollen at his neck and forehead.

«I would give the rest of my life for a drop of water» says James of Zebedee.

Judas Thaddeus bursts into tears and shouts: «My poor brother, how much You suffered! He said... He said, do you remember? that He was dying of thirst! Oh! now I understand! I had not understood the full meaning of those words! He was dying of thirst! And there was not one who gave Him a drop of water, while He was still able to drink! And He was feverish, in addition to the sun! »

«Johanna had taken Him a refreshment... » says Andrew.

«He was no longer able to drink, by that time! He could not speak any more... When He met His Mother over there, ten steps from here, all He could say was: “Mother! ”, and He could not even kiss Her, not even from afar, although Simon from Cyrene had relieved Him of the cross. His lips were dry, hardened by the wounds... Oh! I could see Him clearly, from behind the line of legionaries! Because I did not pass here. I would have taken His cross, if they had allowed me to pass! But they were afraid for me... because of the crowd that wanted to stone us... He could not speak... or drink... or kiss... It was almost impossible for Him to look with His painful eyes through the crusts of blood that ran down from His forehead!... His garment was torn near His knee, that one could see wounded, bleeding... His

hands were swollen and wounded... He had a wound on His chin and cheek... The cross had made a wound on His shoulder, already cut by the scourging... The ropes had cut into His waist... His hair was dripping with the blood of the wounds made by the thorns... He had... »


«Be quiet! Be quiet! It is not possible to listen. Be quiet! I beg and I order you!» shouts Peter, who seems to be tortured.

«It is not possible to listen to me! You cannot listen to me! But I had to see and hear Him in His torture! And His Mother? What about His Mother, then?»

They bend their heads, sobbing and they resume going on... They no longer complain. But now they all weep over Christ's sorrows.

<sup>5</sup>They are now at the top. On the first esplanade: a slab of fire. The reflection of the heat is such that the earth seems to be trembling, because of that phenomenon caused by the sun on the burning sands of deserts. 631.5

«Come. Let us go up here. The centurion made us pass here. Me as well. He thought I was Mary's son. The women were over there. And the shepherds there. And over there the Judaeans... » John points out the various places and concludes: «But the crowd was below, below, they covered the slope down to the valley, down to the road. They were on the walls, on the terraces near the walls. As far as one could see. I saw that when the sun began to be veiled. Previously it was as it is now, and I could not see... »

In fact Jerusalem looks like a mirage trembling down at the bottom. The excess of light acts as a veil for those who want to see it. And John says: «In other hours - Mary of Lazarus said so, but I did not know when and why she had come here - one can see the black remains of the houses set on fire by lightning. The houses of the most guilty ones... of many, at least, among them... Look! Here (John counts his steps, he reconstructs the scene) Longinus was here and Mary and I here. And here was the cross of the repentant robber and over there the other one. And this is where they cast lots for His garments. And over there the Mother fell when He died... and from here I saw His Heart being pierced (John becomes as white as death) because His Cross was here» and he kneels down on the ground, worshipping with his face on the earth that had been dug in this way: 

that is along the whole length of earth covered with blood under the transverse bar of the cross and around the vertical stake of it. The Magdalene must have worked hard to dig so much earth, about a good span deep, in a soil so hard, mixed with stones and rubble, that make it a compact crust!

They have now thrown themselves on the ground to kiss the dust, which they now wet with their tears...

631.6 <sup>6</sup>John is the first to stand up, and lovingly pitiless, he recalls every episode... He no longer feels the heat of the sun... Nobody feels it... He tells them how Jesus refused the wine with myrrh, how He took His clothes off and put on His Mother's veil, how He appeared so badly scourged and wounded, how He lay down on the cross and shouted at the first nail, and then He no longer shouted, so that His Mother should not suffer so much, and how they lacerated His wrist and dislocated His arm to pull it to the right point and how, when He had been completely nailed, they turned the cross over to hammer in the nails, and it lay heavy on the Martyr, Whose panting could be heard, and the cross was turned over again and raised while they were dragging it, and it was dropped into the hole and earthed up, and how His Body fell down tearing His hands, and the crown moving tore His head, and the words He spoke to His Father in Heaven, His words asking forgiveness for those who crucified Him and forgave the repentant robber, and His words to His Mother and to John, and the arrival of Joseph and Nicodemus, so openly heroic in defying the whole world, and the courage of Mary of Magdala, and His cry full of anguish to His Father Who had abandoned Him, and His thirst, and the vinegar with gall, and His last agony, and His feeble entreaty to His Mother, and Her words, with His soul already at the point of death because of the torture, the torture... and His resignation and abandonment to God, and His last horrible convulsion and the cry that made the world tremble, and Mary's cry when She saw Him dead...

«Be quiet! Be quiet! Be quiet! » shouts Peter, and he seems to be pierced by the lance. Also the others implore him saying: «Be silent! Be silent!... »

631.7 <sup>7</sup>«I have nothing further to say. The sacrifice was over. The burial... our torture, not His. There is no value in it other than the Mother's grief. Our torture! Does it perhaps deserve corn-

passion? Let us give Him it, instead of asking compassion for ourselves. We have always avoided sorrow, fatigue and abandonment too much, leaving all that to Him, to Him alone. We have really been worthless disciples, as we loved Him for the joy of being loved, out of pride of being great in His kingdom, but we did not love Him in His sorrow... Now no longer so. Here. We must swear here, this is an altar, and it is high up, facing Heaven and Earth, that it will no longer be so. Now joy for Him, the cross for us. Let us swear it. It is the only way to give peace to our souls. Here Jesus of Nazareth, the Messiah, the Lord died, to be the Saviour and Redeemer. Let the man, that is, what we are, die here, and the *true* disciple rise. Rise! Let us swear in the Holy Name of Jesus Christ that we want to embrace His doctrine to the extent of being able to die for the redemption of the world. »

John seems a seraph. While he is gesticulating his head-covering has fallen off, and his fair hair shines in the sun. He has climbed on some rubble thrown on one side, probably the supports of the crosses of the robbers, and he unintentionally takes the stretched-out arms attitude, that Jesus often took when teaching, and in particular the attitude He had on the cross.

The others look at him, so handsome, so fervent, so young, the youngest of them all, and so mature spiritually. Calvary has made him reach a perfect age... They look at him and shout: «We swear it!»

«Let us pray then, so that the Father may ratify our oath: “Our Father Who art in Heaven...”»

The chorus of the eleven voices becomes confident, more and more confident as it proceeds. And Peter beats his breast while he says: «forgive us our trespasses», and they all kneel down when they say the last supplication: «deliver us from evil. »

They remain so, bent to the ground, meditating...

<sup>8</sup>Jesus is among them. I have not seen when and whence He appeared. One would say from that part of the mountain that is inaccessible. He shines with love in the bright midday light and He says: «He who remains in Me will have no harm from the Evil One. I solemnly tell you that those who are united to Me in serving the Most High Creator, Whose desire is the salvation of every man, will be able to expel demons, to make reptiles and poisons

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harmless, to pass among wild beasts and through flames without being hurt, for all the time that God wants them to remain on the Earth to serve Him. »

«When did You come, Lord? » they say raising their heads, but remaining on their knees.

«Your oath called Me. And now, now that the feet of My apostles have trodden on these clods, go down quickly to town, to the Supper room. The women from Galilee will leave in the evening with My Mother. You and John will go with them. We will all meet in Galilee, on the Tabor» He says to the Zealot and John.

«When, Lord? »

«John will know and he will tell you. »

«Are You leaving us, Lord? Will You not bless us? We need Your blessing so much. »

«I will give you it here and in the Supper room. Prostrate yourselves! »

He blesses them, and the brightness of the sun envelops Him as in His Transfiguration, but here it conceals Him. Jesus is no longer there.

They look up. There is nothing but the sun and the parched earth... «Let us get up and go! He has gone! » they say sadly.

«His staying with us is becoming shorter and shorter! »

«But today He looked happier than yesterday evening. Don't you think so, brother? » Thaddeus asks James of Alphaeus.

«Our oath has made Him happy. May you be blessed, John, for making us take it! » says Peter, embracing John.

«I was hoping that He would speak of His Passion! Why did He make us come here and then say nothing? » asks Thomas.

«We will ask Him this evening» says Andrew.

«Yes. But let us go now. It is a long way and we want to spend some time with Mary, before She goes away» says James of Alphaeus.

«Another pleasantness that comes to an end! » says Thaddeus with a sigh.

«We are remaining orphans! What shall we do? »

They turn towards John and the Zealot and, with a touch of envy in their voices, they say: «You, at least, are going with the Mother! And you remain with Her, all the time. »

John makes a gesture, as if to say: «It is so. » But they, whose

envy is not malicious but gentle, say at once: «However, it is right. Because you were here with Her and you had to forgo being here out of obedience. We... »

<sup>9</sup>They begin to descend. But as soon as they set foot on the <sup>631.9</sup> second esplanade, the lower one, they see a woman who arrives there, in the sun, from the steep road, and who looks them up and down without speaking, directing her steps resolutely to the upper esplanade.

«People are already coming here! It is not only Mary who comes. But what is she doing? She is weeping, looking at the ground. Did she perhaps lose something on that day? » they ask one another. In fact it may be so, because one cannot see who she is. The face of the woman is completely covered with her veil.

Thomas shouts in his strong deep voice: «Woman! What have you lost? »

«Nothing. I am looking for the place of the Lord's Cross. I have a brother who is dying and the good Master is no longer on the Earth... » she says weeping under her veil. «Men have driven Him away! »

«He has risen, woman. He exists forever. »

«I know that He exists forever. Because He is God, and God does not perish. But He is not among us any more. A world did not want Him and He has gone away. A world has denied Him, even His disciples abandoned Him as if He were a highwayman, and He has abandoned the world. And I have come looking for a little of His Blood. I have faith that it will cure my brother, more than the imposition of the hands of His disciples, because I do not believe that they can work miracles after being unfaithful. »

«The Lord was here not long ago. He has risen in soul and body and is still among us. The perfume of His blessing is still on us. Look, He rested His feet here only a short while ago» says John.

«No. I am looking for a drop of His Blood. I was not here and I do not know the place... » she says, while she is bent, searching the ground.

John says to her: «This is the place of His cross. I was here. »

«Were you? As a friend or as one of those who crucified Him? People say that only one of His favourite disciples was under His

cross, and a few more disciples faithful to Him, near here. But I should not like to speak to one of His executioners. »

«I am not, woman. Look, here where the cross was, there is still earth red with His blood, although they have dug it. He lost so much blood that it penetrated deeply. Take this. And may your faith be rewarded. » John with his fingers has dug in the hole where the cross was, and has taken out some reddish earth, that the woman places in a little linen cloth, and thanking him, she goes away quick with her treasure.

«You did the right thing in not revealing who we are. »

«Why did you not say who you are? » say the apostles. As usual, human thoughts are contrasting.

John looks at them but does not speak. He is the first to set out down the steep paved road.

631. 10 <sup>10</sup>If it is easier to descend than to ascend, the sun is still very hot, and when they are down at the foot of Golgotha, they are really very thirsty. But there are some sheep in the stream and some shepherds who have certainly come out of some pen nearby to pasture them before evening. The water is muddy and it is not possible to drink it.

Their thirst is such that Bartholomew addresses a shepherd saying: «Have you a drop of water in your flask? »

The man looks at them severely and is silent.

«A little milk, then. The udders of your sheep are swollen. We will pay for it. We should have liked something cold to drink, but it is enough to have a drink. »

«I have neither water nor milk for those who abandoned their Master. I recognise you, you know? I saw you one day at Bethzur and I listened to you. You, exactly you, who are asking... But I did not see you when I met those who were carrying the killed Master down. Only that one was there. There was no water for Him, I was told by those who were on the mountain. And there is no water for you either. » He whistles to his dog, he gathers the sheep, and goes away northwards, where the ground begins to rise and is covered with olive-trees and strewn with grass.

The depressed apostles cross the bridge and go into town.

631. 11 <sup>11</sup>They walk close to the walls, their head-coverings lowered over their eyes, stooping a little. Because the roads are becoming

busy again with pedestrians, as the great heat of the early afternoon hours is over.

But they must cross the whole town, before arriving at the house of the Supper room, and there are too many people who know the apostles and consequently it is practically impossible for them to pass through without any incident. And they are soon met with a lashing burst of laughter, while a scribe (I really thought I was not going to see any of them, which made me happy) shouts to the people, who are numerous in that narrow cross road where a fountain gurgles: «There they are! Look! Here are the remains of the army of the great king! The valiant faint-hearted disciples of the seducer. Contempt and mockery on them. And the pity one has for madmen! »

It is the beginning of a turmoil of sneers. Some shout: «Where were you when He was suffering? »; some: «Are you convinced now that He was a false prophet? »; and some: «In vain you have stolen and concealed Him. The idea is dead. The Nazarene is dead. Jehovah has struck the Galilean by lightning. And you with Him»; and some with false compassion: «Leave them alone. They have become aware of it and have repented, too late, but still in time to run away at the right moment! »; and some harangue the common people, consisting mainly of women, who seem inclined to side with the apostles, saying: «As you still doubt our justice, let the attitude of the most faithful followers of the Nazarene enlighten you. If He had been God, He would have fortified them. If they had recognised Him as the true Messiah, they would not have run away, considering that no human power could triumph over the Christ. Instead He died in the presence of the people. And in vain His corpse has been stolen, after they attacked the guards who had fallen asleep. Ask the guards whether that is the truth. He is dead, and His people have been scattered, and great in the eyes of God is he who frees the holy soil of Jerusalem from the last traces of Him. Anathema on the followers of the Nazarene! Get stones, O holy people, and let us stone them outside the walls. »

It is too much for the still shaky courage of the apostles! They have already withdrawn a little towards the walls, in order not to instigate the rising with an imprudent challenge to the accusers. But now, rather than prudence, fear is the winner. And they

turn round and save themselves by running away towards the gate. James of Alphaeus and James of Zebedee, with John, Peter and the Zealot, are those who, being more calm and having more self-control, follow their companions without running. And an odd stone reaches them before they go out of the gate, and above all they are struck with a lot of dirt.

631. 12 <sup>12</sup>The guards, who have come out of the guard-room, ensure that they are not followed beyond the walls. But they run and run and take shelter in the apple-orchard of Joseph, where the Sepulchre was.

The place is calm and silent, and pleasant is the light under the trees that in those days have come into leaf, still thin, but so emerald green as to form a veil of a gentle hue under the strong trunks. They throw themselves on the ground, to overcome their palpitation.

At the end of the vegetable garden a man is hoeing and earthing up vegetables, helped by a young man, and he is not aware of them, who are hiding behind a hedge. After scanning the sky and saying in a loud voice: «Come, Joseph, and bring the donkey to tie it to the water-wheel», he heads towards them, where there is a rustic well, hidden in a group of bushes that shade it. «What are you doing? Who are you? What do you want in the vegetable garden of Joseph of Arimathea? And you, fool, why do you leave the gate open, that Joseph wants closed, now that he has put it there? Do you not know that he does not want anybody here, where the Lord was laid? »

I tell the truth when I say that, in the pain of assisting at Jesus' deposition, and in the amazement of His Resurrection, I had never noticed whether the vegetable garden, in addition to the enclosure of a green hedge of boxes and bushes, had a gate or not, but I think it was put there recently, because it is completely new and it is supported by two square pillars, the plaster of which does not look old. Also Joseph, like Lazarus, has enclosed the places sanctified by Jesus.

John stands up, with the Zealot and James of Alphaeus, and without any fear he says: «We are the apostles of the Lord. I am John, this is Simon, a friend of Joseph, and this is James, a brother of the Lord. The Lord had called us to Golgotha and we went. He ordered us to go to the house where His Mother is, and the

crowds have chased us. We have come in here, awaiting evening... »

<sup>13</sup>«But are you wounded? And you! and you! Come, that I may <sup>631. 13</sup> help you. Are you thirsty? You are panting. You... quick, draw some water. The first water is pure, afterwards the buckets make it muddy. And give them some to drink, then wash some of that fresh lettuce, and oil them with the oil we use to tie grafts. I have nothing else to give you. My house is not here. But, if you wait, I will take you with me... »

«No. No. We must go to the Lord. May God reward you. »

They have a drink and they let them dress their wounds. They all have wounds on their heads. The Jews are good shots!

«Go out on the road, and look, without drawing people's attention, whether there is any spy» the gardener orders the boy.

«There is no one, father. The road is deserted» says the boy coming back.

«Have a look towards the door and come back quickly. »

He picks some anise stalks and offers them, apologising that he has nothing but legumes and those anises, as the fruit trees have just lost their blossoms.

The boy comes back. «Nobody, father. The road on the other side of the door is deserted. »

«Let us go, then. Harness the donkey to the cart and throw the refuse of the herbs on it. We shall look like men who are coming back from the country. Come with me. You will go the long way round... But it is better than being pelted with stones. »

«We shall always have to enter the town... »

«Yes. But we will go in by a different part, along dark lanes. Come without fear. »

He locks the strong gate with a big key, he makes the older ones get on the cart, he gives hoes and rakes to the others, he puts a bundle of trimmings on Thomas' back and a bale of hay on John's, and he goes away resolutely, along the walls southwards.

«But your house... It is desert here. »

«The house is over there, on the other side, and will not run away. My wife will wait. First I serve the servants of the Lord. » He looks at them... «Eh! We all make mistakes! I was frightened as well! And we are all hated because of His Name. Even Joseph.

But what does it matter? God is with us. People!... They hate and love. They love and hate. And then! What they do today, they forget tomorrow. Of course... If there were no hyenas! But they are the ones who instigate the people. They are furious because He has risen. Oh! if He only showed Himself on the top of a pinnacle of the Temple, so that the people would be certain that He has risen. Why does He not do that? I believe. But not everybody is capable of believing. And they give large sums of money to those who tell the people that He has been stolen by you, when He was already decomposed, and that He has been buried or cremated in a grotto of Josaphat. »

They are now in the southern side of the town, in the Hinnom valley.

«There you are. There is the Zion Gate. Do you know how to get to the house from there? It is not far. »

«We know. May God be with you because of your kindness. »

«As far as I am concerned, you are always the saints of the Master. You are men and I am a man. He alone is more than Man and was able not to tremble. I can understand and pity. And I say that you, who are weak today, will be strong tomorrow. Peace to you. »

He relieves them of the herbs and of the agricultural tools and goes back, while they enter the town as fast as hares and steal away along suburban lanes towards the house of the Superior room.

631. 14<sup>14</sup>But the misfortunes of that day are not yet over. A group of legionaries, on their way to a nearby inn, meets them, and one watches them and points them out to the others. And they all laugh. And when the poor ill-treated disciples are compelled to pass before them, one of the soldiers leaning against the door addresses them: «Hey! Calvary did not stone you and men have struck you? By Jove! I thought you were more courageous! And that you were not afraid of anything, since you had the courage to climb up there. Have the stones of the mountain not reproached you for being cowardly? And were you so daring as to go up there? I have always seen guilty people run away from the places that reminded them of their sin. Nemesis pursues them. Perhaps she dragged you up there to make you tremble with horror today, since you did not tremble with pity, *then*. »

A woman, probably the mistress of the tavern, comes to the door and laughs. She has the frightening face of a rascal and she shouts in a shrill voice: «Hebrew women, look at what your wombs produce! Vile perjurers, who come out of their dens when the danger is over! Roman wombs conceive nothing but heroes. Come and drink to the greatness of Rome. Choice wines and beautiful, girls... » and she goes away, followed by the soldiers, into her dark cave.

<sup>15</sup>A Hebrew woman looks at them - there are some women in the street with amphorae, where one can hear the fountain gurgle near the house of the Supper room - and she takes pity on them. She is an elderly woman. She says to her companions: «They made a mistake... but a whole people did wrong. » She approaches the apostles and greets them: «Peace to you. We do not forget... Tell us only this. Has the Master really risen from the dead? »

631. 15

«He has risen. We swear to it. »

«Then, be not afraid. He is God, and God will triumph. Peace to you, brothers. And tell the Lord to forgive this people. »

«And we ask you to pray that the people may forgive us and forget the scandal we have given. Women, I, Simon Peter, ask you to forgive me. » And Peter weeps...

«We are mothers and sisters and wives, man. And your sin is that of our sons, brothers and husbands. May the Lord have mercy on everybody. »

These pious women have accompanied them to the house and they knock at the closed door. And Jesus opens the door, filling the dark room with His glorified person, and He says: «Peace to you for your compassion. »

The women are petrified with astonishment. They remain so, until the door is closed on the apostles and on the Lord. They then come to themselves.

«Have you seen Him? It was He. Handsome! More than previously. And alive! Not a phantom! A real man. His voice! His smile! He moved His hands. Did you notice how red were His Wounds? No, I was watching His chest breathe like that of a living person. Oh! let no one come and say it is not true! Let us go! Let us go and tell everybody! Let us knock at the door to see Him again. What are you saying? He is the Son of God, He has ris-



en. It is already a great thing that He has shown Himself to us, poor women! He is with His Mother, the women disciples and the apostles. No. Yes... »

The wise ones win. The group goes away.

631. 16 <sup>16</sup>In the meantime Jesus has gone into the Supper room with His apostles. He watches them and smiles. They have taken their head-coverings off, which before entering the house they were wearing like bandages, and they put them on again as is customary. So their bruises can no longer be seen. They sit down tired and silent, more grieved than tired.

«You are late» says Jesus kindly. Silence.

«Are you not going to say anything to Me? Speak up! I am always Jesus. Has your boldness of today already vanished? »

«Oh! Master! Lord! » shouts Peter, falling on his knees at Jesus' feet. «Our boldness has not vanished. But we are destroyed as we realise the harm we have done to Your Faith. We are crushed! »

«Pride dies, humbleness is born. Knowledge rises, love increases. Be not afraid. You are becoming apostles, now. That is what I wanted. »

«But we shall not be able to do anything any more! The people, and they are right, deride us! We have destroyed Your work. We have destroyed Your Church! » They are all distressed. They shout and gesticulate...

Jesus is solemnly calm. Sustaining His words with a gesture, He says: «Peace! Peace! Not even Hell will destroy My Church. It will not be the unsteadiness of a stone, not fixed properly yet, that will cause the building to perish. Peace! Peace! You will work. And you will do much good, because now you humbly acknowledge what you are, because now you are wise with a *great* wisdom: the knowledge that every act has very wide repercussions, at times, indelible, and that who is high up - remember what I told you\* about the lamp that is to be placed high up so that it may be seen, and just because it is seen by everybody its flame must be pure - and that who is high up has the obligation, more than those who are not high up, to be perfect. See, My children? What passes unnoticed or excusable when it is done by a

\* what I told you, in 169. 7.

believer, does not pass unnoticed if it is done by a priest, and the judgement of the people is severe. But your future will cancel your past. I did not speak to you on Golgotha, but I let the world speak. I comfort you. Come on, do not weep. <sup>17</sup>Take some refreshment now, and let Me cure you. So. » He touches their wounded heads lightly. Then He says: «But you had better go away from here. That is why I said: “Go to Mount Tabor to pray”. You will be able to stay in the nearby villages and go up every morning at dawn awaiting Me. »

631. 17

«Lord, the world does not believe that You have risen» says Thaddeus in a low voice.

«I will convince the world. I will help you to defeat the world. Be faithful to Me. I do not ask for anything else. And bless those who humiliate you, because they sanctify you. »

He breaks the bread, He divides it into parts, He offers it, hands it out, saying: «This is My viaticum for you who are going away. I have already prepared the food there for My pilgrims. Do the same yourselves, in future, with those among you who will be leaving. Be paternal to all the believers. Everything I do, or I make you do, do it yourselves as well. In future, make also the journey to Calvary, meditating and making people meditate on the stations of the Cross. Contemplate! Do contemplate My sorrows. Because it is through them, not through the present glory, that I have saved you. In the other room there is Lazarus with his sisters. They have come to say goodbye to the Mother. You may go in, too, because My Mother will be leaving shortly in Lazarus' wagon. Peace be with you. » He stands up and goes out quickly.

<sup>18</sup>«Lord! Lord! » shouts Andrew.

631. 18

«What do you want, brother? » asks Peter.

«I wanted to ask Him so many things. I wanted to inform Him of those who ask to be cured... I don't know! When He is among us, we are not able to say anything! » and he runs away looking for the Lord.

«It is true! We are like absent-minded people! » they all agree.

«And yet He is so good to us. He called us: “children” with so much kindness that it opened my heart! » exclaims James of Alphaeus.

«But He is so much God, now! I tremble when He is near me, as if I were near the Holy of Holies» says Thaddeus.

Andrew comes back: «He is no longer here. Space, time and walls are subjected to Him. »

«He is God! He is God! » they also say, full of veneration...

### **632. Jesus appears to various people in different places.**

16<sup>th</sup> and 17<sup>th</sup> April 1947.

I. *To Annaleah's mother.*

632. 1 <sup>1</sup>Eliza, Annaleah's mother, is weeping disconsolately in her house, closed in a little room, where there is a small bed without any bedclothes, probably Annaleah's bed. Her head is resting on her arms, which, in turn, are lying stretched out on the little bed, as if she wanted to embrace it all. Her body lies heavy on her knees in a languid posture. There is nothing vigorous about her but her tears.

A faint light comes in through the open window. The day has just dawned. But there is a bright light when Jesus enters. I say: enters, meaning that He is in the room, whilst previously He was not. And I will always say so to mean His appearing in a closed place, without repeating myself as to how He shows Himself from behind a great brightness, which recalls that of the Transfiguration, from behind a white fire - allow me the comparison - that seems to melt walls and doors to allow Jesus to enter with His real, breathing, solid, glorified Body: a fire, a brightness that closes itself in Him and conceals Him when He goes away. But afterwards, it takes the beautiful aspect of the Risen Master, but a Man, a real Man, a hundred times more beautiful than He was before His Passion. It is He, but it is He the glorious *King*.

632. 2 <sup>2</sup> «Why are you weeping, Eliza? »

I do not know how the woman does not recognise the unmistakable voice. Perhaps sorrow overwhelms her. She replies as if she were speaking to a relative, who has probably come to her after Annaleah's death. «Did you hear those men yesterday evening? He was nothing. Magic power, but not divine. And I was resigning myself to the death of my daughter, thinking that she was loved by God, in peace... He had told me!... » she weeps more loudly.

«But many have seen Him risen. God only can raise Himself from the dead by Himself. »

«That is what I also told those people yesterday. You heard me. I fought against their words. Because their words were the death of my hope, of my peace. But they - did you hear them? - they said: “It was all a make-believe of His followers, in order not to admit that they were fools. He is dead, dead and buried, and decomposed, they have stolen and destroyed His corpse, and now they say that He has risen”. That is what they said... And that is why the Most High sent the second earthquake, to make them feel His wrath for their sacrilegious lie. Oh! I have no more consolation. »

«But if you saw the risen Lord with your own eyes, and you touched Him with your own hands, would you believe?... »

«I am not worthy of that... But I should certainly believe! It would be sufficient for me to see Him. I should not dare touch His Body because, if it were so, it would be a divine body, and a woman cannot approach the Holy of Holies. »

<sup>3</sup>«Raise your head, Eliza, and see Who is standing in front of you! » 632. 3

The woman raises her white-haired head, her face disfigured by tears, and she sees... She drops even lower on her heels, she rubs her eyes, she opens her mouth to utter a cry that wants to come up, but is stifled in her throat by amazement.

«It is I. The Lord. Touch My Hand. Kiss it. You sacrificed your daughter to Me. You deserve it. And on this hand find again the spiritual kiss of your child. She is in Heaven. She is blessed. You will speak to the disciples about that and about *this* day. »

The woman is so enraptured that she dare not make the gesture, and it is Jesus Himself who presses the tips of His fingers against her lips.

«Oh! You have really risen!!! Happy! Happy I am! May You be blessed for comforting me! » She stoops to kiss His feet, and she does so, and she remains like that.

The supernatural light envelops the Christ in its brightness and the room is devoid of Him. But the mother's heart is full of unshakeable certainty.

## II. *To Mary of Simon at Kerieth, with Anne, the mother of Johanna, and old Ananias.*

<sup>4</sup>The house of Anne, the mother of Johanna. The country house where Jesus, in the company of Judas' mother, worked the mira-

632. 4

cle\* of curing Anne. Here also there is a room and a woman lying on a bed. A woman who is altered beyond recognition by mortal anguish. Her face is worn out. Fever devours it, inflaming her cheekbones, so sunken are her cheeks. Her eyes, black ringed, red with fever and tears, are half closed under her swollen eyelids. Where there is no reddening caused by fever, her complexion is yellowish, greenish, as if bile were spread in her blood. Her lean arms and thin hands are relaxed on the bedclothes, which are raised by her rapid panting.

Near the sick woman, who is no one else but Judas' mother, there is Anne, Johanna's mother. She wipes perspiration and tears, she waves a fan of palm, she changes the cloths, dipped in spicy vinegar, on the forehead and throat of the sick woman, she caresses her hands and loose hair, that in a short time has become more white than black, and is spread on the pillow, and, wet as it is with perspiration, adheres to her ears, which have become transparent. Also Anne weeps, uttering words of comfort: «Don't, Mary! Don't! Enough! He... he has sinned. But you, you know how the Lord Jesus... »

«Be quiet! That Name... to me... said to me... is profaned... I am the mother... of the Cain... of God! Ah! » Her quiet weeping changes into exhausted heart-rending sobbing. She feels she is choking, she catches hold of the neck of her friend, who assists her while she vomits some bile.

«Peace! Peace, Mary! Don't! Oh! what shall I tell you to convince you that He, the Lord, loves you? I repeat it to you! I swear it on the things which are most holy to me: my Saviour and my child. He told me when you brought Him to me. He had for you words and providence of infinite love. You are innocent. He loves you. I am certain, certain that He would give Himself once again to give you peace, poor martyr mother. »

«Mother of the Cain of God! Can you hear it? That wind, out there... It says so... The voice goes all over the world... the voice of the wind, and it says: "Mary of Simon, the mother of Judas, he who betrayed the Master and handed Him over to His executioners". Can you hear it? Everything says so... The stream out there... The doves... the sheep... The whole Earth shouts that I am... No, I

\* worked the miracle, in 3 9 5.

do not want to recover my health. I want to die!... God is just and He will not punish me in the next life. But here, no. The world does not forgive... it does not distinguish... I am becoming mad, because the world howls...: “You are Judas’ mother”. »

She is exhausted and collapses on the pillows. Anne recomposes her and goes out to take away the dirty linen cloths...

Mary, her eyes closed, deadly pale after the effort she made, moans: «The mother of Judas! of Judas! of Judas! » She pants, then resumes: «But what is Judas? What did I give birth to? What is Judas? What have I... »

<sup>5</sup>Jesus is in the room, which is lit up by a trembling light, because daylight is still too faint to illuminate the large room, in which the bed is at the end, very far from the only window. He calls her gently: «Mary! Mary of Simon! » 632. 5

The woman is almost delirious and does not attach importance to the voice. Her mind is far away, carried away by the vortex of her grief, and she repeats the ideas that haunt her brain, monotonously, like the *tick-tack* of a pendulum-clock: «The mother of Judas! What have I given birth to? The world shouts: “The mother of Judas”... »

Two tears well up in the corners of Jesus’ very mild eyes. I am surprised at them. I did not think that Jesus could weep also after His resurrection...

He bends. The bed is so low for Him Who is so tall! He lays His hand on the feverish forehead, pushing aside the cloths damp with vinegar, and He says: «A poor wretch. That and nothing else. If the world shouts, God covers the shout of the world saying to you: “Have peace, because I love you”. Look at Me, poor mother! Gather your lost spirit and put it in My hands. I am Jesus!... »

Mary of Simon opens her eyes, as if she were coming out of a nightmare and she sees the Lord, she feels His Hand on her forehead, she covers her face with her trembling hands and moans: «Do not curse me! If I had known what I was giving birth to, I would have torn my womb to prevent him from being born. »

«And you would have sinned. Mary! oh! Mary! Do not depart from your justice because of the sin of another person. The mothers who have fulfilled their duty must not consider themselves responsible for the sins of their sons. You have done your duty, Mary. Give Me your poor hands. Be calm, poor mother. »

«I am Judas' mother. I am unclean like all the things that demon touched. The mother of a demon! Do not touch me. » She struggles to avoid the divine Hands that want to hold her.

The two tears of Jesus fall on her face burning once again with fever. «I have purified you, Mary. My tears of compassion are on you. I have not shed My tears on anybody since I consumed My sorrow. But I am weeping over you with all My loving pity. » He has succeeded in getting hold of her hands and He sits, yes. He really sits down on the edge of the little bed, holding her trembling hands in His.

The loving compassion of His bright eyes caresses, envelops and cures the poor wretch, who calms down weeping silently and whispering: «Have You no grudge against me? »

«I have love. That is why I have come. Have peace. »

«You forgive! But the world! Your Mother! She will hate me. »

«She thinks of you as of a sister. The world is cruel. That is true. But My Mother is the Mother of the Love, and She is good. You cannot go about in the world, but She will come to you when everything is at peace. Time pacifies... »

«Make me die, if You love me... »

«A little longer. Your son was not able to give Me anything. Give Me a period of time of your suffering. It will be a short one. »

«My son has given You too much... Infinite horror he has given You. »

«And you your infinite sorrow. The horror is over. It no longer serves. Your sorrow serves. It joins these wounds of Mine, and your tears and My Blood wash the world. All sorrows join together to wash the world. Your tears are between My Blood and the tears of My Mother and around them there is all the sorrow of the saints who will suffer for the Christ and for men, for My sake and for the sake of men. Poor Mary! » He lays her down gently. He crosses her hands and watches her as she calms down...

632. 6 <sup>6</sup>Anne comes back in and stops dumbfounded on the threshold.

Jesus, Who is now standing, looks at her saying: «You have complied with My wish. There is peace for obedient people. Your soul has understood Me. Live in My peace. »

He lowers His eyes again on Mary of Simon, who looks at

Him through a stream of tears which are now more calm, and He smiles at her again. And He says to her: «Lay your hope in the Lord. He will give you all His comfort. » He blesses her and is about to go away.

Mary of Simon utters a passionate cry: «They say that my son betrayed You with a kiss! Is it true, Lord? If it is so, allow me to wash it by kissing Your Hands. There is nothing else I can do! I cannot do anything else to cancel... to cancel... » She is struck with deeper grief.

Jesus, oh! Jesus does not give her His hands to kiss, those hands on which the wide sleeve of His snow-white tunic reaches down to half the metacarpus concealing the wounds, but He takes her head in His hands and He bends and with His divine lips He lightly touches the burning forehead of the most unhappy of all women, and standing up again He says to her: «My tears and My kiss! No one has ever had so much from Me. So be at peace, because there is nothing but love between you and Me. » He blesses her and, after going across the room quickly, He goes out behind Anne, who did not dare to come forward, or to speak, but is weeping deeply moved.

<sup>632.7</sup>But when they are in the corridor that leads to the main door, Anne dares to speak and to ask the question which she has at heart: «My Johanna? »

«For fifteen days she has rejoiced in Heaven. I did not mention it there, because too big is the contrast between your daughter and *her* son. »

«It is true! A great torture! I think she will die of it. »

«No. Not soon. »

«Now she will be more at peace. You have consoled her. You! You Who more than anybody... »

«I Who pity her more than anybody else. I am the Divine Pity. I am the Love. I tell you, woman: if Judas had only cast a glance of repentance at Me, I would have obtained God's forgiveness for him... » How sad is Jesus' face!

The woman is struck by it. Words and silence struggle on her lips, but she is a woman, and curiosity is the winner. She asks: «Was it a... an... Yes, I mean: did that wretched man sin all of a sudden, or... »

«He had been sinning for months and no word of Mine, no act



of Mine was able to stop him, so strong was his will to sin. But do not tell *her* that... »

«I will not!... Lord! Because now, when Ananias ran away from Jerusalem, the very night of the Preparation Day, without even completing the Passover, he came in here shouting: “Your son has betrayed the Master and has handed Him over to His enemies! He betrayed Him with a kiss. And I have seen the Master beaten, covered with spittle, scourged, crowned With thorns, laden with a cross, crucified and dead through the action of your son. And our name is shouted with obscene triumph by the enemies of the Master, and they relate the feats of your son, who, for less than the price that a lamb costs, has sold the Messiah and with the betrayal of a kiss has pointed Him out to the guards! ”, Mary fell on the ground, and became black all of a sudden, and the doctor says that her liver has burst and the bile has flown out and all her blood is corrupted by it. And... the world is bad. She is right... I had to bring her here, because they came near her house in Kerioth to shout: “Your son is a deicide and a suicide! He has hanged himself! And Beelzebub has taken his soul, and Satan has come to take even his body”. Is that horrible wonder true? »

«No, woman. He was found dead, hanging from an olive-tree... »

«Ah! And they shouted: “Christ has risen and is God. Your son has betrayed God. You are the mother of the betrayer of God. You are the mother of Judas”. At night, with Ananias and a faithful servant, the only one left to me, because no one wanted to stay near her... I brought her here. But Mary hears those cries in the noises of the earth, in everything. »

«Poor mother! It is horrible, indeed. »

«But did that demon not think of all this, Lord? »

«It was one of the reasons I had recourse to, to hold him back. But to no avail. Judas went so far as to hate God, as he had never loved his father and mother or any other neighbour with true love. »

«That is true. »

«Goodbye, woman. May My blessing comfort you to bear the mockery of the world because of your compassion for Mary. Kiss My hand. I can show it to you. It would have done too much harm to her to see this. » He throws the sleeve back, uncovering the

pierced wrist.

Anne utters a groan as with her lips she lightly touches the tips of His fingers.

<sup>8</sup>The noise of a door that is opened and a stifled cry: «The Lord!» A rather old man prostrates himself and remains so. 632. 8

«Ananias, the Lord is good. He has come to comfort your relative and to comfort us as well» says Anne to console also the elderly man, who is too deeply moved.

But the man dare not move. He weeps saying: «We are of horrible blood. I cannot look at the Lord.»

Jesus goes to him. He touches his head, repeating the same words as He said to Mary of Simon: «Relatives who have done their duty must not consider themselves responsible for the sin of a relative. Take heart, man! God is just. Peace to you and to this house. I have come and you will go where I send you. For the supplementary Passover the disciples will be at Bethany. You will go to them and you will tell them that on the *twelfth* day from His death, you saw the Lord at Kerioth, alive and true, in Body and Soul and Divinity. They will believe you, because I have already been with them quite a lot. But it will confirm them in their faith on My Divine Nature to know that I am everywhere on the same day. And before that, this very day, you will go to Kerioth to ask the leader of the synagogue to gather the people together, and in the presence of everybody you will say that I came here, and that they are to remember My words of the farewell\*. They will certainly say to you: “Why did He not come to us?” You will reply so: “The Lord told me to say to you that, if you had done what He told you to do to the innocent mother, He would have shown Himself. You failed in your duty of love, and that is why the Lord has not shown Himself”. Will you do that?»

«That is difficult, Lord! It is difficult to do that! They consider us all as heart lepers... The leader of the synagogue will not listen to me, and he will not let me speak to the people. He may beat me... However, I will do it, because You want it.» The elderly man does not raise his head. He speaks bent in deep prostration.

«Look at Me, Ananias!»

\* My words of the farewell, in 394. 3.

The man looks up trembling with veneration.

Jesus is as bright and handsome as He was on Mount Tabor... The light envelops Him, concealing His features and His smile... And the corridor is left without Him, without any door being moved to let Him pass.

The two worship and worship, as they have become all adoration through the divine manifestation.

### III. *To the children of Juttah with their mother Sarah.*

632.! <sup>9</sup>The orchard of Sarah's house. The children who are playing under the leafy trees. The youngest one who rolls on the grass near a thick row of vine-leaves, the other bigger ones who chase one another with joyful cries of swallows, playing at hide-and-seek behind hedges and vines.

Jesus appears near the little one to whom He gave His name\*. Oh! holy simplicity of the innocents! Jesai is not surprised seeing Him there all of a sudden, but he stretches out his little arms, so that Jesus may take him in His, and Jesus takes him: there is the greatest simplicity in the acts of both.

The others arrive running - and once again the blessed simplicity of children! - and without any astonishment they approach Him happily. Nothing seems to have changed for them. They probably do not know.

But after Jesus has caressed each of them, Mary, the oldest and most sensible one, says: «So do You no longer suffer, Lord, now that You have risen? I was so sorry!... »

«I no longer suffer. I have come to bless you before I ascend to My Father and yours, in Heaven. But also from there I will always bless you, if you are always good. You will tell those who love Me that I have left My blessing with you *today*. Remember this day. »

632. 10 <sup>10</sup>«Are You not coming to the house? Mother is there. They will not believe us» says Mary again.

But her brother does not ask. He shouts: «Mummy, mummy. The Lord is here!... » and running towards the house, he repeats that cry.

Sarah rushes, she looks out of the window... just in time to see

\* **He gave His name**, in 76. 9/10.

Jesus, very handsome at the edge of the orchard, disappear in the light that absorbs Him...

«The Lord! But why did you not call me before?... » says Sarah as soon as she is able to speak. «But when? where did He come from? Was He alone? How foolish you are! »

«We found Him here. A moment before He was not here... He did not come from the road or from the kitchen garden. And He had Jesai in His arms... And He told us that He had come to bless us and to give us His blessing for those who love Him in Jutta and to remember this day. And now He is going to Heaven. But He will love us if we are good. How handsome He was! He had wounds in His hands. But they no longer hurt Him. Also His feet were wounded. I saw them among the grass. That flower there touched just the wound of one foot. I will pick it... » they all speak together, excited with emotion. They even perspire in the excitement of speaking.

Sarah caresses them whispering: «God is great! Let us go. Come. Let us go and tell everybody. You, innocents, will speak. You can speak of God. »

#### IV. *To young Jaia, at Pella.*

<sup>11</sup>The young man is working with zeal around a cart. He is loading it with vegetables picked in a nearby vegetable garden. The little donkey beats the hard surface of the country road with its hoof. 632. 11

When lie turns round to take a basket of lettuce, he sees Jesus Who smiles at him. He drops the basket on the ground and he kneels down; rubbing his eyes, incredulous of what he sees, and he whispers: «Most High, do not lead me into illusions! Lord, do not allow me to be deceived by Satan by means of false seducing appearances. My Lord is really dead! And He was buried, and they now say that His corpse has been stolen. Have mercy, Most High Lord! Show me the truth. »

«I am the Truth, Jaia. I am the Light of the World. Look at Me. See Me. That is why I gave your sight\* back to you, so that you may witness My power and My Resurrection. »

«Oh! It is really the Lord! It is You! Yes! You are Jesus! » He

\*I gave your sight, in 358. 10.

drags himself along on his knees to kiss His feet.

«You will say that you have seen Me and have spoken to Me and that I am really alive. You will say that you have seen Me *to-day*. My peace and My blessing to you. »

Jaia remains alone. He is happy. He forgets the cart and the vegetables. In vain the restless donkey beats the road and brays, protesting because of the long wait... Jaia is enraptured.

632. 12 <sup>12</sup>A woman comes out of the house near the kitchen garden and sees him there, wan with emotion, his face with a far-away look. She shouts: «Jaia! What is the matter with you? What happened to you? » She rushes towards him and shakes him. She brings him back to earth...

«The Lord! I have seen the Risen Lord. I have kissed His feet and seen His wounds. They have told lies. It was really God and He has risen. I thought it was a deceit. But it is He! It is He! »

The woman trembles thrilled with emotion and whispers: «Are you quite sure? »

«You are good, woman. For His sake you have taken my mother and me as your servants. Do not refuse to believe!... »

«If you are sure, I believe. But was He really flesh? Was He warm? Did He breathe? Did He speak? Did He really have a voice, or did you think so? »

«I am certain. It was the warm flesh of a living being, it was a real voice, it was breath. As handsome as God, but Man, like me and you. Let us go, let us go and tell those who suffer or are in doubt. »

#### V. *To John of Nob.*

632. 13 <sup>13</sup>The old man is all alone in his house. But he is serene. He is repairing a chair as on one side the nails have come out, and he smiles at I wonder which dream.

There is a knock at the door. The old man, without leaving his work, says: «Come in. What do you want, you who come? Still one of those? I am too old to change! Even if the whole world shouted to me: “He is dead”, I say: “He is living”. Even if I had to die to say so. So, come in! »

He gets up to go to the door, to see who knocks without going in. But when he is near it, the door opens and Jesus goes in.

«Oh! Oh! Oh! My Lord! Alive! I believed! And He comes to re-

ward my faith! Blessed! I did not doubt. In my grief I said: “If He sent me the lamb\* for the banquet of joy, it means that He will rise this day”. Then I understood everything. When You died and the Earth was shaken, I understood what I had not yet understood. And they thought that I was mad, at Nob, because at sunset on the day after the Sabbath, I prepared a banquet and I went and invited some beggars saying: “Our Friend has risen! ”. They were already saying that it was not true. They were saying that they had stolen You during the night. But I did not believe them, because since You died I understood that You were dying to rise again, and that that was the sign of Jonah. »

<sup>14</sup>Jesus, smiling, lets him speak. Then he asks: «And do you still wish to die now\*\*, or do you want to stay to witness My glory? » 632. 14

«Whatever You want, Lord! »

«No. What you want. »

The old man is pensive. He then decides: «It would be lovely to go out of this world, where You no longer are as You were previously. But I forgo the peace of Heaven to say to the incredulous: “I have seen Him! ”. »

Jesus lays His hand on his head blessing him and He adds: «But it will soon be also peace, and you will come to Me with the rank of confessor of the Christ. »

And He goes away. In this case, probably out of pity for the old man, He did not appear or disappear in a wonderful way, but He did everything as if He were the Jesus of days gone by, when He used to enter or come out of a house in a normal human way.

#### VI. *To Matthias, the old solitary man near Jabesh-Gilead.*

<sup>15</sup>The old man is working at his vegetables and is talking to himself: «All wealth that I have for Him. And He will never taste them again. I have worked in vain. I believe that He was the Son of God, that He died and has risen. But He is no longer the Master, Who sits at the table of the poor or of the rich and shares the food with equal love, perhaps, no certainly with more love with the poor than with the rich. Now He is the Risen Lord. He has risen to confirm us, His believers, in our faith. And they say that 632. 15

\* sent me the lamb, in 576. 2.

\*\* you still wish to die now, as in 529. 8.

it is not true. That no one has ever risen by himself. No one. No. No man. But He did. Because He is God. »

He claps his hands to drive away the pigeons that come down to steal the seed in the earth that has just been dug and sown, and he says: «It is useless now for you to procreate! He will never relish your little ones again! And you, useless bees? For whom do you produce honey? I was hoping to have Him at least once with me, now that I am not so poor. Every thing has flourished here, after He came... Ah! but with that money, that I have never touched, I want to go to Nazareth, to His Mother, and say to Her: “Make me Your servant, but let me stay here where You are, because You are still He”... » He wipes a tear with the back of his hand...

632. 16 <sup>16</sup>«Matthias, have you some bread for a pilgrim? »

Matthias looks up, but, as he is on his knees, he cannot see who is speaking from behind the tall hedge, that surrounds his small property lost in this green solitary place beyond the Jordan. But he replies: «Whoever you may be, come, in the name of the Lord Jesus. » And he stands up to open the fence.

He finds himself facing Jesus, and he remains with his hand on the latch, unable to make a gesture.

«Do you not want Me as your guest, Matthias? You did once\*. And you were regretting that you could not do so again. I am here and are you not opening to Me? » says Jesus smiling...

«Oh! Lord... I... I... I am not worthy that my Lord should come in here... I... »

Jesus passes His hand over the fence and opens the lock saying: «The Lord enters wherever He wants, Matthias. »

He goes in, He proceeds along the humble kitchen garden, He goes towards the house and on the threshold He says: «So, you can sacrifice the little ones of your pigeons. Take your vegetables away from the garden and the honey from your bees. We will share the bread together, and your work will not have been useless, and your desire vain. And this place will be dear to you, and you will not have to go where there will soon be silence and abandonment. I am everywhere, Matthias. He who loves Me, is always with Me. My disciples will be in Jerusalem. My Church will arise there. Make sure you are there for the supplementary Passover. »

\* **You did once**, in 359.

«Forgive me, Lord. But I could not resist in that place and I ran away. I arrived there at the ninth hour the day before Preparation Day, and the day after... oh! I ran away as I did not want to see You die. Only for that, Lord. »

«I know. And I know that you went back, and you were one of the first, to weep over My sepulchre. But I was already out of it. I know everything. Here, I will sit here and rest. I have always rested here... And the angels know that. »

<sup>17</sup>The man busies himself, but he seems to be moving in a 632. 17 632. 17  
church, so reverently he moves about. Now and again he wipes a tear, which is about to mingle with his smile, while he comes and goes to get the little pigeons, kill them, prepare them, poke the fire, pick and wash the vegetables, and put the early figs in a plate, and lay the table with the best tableware. But when everything is ready, how can he sit down and eat? He wants to serve, which seems a great deal to him, and does not want anything else. But Jesus, Who has offered and blessed the food, offers him half of the pigeon, which He has cut, placing the meat on a piece of bread, that He has dipped into the sauce.

«Oh! as to a favourite! » says the man, and he eats, weeping for joy and emotion, without taking his eyes off Jesus, Who eats... drinks, enjoys the vegetables, the fruit, the honey, and offers His chalice to him after taking a sip of wine. Previously He had always drunk water.

The meal is over.

«I am really alive, as you can see. And you are quite happy. Remember that *twelve* days ago I was dying by the will of men. But nothing is the will of men when the will of God does not agree to it. And more than that, the contrary will of men becomes a servile instrument of the eternal Will. Goodbye, Matthias. As I said that he will be with Me, who gave Me a drink when I was the Pilgrim about Whom every doubt was lawful, so I say to you: you will have a part in My celestial Kingdom. »

«But I am losing You now, Lord! »

«In every pilgrim see Me; in every beggar, Me; in every sick person, Me; in everyone needing bread, water and clothes, Me. I am in whoever suffers, and what is done to those who suffer, is done to Me. »

He stretches out His arms blessing and disappears.



VII. *To Abraham of Engedi, who dies in His Arms.*

632. 18

<sup>18</sup>The square of Engedi: pillared temple of rustling palm-trees. The fountain: mirror for the April sky. The pigeons: low murmur of organ. Old Abraham passes through it with his working tools on his shoulders. He looks even older, but serene like one who has found relief after a violent storm. He passes also through the rest of the town, and goes to the vineyards near the fountains. The beautiful fertile vineyards, already promising abundant crops. He goes in and begins to hoe, to prune, to tie. Now and again he stands up, he leans on the hoe, he ponders. He smooths his patriarchal beard, he sighs, he shakes his head, in an inward conversation.

A man, all wrapped in his mantle, comes up the road towards the fountains and the vineyards. I say: a man. But it is Jesus, because it is His garment and His gait. But for the old man it is a man. And the Man asks Abraham: «May I stop here? »

«Hospitality is sacred. I have never denied it to anybody. Come. Come in. May the rest in the shade of my vines be pleasant to you. Do you want some milk? Some bread? I will give you what I possess here. »

«And what can I give you? I have nothing. »

«He who is the Messiah has given me *everything*, for *every* man. And no matter what I give, it is nothing when compared to what He has given me. »

«Do you know that they crucified Him? »

«I know that He has risen from the dead. Are you one of those who crucified Him? I am not allowed to hate, because He does not want hatred. But, if I were allowed, I would hate you if you were. »

«I am not one of His crucifiers. Do not worry. So you know everything about Him. »

«Yes, everything. And Elisha... He is my son, you know? Elisha did not come back any more from Jerusalem, and he said: “Dismiss me, father, because I am leaving all my wealth in order to preach the Lord. I will go to Capernaum to look for John, and I will join the faithful disciples”. »

«So your son has left you? So old and alone? »

«What you call abandonment is the joy I have dreamt of. Had leprosy not deprived me of him? And who gave him back to me? The Messiah. And am I losing him because he preaches the Lord? »

Of course not! I shall find him again also in eternal life. <sup>19</sup>But <sup>632. 19</sup> you speak in a way that makes me suspicious. Are you an emissary of the Temple? Have you come to persecute those who believe in the risen Master? Strike! I will not run away. I will not imitate the three wise men of remote days. I will stay. Because if I fall for Him, I shall join Him in Heaven and my prayer\* of last year will be answered. »

«That is true. You then said: “I anxiously waited for the Lord, and He heard me”. »

«How do you know? Are you one of His disciples? Were you here with Him when I prayed Him? Oh! if you are such, help me to make my cry reach Him, so that He may remember. » He prostrates himself, thinking that he is speaking to an apostle.

«It is I, Abraham of Engedi, and I say to you: “Come”. » Jesus stretches out His arms towards him, revealing Himself, and inviting him to throw himself into them, relaxing on His Heart.

At that moment a boy comes into the vineyard. He is followed by an adolescent and he shouts: «Father! Father! Here we are to help you. »

But the trilling cry of the boy is drowned by the powerful cry of the old man, a true cry of liberation: «Here I am! I am coming! » And Abraham throws himself into the arms of Jesus, shouting again: «Jesus, Holy Messiah! Into Your hands I commit my spirit! »

A blessed death. A death I envy! On the Heart of Christ, in the serene peace of the April flowery country...

<sup>20</sup>Jesus lays the old man gently on the flowery grass that <sup>632. 20</sup> waves in the breeze, at the foot of a row of vines, and He says to the children, who, astonished and frightened, are about to burst into tears: «Do not weep. He died in the Lord. Blessed are those who die in Him! Go, boys, and tell those of Engedi that their synagogue leader has seen the risen Lord and had his prayer answered by Him. Do not weep! Do not weep! » He caresses them while leading them to the exit.

He then goes back to the deceased man and tidies his beard and hair, He lowers his eyelids, which were half closed, He puts the body in order, and on it He lays the mantle that Abraham had

\* **three wise men**, in 309. 6; **my prayer**, in 390. 4.

taken off to work.

He remains there until He hears some voices coming from the road. Then He stands up. Wonderful... Those who rush there see Him. They shout. They run faster to reach Jesus. But He disappears from their eyes in the refulgence of beams brighter than the sun.

VIII. *To Elijah, the Essene of Mount Cherith.*

632. 21 <sup>21</sup>The harsh solitude of the rough mountain at the bottom of which flows the Cherith. Elijah is praying, even more emaciated and bearded, wearing a coarse woollen garment, which is neither grey nor brown, and makes him look like the rocks surrounding him.

He hears a noise resembling that of wind or thunder. He looks up. Jesus has appeared on a rock hanging balanced over the precipice, at the bottom of which there is the torrent.

«The Master! » He throws himself on the ground, face downwards.

«I, Elijah. Did you not hear the earthquake\* on Preparation Day? »

«Yes, I did, and I went down to Jericho and to Nike. I did not find any of those who love You. I asked after You. They hit me. Then I felt the earth tremble once again, but not so violently, and I came back here to do penance, thinking that the dam of celestial wrath had opened. »

«Of Divine Mercy. I died and have risen. Look at My wounds. Join the servants of the Lord on Mount Tabor and tell them that I sent you. »

He blesses him and disappears.

IX. *To Dorcas and her child in the castle of Caesarea Philippi.*

632. 22 <sup>22</sup>Dorcas' little boy, supported by his mother, is taking his first steps on the rampart of the fortress. And Dorcas, bent as she is, does not see the Lord appear. But when, having left the little boy somewhat free, she sees him walk steadily and fast towards the corner of the rampart, she straightens herself up to run, so that he may not fall and may perish passing through the battlements or openings made on purpose for offensive weapons. And in do-

\* the earthquake, foretold in 381. 10.

ing so she sees Jesus, Who takes up the child, pressing him to His heart and kissing him.

The woman dare not make a gesture. But she utters a loud cry. A cry that makes those of the courts look up and causes faces to lean out of windows: «The Lord! The Lord! The Messiah is here! He has really risen. » But before people can rush there, Jesus has already disappeared.

«You are mad! You were dreaming! Plays of light have made you see a ghost. »

«Oh! He was really alive! See how my son is looking there and how he is holding in his hands an apple as beautiful as his little face. He is gnawing at it with his little teeth. I have no apples... »

«Nobody has ripe apples these days, and so fresh... » they say rather shocked.

<sup>23</sup>«Let us ask Tobias» say some of the women.

632. 23

«What do you want to do? He can hardly say “mummy”! » say the men mockingly.

But the women bend over the little boy and say: «Who gave you the apple? »

And the lips, that can hardly say the most simple words, in a joyful smile that displays his tiny little teeth and his still empty gums, without any hesitation says: «Jesus. »

«Oh! »

«Hey! you call him Jesai! He can say his name. »

«Jesus you, or Jesus the Lord? Which Lord? Where did you see Him? »insist the women.

«There, the Lord. Jesus the Lord. »

«Where is He? Where did He go? »

«There. » He points at the sky full of sun and smiles happily and bites his apple.

And while the men go away shaking their heads, Dorcas says to the women: «He was handsome. He seemed to be dressed in light. And on His hands He had the signs of the nails, as red as gems against so much whiteness. I saw Him very well, because He held the child so» and she makes the gesture of Jesus.

<sup>24</sup>The superintendent hastens there, he makes them repeat the story, he ponders, and concludes: «The psalm says\*: “On the

632. 24

\* says, in Psalm 8: 3.

lips of children and babes in arms You have placed the perfect praise". And why not the truth? They are innocent. And we... Let us remember this day... No! I am going to the village of the disciples. I am going to see whether the Rabbi is there... And yet... He was dead... Who knows!... »

And with this «who knows! » that ends its conclusion internally, the superintendent goes away, while the women, full of excitement, continue asking questions of the child, who laughs and repeats: «Jesus, there. And then there. Jesus Lord» and he points at the place where Jesus was, then at the sun where he saw Him disappear, happy, happy.

X. *To the people gathered in the synagogue of Kedesh.*

632. 25 <sup>25</sup>The people of Kedesh are gathered in the synagogue and are discussing the last events with Matthias, the synagogue leader. The synagogue is rather half dark, because the doors are closed and the curtains are lowered on the windows, heavy curtains that the April wind hardly moves.

A lightning illuminates the room. It looks like a lightning, but it is the light that precedes Jesus. And Jesus shows Himself, astonishing many people. He stretches out His arms and the wounds on His hands and feet appear clearly visible, because He shows Himself on the last of the three steps that lead to a closed door. He says: «I have risen from the dead. I remind you of the dispute\* between the scribes and Me. I have given the wicked generation the sign that I had promised. That of Jonah. I give My blessing to those who love Me and are faithful to Me. » Nothing else. He disappears.

«But it was He! Where from? And yet He was alive! He had said so! Well! Now I understand. The sign of Jonah: three days in the bowels of the Earth and then the resurrection... »

A babble of comments...

XI. *To a group of rabbis at Giscala.*

632. 26 <sup>26</sup>A poisonous group of rabbis who try to convince some hesitating men of their requests. They would like to get these men to go to Gamaliel, who has closed himself in his house and does not

\* the dispute, in 342. 6/7.

want to see anybody.

These men say: «We tell you that he is not here. We do not know where he is. He came. He consulted some rolls. He went away. He did not say one word»; «He was frightening, so upset and aged he was» reply the others.

With a bad grace the rabbis turn their backs on those who have spoken and they go away saying: «Also Gamaliel is as mad as Simon! It is not true that the Galilean has risen! It is not true! It is not true! It is not true that He is God. It is not true. Nothing is true. We alone are in the truth. » The very pain they take in saying that it is not true, proves that they are afraid that it is true, that they need to be reassured.

They have walked along the wall of the house and they are near Hillel's tomb. Howling their denials all the time, they raise their heads... and they run away shouting. The Jesus extremely kind to good people is there, frighteningly powerful, with His arms opened out as on the cross... The wounds on His hands are as red as if they were still dripping blood. He does not utter one word. But His eyes fulminate them.

The rabbis run away, they fall, they get up, they wound themselves against trees and stones, mad, driven mad by fear. They look like homicides who have been taken back into the presence of their victim.

## XII. *To Joachim and Mary of Bozrah.*

<sup>27</sup>«Mary! Mary! Joachim and Mary! Come outside. »

632. 27

The two, who are in a quiet room, illuminated by a lamp, one intent on sewing, the other on making up accounts, raise their heads, look at each other... Joachim, growing pale with fear, whispers: «The voice of the Rabbi! It comes from the other life... » The woman, frightened, presses against her husband.

But the call is repeated and the two, holding on tightly to each other, to pluck up courage, dare to go out, in the direction of the voice.

In the garden, illuminated by the crescent of the new moon, there is Jesus, shining in a light much stronger than many moons. The light surrounds Him and makes Him God. His very sweet smile and loving eyes make Him Man: «Go and tell those of Bozrah that you have seen Me, real and alive. And you, Joachim, say

so at Tabor, to those who have gathered there. » He blesses them and disappears.

«But it was He! It was not a dream! I... Tomorrow I will go to Galilee. He said at the Tabor, did He not?... »

XIII. *To Mary of Jacob, at Ephraim.*

632. 28 <sup>28</sup>The woman is kneading flour to make bread. She turns round, upon hearing that she is being called, and she sees Jesus. She throws herself on the floor, face and hands on the floor, in silent adoration, a little frightened.

Jesus speaks: «You will tell everybody that you have seen Me and that I have spoken to you. The Lord is not subjected to the sepulchre. I rose on the third day as I had predicted. Do persevere, you who are on My way, and do not let yourselves be seduced by the words of those who crucified Me. My peace to you. »

XIV. *To Syntyche, at Antioch.*

632. 29 <sup>29</sup>Syntyche is preparing a travelling bag. It is evening, because a little lamp is lit, its faint light flickers, and it is placed on a table near the woman intent on folding some garments.

The room is brightly lit up and Syntyche raises her head, surprised, to see what is happening, what is the source of such a bright light in that room which is completely closed. But before she can see, Jesus forestalls her: «It is I. Be not afraid. I have shown Myself to many people to confirm them in their faith. I am showing Myself also to you, My obedient faithful disciple. I have risen. See? I no longer suffer. Why are you weeping? »

The woman, before the beauty of the Glorified Master, finds no words... Jesus smiles at her to encourage her and He adds: «I am the same Jesus Who gladly received you\* on the road near Caesarea. Although you were so timid then, you did speak to Me and you did not know Me. And now, can you not say one word to Me? »

«O Lord! I was about to leave... To relieve my heart of so much anxiety and sorrow. »

«Why sorrow? Did they not tell you that I had risen? »

«They told me and denied it. But I have not been upset by

\* **Who gladly received you**, in 254. 4/7.

their contradictions. I knew that You could not rot in a sepulchre. I wept over Your martyrdom. I believed, even before they told me, in Your resurrection. And I continued to believe when others came to say that it was not true. But I wanted to come to Galilee. I was thinking: I can no longer do Him any harm. He is now more God than Man. I do not know whether what I say is right... »

«I understand what you mean. »

«And I said: I will worship Him, and I shall see Mary. I was thinking that You would not remain long among us, and I was hastening my departure. I used to say: when He has gone back to His Father, as He said, His Mother will be somewhat sad in Her joy. Because She is a soul, but She is also a mother... And I will try to comfort Her, now that She is alone... I was proud! »

«No. You were compassionate. I will inform My Mother of your thought. But do not come there. Remain where you are and continue to work for Me. Now more than previously. Your brothers, the disciples, need the work of everybody to propagate My doctrine. You have seen Me. Mary is entrusted to John. Do not worry any more. You will be able to fortify your spirit with the certainty of having seen Me and with the power of My blessing. »

<sup>30</sup>Syntyche is longing to kiss Him. But she dare not. Jesus says to her: «Come. » And she dares to drag herself on her knees close to Jesus and makes the gesture of kissing His feet. But she sees the two wounds and dare not. She takes the hem of His tunic and kisses it weeping. And she whispers: «What they have done to You! » 632. 30

Then she asks a question: «And John-Felix? »

«He is happy. He remembers nothing but love and lives in it. Peace to you, Syntyche. » He disappears.

The woman remains in her adoring attitude, on her knees, her face raised, her hands stretched out a little, tears on her face, a smile on her lips...

#### XV. *To Zacharias, the Levite.*

<sup>31</sup>He is in a small room. Zacharias, the Levite\*, is pensive. He 632. 31

\* the Levite, in: 201. 4 - 281. 11. 14 - 490. 9/10 - 506. 1 - 507. 2. 10/12.



is sitting, with his head reclined on one of his hands.

«Do not be in doubt. Do not listen to the voices that upset you. I am the Truth and the Life. Look at Me. Touch Me.»

The young man, who has looked up at the first words and has seen Jesus, and has fallen on his knees, shouts: «Forgive me, Lord. I have sinned. I received in me the doubt concerning Your truth.»

«Those who try to seduce your spirit are more guilty than you are. Do not yield to their temptations. I am a real living body. Feel the weight and the warmth, the solidity and strength of My hand.» He takes him by the forearm and lifts him with His strength, saying: «Rise and walk in the ways of the Lord, out of doubt and fear. And you will be blessed if you can persevere till the end.» He blesses him and disappears.

The young man, after a moment's dumbfounded amazement, runs out of the room shouting: «Mother! Father! I have seen the Master. It is not true what the others say! I was not mad. Do not persist in believing falsehood, but bless the Most High with me, as He has had mercy on His servant. I am going away. I am going to Galilee. I will find some of His disciples. I am going to tell them to believe that He has really risen.»

He does not take a sack with food and garments. He puts on his mantle and runs away, without giving his parents time to recover from their amazement and to be able to intervene to hold him back.

XVI. *To a woman of the Sharon plain, who obtains the healing of her son.*

632. 32 <sup>32</sup>A coast road. Perhaps the one that links Caesarea to Joppa, or another one. I do not know. I know that I see a country on one side and the sea on the opposite side, a deep-blue sea beyond the yellowish line of the shore. The road is certainly a Roman thoroughfare, as is evidenced by its paving.

A woman in tears is going along it in the early hours of a clear morning. The day has just dawned. The woman must be very tired, because now and again she stops and sits down on a milestone or on the road. Then she gets up and proceeds, as if something were urging her to go on, notwithstanding her great tiredness.

Jesus, a wayfarer wrapped in a mantle, sets off beside her. The woman does not look at Him. She proceeds absorbed in her grief. Jesus asks her: «Why are you weeping, woman? Where are you coming from? And where are you going all alone? »

«I am coming from Jerusalem and I am going back home. »

«Far? »

«Half way between Joppa and Caesarea. »

«On foot? »

«In the valley, before Modin, some highwaymen took my donkey and what was on it. »

«It was unwise of you to go all alone. It is not customary to come by oneself at Passover. »

«I did not come for Passover. I remained at home, because I have, and I hope I still have him, a boy who is ill. My husband had gone with other people. I let him go ahead and four days later I set off. Because I said: “He is certainly in Jerusalem for Passover. I will look for Him”. I was somewhat afraid. But I said: “I am not doing anything wrong. God sees. I believe. I know that He is good. He will not reject me, because...”» She stops, as if she were frightened, and casts a quick glance at the man who is walking beside her, and who is so covered up that one can hardly see his eyes, the unmistakable eyes of Jesus.

<sup>33</sup>«Why have you become silent? You are afraid of Me. Do you think that I am an enemy of Him Whom you were looking for? Because you were looking for the Master of Nazareth, to ask Him to come to your house and cure the boy while your husband was away... »

632. 33

«I see that you are a prophet. It; is so. But; when I arrived in town, the Master was dead. » Tears choke her...

«He has risen. Do you not believe it? »

«I know. I believe it. But I... But I... For some days I hoped to see Him myself... They say that He has shown Himself to some people. And I delayed my departure... every day a torture, because... my boy is so ill... my heart was divided... whether I should go to comfort turn at his death... or stay looking for the Master... I did not expect Him to come to my house, but to promise to cure him. »

«And would you have believed? Do you think that from afar?... »

«I believe. Oh! if He had said to me: “Go in peace. Your son will recover”, I should not have doubted. But I do not deserve it, because... » she weeps, pressing her veil against her lips, so as to be prevented from speaking.

«Because your husband is one of the accusers and crucifiers of Jesus Christ. But Jesus Christ is the Messiah. He is God. And God is just, woman. He does not punish an innocent person because of a guilty one. He does not torture a mother because a father is a sinner. Jesus Christ is Mercy alive... »

«Oh! are you perhaps one of His apostles? Perhaps you know where He is? You... Perhaps He sent you to me to tell me this. He has heard, He has seen my grief, my faith, and He has sent you to me as the Most High sent the archangel Raphael to Tobit. Tell me whether it is so, and although I am so tired as to be feverish, I will retrace my steps to look for the Lord. »

«I am not an apostle. But the apostles have remained in Jerusalem for many days after His Resurrection... »

«That is true. I could have asked them. »

«So. They continue the Master. »

«I did not think they could work miracles. »

«They have still worked them... »

«But now... I was told that one only remained faithful, and I did not think... »

«Yes. Your husband told you so, sneering at you in his frenzy of false triumpher. But I tell you that man can sin, because God alone is perfect. And he can repent. And if he does repent, his strength grows, and God increases His graces in him for his contrition. Did the Most High Lord not forgive David? »

632. 34      34«But who are you? Who are you who speak so gently and wisely, if you are not an apostle? An angel perhaps? The angel of my child. He has perhaps died and you have come to prepare me... »

Jesus lets His mantle fall off His head and face, and passing from the humble aspect of a common pilgrim to His magnificence of God-Man, risen from the dead, with kind solemnity He says: «It is I. The Messiah crucified in vain. I am the Resurrection and the Life. Go, woman. Your son lives, because I have rewarded your faith. Your son is cured. Because, if the Rabbi of Nazareth has finished His mission, the Immanuel continues His

until the end of time for all those who have faith, hope and charity in the One and Trine God, of Whom the incarnate Word is one Person, Who through divine love left Heaven to come to teach, to suffer, to die in order to give the Life to men. Go in peace, woman. And be strong in faith, because the time has come when in a family the husband will be against his wife, the father against his sons, and these against him, out of hatred or love for Me. But blessed are those whom persecution will not tear away from My Way. »

He blesses her and disappears.

XVII. *To some shepherds on the Great Hermon.*

<sup>35</sup>A group of herds and shepherds. They have stopped on some slopes with wonderful pastures. And they are speaking of the events of Jerusalem. And they are distressed, saying to one another: «We shall no longer have the friend of shepherds on the Earth», and they recall the many meetings they had with Him here or there... «Meetings» says an old man «that we shall never have again. » 632. 35

Jesus appears as if He were setting foot in that place from behind an entangled wood, where the tall trees are embraced by low bushes that conceal the sight of the path.

They do not recognise Him in the solitary man, and seeing Him so wrapped in white garments, they whisper: «Who is it? An Essene? Here? A rich Pharisee? » They are puzzled.

Jesus asks them: «Why do you say that you will never meet the Lord again? Because He, of Whom you are speaking, is the Lord. »

«We know. But do you not know what they have done to Him? Now some people say that He has risen, some say that He has not. But even if He has risen, which we prefer to believe, He will have gone away by now. How can He love and remain among people who have crucified Him? And we, who loved Him, even if not everyone had made His acquaintance, are sad because we have lost Him. »

«There is still a way to have Him. He taught it. »

«Oh! yes. By doing what He taught us. Then one has the Kingdom of God and is with Him. But one must first live and then die And He is no longer among us to comfort us. » They shake their heads.

«My dear children, for those who *live* what He taught keeping His teachings in their hearts, it is just the same as if they had Jesus in their hearts. Because Word and Doctrine are one thing only. He was not a Master Who taught things that were not as He was. So, he who does what He said, has Jesus alive in himself and is not separated from Him. »

«What you say is correct. But we are poor men and... we want to see also with our eyes to feel our joy properly... I have never seen Him, neither has my son, nor Jacob, nor Melkiah, nor James, nor Saul. See, only among us, how many have not seen Him? We have always looked for Him, but when we arrived, He had left. »

«Were you in Jerusalem on that day? »

«Oh! we were there! But when we heard what they wanted to do to Him, we ran away like madmen up the mountains, and we went back to town after the Sabbath. We are not guilty of His Blood, because we were not in town. But we did the wrong thing in being cowards. We would at least have seen Him and greeted Him. He would certainly have blessed us for our greetings... But we did not really have the courage to look at Him amid tortures... »

«He blesses you now. Look at Him Whose face you wish to know. »

He shows Himself, magnificently divine on the green of the meadow. While their amazement throws them on the ground, but glues their eyes to His divine Face, He disappears in a refulgent light.

#### XVIII. *At Sidon, to the little boy born blind.*

632. 36 <sup>36</sup>The little boy is playing all alone under a thick pergola. He hears someone call him and he finds himself in front of Jesus. Not in the least frightened, he asks Him: «But are You not the Rabbi Who gave me my eyes\*? » and he fixes his limpid eyes of a child, of the same blue hue as Jesus', on the divine sparkling eyes.

«It is I, My child. Are you not afraid of Me? » He caresses his head.

«No, I am not afraid. But my mother and I have wept very much, when my father came back before the time and he told us

\* gave me my eyes, in 473. 2/6.

that he had run away because they had taken the Rabbi to put Him to death. He did not celebrate Passover and now he has to leave again to celebrate it. So, did You not die? »

«I died. Look at My wounds. I died on the cross. But I have risen again. Tell your father to remain for some time in Jerusalem, after the second Passover, and to stay near the Mount of Olives, at Bethphage. He will find there who will tell him what to do. »

«My father was thinking of looking for You. At the Feast of the Tabernacles he did not succeed in speaking to You. He wanted to tell You that he loves You because of the eyes that You have given me. But he was not able to do so, neither then nor now... »

«He will do so through his faith in Me. Goodbye, My dear child. Peace to you and to your family. »

#### XIX. *To Johanan's peasants.*

<sup>37</sup>Johanan's fields kissed by the moon. Dead silence. The poor houses of the peasants, in a sultry night that compels people to keep at least a door open in order not to die stifled by the heat in the low rooms, where too many bodies are crammed in comparison with the capacity of the place. 632. 37

Jesus goes into one large room. The very moon seems to lengthen her beams to form a royal carpet for Him on the floor of beaten earth. He bends over a man who is sleeping, lying face downwards in the heavy sleep of fatigue. He calls him. He passes on to another one, to another one. He calls them all, His poor faithful friends. He passes as lightly and quickly as an angel in flight. He goes into other hovels... Then He goes to wait for them outside, near a group of trees.

The peasants, half asleep, come out of their hovels. Two, three, one only, five together, some women. They are surprised that they have all been called like that, by a known voice, that said the same words to everybody: «Come to the apple-orchard». They go there, the men finishing to put on their poor clothes, the women to arrange their plaits, and they speak in low voices.

«It sounded like the voice of Jesus of Nazareth to me. »

«Perhaps His spirit. They killed Him. Did you hear that? »

«I cannot believe it. He was God. »

«And yet also Joel saw Him pass under the cross... »

«I was told yesterday, while I was waiting for the bailiff to deal with his market business, that some disciples passed through Jezreel and they said that He has really risen. »

«Be quiet! You know what the master says. Who says that, gets scourged. »

«Is put to death, perhaps. But would it not be better, rather than suffer like this? »

«And now He is no longer here! »

«And they are even more wicked, now that they have succeeded in killing Him. »

«They are wicked, because He has risen. »

They speak in low voices while going to the place pointed out to them.

632. 38     <sup>38</sup>«The Lord! » shouts a woman, the first to fall on her knees.

«His fantasm! » shout others, and some are afraid.

«It is I. Be not afraid. Do not shout. Come forward. It is really I. I have come to confirm your faith, as I know that other people are laying snares for it. See? My Body casts a shadow because it is a real body. You are not dreaming. My voice is a real one. I am the same Jesus Who shared bread with you and gave you love. And also now I give you love. I will send My disciples to you. And it will be still I, because they will give you what I used to give you and what I have given them in order to be able to communicate with those who believe in Me. Bear your crosses, as I bore Mine. Be patient. Forgive. They will tell you how I died. Imitate Me. The way of sorrow is the way to Heaven. Follow it in peace and you will have My Kingdom. There is no other way beside that of resignation to the will of God, of generosity, of charity towards everybody. If there were another one, I should have pointed it out to you. I have come along this one, because it is the just way. Be faithful to the Law of Sinai, which is immutable in its ten commandments, and to My Doctrine. My disciples will come to teach you, so that you may not be abandoned to the intrigues of wicked people. I bless you. Always remember that I have loved you and that I have come to you before and after My glorification. I solemnly tell you that many people would like to see Me *now*, and they will not see Me. Many mighty people. But I show Myself to those whom I love and who love Me. »

A man dares to say: «So... Does the Kingdom of Heaven really exist? Were You really the Messiah? They influence us... »

«Do not listen to their words. Remember Mine, and receive those of My disciples who are known to you. They are words of truth. And those who receive them and put them into practice, even if he is a servant or a slave here, will be a citizen and coheir to My Kingdom. »

He blesses them stretching out His arms and disappears.

<sup>39</sup>«Oh! I... I no longer fear anything! »

632. 39

«Neither do I. Did you hear that? There is a place also for us! »

«It is necessary to be good! »

«To forgive! »

«To have patience! »

«To be able to resist. »

«To look for the disciples. »

«He has come to us, poor servants. »

«We will tell His apostles. »

«If Johanan knew! »

«And Doras! »

«They would kill us so that we could not speak. »

«But we will keep quiet. We will only tell the servants of the Lord. »

«Micah, do you not have to go to Sephoris with that load? Why do you not go to Nazareth and tell... »

«Whom? »

«The Mother. The apostles. They may be with Her... »

They go away, whispering their plans.

XX. *To Daniel, a relative of Helkai, the Pharisee, with Simon, the member of the Sanhedrin.*

<sup>40</sup>Helkai, the Pharisee, is discussing with some of his peers what to do with Simon, the member of the Sanhedrin, who became insane on Good Friday and now speaks too much and says *too many* things. There are various proposals, Some say that he should be isolated in some desert place, where his shouting can be heard only by a very faithful servant, who is *of their same mind*, some, more benignly, feel sure, as it is a transient illness, that it is sufficient to leave him where he is.

632. 40

Helkai replies: «I brought him here, because I do not know



any other place where I can take him. But you know that I mistrust my relative Daniel very much... »

Others, who are even more wicked than Helkai, say: «He wants to run away, to go by sea. Why not please him? »

«Because he is incapable of orderly actions. All alone at sea he would perish, and none of us is capable of steering a boat. »

«And then! Even if we were! What would happen at the landing-stage, considering what he says? Let him choose the way... In the presence of everybody, also of your relative, let him say what he wants to do, and let it be done as he wishes. »

This proposal is approved and Helkai calls a servant and orders him to bring Simon and to call Daniel. They both come and, if Daniel, looks like a man who feels ill at ease in the company of certain people, the other looks just like an idiot.

«Listen to us, Simon. You say that we are keeping you in prison because we want to kill you... »

«You must. Because that is the order. »

«You are raving, Simon. Be quiet and listen. Where do you think you would recover your health? »

«At sea. At sea. Out in the open sea. Where no voice is heard. Where there are no sepulchres. Because sepulchres open and the dead come out and my mother says... »

«Be silent! Listen. We love you. Like one of our blood. Do you really want to go there? »

«I certainly do. Because the sepulchres here open up and my mother... »

«You will go there. We will take you to the seaside, we will give a boat and you... »

«But you are committing a homicide! He is mad! He cannot go by himself! » shouts honest Daniel.

«God does not do violence to the will of man. Could we do what God does not do? »

«But he is insane! He no longer has a will. He is more foolish than a new-born baby! You cannot!... »

«Be silent. You are a farmer and nothing else. We know... Tomorrow we will leave for the sea. Cheer up, Simon. For the sea, do you understand? »

«Ah! I shall no longer hear the voices of the Earth! No more  
632. 41 the voices... 41 Ah! » a long cry, a delirious agitation, eyes and ears

close. And another cry, of Daniel, who runs away terrorised.

«Who is it? What is happening? Stop that madman and that fool! Are we all losing our wits?» shouts Helkai.

But he whom Helkai calls a “fool”, that is his relative Daniel, after running away a few metres, prostrates himself on the ground, whereas the other one froths at the mouth, where he is, in a frightful convulsion, and shouts, shouts: «Make Him be quiet! He is not dead and He shouts and shouts and shouts! More than my mother, more than my father, more than He did on Golgotha! There, there, can you not see there?» He points at the place where Daniel is, placid, smiling, with his face upwards, after being with his face downwards on the ground.

Helkai reaches him and shakes him violently, furious as he is, without bothering about Simon, who rolls on the ground and foams, uttering beastly shouts amid all the others who look terrified as they surround him. Helkai says to Daniel: «You visionary idler, will you tell me what you are doing?»

«Leave me. Now I know who you are. And I am going away from you. I have seen, benign to me, dreadful to you, Him Who you want me to believe is dead. I am going away. I want to protect my soul rather than money and wealth. Goodbye, you cursed one! And if you can, try to deserve God’s forgiveness.»

«But where are you going? Where? I do not want!»

«Are you entitled to keep me prisoner? Who gave you that right? I leave you what you love and I will follow what I love. Goodbye» he turns his back on him and goes away, as fast as if he were drawn by a superhuman power, down the green slope of olive-trees and orchards.

Helkai is livid with rage, and he is not the only one. Rage chokes them all. Helkai threatens to take vengeance upon his relative, upon all those who «with their frenzies», he says, maintain that the Galilean is alive. He wants to say, he wants to do...

One, I do not know who it is, says: «We will do, we will do, but we shall not be able to close all the mouths, all the eyes, that speak, because they see. We are defeated! The crime is upon us. Now comes the expiation...» and he beats his breast, seized with such anguish, that he looks like one who is climbing the steps of the scaffold. «The revenge of Jehovah» he also says, and all the

age-old terror of Israel resounds in his voice.

In the meantime Simon, wounded, frothing at the mouth, frightened, raves shouting like a damned soul: «Parricide\*, He said to me! Make Him keep quiet! Quiet! Parricide! The same word as my mother's! So do all the dead speak the same words?!... »

XXI. *To a Galilean woman, who obtains the resurrection of her dead husband.*

632. 42<sup>42</sup>The moon, which is almost on the point of setting, is about to conceal her still thin crescent of a new moon behind the summit of a mountain. And her light is, therefore, very faint, and before long she will no longer shine on the wide country.

And yet a wayfarer is on the solitary road, a small road, a path among the fields, more than anything else. He is walking holding a very simple lantern hanging from a ring, one of those which, being as old as the world, I think are generally used by carters to have light at night. As glass was not a common thing - I think it was completely unknown, as I never happened to see any in any house, such as a drinking glass, or a vase, or as a shelter at windows - the flame was protected by something, that could be either mica or parchment. The light that filters is so faint, that it illuminates only a small space around the lantern. But as the moon is completely concealed, the light of the poor lantern seems to grow stronger, forming a clear dancing point in the darkness of the country.

The wayfarer walks, walks... Dawn begins to appear in the sky at the extreme horizon. But it is so feeble, at present, that it does not illuminate anything, and the poor lantern is still needed.

Another wayfarer, all wrapped in a mantle, is waiting or resting near a little bridge.

The one with the lantern, who is making for that bridge, stops in a doubtful attitude. He is uncertain whether he should pass there or go back, where in the gravel-bed of a little torrent, there are large stones that can serve to cross over the little water at the bottom.

\* **Parricide**, as in 548. 15, with reference to 520. 6/11 and 535. 11.

The one sitting on the rustic parapet, made of the trunk of a tree with a white-green bark still on it, raises his head, watching the one who has stopped. He stands up and says: «Be not afraid of Me. Come forward. I am a good companion, not a highwayman. » It is Jesus. I recognise Him more by His voice than by His appearance, which is veiled by the deep twilight, that the lantern cannot penetrate as far as Jesus.

But the person stops, still doubtful.

«Come, woman. Do not be afraid. We shall go together for a stretch of the road and it will be a good thing for you. »

The woman, now I know that it is a woman, comes forward, won over by the kindness of the voice or by a mysterious force and she shakes her head as she proceeds, whispering: «There is no more good for me. »

<sup>43</sup>They now proceed side by side along the path, which is so <sup>632.</sup> <sup>43</sup> wide as to allow only two pedestrians to pass. The advancing dawn shows, on one side of the path, a stiff forest in miniature of ripe corn awaiting the sickle. On the other side the corn has already been cut and is lying in sheaves in the field despoiled of its glory of a ripe harvest.

«May they be cursed! » says the woman in a low voice, casting a glance at the sheaves lying in the field.

Jesus is silent.

The day is advancing. The woman puts out the poor lantern and, to do so, she uncovers her face disfigured by tears. And she raises her head to look eastwards, where a yellow pink line announces the rising of the sun. She shakes her fist eastwards and she says again: «May you be cursed, too! »

«The day? God made it. As He made the corn. They are favours of God. They are not to be cursed... » says Jesus kindly.

«And I curse them. I curse the sun and the crops. And I have a reason for that. »

«Have they not been good to you for so many years? Did the former not ripen your daily bread, the grapes that change into wine, the vegetables and the fruit of the kitchen garden, did it not make the pastures grow to feed sheep and lambs, on whose milk and meat you fed and with whose wool you wove your garments? And did the corn not give bread to you, to your children, to your father and to your mother, to your husband? »

She bursts into tears and shouts: «I no longer have my husband! They have killed him! He went to work as a day-labourer, because we have seven children and the little we have of our own was not sufficient to appease the hunger of ten people. And yesterday evening he came and said: “I am tired and I feel out of sorts” and he threw himself on the little bed, burning with fever. His mother and I assisted him as best we could, as we intended to send for the doctor in town today... But after cock-crow he died. The sun killed him. Yes, I am going to town. To get what is necessary. I will inform his brothers when I come back. I left his mother to watch her son and my children... and I came away to do what is to be done... And should I not curse the burning sun and corn? »

So reserved as she was previously, so much so that I would not have thought she was a woman, and above all a distressed one, she has now broken the barriers to her sorrow, which overflows violently. She says what she did not say at home «in order not to wake up the children sleeping in the next room», what weighed so much on her heart as to give her the sensation that it was about to burst. Recollections of love, dismay for the future, grief of a widow, pass confusedly like rubble carried away by the swollen waves of a river in spate...

632. 44 <sup>44</sup>Jesus lets her speak. *Because Jesus knows how to pity sorrow, He allows it to give vent to its feelings, so that man may be relieved thereby, and the tiredness itself, that follows the impetuosity of sorrow, may make him capable of understanding who comforts him.* He then says kindly: «At Nain and at Nazareth, and in the places between the former and the latter, there are the disciples of the Rabbi of Nazareth. Go to them... »

«And what do You expect them to do? If He were still here!... But they? They are not saints! My husband was in Jerusalem on that day. And he knows... Oh! no! He knew! He knows nothing any more! He is dead! »

«What did your husband do on that day? »

«When the uproar of the street woke him, he ran up to the terrace of the house where he was with his brothers and he saw the Rabbi pass by, as He was taken to the Praetorium, and with other Galileans he followed Him until He died. They pelted him and the others with stones, when they found out that they were Galileans,

up there on the mountain, and they repelled them farther down. But they were there until everything was accomplished. Then... they came away... And now he is dead. Oh! if at least I knew that he is at peace because of his compassion for the Rabbi! »

Jesus does not reply to that wish. But He says: «He will then have seen that there were some disciples on Golgotha. Were all the Galileans perhaps like your husband? »

«Oh! no. Many, also from Nazareth, abused Him. It is known. What a shame! »

«So, if many people also from Nazareth showed no love for their Jesus, and yet He has forgiven them, and many will become holy in future, why do you want to judge all the disciples of Christ in the same way? Do you want to be more severe than God is? God grants much to those who forgive... »

«The good Rabbi is no longer! here! He is no longer here! And my husband is dead. »

«The Rabbi has given His disciples the power to do what He did. »

«I am prepared to believe that. But He alone could defeat death. He alone! »

«And do we not read that Elijah gave the spirit back to the son of the widow of Zarephath? I solemnly tell you that Elijah was a great prophet, but the servants of the Saviour, Who died and has risen because He was the Son of the true God and became incarnate to redeem men, have even a greater power, because on the Cross He forgave them their sins, and they were the first to be forgiven, as He was aware, through divine wisdom, of the true sorrow of their contrite spirits, He sanctified them after His resurrection forgiving them again, and He infused the Holy Spirit into them, so that they could represent Me worthily both with their words and their deeds, and the world might not remain desolate after My departure from it. »

<sup>45</sup>The woman steps back livelily, dumbfounded. She throws her veil back to look at her companion. But she does not recognise Him. She thinks that she has misunderstood. But she dare not speak any more... 632. 45

«Are you afraid of Me? First you thought that I was a highwayman ready to snatch the money you have in your breast and serves to buy what is necessary for the burial. And you were

afraid. Are you now afraid to know that I am Jesus? And is Jesus not the One Who gives and does not take? He Who saves and does not ruin? Go back, woman. I am the Resurrection and the Life. Sudarium and spices are not necessary for him who is not dead, *who is no longer dead*, because I am He Who defeats death and rewards who has faith. Go! Go home! Your husband *is alive*. Not one with faith in Me is left without reward. » He makes the gesture of blessing her and going away.

The woman comes out of her petrification. She does not ask, she does not doubt... Nothing. She falls on her knees, adoring. Then, at last, she opens her mouth and, searching in her breast, she pulls out a small purse, the poor purse of poor people, to whom misery forbids solemn honours for their dead relatives, and offering her purse she says: «I have nothing else... nothing else to tell You my gratitude, to honour You, to... »

«I no longer need money, woman. You will take it to My apostles. »

«Oh! yes. I will go to them with my husband... But what can I give You, my Lord? What? You appeared to me... this miracle... and I did not recognise You... and I so upset... yes, unjust even with things... »

«Yes. And you did not think that they are because I am, and that everything that God made is good. If there had been no sun, if there had been no corn, you would not have had the present grace. »

«But how much sorrow!... » The woman weeps remembering it.

Jesus smiles and shows His hands saying: «This is the least part of My sorrow. And I consumed it all, without complaining, for your welfare. »

The woman stoops to the ground to confess: «It is true. Forgive my lament. »

632. 46 <sup>46</sup>Jesus disappears in His light, and when she looks up she sees that she is alone. She stands up, looks round. Nothing can prevent her from seeing, because it is broad daylight, and there is nothing but fields of crops around. The woman says to herself: «And yet I have not dreamt! » Perhaps the demon tempts her to make her doubt, because she is in a state of uncertainty for a moment, while she weighs her purse in her hands.

But then faith triumphs, and she turns her back to the place where she was going, retracing her steps, as fast as if the winds were carrying her without making her fatigue, her face shining with a joy which is greater than any human joy, so peaceful it is. Now and again she repeats: «How good is the Lord. He is really God! He is God! Blessed be the Most High and He Whom He sent. » She cannot say anything else. And her litany mingles with the singing of birds.

The woman is so absorbed that she does not hear the greetings of some reapers who see her pass by and ask her where is she coming from at that early hour... One joins her and says to her: «Is Mark better? Have you been for the doctor? »

«Mark died at cock-crow and has risen from the dead. Because the Messiah of the Lord has done that» she replies, walking fast all the time.

«Sorrow has made her insane! » whispers the man, and he shakes his head joining his companions, who have begun to cut the corn.

The fields are filling with more and more people. But curiosity overwhelms many who decide to follow the woman, who quickens her steps more and more.

<sup>47</sup>She goes on. There is a very poor house, low, solitary, lost in the country. She directs her steps towards it, pressing her hands against her heart. 632. 47

She goes in. But as soon as she sets foot in it, an old woman throws herself in her arms shouting: «Oh! my daughter, what a grace of the Lord! Take heart, daughter, because what I have to tell you is so great, so happy, that... »

«I know, mother. Mark is no longer dead. Where is he? »

«You know... How? »

«I met the Lord. I did not recognise Him, but He spoke to me and when it pleased Him, He said to me: “Your husband lives”. But here... when? »

«I had just opened the window, and I was looking at the first sunbeam on the fig-tree. Yes, just so. The first beam touched the fig-tree then, against the room... when I heard a deep sigh, like that of one who wakes up. I turned round frightened and I saw Mark sit up and throw behind him the sheet that I had laid on his face, and look up with a face, a face... Then he looked at me and



said: “Mother! I am cured! ” I... I almost died myself, and he assisted me, and he realised that he had been dead. He does not remember anything. He says that he remembers up to the moment we put him to bed, and then nothing else till he saw an angel, a kind of angel who looked like the Rabbi of Nazareth and who said to him: “Rise! ” And he rose. Just when the sun had completely risen. »

«Just when He said to me: “Your husband lives”. Oh! mother, what a grace! How much God has loved us! »

632. 48 <sup>48</sup>Those who come in find them embraced, weeping. And they think that Mark is dead and that his wife, in a moment of clearness of mind, has realised her misfortune. But Mark, upon hearing the voices, appears, looking serene, with a child in his arms, and the others holding on his tunic, and he says in a loud voice: «Here I am. Let us bless the Lord! »

The newcomers beset him with questions, and as is usual with human things, discrepancies arise. Some believe in a real resurrection, and some, the majority, say that he had only fallen into a torpor, but he had not died. Some admit that Christ has appeared to Rachel and some say that it is a lot of nonsense, because some say: «He is dead» and some: «He has risen, but He is so indignant, *He must be*, that He works no more miracles for His murderous people. »

«You can say what you like» says the man losing his patience «and say it *where* you like. As long as you do not say it here, where the Lord has raised me from the dead. And go away, o unfortunate people! And may Heaven enlighten your heads so that you may believe. But go away now and leave us in peace. » He drives them out and closes the door.

632. 49 <sup>49</sup>He presses his wife and mother to his heart and says: «Nazareth is not far. I am going there to proclaim the miracle. »

«That is what the Lord wants, Mark. We will take this money to His disciples. Let us go and bless the Lord. Just as we are. We are poor, but He also was poor, and His apostles will not despise us. »

She busies herself tying the laces of the children’s sandals, while her mother puts some provisions in a bag and closes doors and windows, and Mark goes to do I do not know what.

They go out when they are ready and walk fast, the little ones

in their arms, the others happy and somewhat bewildered, eastwards, towards Nazareth, obviously. Perhaps this place is still in the Esdraelon plain, but in a different part than that of Johanan's estate.

### **633. Jesus appears on the shores of the lake. The mission conferred to Peter.**

19<sup>th</sup> April 1947.

<sup>1</sup>A calm sultry night. There is not a breath of wind. The stars, <sup>633. 1</sup> large and throbbing, crowd the clear sky. The lake, so calm and still, as to look like a very large basin sheltered from winds, reflects with its surface the glory of that sky that palpitates with stars. The trees along the shores form a block with no rustling. The lake is so calm that its surge on the shore is reduced to a very light lapping. Some boats off-shore, hardly visible as roaming forms, that at times place little stars at a short distance from the waves, with their tiny lights tied to the masts of the sails, to illuminate the interiors of the small hulls.

I do not know which part of the lake it is. I should say the more southern one, where the lake is about to become a river again. At the outskirts of Tarichea, I should say, not because I can see the town, which is hidden by a group of trees, that stretch on the lake forming a little hilly promontory, but because I am led to think so by the little stars of the lights of the boats, that move away northwards, when they depart from the shores of the lake. I say outskirts, because there is a little group of poor houses gathered there at the foot of the little promontory, but they are so few that they cannot even be considered a village. They are poor houses, almost on the shore, certainly of fishermen.

Some boats are beached on the little shore; others are already prepared to sail, in the water, near the shore, and they are so still as to seem fixed to the ground, instead of floating.

<sup>2</sup>Peter puts his head out of a hovel. The flickering light of a <sup>633. 2</sup> fire lit in the smoky kitchen illuminates the sturdy figure of the apostle from behind, making it show up like a drawing. He looks at the sky, he looks at the lake... He comes forward, as far as

the edge of the shore. Then - he is wearing a short tunic and is bare - bare foot, he paddles in the water up to half his thigh, and stretching out his brawny arm, he caresses the gunwale of a boat. Zebedee's sons join him.

«Lovely night. »

«It will soon be moonlight. »

«Fishing night. »

«But with oars. »

«There is no wind. »

«What shall we do? »

They speak slowly, with detached sentences, like men accustomed to fishing and to the manoeuvres of sails and nets, for which attention is required and so, few words.

«We ought to go. We could sell part of the catch. »

Andrew, Thomas and Bartholomew come and join them on the shore.

«What a warm night! » exclaims Bartholomew.

«Will there be a storm? Do you remember that night? » asks Thomas.

«Oh! no! Calm, fog perhaps, but no storm. I... I am going fishing. Who is coming with me? »

«We are all coming. Perhaps it will be cooler out there» says Thomas, who is perspiring, and he adds: «The woman needed that fire, but it was like being at the hot baths... »

«I am going to tell Simon. He is all alone over there» says John.

633.3 <sup>3</sup>Peter is already preparing the boat with Andrew and James.

«Shall we go as far as our house? A surprise for my mother... » asks James.

«No. I do not know whether I can get Marjiam to come. Before... before... Well, yes! Before going to Jerusalem - we were still at Ephraim - the Lord told me that He wanted to celebrate the second Passover with Marjiam. But later He said nothing to me... »

«I think He said that He would» says Andrew.

«Yes. The second Passover, yes. But I do not know whether He wants the boy to come here first. I have made so many mistakes that... Oh! are you coming, too? »

«Yes, Simon of Jonah. This fishing will remind me of many things... »

«Eh! it will remind everybody of many things... Things that will never come back again... We used to go out on the lake with the Master in this boat... And I loved it as if it were a royal palace, and I thought I could not live without it. But now that He is no longer here, well, I am in the boat and I do not enjoy it» says Peter.

«No one has the joy of past things. It no longer is the same life. And also in looking back... between the hours of the past and the present ones there is always that dreadful period of time... » says Bartholomew with a sigh.

«We are ready. Come. You at the rudder and we at the oars. We are going towards the bend of Hippos. It is a good spot. Pull-ho! Pull-ho! »

Peter sets the rate and the boat slides on the calm water, with Bartholomew at the rudder. Thomas and the Zealot act as servants ready to cast the net, which they have already spread out. The moon rises, that is, she is over the mountains of Gadara (if I am not mistaken) or Gamala, that is, the ones on the (eastern shore towards the south of the lake, and the lake is illuminated by her rays that trace a road of diamonds on the still water.

«She will be with us until morning. »

«If there is no mist. »

«The fish leave the bottom attracted by the moon. »

«If we have a good catch, it will be a blessing, because we have no more money. We will buy bread and will take fish and bread to those who are up the mountain. » Words uttered slowly, with long pauses between one voice and the next one.

«You row very well, Simon. You have not lost the stroke!... » says the Zealot admiring him.

<sup>4</sup>«Yes... Damn! »

633. 4

«What is the matter with you? » the others ask him.

«The... The matter is that the recollection of that man haunts me everywhere. I remember that day when in two boats we competed to see who was the best oarsman, and he... »

«I instead was thinking that one of the first times that I had the vision of his abyss of wickedness, was when we met, or rather, we came into collision with the boats of the Romans. Do you remember? » says the Zealot.

«Eh! we do remember! However!... He defended him... and

we... what with the defensive attitude of the Master, what with the double-dealing of... of our companion, we never clearly understood... » says Thomas.

«H'm! I more than once... But He would say: "Do not judge, Simon!" »

«Thaddeus always suspected him. »

«What I cannot believe is that this fellow here never knew anything about it» says James, poking his brother in the ribs.

But John, bending his head, is silent.

«Now he can speak... » says Thomas.

«I am trying to forget. That is what I have been ordered. Why do you want me to disobey? »

«You are right. Let us leave him alone» says the Zealot defending him.

633. 5 <sup>5</sup>«Cast the net. Slowly. Row. Row slowly. Turn to port, Bartholomew. Haul. Veer. Haul. Veer. Is the net spread? Is it? Oars up and let us wait» orders Peter.

How beautiful is the placid lake in the peace of the night, kissed by the moon! So pure that it is paradisiac. The moon from the sky is fully reflected in it and gives it the appearance of diamonds, her phosphorescence quivers on the hills, it discloses them and makes the towns on the shores as white as snow... Now and again they haul the net. A cascade of diamonds playing arpeggios on the silver of the lake. It is empty. They cast it again. They change place. No luck... Hours go by. The moon sets, while the light of dawn begins to appear, uncertain, green-blue... A heat mist steams towards the shores, particularly towards the southern end of the lake. Tiberias is veiled with it, and Tarichea is also veiled with it. A low fog, not dense, that will melt in the early sun. In order to avoid it they prefer to go along the eastern side, where it is less dense, whilst to the west, as it comes from the marsh beyond Tarichea on the right bank of the Jordan, it thickens as if the marsh were steaming. They row carefully to avoid possible dangers of the depth, familiar as they are with the lake.

633. 6 <sup>6</sup>«You, on the boat! Have you anything to eat? » shouts a man's voice from the shore. A voice that makes them start.

But they shrug their shoulders, replying in a loud voice: «No»; then they say to one another: «We always seem to be hearing Him!... »

«Cast the net on the right-hand side of the boat and you will find them. »

The right-hand side is off-shore. They cast the net, rather perplexedly. Jerks, weight that makes the boat bend on the side where the net hangs.

«But that is the Lord! » shouts John.

«The Lord, are you sure? » asks Peter.

«And do you doubt it? We thought it was His voice, but this is the proof of it. Look at the net! It is like that time! I tell you that it is He! Oh! my Jesus! Where are You? »

They all open their eyes wide to see through the veils of fog, after fastening the net safely to drag it in the wake of the boat, as it would be a dangerous manoeuvre to try to hoist it and they row to go back to shore. But Thomas has to take the oar of Peter who, after hurriedly slipping on his short tunic over his very short trousers, the only garment he had on, like that of all the others, except Bartholomew, jumps into the water and swims with vigorous strokes in the calm water, preceding the boat. He is the first to set foot on the desert little beach, where on two stones sheltered by a thorny bush, a fire of dry twigs is gaily blazing. And near the fire, there is Jesus, smiling and benign.

«Lord! Lord! » Peter is breathless because of his emotion and is unable to say anything else. Dripping wet, as he is, he dare not even touch the tunic of his Jesus, and prostrated on the sand with his tunic sticking to him, he adores.

The boat rubs on the shingly shore and stops. They are all standing, excited with joy...

<sup>7</sup> «Bring some of those fish here. The fire is ready. Come and have something to eat» orders Jesus. <sup>633. 7</sup>

Peter runs to the boat and helps the others to heave the net, and he gets hold of three big fish in the wriggling heap, he beats them on the gunwale of the boat to kill them and guts them with his knife. But his hands shake, oh! not with cold! He rinses the fish, he takes them where the fire is and puts them on it, and he watches them cooking. The others are worshipping the Lord, a little away from Him, timorous, as always, of Him Who has risen so divinely powerful.

«Here you are. Here is the bread. You have worked all night

and you are tired. Now you will take some refreshment. Is it ready, Peter? »

«Yes, my Lord» says Peter in a voice that is more hoarse than usual, bent over the fire, and he wipes his eyes, which are wet with tears, as if the smoke made them weep, irritating them and his throat at the same time. But it is not the smoke that is the cause of that voice and of those tears... He takes the fish, which he has laid on a rough leaf, it looks like the leaf of a gourd, handed to him by Andrew after he had rinsed it in the lake.

Jesus offers and blesses, He breaks the bread and the fish, making eight portions which He hands out, and He tastes some as well. They eat with the respect with which they would fulfil a rite. Jesus looks at them and smiles. But He also is silent, until He asks: «Where are the others? »

«On the mountain. Where You said. And we came to fish, because we have no more money and we do not want to take advantage of the disciples. »

«You are doing the right thing. But from now on, you apostles will stay on the mountain in prayer, edifying the disciples with your example. Send them fishing. It is better for you to remain there in prayer and to listen to those who are in need of advice or may come to give you information. Keep the disciples in a very united group. I will come soon. »

«We will do that, Lord. »

«Is Marjiam not with you? »

«You did not tell me to make him come so soon. »

«Make him come. The time of his obedience is over. »

«I will make him come, Lord. »

633. 8 <sup>8</sup>There is silence. Then Jesus, Who had been with His head bent a little, thinking, looks up and fixes His eyes on Peter. He looks at him with the glance of the moments when He worked the greatest miracles or was most authoritative. Peter is startled, almost frightened and he withdraws a little... But Jesus, laying a hand on Peter's shoulder, holds him firmly and while holding him so, He asks him: «Simon of Jonah, do you love Me? »

«Certainly, Lord! You know that I love You» replies Peter decidedly.

«Feed My lambs... Simon of Jonah, do you love Me? »

«Yes, my Lord. And You know that I love You. » His voice is

not so bold, and he is rather surprised at the repetition of the question.

«Feed My lambs... Simon of Jonah, do you love Me? »

«Lord... You know everything... You know whether I love You... » Peter's voice trembles, as he is sure of his love, but he is under the impression that Jesus is not sure.

«Feed My sheep. Your treble profession of love has cancelled your treble denial. You are completely pure, Simon of Jonah, and I say to you: put on the pontificals and take the Holiness of the Lord among My flock. Fasten your clothes at your waist and keep them fastened, until from Shepherd you also become lamb. I solemnly tell you that when you were young, you put on your own belt and you went where you liked, but when you grow old, you will stretch out your hands and somebody else will put a belt round you and will take you where you would rather not go. But now it is I Who say to you: "Gird yourself and follow Me on My own way". Stand up and come. »

Jesus stands up and Peter stands up going towards the shore, and the others begin to put out the fire smothering it under the sand.

<sup>633.9</sup>But John, after picking up the remains of the bread, follows Jesus. Peter hears the shuffling of steps and turns round. He sees John, and pointing him out to Jesus, he asks: «And what will happen to him? »

«If I want him to stay\* until I come back, what does it matter to you? You are to follow Me. »

They are on the shore. Peter would like to go on speaking, but Jesus' majesty and the words he has heard detain him. He kneels down, imitated by the others and adores. Jesus blesses them and dismisses them. They get on the boat and go away rowing. Jesus looks at them go.

\* **If I want him to stay...** the sense of this reply, also testified by John 21: 21-23 might be found in 508. 2.



**634. Jesus appears on mount Tabor.  
Teachings to the apostles and to about  
five hundred disciples. Marjiam consoled.**

20<sup>th</sup> April 1947.

634. 1 <sup>1</sup>All the apostles are there, all the shepherd disciples, also Jonathan, whom Chuza has dismissed from his service. There is Marjiam and Manaen and many of the seventy two disciples and many more. They are in the shade of trees, which with their foliage mitigate light and heat. They are not up towards the summit, where the Transfiguration took place, but half-way up the hill, where a wood of oak-trees seems to be wanting to veil the summit and support the sides of the mountain with its powerful roots.

Almost everybody is dozing, because of the hour and also because of the inactivity and the long wait. But the cry of a boy - I do not know who he is, because I cannot see him from where I am - is sufficient to make them all stand up, in a first impulsive movement, which soon changes into prostration with their faces among the grass.

«Peace to all of you. Here I am among you. Peace to you. Peace to you. » Jesus passes amid them greeting and blessing.

Many weep, many smile blissfully. But there is so much peace in everybody.

Jesus goes and stops where the apostles and the shepherds form a thick group with Marjiam, Manaen, Stephen, Nicolaus, John of Ephesus, Hermas, and some of the more faithful disciples, whose names I do not remember. I see the man from Korazim who left off burying his father in order to follow Jesus, and another whom I have seen at other times. Jesus takes in His hands the head of Marjiam, who weeps looking at Him, He kisses his forehead and then presses him against His heart.

He then turns round towards the others and says: «Many and few. Where are the others? I know that many are My faithful disciples. Why here there are hardly five hundred people here, without taking into account the children of this one or that one among you? »

634. 2 <sup>2</sup>Peter, who had remained kneeling on the grass, stands up and speaks on behalf of everybody: «Lord, between the thir-

teenth and twentieth day from Your death, many people have come here from many towns in Palestine, saying that You were among them. So many of us, in order to see You sooner, went some with this one, some with that one. Some have just left. Those who came here said that they had seen You and spoken to You in different places, and, what was wonderful, they all said that they had seen You on the twelfth day from Your death. We thought this was a deceit of some of those false prophets, that You said will rise to deceive the chosen ones. You said so, on the Mount of Olives, the evening before... before... » Peter, seized again with grief at that recollection, lowers his head and becomes silent. Two tears, followed by more, fall from his beard on the ground...

Jesus lays His right hand on the shoulder of Peter, who quivers at that contact and, as he dare not touch that Hand with his own, he bends his neck, his face to caress that adorable Hand with his cheek, and touch it lightly with his lips.

James of Alphaeus continues the narration: «And we discouraged people from believing those apparitions, that is those among us who got up to run towards the great sea, or towards Bozrah, or Caesarea Philippi, Pella or Kedesh, to the mountain near Jericho and to the plain, and also to the Esdraelon plain, to the great Hermon and to Beth-horon and Beth-shemesh, and to other places which have no names, as they are isolated houses in the plain near Japhia or Gilead. Too uncertain. Some people said: “We have seen Him and heard Him”. Others sent word that they had seen You and had even a meal with You. Yes, we wanted to hold them back, because we thought that they were either snares of those who oppose us, or even phantasms seen by just people, who think of You so much that they end up by seeing You where You are not. But they wanted to go away. Some here, some there. And so we are reduced to less than one third. »

«You were right in insisting to hold them back. Not because I have not really been where those, who came to tell you, said. But because I had ordered you to stay here, united in prayer awaiting Me. And because I want My words to be obeyed, particularly by those who are My servants. If My servants begin to be disobedient, what will the believers do?

<sup>3</sup>Listen all of you who are around here. Remember that in an organism a hierarchy is required, so that it may be really active 634. 3

and wholesome, that is, someone who commands, someone who transmits orders, and those who obey. That is what happens in the courts of kings, as well as in religions. From our Hebrew religion to the others, even if they are so impure, there is always a chief, his ministers, the servants of the ministers, and lastly the believers. A pontiff cannot act by himself. A king cannot act by himself. And their dispositions concern only human contingencies, or the formalism of rites... Yes. Unfortunately, now, also in the Mosaic religion, there is nothing left but the formalism of rites, the continuation of the movements of a device that goes on making the same gestures, even now that the spirit of the gestures is *dead*. Dead forever. Their Divine Animator, He Who gave value to the rites, has withdrawn from them. And the rites are gestures, nothing else. Gestures that any histrion could mime on the stage of an amphitheatre.

634. 4 <sup>4</sup>Woe, when a religion dies, and from a real living power becomes a clamorous exterior pantomime, an empty thing behind a painted scenery, behind pompous garments, the movements of devices performing certain actions, just as a key activates a spring, but neither key nor spring is conscious of what they do. Woe! Ponder! Remember this truth and tell your successors about it, so that it may be known throughout ages. The fall of a planet is less frightening than the fall of religion. If the sky should be depopulated of its stars and planets, it would not be for peoples as bad a misfortune as if they remained without religion. God would provide with provident power for the needs of men, because God can do everything for those who, in a wise way, or in the way that their ignorance knows, seek and love the Divinity in a right spirit. But if the day should come when men no longer loved God, because the priests of every religion had made only an empty pantomime of it, as they were the first not to believe in their religion, woe betide the Earth!

634. 5 <sup>5</sup>Now, if I say so for those religions that are impure, as some have come through partial revelation to a wise person, some derive from the instinctive need of man to create a faith for himself to nourish his soul to love a god - as this need is the strongest incentive of man, the permanent state of research for Him Who is, and Who is wanted by the spirit even if the proud intellect refuses to pay homage to any god, even if man, unaware of

the soul, is unable to give a name to such need that stirs within him - what shall I say for this religion that I have given you, for this one that bears My Name, for this one of which I have created you pontiffs and priests, for this one that I order you to propagate all over the world? For this religion Unique, True, Perfect, Immutable in the Doctrine taught by Me, the Master, completed by the continuous teaching of He Who will come, the Holy Spirit, the Most Holy Guide for My Pontiffs and for those who will help them, second chiefs in the various Churches created in the various regions where My Word will be asserted. These Churches, although various in number, will not be different in thought, but will be one thing only with the Church, as with their individual parts they will form the great building, greater and greater, the great new Temple, that with its pavilions will reach all the corners of the earth. Not different in thought, nor contrasting with one another, but united, brotherly to one another, all subjected to the Head of the Church, to Peter, and to his successors until the end of time.

And those that for any reason should separate from the Mother Church, would be members cut off, no longer nourished with the mystic blood that is Grace coming from Me, the divine Head of the Church. Like prodigal sons, separated through their own will from the paternal house, in their short-lived wealth and constant and graver and graver misery, they would be blunting their spiritual intellects by means of too heavy foods and wines, and then they would languish eating the bitter acorns of unclean animals until they returned to the paternal house, saying with contrite hearts:

“We have sinned. Father, forgive us and open the doors of your abode to us”. Then, whether it is a member of a separated Church, or an entire Church - oh! if it were so, but where, when will so many imitators of Me arise, capable of redeeming these entire separated Churches, at the cost of their lives, to make, to *remake* only one Fold under only one shepherd, as I *ardently* wish? - then whether it is only one person or an assembly that comes back, open the doors to them.

¶Be fatherly. Consider that all of you, for one hour or for many, perhaps for years, were, individually, prodigal sons engulfed in concupiscence. Do not be hard on those who repent. Remember! 634. 6

Remember! Many of you ran away twenty two days ago. And was your running away perhaps not an abjuration of your love for Me? Therefore, as I received you as soon as you, repentant, came to Me, do the same yourselves. Do everything I did. That is My command. You lived with Me for three years. You know My deeds and My thoughts. When, in future, you will find yourselves in front of a case to be decided, look back to the time when you were with Me and behave as I behaved. You will never go wrong. I am the living perfect example of what you have to do.

And remember also that I did not refuse Myself even to Judas of Kerioth... A priest must try to save, by all possible means. And let love *always* prevail, among the means used to save. Consider that I was not unaware of Judas' horror... But, overcoming all disgust, I treated the wretch as I treated John. You... you will often be spared the bitterness of knowing that nothing is of any use to save a beloved disciple... And you will therefore be able to work without the tiredness that affects one, when one knows that everything is useless... One must work even then... always... until everything is accomplished... »

634.7 7«But You are suffering, Lord!?! Oh! I did not believe that You could suffer any more! You still suffer because of Judas! Forget him Lord! » shouts John, who does not turn his eyes away from his Lord for one moment.

Jesus opens His arms, in His usual attitude of resigned confirmation of a painful fact, and He says: «It is so... Judas has been and is the deepest sorrow in the sea of My sorrows. *It is the sorrow that remains...* The other sorrows have come to an end with the end of the Sacrifice. But this one remains. I loved him. I consumed Myself in the effort to save him... I was able to open the doors of Limbo and bring out the just, I was able to open the doors of Purgatory, and bring out those who were being purified. But the place of horror was closed upon him. In vain I died for him. »

«Do not suffer! Do not suffer! You are glorious, my Lord! Glory and joy to You. You have consumed Your sorrow! » implores John again.

«No one really thought that He could still suffer! » they all say, amazed and moved, whispering to one another.

«And do you not think of how much sorrow My Heart will

still have to suffer throughout ages, for every unrepentant sinner, for every heresy that denies Me, for every believer who abjures Me, for every - torture of all tortures - for every guilty priest, the cause of scandal and ruin? You do not know! You do not know as yet. You will never know fully, until you are with Me in the Light of Heaven. Then you will understand... In contemplating Judas, I contemplated the chosen ones whose election is changed into ruin through their wicked will...

Oh! you who are faithful, you who will form the future priests, remember My sorrow, grow holier and holier to comfort My sorrow, make them holy so that, as far as possible, there may be no repetition of this sorrow, exhort, watch, teach, fight, be as heedful as mothers, as untiring as teachers, as vigilant as shepherds, as manlike as warriors, to support the priests that will be formed by you. Ensure, oh! do ensure that the sin of the twelfth apostle may not have too many repetitions in future...

<sup>634. 8</sup>Be as I was with you, as I am with you. I said to you: “Be as perfect as the Father in Heaven”. And let your humanity tremble at that command, now even more than when I told you. Because now you are aware of your weakness. Well, to encourage you I will say to you: “Be like your Master”. I am the Man. What I have done, you can do. Also miracles. Yes, also them. So that the world may know that it is I Who send you, and he who suffers may not weep, disheartened by this thought: “He is no longer among us to cure our sick people and to comfort our sorrows”.

During these days I have worked miracles to comfort hearts and convince them that the Christ is not destroyed because He was put to death. On the contrary, He is stronger, eternally strong and powerful. But when I am no longer among you, you will do what I have done so far, and what I will still do. But not so much out of the power or working miracles, but because through your holiness the love for the new Religion will grow greater. And it is over your holiness, not over the gift I transmit to you, that you must be jealously watchful. The holier you are, the dearer you will be to My Heart, and the Spirit of God will enlighten you, while the Goodness of God and His Power will fill your hands with the gifts of Heaven.

A miracle is not a common and essential act for the life in faith. On the contrary, blessed are those who will be able to re-

main in the faith without extraordinary means to help them to believe! But neither is a miracle an act so exclusively reserved to special times, that it must cease when they cease. There will always be miracles in the world. Always. And the more numerous are the just in the world, the more numerous will the miracles be. When you see that the true miracles are becoming very rare, you can then say that faith and justice are languishing. Because I said: "If you have faith, you will be able to move mountains". Because I said: "The signs that will accompany those, who have true faith in Me, are the victories over demons and diseases, over elements and snares". *God is with those who love Him*. The sign of how My believers are in Me will be the number and the power of the miracles they will work in My name and to glorify God. To a world without true miracles, it will be possible to say, without slander: "You have lost faith and justice. You are a world without saints".

634.9 <sup>9</sup>So, to go back to what I was saying at the beginning, you did the right thing in trying to detain those who, like children seduced by the noise of music or by something glittering strangely, run away absent-mindedly from what is certain. But, see? They have their punishment, because they lose My word. But you have been wrong as well. You did remember that I told you not to run here and there at every rumour saying that I was in a certain place. But you did not remember that I also said that, in His second coming, the Christ will be like lightning striking in the east and flashing into the west, in a time shorter than the blinking of an eye. Now this second coming began at the moment of My Resurrection. It will culminate in the apparition of the Christ Judge to all the risen. *But before that, how many times I will appear to convert, to cure, to console, to teach, to give orders!*

I solemnly tell you: I am about to go back to My Father. But the Earth will not lose My Presence. I shall be watchful and friendly, Master and Doctor, where bodies or souls, sinners or saints, will need Me or will be elected by Me to transmit My words to other people. Because, and this also is true, Mankind will be in need of a continuous act of love from Me because it is so hard to bend, so easy to wane, ready to forget, eager to descend instead of ascending, that if I did not detain it with supernatural means, the law, the Gospel, the divine assistance administered by My

Church would be of no avail to keep Humanity in the knowledge of the Truth and in the will to reach Heaven. And I am speaking of the Humanity that believes in Me... Always little when compared to the great mass of the inhabitants of the Earth.

<sup>10</sup>*I will come.* Let those who will have Me remain humble. <sup>634. 10</sup> Let those who will not have Me, not be eager to have Me, to be praised thereby. *Let no one wish what is uncommon.* God knows when and where to give you it. It is not necessary to have extraordinary things to enter Heaven. On the contrary, they are a weapon, that, when it is badly used, may open hell instead of Heaven. And now I will tell you how. Because pride may arise. Because a state of the spirit may intervene, despicable in the eyes of God, as it is like a torpor in which one may relax to caress the treasure received, considering oneself already in Heaven having been granted that gift. No. In that case, instead of flame and wing, it becomes ice and boulder, and the soul falls and dies. And also: a gift badly used may give rise to the eagerness to have even more, in order to be more praised. Then, in that case, the Spirit of Evil might replace the Lord to seduce the imprudent believers by means of impure prodigies. Always keep away from all kinds of enticements. Avoid them. Be happy with what God grants you. He knows what is useful to you and in what manner. And always consider that every gift is also a trial, in addition to being a gift, a trial of your justice and will. I have given everyone of you the same things. But what improved you, ruined Judas. Was it therefore a bad gift? No. But wicked was the will of that spirit...

<sup>11</sup>The same now. I have appeared to many people. Not only to <sup>634. 11</sup> console and assist, but also to make you happy. You have begged Me to convince the people that I have risen, because the members of the Sanhedrin are trying to convince them of what they think. I have appeared to children and to adults, on the same day, in places so distant from one another, that it would take many days' walk to reach them. But I am no longer subjected to distances. And My simultaneous appearances have puzzled you as well. You have said to one another: "These people have seen phantasms". So you have forgotten part of My words, that is, that from now on I shall be east and west, north and south, wherever I think it is just that I should be, without anything preventing Me from doing so, and as fast as lightning flashing across the sky. I am a re-



al Man. Here are My limbs, My solid warm Body, capable of moving, breathing, speaking, as you do. But I am true God. And if for thirty three years My Divinity, for a supreme purpose, was concealed in My Humanity, now the Divinity, although joined to the Humanity, has overwhelmed the latter, and My Humanity enjoys the perfect freedom of glorified bodies. Queen with the Divinity no longer subjected to what is limitation for Humanity. Here I am. I am here with you and I could be, if I wanted, in a moment at the end of the world to draw to Myself a spirit seeking Me.

634. 12 <sup>12</sup>And what effect will have the fact that I have been near Caesarea on the Sea and at the high Caesarea, and at the Cherith, and at Engedi, and near Pella and Juttah, and in other places in Judaea, and at Bozrah, and on the Great Hermon, and at Sidon and at the borders of Galilee? And that I cured a boy, and I brought back to life one who had died shortly before, and I consoled an anguished person, and I called to My service one who had mortified himself with hard penance, and to God a just man who had begged Me to do so, and I gave My message to some innocents and My orders to a faithful heart? Will that convince the world? No, it will not. Those who believe, will continue to believe, with greater peace, but not with greater strength, because they already really believed. Those who did not believe with true faith will remain doubtful, and the wicked will say that My apparitions are frenzy and falsehood, and that the dead man was not dead, but was sleeping...

Do you remember when I told you the parable of Dives? I said that Abraham replied to the damned soul: "If they do not listen to Moses and the prophets, they will not believe even one who rises from the dead to tell them what they have to do". Did they perhaps believe Me, the Master, and My miracles? What did Lazarus' miracle achieve? My hurried death sentence. And My Resurrection? An increase of their hatred. Even My miracles of these last days among you will not convince the world, but only those who no longer belong to the world, as they have chosen the Kingdom of God with its present fatigue and pains and its future glory.

But I am glad that you have been confirmed in the faith and that you have been faithful to My order, by remaining upon this mountain waiting, without being in a hurry to enjoy things that are also good, but are different from the ones I mentioned to you.

Disobedience gives one tenth and takes away nine tenths. They went away and will hear words of men, always those. You have remained and you have heard My Word which, even if it repeats things already said, is always good and useful. The lesson will serve as an example for all of you, and also for them, for the future. »

<sup>13</sup>Jesus looks around at those faces gathered there and calls: <sup>634. 13</sup> «Elisha of Engedi\*, come here. I have something to tell you. »

I had not recognised the ex-leper, the son of old Abraham. Then he was a ghastly skeleton, now he is a buxom man in the prime of life.

He goes near, prostrating himself at the feet of Jesus, Who says to him: «A question is trembling on your lips since you heard that I have been to Engedi. And it is this: “Have You comforted my father? ” I say to you: “I have more than consoled him! I have taken him with Me”. »

«With You, my Lord? And where is he, since I do not see him? »

«Elisha, I am still here for a short time. Then I will go to My Father... »

«Lord!... You mean... My father is dead! »

«He died peacefully on My Heart. Sorrow is over also for him. He consumed it all, and by remaining always faithful to the Lord. Do not weep. Had you not left him to follow Me? »

«Yes, my Lord... »

«Well. Your father is with Me. Therefore, by following Me, you still come near your father. »

«But when? And how? »

«In his vineyard, where he heard Me speak for the first time. He reminded Me of his prayer of last year. I said to him: “Come”. He died a happy death, because you left everything to follow Me. »

«Forgive me if I weep... He was my father... »

«I do appreciate grief. » He lays His hand on his head to comfort him and says to the disciples: «Here is a new companion. Love him, because I took him from his sepulchre, so that he may serve Me. »

<sup>14</sup>He then calls: «Elias. Come to Me. Do not be shy like one

<sup>634. 14</sup>

\* **Elisha of Engedi** and Abram his father in 390-391 and in 632. 18/20.

who is a stranger among brothers. All the past is destroyed. And you come, too, Zacharias, who left father and mother for Me, go among the seventy-two with Joseph of Cintium. You deserve it, as you have defied the ways of the mighty ones for My sake. And you, Philip, and you, his companion, who do not want to be called with your name any more, as it sounds horrible to you, so take that of your father, who is a just man, even if he is not yet among those who follow Me openly.

Can you all see? I do not exclude anybody of goodwill. Neither those who followed Me already as disciples, nor those who performed good deeds in My name, even if they did not belong to the groups of My disciples, nor those who belonged to sects, that not everybody loves, as they can always take the right road and are not to be rejected. Do, as I do. I join these to the old disciples. Because the Kingdom of Heaven is open to all those of goodwill. And, although they are not present, I tell you not to reject the Gentiles either. I have not repelled them, when I knew that they were anxious to know the Truth. Do what I have done.

And you, Daniel, who have really come out, not of the pit of the lions, but of the jackals, come and join these. And you, Benjamin. I join you to these (he points to the group of the seventy-two which is almost complete) because the harvest of the Lord will be very rich and many labourers are required.

Now let us be united here for a short time, while the day wears on. In the evening you will depart from the mountain and at dawn you apostles and you two, whom I have mentioned separately, will come with Me, with all those who are here of the seventy-two (He points at Zacharias and at this Joseph of Cintium, who is not new to me\*). The others will remain here, waiting for those who have run away here and there like idle wasps, to tell them in My name that one cannot find the Lord by imitating unwilling disobedient children, and that they all have to be at Bethany twenty days before Pentecost, because later they would  
634. 15 look for Me in vain. Sit down now, and rest. <sup>15</sup>You, come with Me a little aside. »

He sets out, holding Marjiam by the hand all the time, fol-

\* **who is not new to me:** the possessed Roman cured by Jesus in 129. 3 came from Cintium. Joseph of Cintium might be his brother who accompanied him and who deserved a promise from Jesus (129. 6).

lowed by the eleven apostles.

He sits down in the thickest part of a thick wood of oak-trees, and draws to Himself Marjiam, who is very sad. So sad that Peter says: «Comfort him, Lord. He was already sad, now he is even more so. »

«Why, child? Are you not with Me? Should you not be happy to know that I have overcome sorrow? »

Marjiam's only answer is to burst into tears.

«I do not know what the matter is with him. I have asked him in vain. And today I was not expecting these tears! » grumbles Peter, somewhat annoyed.

«But I know» says John.

«So much the better for you! So why is he weeping? »

«He did not begin to weep today. He has been weeping for days... »

«Eh! I have noticed that! But why? »

«The Lord knows, I am sure. And I know that He alone has the word that can comfort him» says John smiling.

«That is true. I know. And I know that Marjiam, a good disciple, is really a little boy just now, a little boy who does not see the reality of things. But, My beloved one among all the disciples, do you not consider that I went to corroborate wavering faiths, to absolve, to receive lives that had come to an end, to annul poisonous doubts with which the weaker ones had been imbued, to reply with pity or severity to those who still want to fight against Me, to testify with My presence that I have risen from the dead, where they were more eager to say that I was dead? Was there any need for Me to come to you, a child, whose faith, hope, charity, whose goodwill and obedience are known to Me? Should I have come to you for a moment, when I shall have you with Me, as now, much more often? Who will celebrate Passover with Me, except you alone among all the other disciples? Can you see all these? They have celebrated their Passover, and the flavour of the lamb and of the caroset, of the unleavened bread and of the wine became completely like ashes and gall and vinegar for their palates immediately afterwards. But you and I, My dear boy, will consume our Passover joyfully, and it will be like honey that trickles and remains such. Who wept then, will rejoice now. Who rejoiced then, cannot expect to rejoice again. »

634. 16    16«Really... We were not very cheerful that day... » whispers Thomas.

«Yes. Our hearts trembled... » says Matthew.

«And we were boiling over with suspicion and indignation, at least I was» says Thaddeus.

«And so you all say that you would like to celebrate the supplementary Passover... »

«It is so, Lord» says Peter.

«One day you complained because the women disciples and your son were not taking part in the Passover banquet. Now you complain because who did not rejoice then, must do so now. »

«That is true. I am a sinner. »

«And I am He Who is compassionate. I want you all to be around Me, and not you only, but also the women disciples. Lazarus will give us hospitality once again. I did not want your daughter, Philip, or your wives, I did not want Myrtha, Naomi, and the young girl who is with them, and this boy. Jerusalem, in those days, was not a place for everybody! »

«True! It is a good thing that they were not there» says Philip with a sigh.

«Yes. They would have seen our cowardice. »

«Be quiet, Peter. It has been forgiven. »

«Yes. But I confessed it to my son and I thought that that was why he was so sad. I confessed it, because every time I confess it, it is a relief. It is as if I removed a big stone from my heart. I feel more absolved every time I humiliate myself. But if Marjiam is sad because You have shown Yourself to other people... »

«For that and for nothing else, father. »

«Then, cheer up! He loved you and He loves you. You can see that. But I informed you of the second Passover... »

«I thought that I had done the obedience that Porphirea had given me in Your name not too willingly, Lord. And that, therefore, You were punishing me. And I also thought that You did not show Yourself to me because I hated Judas and those who crucified You» confesses Marjiam.

«Do not hate anybody. I have forgiven. »

«Yes, my Lord. I will not hate any more. »

«And do not be sad any longer. »

«I will not be so any more, Lord. »

Marjiam, like all very young people, is not so timid with Jesus as the others are, and he relaxes confidently in Jesus' arms, now that he is sure that Jesus is not angry with him. And even more, like a chick under its mother's wing, he takes shelter in the arms of Jesus, Who presses Him against Himself, and as the anxiety that had made him sad and upset for so many days ceases, he blissfully falls asleep.

«He is still a boy» remarks the Zealot.

«Yes. But how much he has suffered! Porphirea told me when, informed by Joseph of Tiberias, she brought him to me» Peter replies to him. Then he says to the Master: «Porphirea also at Jerusalem?» How much eagerness there is in Peter's voice!

«All the women. I want to bless them before I ascend to My Father. They have served as well, and very often better than men.»

<sup>17</sup>«And to Your Mother? Are You not going?» asks Thaddeus.

634. 17

«We are together.»

«Together? When?»

«Judas, Judas, and do you think that I, Who have always found joy near Her, should not stay with Her now?»

«But Mary is all alone in Her house. My mother told me yesterday.»

Jesus smiles and replies: «Only the High Priest goes behind the Holy of Holies.»

«So? What do You mean?»

«That there are beatitudes that cannot be described and known. That is what I mean.»

He gently moves Marjiam away from Himself and entrusts him to the arms of John, who is the one closest to Him. He stands up. He blesses them. And while they all, with their heads lowered, on their knees, with the exception of John, who has Marjiam's head in his lap, receive His blessing, He disappears.

«He is really like the lightning of which He speaks» says Bartholomew.

They remain meditating, awaiting sunset.

<sup>18</sup>The Lord wants me to take another copy book for the last instructions and visions, as they could not be contained here, the pages being too few.

634. 18

## 635. Further teachings: a lesson on the Sacraments and the predictions about the Church.

22<sup>nd</sup> April 1947.

635. 1 <sup>1</sup>They are up on another mountain, which is even more covered with woods, not far from Nazareth, to which a road leads running along the foot of the mountain.

Jesus makes them sit down in a circle, the apostles closer to Him, behind them the disciples (those of the seventy-two who did not go away here and there) with Zacharias and Joseph. Marjiam is at His feet in a privileged position.

Jesus speaks as soon as they are all sitting and quiet, paying attention to His words. He says:

«Pay attention to Me, because I will tell you things of the greatest importance. You will not understand them all, neither will you understand them all well. But He Who comes after Me, will make you understand them. So, listen to Me.

635. 2 <sup>2</sup>Nobody is more convinced than you are, that without the help of God man sins easily, as his very weak constitution was debilitated by the Sin. So I should be an imprudent Redeemer, if after giving you so much to redeem you, I did not give you also the means of retaining you in the effects of My Sacrifice.

You know that all the easiness to commit sin derives from the Sin that, by depriving men of Grace, despoils them of their strength: of the union with Grace. You have said: “But You have given Grace to us”. No. It was given to the just up to My Death. To give it to future people a means is required. A means that will not be only a ritual figure, but on those who receive it will really impress the real character of children of God, as Adam and Eve were, whose souls vivified by Grace, possessed sublime gifts, given by God to His beloved creatures.

You are aware of what man had and what man lost. Now, through My Sacrifice, the gates of Grace have been reopened and its river can descend on all those who ask it out of their love for Me. Men will therefore have the character of children of God through the merits of the First-Born among men, of Him Who is speaking to you, your Redeemer, your eternal Pontiff, your Brother in the Father, your Master. It will be by Jesus Christ and through Jesus Christ that present and future men will be able to

possess Heaven and enjoy God, the last purpose of man. Up to the present time, even the most just among the just, although circumcised as children of the chosen people, were not able to attain that purpose. Although their virtues were taken into consideration by God, and their places were ready in Heaven, the latter was closed and the enjoyment of God was denied to them, because on their souls, blessed flower-beds blooming with every virtue, there was also the cursed tree of Original Sin, and no action, no matter how holy it might be, could destroy it; neither is it possible to enter Heaven with the roots and foliage of so evil a tree.

On Preparation Day the sighs of the patriarchs and prophets, and of all the just of Israel, appeared in the joy of the accomplished Redemption, and their souls, whiter than mountain snow, such was their virtue, lost the only Stain that segregated them from Heaven.

But the world continues. Generations and generations arise and will arise. Peoples and peoples will come to the Christ. Can the Christ die with each new generation to save it, or for each people that comes to Him? No. He cannot. The Christ died once, and *He will never die again, forever*. Then, must these generations, these peoples, become wise through My Word, but not possess Heaven and enjoy God, because they are injured by Original Sin? No. It would not be just, neither for them, because their love for Me would be useless, nor for Me, because I would have died for too few. So? How can the different things be conciliated? Which new miracle will the Christ work, and He has already worked so many, before leaving the world for Heaven, after loving men to the extent of dying for them?

<sup>3</sup>He has already worked one, by leaving you His Body and His Blood as a fortifying and sanctifying food and as a remembrance of His love, by giving you the order to do what I have done in memory of Me and as a sanctifying means for the disciples, for the disciples of the disciples, until the end of time. 635. 3

But that evening, when you were already purified exteriorly, do you remember what I did? I girded Myself with a towel and I washed your feet, and to one of you, who was scandalised at that too humiliating gesture, I said: "If I do not wash you, you will have no part in common with Me". You did not understand what I meant, of which part I was speaking, which symbol I per-



formed. Well, I will tell you. Besides teaching you humbleness and the necessity of being pure, in order to enter and take part in My Kingdom, in addition to bringing benignly to your notice that from a man, who is just, and therefore pure in his spirit and intellect, God exacts only a last wash of the part that is necessarily easier to become contaminated also in just people, even only with the dust that the necessary cohabitation among men lays also on clean limbs, on bodies, I have taught you another thing. I washed your feet, the lowest part of body, the one that goes among mud and dust, at times among dirty things, to signify the flesh, the material part of man, which part always has some imperfections, with the exception of those who are without the Original Sin, either through the deed of God or by the Nature of God, and such imperfections are at times so slight that only God can see them, but really, one must watch them, so that they may not grow stronger and turn into natural habits, and fight them to extirpate them.

635.4 <sup>4</sup>So I washed your feet. When? Before breaking the bread and wine and transubstantiating them into My Body and My Blood. Because I am the Lamb of God, and I cannot descend where Satan has his mark. So, I washed you first. Then I gave Myself to you. You also will wash with Baptism those who will come to Me, so that they may not receive My Body unworthily and it may not change for them into a dreadful death sentence.

You are dismayed. You are looking at one another. With your eyes you are asking: "And Judas, then?" I say to you: "Judas ate his death". The supreme act of love did not touch his heart. The last attempt of his Master knocked against the stone of his heart, and on that stone, in the place of the Tau, was engraved the horrible initial of Satan, the sign of the Beast.

So I washed you before admitting you to the Eucharistic banquet, before listening to the confession of your sins, before infusing the Holy Spirit into you and consequently the character of both true Christians reconfirmed in Grace, and of My Priests. Let the same be done to the others whom you will have to prepare for the Christian life.

635.5 <sup>5</sup>Baptise with water in the Name of the God One and Trine and in My Name and through My infinite Merits, so that the Original Sin may be cancelled from hearts, sins may be remit-

ted, Grace and the Holy Virtues may be infused, and the Holy Spirit may descend to dwell in consecrated temples, that is, in the bodies of men living in the Grace of the Lord.

Was water necessary to cancel the Sin? Water does not touch the soul. But neither does the immaterial sign touch the sight of man, who is so material in all his actions. I could very well have infused Life also without a visible means. But who would have believed it? How many are the men who can firmly believe if they do not see? So take the lustral water\* of the ancient Mosaic Law, the water that was used to purify unclean people and admit them again to the camps, after they had become contaminated by a corpse. In actual fact, every man who is born is contaminated, by having contact with a soul dead to Grace. So let it be purified of the unclean contact by the lustral water and made worthy of entering the eternal Temple.

And let water be a dear thing to you... After expiating and redeeming through thirty-three years of laborious life, which culminated in the Passion, after giving all My Blood for the sins of men, then the wholesome waters to wash the Original Sin were drawn from the bloodless consumed Body of the Martyr. By means of the consumed Sacrifice I redeemed you from that stain. If on the point of death a divine miracle of Mine had made Me descend from the cross, I solemnly tell you that with the blood I had shed I would have redeemed the sins, *but not the Sin*. The *full consummation* was required for it. Really, the wholesome water of which Ezekiel speaks\*\* came out of this Side of Mine. Immerse souls into it, so that they may come out of it spotless, to receive the Holy Spirit Who, in recollection of that breath which the Creator breathed on Adam to give him the spirit and thus the image and likeness of Himself, will come to breathe and dwell in the hearts of men who have been redeemed.

Baptise with My Baptism, but in the Name of the God Trine, because, really, if the Father had not wanted and the Spirit had not acted, the Word would have not become incarnate and you would have had no Redemption. So it is just and fair that every man should receive the Life through Those Who joined together in wanting to give it to him, mentioning the Father, the Son and the

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\* **lustral water**, as in the prescribed ritual in *Numbers 19: 17-22*.

\*\* **speaks**, in *Ezekiel 47: 1-12*.

Holy Spirit in the act of Baptism, which takes the name of Christian after Me, to distinguish it from the others past and future, which will be rites, *but not indelible signs on the immortal part.*

635. 6 <sup>6</sup>Take the Bread and the Wine as I did, and bless them, break them and hand them out in My Name; and let Christians feed on Me. And of the Bread and Wine make an offering to the Father of Heavens, consuming it then in memory of the Sacrifice that I offered and consumed on the Cross for your salvation. I, Priest and Victim, by Myself offered and consumed Myself, as no one, if I had not wanted, could do that of Me. You, My Priests, do that in memory of Me and so that the infinite treasures of My Sacrifice may ascend imploringly to God, and descend propitiously on all those who invoke them with firm faith.

Firm faith, I said. No science is called for to avail oneself of the Eucharistic Food and of the Eucharistic Sacrifice, *but faith.* Faith that in that bread and in that wine, that one authorised by Me and by those who will come after Me - you Peter, the new Pontiff of the new Church, you James of Alphaeus, you John, you Andrew, you Simon, you Philip, you Bartholomew, you Thomas, you Judas Thaddeus, you Matthew, you James of Zebedee - will consecrate in My Name, is My true Body, My true Blood, and he who feeds on it receives Me in Flesh, Blood, Soul and Divinity and he who offers Me really, offers Jesus Christ, as He offered Himself for the sins of the world. A child or an ignorant person can receive Me, just like a learned man and an adult. And a child and an ignorant person will receive the same advantages from the Sacrifice offered, as those that anyone among you will have. It is sufficient that faith and the grace of the Lord are in them.

635. 7 <sup>7</sup>But you are about to receive a new Baptism, that of the Holy Spirit. I promised it to you and it will be given to you. The very Holy Spirit will descend upon you. I will tell you when. And you will be replete with It, in the fullness of sacerdotal gifts. You will be able, therefore, as I did with you, to infuse the Spirit with which you are replete, to confirm the Christians in grace and instil the gifts of the Paraclete into them. As a regal Sacrament, little inferior to the Priesthood, it must have the solemnity of Mosaic consecrations\* with the imposition of hands and the unc-

\* **Mosaic consecrations**, like those prescribed in *Exodus 29: 1-35; Leviticus 8.*

tion with scented oil, which was once used to consecrate Priests.

No. Do not look at one another so frightened! I am not speaking sacrilegious words! I am not teaching you sacrilegious acts! The dignity of a Christian is such, I repeat it, that it is little inferior to a priesthood. Where do priests live? In the Temple. And a Christian will be a living temple. What do priests do? They serve God with prayers, sacrifices and taking care of the believers. That is what they should have done... And a Christian will serve God with prayer and sacrifice and with brotherly love.

<sup>8</sup>And you will listen to the confession of sins, as I listened to yours and to those of many and I forgave where I saw true repentance. 635. 8

Are you becoming upset? Why? Are you afraid that you may not be able to distinguish? On other occasions I have already spoken of sin and of the judgement of sin. But remember, when judging, to ponder on the seven conditions\* whereby an action may or may not be sinful and of different gravity. I will recall them. When one sinned and how many times, who sinned, with whom, with what, which is the matter of the sin, which is the cause, why did one sin. But be not afraid. The Holy Spirit will assist you.

What I implore you with all My heart to observe is a holy life. It will increase the supernatural lights in you to such an extent, that you will succeed in reading the hearts of men without mistaking, and you will be able, with love or with authority, to tell sinners, who fear to disclose their sin or refuse to confess it, the state of their hearts, helping the timid and humiliating the unrepentant. Bear in mind that the Earth is about to lose its Absolver and that you must be what I was: just, patient, merciful, *but not weak*. I said to you: what you will loose on Earth will be loosed in Heaven and what you bind here will be bound in Heaven. So with measured deliberation judge every man without allowing yourselves to be corrupted by likes or dislikes, by gifts or threats, being impartial in everything and with everybody as is God, bearing in mind the weakness of man and the snares of his enemies.

I remind you that at times God allows also His chosen ones to fall, not because He likes to see them fall, but because a great-

\* **seven conditions**, like those stated and explained in 126. 2/8.

er future advantage may come from a fall. So offer your hands to those who fall, because you do not know whether that fall is the resolute crisis of an illness that dies forever, leaving in the blood a purification that brings about health. In our case: that brings about holiness.

Be instead severe with those who have no respect for My Blood, and with their souls just cleansed by the divine bath, throw themselves into filth one and one hundred times. Do not curse them, but be severe, exhort them, reproach them seventy times seven, and have recourse to the extreme punishment of cutting them off from the chosen people, only when their obstinacy in a fault that scandalises the brothers, compels you to take action in order not to become accomplices of their deeds. Remember what I said: "If your brother has sinned, correct him between your two selves. If he does not listen to you, correct him in the presence of two or three witnesses. If that is not sufficient, inform the Church. If he does not listen even to the Church, consider him as a Gentile and. a publican".

635.9 <sup>9</sup>In the Mosaic religion matrimony is a contract\*. In the new Christian religion let it be a sacred *indissoluble* act, on which may the grace of the Lord descend to make of husband and wife two ministers of His in the propagation of the human race.

From the very first moments try to advise the consort belonging to the new religion to convert the consort, who is still out of the number of the believers, to enter and become part of it, to avoid those painful divisions of thought, and consequently of peace, that we have noticed also among ourselves. But when it is a question of believers in the Lord, *for no reason whatsoever what God united is to be dissolved*. And when a consort is Christian and is united to a heathen, I advice that consort to bear his/her cross with patience, meekness and also with strength, to the extent of dying to defend his/her faith, but without leaving the consort whom he/she married with full consent. This is My advice for a more perfect life in the matrimonial state, until it will be possible, with the diffusion of Christianity, to have marriages between believers. *Then let the bond be sacred and indissoluble, and the love holy.*

\* is a contract, as in *Tobit 7: 14*.

It would be bad, if owing to the hardness of, what happened in the old faith should happen also in the new one: the authorization of repudiation and dissolution to avoid scandal created by the lust of man. I solemnly tell you that everybody must bear his cross in every state, also in the matrimonial one. And I also solemnly tell you that no pressure is to subdue your authority in saying: "It is against the law" to those who want to marry for the second time before one of the consorts is dead. It is better, I tell you, that a putrid part breaks off, by itself or followed by others, *rather than to keep it in the Body of the Church, grant it something contrary to the holiness of marriage, scandalising the humble and making them express thoughts unfavourable to sacerdotal integrity and on the value of wealth and power.*

Marriage is a serious and holy act. And to prove that, I took part at a wedding and I worked My first miracle there. But woe if it degenerates into lust and whim. *Let marriage, the natural contract between man and woman, be elevated to a spiritual contract, by which the souls of two people who love each other swear to serve the Lord in reciprocal love, offered to the Lord in obedience to His order of procreation to give children to the Lord.*

<sup>10</sup>And also... James, do you remember the conversation on <sup>635. 10</sup> Mount Carmel? Since that time I have spoken to you about this. But the others do not know... You saw Mary of Lazarus spread ointment on My limbs at the supper of the Sabbath at Bethany\*. I then said to you: "She has prepared Me for My burial". In actual fact she did. Not for My burial, because she thought that that sorrow was still far away, but to purify and embalm My limbs from all the impurities of the road, so that I might ascend the throne scented with balsamic oil.

The life of man is a road. The entry of man into the next life ought to be an entry into the Kingdom. Every king is anointed and perfumed before ascending his throne and showing himself to his people. Also the Christian is the son of a king, and he goes along his road, directing his steps towards the kingdom where the Father calls him. The death of a Christian is nothing but the entry into the Kingdom to ascend the throne that the Father has

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\* conversation on Mount Carmel, in 258; at the supper of the Sabbath at Bethany, in 586. 6/8.

prepared for him. Death is not frightful for him who is not afraid of God, knowing that he is in His grace. But let the garment of him who is to ascend the throne be purified of all rubbish, so that it may be preserved beautiful for the resurrection, and let his spirit be purified, so that it may shine on the throne that the Father has prepared for him and he may appear in the dignity befitting a son of such a great king. Let the unction given to dying Christians, or rather, to Christians being born, because I solemnly tell you that he who dies in the Lord is born to the eternal life, let that unction be an increase of Grace, the annulment of sins of which the man is fully repentant, the exciter of fervent yearning for Good, the giver of strength for the supreme struggle.

Repeat the gesture of Mary on the bodies of the chosen ones. And let no one deem it unworthy of him. I accepted that balsamic oil from a woman. Every Christian should consider himself honoured by it, as a supreme grace of the Church whose son he is, and should accept it from the priest to be cleansed of the last stains. And every priest ought to be happy to repeat on the body of his dying brother, the gesture of love that Mary made on the suffering Christ. I truly tell you that what you did not do to Me then, letting a woman exceed you, and now you think of it with so much regret, you can do in future and for as many times as you will bend over one who is dying to prepare him to his meeting with God. I am in beggars and in dying people, in pilgrims, in orphans, in widows, in prisoners, in those who are hungry, thirsty or cold, in who is grieved or tired. I am in all the members of My mystic Body, which is the union of all My believers. Love Me in them and you will make amends for your indifference on so many occasions, giving great joy to Me and so much glory to yourselves.

635. 11 <sup>11</sup>Finally, consider that the world, age, diseases, time, persecutions conspire against you. Therefore do not be avaricious with what you have received and do not be imprudent. For this reason transmit the Priesthood in My Name to the best disciples, so that the Earth may not be left without priests. And ensure that the sacred character *is granted after a severe examination*, not verbal, *but of the deeds of him who asks to be a priest, or of him whom you judge suitable to be one.*

Consider what is a Priest. The good he can do. The evil he can do. You have had the example of what can be done by a priest who

has lapsed from his sacred character. I truly tell you that this country will be dispersed because of the sins of the Temple. But I also truly tell you that also the Earth will be destroyed when the abomination of desolation\* will affect the new Priesthood, by leading men to apostasy in order to embrace the doctrines of hell. Then the son of Satan will arise and peoples will moan in dreadful fright, as only few will remain faithful to the Lord, and also then, after horrible convulsions, the end will come after the victory of God and of His few Chosen ones, and the wrath of God on all the cursed ones. Woe, three times woe if for those few there will still be no *saints*, the last pavilions of the Temple of Christ! Woe, three times woe, if to comfort the last Christians, there will be no *true* Priests, as there will be for the first ones.

Really the last persecution will be horrible, as it will not be the persecution of men but of the son of Satan and of his followers. Priests? Those of the last hour will have to be more than priests, so wild will be the persecution of the hordes of the Antichrist. Like the man dressed in linen, who is so holy as to be beside the Lord, \*\*in the vision of Ezekiel, they will have to be untiring in marking a Tau with their perfection on the spirits of the few faithful ones, so that the flames of mayhem do not cancel that sign. Priests? Angels. Angels swinging the thurible of the incenses of their virtues to purify the air of the miasmata of Satan. Angels? More than angels: other Christs, others Myself, so that the believers of the last times may be able to persevere until the end. That is what they will have to be.

<sup>12</sup>But future good and evil have roots in the present. Avalanches begin with a snowflake. A priest who is unworthy, impure, heretic, unfaithful, incredulous, tepid or cold, dull, insipid, lustful, does ten times as much harm as a believer guilty of the same sins, and he drags many more to commit sin. Laxity in the Priesthood, the reception of impure doctrines, selfishness, greed, concupiscence in the Priesthood, you are aware of the result of all that: deicide. Now, in future ages, the Son of God can no longer be killed, but the faith in God, the idea of God, can. So a deicide will be accomplished, which is even more irreparable, because it is without resurrection. Oh! it can be accomplished,

\* **abomination of desolation**, in Daniel 9: 27; 11: 31; 12: 11.

\*\* **vision**, in Ezekiel 9: 2. 3. 11; 10: 2. 6. 7.



yes. I see... It will be possible to accomplish it, because of the too many Judases of Kerioth of future ages. How horrible!...

My Church demolished by its own ministers! While I support it with the help of victims. And they, the Priests, who will have only the garment and not the soul of a Priest, who help the ebullition of the waves agitated by the infernal Snake against your boat, Peter. Stand up! Rise! Transmit this order to your successors:

“Hands on the rudder, the lash on the shipwrecked people *who wanted to be shipwrecked*, and try to founder the boat of God”. Strike, but save and proceed. Be severe, because just is the punishment for marauders. Defend the treasure of the faith. Hold the lamp aloft, like a lighthouse above the rough sea, so that those who follow your boat may see and not perish. Shepherd and pilot for the dreadful times, gather, guide, hold *My Gospel high, because safety is found in it and in no other science*.

635. 13 <sup>13</sup>The days will come when, as it happened to us in Israel, but even more deeply, the Priesthood will think it is a chosen class, because it knows the superfluous and does not know the indispensable any longer, or is aware of it in the deaf form in which the Priests now know the Law: in its garment, exaggeratedly overburdened with fringes, but not in its spirit. The days will come when all the books will replace the Book, and this will be used only as one who must use an object by force, handles it mechanically, as a peasant ploughs, sows, harvests, without meditating on the wonderful providence which is that multiplication of seeds that is renewed each year: a seed is thrown into turned soil and it becomes stalk, ear of corn, then flour and then bread through God’s paternal love. Who, putting a mouthful of bread in his mouth, raises his spirit to Him Who created the first seed and for ages has made it spring up again and grow, giving the right quantity of rain and heat, so that it may open and grow and ripen without rotting or getting burnt? Likewise the time will come when the Gospel will be taught *scientifically well, spiritually badly*.

Now, what is science if it lacks wisdom? It is straw. Straw that fills and does not nourish. And I truly tell you that the time will come in which too many among the Priests will be like swollen straw-stacks, proud straw-stacks, that will stand up straight in

the pride of being so swollen, as if they had given themselves all those ears of wheat that crowned the straw, as if the ears were still on the summits of the straw, and will think that they are *everything* because, instead of the handful of wheat, the true nourishment that is the spirit of the Gospel, they will have all that straw: a heap! A heap! But can straw be enough? It is not even sufficient for the stomach of a beast of burden, and if its master does not strengthen the animal with fodder and fresh herbs, the beast of burden nourished only with straw wastes away and may even die.

And yet I tell you that the time will come when the Priests, forgetting that with few ears of wheat I taught spirits the Truth, and forgetting also what it cost their Lord that true bread of the spirit, drawn completely and only from the Divine Wisdom, spoken by the Divine Word, dignified in its doctrinal form, indefatigable in its repetitions, so that the truth spoken should not get lost, humble in its form, without the false glitter of human sciences, without historical or geographical completions, will not take care of its soul, but of the garment to be thrown on it, to show the crowds how many things they know, and the spirit of the Gospel will get lost in them, under avalanches of human science. And if they do not possess it, how can they transmit it? What will these swollen straw-stacks give the believers? Straw. What nourishment will the spirits of the believers get from it? Enough to lead a wretched languishing life. Which fruit will ripen from such teaching and from this imperfect knowledge of the Gospel? The coolness of hearts, the replacement of the only true doctrine with heretical doctrines, with doctrines and ideas that are more than heretical, the preparation of the ground in favour of the Beast for his transient icy dark horrible kingdom.

I truly tell you that, as the Father and Creator multiplies the stars so that the sky may not become depopulated because of those that perish, when their lives end, *likewise I shall have to evangelize thousands of times the disciples that I will scatter among men in future ages. And I also truly tell you that the destiny of these disciples will be the same as Mine: the synagogue and proud people will persecute them as they persecuted Me.* But both they and I have our reward: that of doing the Will of God and serving Him even to death on a cross, so that His glory

may shine and the knowledge of Him may not perish.

635. 14 <sup>14</sup>But you, Pontiff, and you, Shepherds, watch that the spirit of the Gospel may not get lost in you and in your successors, and pray the Holy Spirit untiringly that the Pentecost may be continually renewed in you - you do not understand what I mean, but you will soon know - so that you may understand all the languages and choose and distinguish My voices from those of the Monkey of God: Satan. *And do not allow My future voices to become void. And each of them is an act of mercy of Mine to assist you, and the more are the reasons by which I see that Christianity needs them to get through the storms of times, the more numerous they will be.*

Shepherd and pilot, Peter! Shepherd and pilot. It will not be sufficient for you one day to be shepherd if you are not pilot, and to be pilot if you are not shepherd. You will have to be both to keep the lambs gathered together, as hellish tentacles and fierce claws will try to snatch them from you, or music of false impossible promises will seduce you, and to proceed with the boat caught in all the winds blowing from the north, south, east and west, lashed and tossed by the powers of the depths, hit by the arrows shot by the archers of the Beast, burnt by the breath of the dragon, with its edges swept by its tail, so that the imprudent ones will be burnt and will perish, falling into the stormy sea.

Shepherd and pilot in dreadful times. *And your compass is the Gospel. In it there is Life and Safety. And everything is said in it. Every article of the holy Code, every answer for the manifold cases of souls are in it.* And ensure that Priests and believers do not depart from it, and that no doubts arise about it. And take care that no alterations, changes and adulterations are made to it.

*The Gospel is I Myself.* From My birth to My death. *In the Gospel there is God.* Because the works of the Father, of the Son, of the Holy Spirit are manifest in it. *The Gospel is love.*

I said: "My Word is Life". I said: "God is Love". So let people know My Word and have love in them, that is, God, to have the Kingdom of God. Because he who is not in God, does not have the Life in him. Because those who do not receive the Word of the Father will not be able to be one thing with the Father, with Me and with the Holy Spirit in Heaven, and they will not be

able to belong to the only Fold, which is as holy as I want it. They will not be vine-shoots joined to the Vine, because he who, wholly or partly, rejects My Word is a member in whom the sap of the Vine no longer flows. My Word is juice that nourishes, makes one grow and yield fruit.

<sup>15</sup>You will do all that in memory of Me, as I taught you. There is still much that I should tell you about what I have now said to you. But I have only sown the seed. The Holy Spirit will make it sprout in you. I wanted to give you the seed Myself, because I know your hearts and I know how you would falter with fear at spiritual, non-material orders. The fear of deceit would paralyse all will in you. So I am the first to speak to you of all things. Then the Paraclete will remind you of My words and will enlarge on them in detail. And you will not be afraid, because you will remember that I gave you the first seed. Allow yourselves to be led by the Holy Spirit. If My hand was kind in guiding you, His Light is very mild. He is the Love of God. So I am going away happy, because I know that He will take My place and will lead you to the knowledge of God. You do not know Him yet, although I have said so much to you about Him. But it is not your fault. You have done everything to understand Me and you are therefore justified, even if in three years you have understood little. The lack of Grace dulled your spirits. Even now you understand little, notwithstanding that the Grace of God descended upon you from My cross. You are in need of the Fire. One day I spoke\* to one of you about it, while going along the roads near the Jordan. 635. 15

The hour has come. I am going back to My Father, but I am not leaving you all alone, because I leave you the Eucharist, that is, your Jesus made food for men. And I leave you the Friend: the Paraclete. He will guide you. I pass your souls from My light to His Light, and He will accomplish your formation. »

<sup>16</sup>«Are You leaving us now? Upon this mountain? » They are all desolate. 635. 16

«No. Not yet. But time flies and it will soon be that moment. »

«Oh! do not leave me on the Earth without You, Lord. I have loved You from Your birth to Your Death, from Your Death to

\* I spoke, in 361. 5.

Your Resurrection, and always. But it would be too sad to know that You are no longer among us! You heard the prayer of Elisha's father. You have satisfied so many. Hear mine, Lord! » implores Isaac on his knees with his hands stretched out.

«The life you could still have would be a sermon on Me, perhaps the glory of martyrdom. You have been a martyr out of love for Me, a baby, are you now afraid of being one for Me glorious? »

«It would be my glory to follow You, Lord. I am poor and foolish. What I could give, I gave with a goodwill. Now this is what I would like: to follow You. But let it be done as You wish, now and always. »

Jesus lays His hand on Isaac's head, and leaves it there on a long caress, while He addresses them all saying: «Have you no questions to ask Me? These are the last lessons. Speak to your Master... See how the little ones are on familiar terms with Me? » In fact also today Marjiam leans his head on Jesus' body, pressing himself against Him, and Isaac did not show any shyness in expressing his wish.

«Really... Yes... We have something to ask... » says Peter.

«Ask then. »

635. 17 <sup>17</sup>«Well... Yesterday evening, after You left us, we were talking among ourselves of what You had said. Now other words are urging us with regard to what You have said. Yesterday and also today, if one considers them properly, You have spoken as if heresies and separations were to arise, and soon. This makes us think that we shall have to be very prudent with those who will want to come among us. Because the seed of heresy and separation will certainly be in them. »

«Do you think so? And is Israel not already divided in coming to Me? You mean this: that the Israel, that loved Me, will never be heretical and divided. Is that right? But has she ever been united for ages, even in the ancient formation? And has she been united in following Me? I truly tell you that the root of heresy is in her. »

«But.. »

«But she has been idolatrous and heretical for ages under the outer appearance of faithfulness. You know her idols. And her heresies. The Gentiles will be better than she is. That is why I have not excluded them, and I tell you to do what I have done.

That will be one of the most difficult things for you. I know.

But remember the prophets. They prophesy the vocation of the Gentiles and the hardness of the Judaeans\*. Why would you like to close the gates of the Kingdom to those who love Me and come to the Light that their souls were seeking? Do you think that they are bigger sinners than you, because they have not known God as yet, because they have followed their religion and they will follow it until they are attracted by ours? You must not. I say that many a time they are better than you because, while they have a religion that is not holy, they know how to be just. There is no lack of just people in any country and religion. God observes the deeds of men, not their words. And if He sees that a Gentile, out of the justice of his heart, according to nature does what the Law of Sinai prescribes, why should He consider him contemptible? Is it not more meritorious that a man, who does not know God's command not to do this or that because it is evil, should take upon himself not to do what his reason tells him is not good and should follow it faithfully, than the very relative merit of him who, knowing God, the scope of man and the Law that enables him to attain it, comes to continuous compromises and designs, in order to adapt the perfect order to a corrupt will? What do you think? That God appreciates the ways out of obedience devised by Israel in order not to sacrifice her concupiscence too much? What do you think? That when a Gentile departs from this world, and is just in the eyes of God as he has followed the right law that his conscience imposed on itself, God will consider him a demon? I tell you: God will judge the actions of men, and the Christ, the Judge of all peoples, will reward those to whom the desire of their souls was a voice of an intimate law to attain the final scope of man, which is to be reunited to his Creator, to the God unknown to the heathens, but to the God Who they feel is True and Holy, beyond the painted scenery of any false Olympus.

<sup>18</sup>Even more, pay attention not to be the cause of scandal to the Gentiles. Too often the name of God has already been derid-

635. 18

\* **They prophesy the vocation of the Gentiles** for example in: Isaiah 45: 14-17; 49: 5-6; 55: 5; 60; Jeremiah 16: 19-21; Micah 4: 1-2; Zephaniah 3: 9-10; Zechariah 8: 20-23; **and the hardness of the Judaeans** for example in: Exodus 32: 7-10; 33: 5; 34: 8; Deuteronomy 9: 1-14; 31: 24-27; 2 Chronicles 30: 7-8; 36: 14-16; Jeremiah 3: 6-25; 4: 1-4; 7: 21-28; Ezekiel 2: 3-8; 3: 4-9; 6: 11-14; 7: 15-27; 8; 11: 2-12; 20; 22. Already in chapter 177. 4.

ed among the Gentiles because of the deeds of the children of the people of God. Do not consider yourselves the absolute treasurers of My gifts and of My merits. I died for the Judaeans and for the Gentiles. My Kingdom will belong to all peoples. Do not take advantage of the patience with which God has treated you so far, by saying: "We are allowed everything". No. I tell you. There is no longer this or that people. There is My People. And in it the vases used up in the service of the Temple and those that are now being laid on the tables of God have the same value. And more than that, many vases used up in the service of the Temple, *but not of God*, will be thrown into a corner, and in their stead on the altar will be placed those that do not yet know incense, oil, wine or balm, but are anxious to be filled with them and to be used for the glory of the Lord.

Do not demand too much of the Gentiles. It is enough for them to have faith and to obey My Word. A new circumcision replaces the old one. Man is to be circumcised in his heart, from now on; in his spirit, even better than in his heart, because the blood of the circumcised, symbolising the purification from the concupiscence that excluded Adam from the divine filiation, has been replaced by My most pure Blood. It is valid both for those who are circumcised and for those who are uncircumcised in their bodies, providing the latter have received My Baptism and they renounce Satan, the world, the flesh, out of love for Me. Do not despise the uncircumcised. God did not despise Abraham. Because of his justice God chose him\* as the head of His People even before circumcision had bitten his flesh. If God approached Abraham uncircumcised, to give him His orders, you can approach the uncircumcised to teach them the Law of the Lord. Consider to how many sins and to what sin the circumcised have come. So do not be inexorable towards the Gentiles. »

«But shall we have to tell them what You taught us? They will not understand anything, because they do not know the Law. »

«You say so. But did Israel, who knew the Law and the Prophets, understand? »

«That is true. »

«But be careful. You will say what the Spirit advises you to

\* chose him, for instance in: *Genesis 12: 1-3, 7.*

say, verbally, without any fear, without wanting to do it by yourselves. <sup>19</sup>When false prophets arise among the believers, and they profess their ideas as if they were inspired, and they are the heretics, then you will have to fight their heretical doctrines with means firmer than words. But do not worry. The Holy Spirit will guide you. I never say anything that may not happen. » 635. 19

«And what shall we do with heretics? »

«Fight the heresy itself with all your strength, but with every means try to convert the heretics to the Lord. Never get tired in looking for the sheep that have gone astray in order to take them back to the Fold. Pray, suffer, get people to pray, to suffer, go around begging the pure, the good, the generous believers for sacrifices and sufferings, because these are the means to convert your brothers. The Passion of Christ continues in Christians. I have not excluded you from this great work, which is the Redemption of the world. You are all members of one single body. Help one another, and let those who are strong and healthy work for the weaker ones, and those who are united stretch out their hands and call their brothers who are far away. »

«But will there be any, after they have been brothers in one house? »

«There will be some. »

«Why? »

«For so many reasons. They will still have My Name. And what is even more, they will take pride in that Name. They will work to make it known. They will help in making Me known as far as the extreme boundaries of the Earth. Let them do, because, I remind you, who is not against Me is for Me. But, poor children! their work will always be incomplete, their merits always imperfect. They cannot be in Me if they are separated from the Vine. Their works will always be incomplete. You, I say you, referring to your future successors, must be where they are. Do not say pharisaically: “I am not going in order not to be contaminated”. Or lazily: “I am not going, because there already is who preaches the Lord”. Or timidly: “I am not going in order not to be driven away by them”. Go. I tell you: Go. To all peoples. As far as the boundaries of the world. So that *all* My Doctrine and My Only Church may be made known and souls may be able to become part of it. »



«And shall we tell them or write all your actions? »

«I have told you. The Holy Spirit will advise you what it is right to say or be quiet about, according to the times. You can see it! What I have done is believed or denied, and at times is used as a weapon against Me, manipulated as it is by hands that hate Me. They have called Me Beelzebub when, as the Master, I worked miracles in the presence of everybody. And what will they say now, when they learn that I have acted in such a supernatural manner? They will curse Me even more. And you would be persecuted before the time. So be silent until it is the time to speak. »

635. 20 «But if that hour should come when we, the witnesses, are dead? »

«In My Church there will always be priests, doctors, prophets, exorcizers, confessors, people who work miracles or are inspired, as is necessary so that peoples may have from the Church what is necessary. Heaven: the Church Triumphant will not leave the Church Teaching all alone, and the latter will assist the Church Militant. They are not three bodies. They are only one Body. There is no division among them, but communion of love and of purpose: to love Charity and enjoy it in Heaven, its Kingdom. And for this reason the Church Militant will have to provide with love for the suffrages on behalf of that part of it which, already destined to the Church Triumphant, is still excluded from it, because of the satisfactory expiation of faults absolved but not entirely expiated with regard to the Perfect Divine Justice. In the mystic Body everything is to be done in love and through love. Because love is the blood that circulates in it. Assist your brothers who are being purified. As I said that the works of corporal mercy achieve a reward for you, in Heaven, so I told you that also the spiritual ones achieve it for you. And I truly tell you that a prayer for the souls of the dead, that they may enter into peace, *is a great work of mercy*, for which God will bless you and the souls for whom you have prayed will be grateful. When, at the resurrection of the bodies, you are all gathered before Christ Judge, among those whom I will bless, there will be also those who showed love for their brothers who were being purified, making offerings and praying for their peace. I tell you. Not one of the good actions will be left without fruit, and many will shine brightly in Heaven,

without having preached, administered, made apostolic journeys, embraced special states, but only because they prayed and suffered to give peace to the souls that were being purified, to lead men to conversion. They also, priests unknown to the world, unknown apostles, victims whom God alone sees, will receive the reward of the workers of the Lord, as of their lives they made a perpetual sacrifice of love for their brothers and for the glory of God. I truly tell you that one can arrive at eternal life along many ways, and this is one of them, and it is so dear to My Heart. <sup>21</sup>Have you anything else to ask? Speak up. »

635. 21

«Lord, yesterday and not only yesterday, we were thinking that You said: “You will sit on twelve thrones to judge the twelve tribes of Israel”. But now we are eleven... »

«Elect the twelfth. It is your duty, Peter, to do so. »

«Mine? Not mine, Lord! I ask You to choose him. »

«I elected My Twelve once and I formed them. Then I appointed their chief. Then I gave them Grace and I infused the Holy Spirit into them. It is their turn now to walk, because they are no longer babies unweaned unable to do so. »

«But at least tell us where we are to lay our eyes... »

«Here you are. This is the chosen part of the herd» says Jesus, making a circular gesture on those of the seventy-two who are present.

«Not us, Lord. Not us. The place of the traitor frightens us» they say imploringly.

«Let us take Lazarus. Do You agree, Lord? »

Jesus is silent.

«Joseph of Arimathea?.. Nicodemus?.. »

Jesus is silent.

«Yes! Let us take Lazarus. »

«And do you want to give the perfect friend that place that you do not want? » asks Jesus.

«Lord, I should like to say something» says the Zealot.

«Speak. »

«I am sure that Lazarus for Your sake would accept also that place and would hold it in such a perfect manner as to make people forget whose place *that* was. But I do not think it is befitting to do so for other reasons. Lazarus’ spiritual virtues can be found in many among the humble people of Your flock. And I

think that it would be better to give them the preference, so that the believers may not say that we sought only power and wealth, as the Pharisees do, instead of virtue only. »

«You are right, Simon. And what you said is so much more true, as you have spoken with justice, without letting Lazarus' friendship prevent you from speaking. »

«Then let us appoint Marjiam as twelfth apostle. He is a boy. »

«In order to cancel that horrible empty space, I would accept it, but I am not worthy of it. How could I, a boy, speak to an adult? Lord, You must say whether I am right. »

«You are right. But do not be in a hurry. The time will come and you will be surprised at all being of the same opinion. Pray, in the meantime. I am going away. Withdraw to pray. I dismiss you for the time being. Ensure that you are all at Bethany on the fourteenth of Civ. »

He stands up, while they all kneel down prostrating themselves with their faces on the grass. He blesses them and the light, the maid who announces Him and precedes Him when He comes as she receives Him when He departs, embraces Him and hides Him, absorbing Him once again.

### 636. The supplementary Passover.

23<sup>rd</sup> April 1947.

<sup>1</sup>Jesus' order has been carried out to the letter, this time, and Bethany is crowded with disciples. Meadows, paths, orchards, Lazarus' olive-groves are full of them and as they are not sufficient to hold so many people, who do not want to damage the property of Jesus' friend, many of them have spread out also among the olive groves that are between Bethany and Jerusalem along the roads of the Mount of Olives. Closer to the house are the disciples of early days, many others are farther away. Faces not well known or completely unknown. But who can now recognise so many faces and mention their names? I think there are hundreds of them. Now and again, in the medley, a face or a name reminds me of faces seen among those helped and converted by Jesus, even at the last hour. But it is beyond my capability to remember so many faces and names, and to recognise them all. It

would be the same as if one expected me to recognise who was among the people that crowded the streets in Jerusalem on Palm Sunday or on Good Friday, or covered Calvary with a carpet of faces, most of which were drawn with hatred.

The apostles go in and out from Simon's house, moving around the people to keep them quiet or to reply to their questions. Also Lazarus and Maximinus help them. At the upper-floor balcony windows of Simon's house one can see all the faces of the women disciples appear and disappear: grey-haired or brown-haired heads, among which shine the fair-haired heads of Mary of Lazarus and of Aurea. Now and again one comes out, looks and withdraws. They are all there, really all of them, the young ones and the old ones, also those who had never come, such as Sarah of Aphek. On the terrace many children are playing, those gathered by Sarah, the grandchildren of Anne of Merom, Mary and Matthias, the little boy Shalem, who was crippled and was the grandchild of Nahum and who is now happy and healthy, and some more. A flock of happy little birds, watched over by Margiam and by other young disciples, such as the little shepherd of Enon and Jaia of Pella. Among the children I now see also the little boy of Sidon, who was blind. It is obvious that he was brought by his father.

<sup>2</sup>The sun is beginning to set in a very bright clear sky.

636. 2

Peter consults with Lazarus and with his companions. «I think that it is better to dismiss the people. What do you say? He will not come today either. And many of these people have to consume the little Passover this evening» says Peter.

«Yes. It is better to dismiss them. Perhaps the Lord has wisely decided not to come today. All those of the Temple have gathered in Jerusalem. I do not know how they heard that He was coming and... » says Lazarus.

«And even so? What can they do to Him any more? » says Thaddeus vehemently.

«You are forgetting that they are they. And these words of mine say everything. Even if they can do Him no harm, they can do a lot of harm to these people who have come to worship Him. And the Lord does not want to damage His believers. And then! Do you think that they, blinded by their sin and their thought, which is always the same one, among the contrasting ideas in

their heads, do not also have the idea that the Lord has risen, that is, that He never died and He came out from there like one who awakes by himself or with the complicity of many? You do not know what wild confusion of thoughts, what entanglement, what storm of suppositions is in their minds. They have created it all in order not to admit the truth. We can really say that those who were accomplices yesterday are divided today, for the same cause that previously kept them joined together. And some people have been seduced by their ideas. See? Some are no longer among the disciples... » says Lazarus.

«And let them go! Other better ones have come. Certainly, those who have informed the Sanhedrin that the Lord will be here on the fourteenth day of the second month, are to be looked for among those who have gone away. And after the delation they no longer have the courage to come. Come on! Stop it! Enough of traitors! » says Bartholomew.

«We shall always have some, my dear friend! Man!... He yields too easily to impressions and to pressures. But we must not be afraid. The Lord said that we must not be afraid» says the Zealot.

«And we are not afraid. A few days ago we were still frightened. Do you remember? I, as far as I am concerned, was afraid when I thought of coming back here. Now I no longer seem to be so frightened. But I do not trust myself too much, and you as well ought not to trust your Cephas too much. I have already proved once that I am made of clay that crumbles, instead of being of solid granite. <sup>636.3</sup>Well, let us dismiss these people. It is your duty, Lazarus. »

«No, Simon Peter. It is yours. You are the chief... » says Lazarus kindly, embracing Peter's shoulder with his arm and pushing him thus towards the staircase and up it, as far as the terrace surrounding Simon's house.

Peter makes a gesture meaning that he wants to speak and the people nearby become silent and those farther away move towards him. Peter waits until most of them are near him, then he says: «Men from every part of Israel, listen. I exhort you to go back to town. The sun has already begun to set. So, go. If He comes, we will let you know at all costs. God be with you. »

He withdraws, going into an airy room where, around the

Blessed Virgin, there are all the more faithful women disciples and also other women who loved the Lord as their Master, although they never followed Him on His pilgrimages. And Peter goes and sits in a corner, looking at Mary Who smiles at him.

The people, outside, slowly part into two groups: that of those who remain and that of those who go back to town. Voices of adults calling the children, the shrill voices of children replying to them. Then the buzzing noise subsides.

«And now» says Peter «we will go as well. »

«Father, but the Lord said that He would come!... »

«Eh! I know! But, as you can see, He has not come. And this is the day He prescribed... »

<sup>4</sup>«Yes, and my brother has already prepared everything for you, and here is Mark of Jonas, who has come to take you there and open the gate to you. But I am coming as well. We are all coming. Lazarus has provided for everybody» says Mary of Magdala. <sup>636. 4</sup>

«And where can we consume the supper with so many people? »

«Gethsemane itself will be the Supper room. Inside the house, the room for those who Jesus said. Outside, near the house, the tables for the others. That is what He wanted. »

«Who? Lazarus? »

«The Lord. »

«The Lord? But when did He come? »

«He came... What does it matter to you when? He came and He spoke to Lazarus. »

<sup>5</sup>«I think that He will come, and even more, that He has come to each of us, even if none of us say so, keeping that joy as his dearest pearl, that he is even afraid to show, fearing it may lose its most beautiful light. The secrets of the King! » says Bartholomew, and he looks at the group of the virgin disciples, whose faces blush as if the beams of the setting sun set them aflame. But it is a spiritual flame of intense joy that lights them. <sup>636. 5</sup>

Mary, the Virgin of the virgins, all white in Her linen dress, a lily dressed in white, lowers Her head smiling, without speaking. How much She resembles, at this moment, the young Virgin of the Annunciation!

«Certainly... He will not leave us all alone, even if He does not appear visibly. I say that it is He Who puts certain thoughts in my poor heart and even more in my poor mind... » admits Matthew.

The others do not speak... They look at one another while they put on their mantles, scrutinising one another. But the very care with which some cover their faces as much as possible, to keep concealed the wave of spiritual joy enlivened by the recollection of the divine secret meetings, reveal them as the most favoured ones.

«Well, say so! » exclaim the others. «We are not jealous! We are not so intrusive as to want to know. But we shall be comforted by the hope that we shall not be deprived of His sight for good! Remember the words\* of Raphael to Tobias: “It is certainly right to keep the secret of the king, but it is more honourable to reveal and publish the works of God”. The angel of God is right! Keep the secret of the words He has given you, but disclose His continuous love for us. »

James of Alphaeus looks at Mary, as if he wished to be enlightened by Her, and realising by Her smile that She agrees, he says: «It is true. I have seen the Lord. » Nothing else. And he is the only one to say so. The other two, who have covered themselves carefully, do not utter one word.

636.6 <sup>6</sup>They all go out and in groups, the eleven ahead, then Lazarus with his sisters and the women disciples around Mary, last the shepherds and many of the seventy-two disciples. They set out towards Jerusalem along the upper road that takes one to the Mount of Olives. The children who have stayed run backwards and forwards happily.

Mark shows them a path that avoids the Field of the Galileans and the busier areas and goes directly to the new enclosure of the Garden of Gethsemane. He opens, lets them pass, and closes. Many disciples whisper to one another and some go to ask the apostles, and John in particular, questions. But they make a gesture to wait, as it is not yet the time to do what they ask, and they all remain quiet.

How much peace in the vast olive-grove, still kissed by the last sunbeams in the upper part, whereas the lower ones are al-

\* words, in: *Tobit* 12: 7.

ready in the shade! A light rustling of the wind among the silver-green leaves and the cheerful chirping of birds greeting the dying day.

<sup>7</sup>Here is the little house of the keeper. On the terrace, which is its roof, Lazarus has had a number of tents put up, so that the terrace has changed into an aerial supper room for the disciples who were not able to consume the Passover the previous month. Downstairs, on the very clean threshing-floor, there are more tables. In the house, in the best room, is the table for the women disciples. 636. 7

The roasted lambs, lettuce, unleavened bread and the reddish sauce are brought to the various tables of those who have not celebrated the Passover, and the ritual chalice is placed on the tables. But on the table of the women there is no chalice, but as many cups as the people sitting at the table. The women were obviously exempted from that part of the ceremony. On the table of those who have consumed the Passover at the proper time there is the lamb, but there is no unleavened bread and no lettuce with reddish sauce.

Lazarus and Maximinus supervise everything. And Lazarus bends over Peter to tell him something that makes the chief Apostle shake his head violently in obstinate denial.

«And yet... it is your duty» says Philip, who is beside him.

But Peter points at James of Alphaeus: «It is his duty. »

<sup>8</sup>While they are discussing so, the Lord appears at the beginning of the threshing-floor and says the greeting: «Peace to you. » 636. 8

They all stand up and the noise warns the women of what is happening. They are on the point of going out, but Jesus enters the house greeting them as well.

Mary says: «Son! » and She worships Him more deeply than the others, teaching them by such a gesture that, no matter how Jesus may be a friend, such a friend and relative as to be even Her Son, He is always God, and is to be worshipped as God. Always worshipped, with an adoring spirit, even if His love for us is so full as to urge Him to give Himself with full confidence, as our Brother and Spouse.

«Peace to You, Mother. Sit down and eat. I am going upstairs, where Marjiam is awaiting his reward. »



He goes out to climb the little staircase and He calls in a loud voice: «Simon Peter and James of Alphaeus. Come. »

The two He has called go up behind Him and Jesus sits at the central table, where Marjiam is, and says to the two Apostles: «You will do what I tell you» and to Matthias, who is at the head of the table, He says: «Begin the Passover banquet. » This evening Jesus has Marjiam beside Him, where John was the last time. Peter and James are behind the Lord awaiting His orders.

636. 9 <sup>9</sup>And the banquet is celebrated with the same ritual of the Passover Supper: hymns, questions, libations. I do not know whether it is the same at the other tables. I look fixedly where Jesus is, unless His will compels me to look elsewhere, and I forget everything to contemplate my Lord, Who is now offering the best morsels of His lamb - He has taken it on His plate but He does not eat any of it, neither does He take any lettuce or sauce, and He does not drink of the Chalice - and He offers the best morsels to Marjiam, who is really blissful.

At the beginning Jesus made a gesture to Peter to bend and listen to Him, and Peter after listening to Him said in a loud voice: «At this moment the Lord offered the chalice for us all, as He was the Father and Head of His Family. »

Now He makes another gesture to Peter, who listens again and then stands up and says: «And at this point the Lord girded Himself to purify us and teach us what we are to do to consume the Eucharistic Sacrifice worthily. »

The supper proceeds until at another sign Peter says again: «At this moment the Lord, after taking the bread and the wine, offered them, and praying blessed them, and after breaking the bread into parts, He handed them to us saying: “This is My Body and this is My Blood of the new eternal Testament, and it will be shed for you and for many to the remission of sins”. »

636. 10 <sup>10</sup>Jesus stands up. He is most imposing. He orders Peter and James to take a loaf of bread and break it into small morsels and to fill a chalice, the biggest one there is on the tables, with wine. They obey and hold the bread and the wine in front of Him, and Jesus stretches out His hands over them and prays without any other action except His enraptured look...

«Hand out the morsels of bread and offer the brotherly chalice. Every time you do this, you shall do it in memory of Me. »

The two Apostles obey, full of veneration...

While the distribution of the Species takes place, Jesus goes down to the women. I think, but I cannot see, because I do not go in where they are, that Jesus administers Holy Communion to His Mother with His own hands. This is what I think, but I do not know whether it is true. But I cannot understand why He should go there, if it were not to do that.

<sup>11</sup>Then He goes back up to the terrace. He does not sit down any more. The supper is about to end. He asks: «Is it all consumed?» 636. 11

«It is all consumed, Lord. »

«As I did on the Cross. Stand up. Let us pray. »

He stretches out His arms, as if He were on the cross, and He intones the prayer of the *Our Father*.

I do not know why I am weeping. I think that it is perhaps the last time that I shall hear Him say it... And, *as no painter or sculptor will ever be able to give us the true image of Jesus*, so no one, however holy he may be, will ever be able to say the *Our Father* so manfully and at the same time so gently. I shall always feel a great nostalgia for these *Our Fathers* as I heard them from Jesus, a real conversation of His soul with the most loved and adored Father of Heaven, a cry of honour, of obedience, of faith; of submission, of humbleness, of mercy, of wish, of trust... everything!

«Go. And may the Grace of the Lord be in all of you and may His peace accompany you» Jesus says dismissing them. And He disappears in a bright light that by far exceeds the moonlight, as the moon is now full and high over the silent Garden, and the light of the lamps placed on the tables.

Not a voice. Tears on faces, adoration in hearts... and nothing else. The night watches and knows, with the angels, the throbs of those blessed hearts.

### **637. Farewell to Her Mother before ascending to His Father. Everything we have is through Mary.**

22<sup>nd</sup> February 1944.

<sup>1</sup>I always see the room where Mary lives. The signs of the Pas-

637. 1

sion have disappeared.

The Virgin is sitting and reading. They must be holy books; because She certainly does not read anything else in the scroll She is holding in Her hands. She is no longer tortured. Her face is more serious than before the Passion, more mature. But it is no longer that tragical face. It is stately but serene.

It seems to be morning, because the sun is already shining brightly and through the open window it illuminates the quiet room, but one can see that the garden, surrounded by high walls and on to which the window opens, is still all fresh with dew.

637.2 <sup>2</sup>Jesus goes in. He is still wearing the wonderful garment of the morning of the Resurrection. His face sheds brightness and His wounds are like small suns.

Mary kneels down smiling, then She stands up and kisses His right Hand. Jesus presses Her to His Heart and kisses Her forehead, smiling, and asks Her for a kiss, which She also gives Him on His Forehead.

«Mother. The time of My stay on the earth is over. I am ascending to My Father. I have come to say a special farewell to You, and to show Myself to You once again as I shall be in Heaven. It was not possible for Me to show Myself to men in this splendid garment. They would not have been able to bear the beauty of My glorified Body. It exceeds by far their possibilities. But to You, yes, Mother. And I have come to gladden You once again with it. Kiss My Wounds, so that in Heaven I may smell the perfume of Your lips and the sweetness of My Blood may remain on them for You.

637.3 <sup>3</sup>But be sure, Mother, that I will never leave You. I will come out of Your heart only those few moments necessary for the consecration of the Bread and of the Wine, to return there, after getting detached from You with difficulty, with an eagerness of love like Your own, o My living Heaven of which I am the Heaven. We shall never be so united as from now on. Previously there was My embryonal inability, then My childhood, then the struggle of life and of work, then My mission, and then the Cross and the Sepulchre to keep Me away and to prevent Me from telling You how much I love You. But now I shall be in You no longer as a creature that is being formed, no longer near You among the obstacles of the world that forbids the fusion of two who love each other. Now

I shall be in You as God, and nothing, nothing on Earth and in Heaven will be able to separate Me from You, You from Me, Holy Mother. I will speak words of ineffable love to You, I will give You caresses of inexpressible kindness. And you will love Me for those who do not love Me.

Oh! Mother, with Your perfect love, You fill the measure of love that the world will not give the Christ. So, rather than a farewell, Mine is the greeting of one who goes out for a moment, as if I were going to pick roses and lilies in this flowery garden. But from Heaven I will bring You other roses and other lilies, more beautiful than these that have bloomed here. I will fill Your heart with them, Mother, to make You forget the stench of the Earth, that does not want to be holy, and to give You in advance the air of the blissful Paradise, where You are expected with so much love.

And the Love, Who cannot wait, will come upon You in ten days' time. Make Yourself beautiful with Your most beautiful joy, o Virgin Mother, because Your Spouse is coming. Winter is over... the vineyards in blossom shed their scent, and He sings\*: "Rise, o most beautiful one. Come, My Bride, you will be crowned". With His Fire He will crown You, o Holy Mother, and will make You happy with His spirit, which will be infused into You with all its magnificence, o Queen of Wisdom, His Queen, Who understood Him since the dawn of Your life and loved Him as no creature in the world ever loved.

<sup>4</sup>Mother, I am ascending to Our Father. Upon You, Blessed Mother, the blessing of Your Son. » 637. 4

Mary beams with joy in Her ecstasy, in the room that is still bright in the light of Christ.

<sup>5</sup>Jesus says:

637. 5

«Do not discuss, men, whether it was or was not possible for Me to change garment. I no longer was the Man bound to the necessities of man. I had the Universe as My footstool and all the powers as My obedient servants. And if, while I was the Evangelizer, I was able to become transfigured on the Tabor, should I have not been able to become transfigured for My Mother, when

\* sings, as in: *Song of Songs 2: 11-13.*

I became the glorious Christ? Or rather, change Myself for men and appear to Her as I was by now, *divine, glorious, transfigured*, from Man as I showed Myself to everybody in What I really was? And yet She had seen Me, poor Mother, transfigured by tortures. It was fair that She should see Me transfigured by Glory.

637.6 <sup>6</sup>Do not discuss whether I could really be in Mary. If you say that God is in Heaven and on the earth and everywhere, why can you doubt whether at the same time I could be in Heaven and in the Heart of Mary, Who was a living Heaven? If you believe that I am in the Blessed Sacrament and enclosed in your tabernacles, why can you doubt whether I was in that most pure and ardent Tabernacle that was the Heart of My Mother?

What is the Eucharist? It is My Body and My Blood united to My Soul and to My Divinity. Well, when She was pregnant with Me, what else had She in Her womb? Did She not have the Son of God, the Word of the Father with His Body, Blood, Soul and Divinity? Do you, perhaps, not have Me because Mary had Me and She gave Me to you, after carrying Me for nine months? Well, as I left Heaven to dwell in Mary's womb, so, now that I was leaving the Earth, I was electing Mary's womb as My Tabernacle. And which tabernacle, in which cathedral, is more beautiful and holy than this one?

637.7 <sup>7</sup>Holy Communion is a miracle of love that I worked for you, men. But at the summit of my thought of love, there was shining the thought of infinite love of being able to live with My Mother and make Her live with Me until we should be reunited in Heaven. I worked the first miracle for the joy of My Mother, at Cana in Galilee. The last miracle, or rather, the last miracles, for the consolation of Mary, in Jerusalem. The Eucharist and the veil of the veronica. The latter, to give a drop of honey to the bitterness of the Desolate Mother. The former, to prevent Her from feeling that Jesus was no longer on the Earth.

Everything, everything, everything, *but try and understand this once and for all*, you have through Mary! You ought to love and bless Her at each breath of yours.

The veil of veronica is also a goad to your sceptical souls. Since you, o rationalists, o tepid people vacillating in your faith, proceed through arid examinations, compare the face of the veronica with that of the Holy Shroud. One is the Face of a living

person, the other of a dead one. But length, width, somatic types, form, distinctive features, are identical. Superimpose the images. You will see that they correspond. It is I. I Who wanted to remind you how I was and how I had become out of love for you. If you had not gone astray, if you were not blind, those two Faces should be enough to bring you to love, to repentance, to God.

The Son of God leaves you, blessing you with the Father and with the Holy Spirit. »

### **638. Final teachings at Gethsemane and farewell. Ascension of the Lord.**

24<sup>th</sup> April 1947.

<sup>1</sup>As the day dawns the eastern sky is tinged with a light rosy hue. Jesus is walking with His Mother along the slopes of Gethsemane. No words are spoken, only glances of indescribable love are visible. Words have probably already been spoken. Perhaps they were never uttered. The two souls have spoken: Christ's and Christ's Mother's. Now it is loving contemplation, reciprocal contemplation. The dewy nature, the pure morning light are acquainted with it, the kind creatures of God: the herbs, flowers, birds, butterflies are acquainted with it. Men are absent. 638. 1

<sup>2</sup>I feel even ill at ease being present at this farewell. «Lord, I am not worthy! » I exclaim among the tears falling from my eyes, as I look at the last hour of the earthly union of the Mother and Her Son, and I consider that we have come to the end of the loving fatigue, that is Jesus, Mary and the poor, little unworthy child, whom Jesus wanted as witness of all the Messianic time, and whose name is Mary, but whom Jesus loves to call «little John» or also the «sweet violet of the Cross. » 638. 2

Yes. Little John. *Little*, because I am a nonentity. *John*, because I am really the one to whom God has done great favours, and because, in an infinitesimal measure - but it is all I possess, and by giving everything that I possess I know that I give in a perfect measure that pleases Jesus, because He is the «all» of my nothing - and because in an infinitesimal measure, I, as the great beloved John, have given all my love to Jesus and to Mary, sharing tears

and smiles with them, following them, anguished at seeing them distressed and at not being able to defend them from the hatred of the world at the cost of my very life, and now palpitating with the throbs of their hearts for what ends forever...

Yes, sweet violet. A sweet violet that has tried to remain hidden among the grass so that Jesus should not avoid it, as He loved all created things so much, since they are the work of His Father, but He should press me under His divine foot, and I might die exhaling my light scent in the effort to sweeten His contact with the rough hard earth. Yes, sweet violet of the Cross. And His Blood filled my calyx even to make it bend on the ground...

Oh! my Beloved Who, first, filled me with Your Blood, making me contemplate Your wounded feet, nailed to the wood «... and at the foot of the cross there was a little plant of sweet-smelling violets in bloom, and drops of the divine Blood were falling on the little plant of sweet-smelling violets in bloom... » A remote recollection\*, and always so close and present! A preparation to what I was later: Your mouthpiece who is now completely besprinkled with Your Blood, with Your perspiration and tears, with the tears of Mary Your Mother, but who also knows Your words, Your smiles, everything, everything about You, and no longer smells of sweet-smelling violets but of You alone, my One and Only Love, of that divine perfume that yesterday evening lulled my sorrow, and comes to me, as sweet as a kiss, as comforting as Heaven itself, and makes me forget everything to live only in You...

638.3 <sup>3</sup>I have Your promise\*\* in me. I know that I shall not lose You. You have promised me and Your promise is sincere: *it is the promise of God*. I will still have You, forever. Only if I sinned of pride, falsehood, disobedience, I should lose You, You said so, but You know that, with Your Grace supporting my will, I do not want to sin, and I hope that I will not sin, because You will support me. I am not an oak-tree. I know. I am a sweet violet. A frail

\* **A remote recollection**, that of the “vision” of 22<sup>nd</sup> April 1943 (related in “*The Notebooks. 1943*”) where her mission was revealed to M. V. The day after, Good Friday, she received her first “dictation”.

\*\* **I have Your Promise**, that of 14<sup>th</sup> March 1947 (reported on “*The Notebooks. 1945-1950*”) under the date 16<sup>th</sup> March 1947. The object of that promise can be deduced from the following text.

stalk that can be bent by the foot of a little bird and also by the weight of a scarab. But You are my strength, o Lord. And my love for You is my wing.

I shall not lose You. You have promised me. You will come, *entirely for me*, to give joy to Your dying sweet violet. But I am not selfish, Lord. You know. You know that I should like You to be seen no longer by me, but to be seen by *many* more people, whom I should like to believe in You. You have already given me so much, and I am not worthy of it. You have really loved me as You alone know how to love Your beloved children.

<sup>4</sup>I think of how pleasant it was to see You «live» as Man among <sup>638. 4</sup>men. And I think that I shall no longer see You so. Everything has been seen and said. I also know that You will not be canceled out of my thought in Your actions of Man amongst men, and that I shall need no books to remember You as You really were: it will be enough for me to look within myself, where all Your life is fixed with indelible letters. But it was sweet, sweet...

Now You are going to ascend... The Earth will lose You. Mary of the Cross will lose You, Master Saviour. You will remain for her the most sweet God, and You will no longer pour Blood but celestial honey into the violet calyx of Your sweet violet... I am weeping... I have been Your disciple with the other women disciples along the roads of mountains and forests, along the barren dusty roads of the plains, on the lake and near the lovely river of Your Fatherland. You are now going away and only in my memory I shall see Bethlehem and Nazareth on their hills green with olive-trees, and Jericho burning in the sun and with its rustling palm-trees, and friendly Bethany, and Engedi, a pearl lost in the deserts, and beautiful Samaria, and the fertile plains of Sharon and Esdraelon, and the strange tableland beyond the Jordan, and the nightmare of the Dead Sea, and the sunny towns on the Mediterranean coasts, and Jerusalem, the town of Your sorrow, its roads uphill and downhill, the archivolts, the squares, the suburbs, the wells and cisterns, the hills and even the sad valley of the lepers, where so much of Your mercy was effused... And the house of the Supper room... the little fountain weeping nearby... the little bridge on the Kidron, the place where You sweated blood... the court-yard of the Praetorium...



Ah, no! everything that is Your sorrow *is here. It will remain forever...* I shall have to look for all the souvenirs to find them, but Your prayer at Gethsemane, Your scourging, Your ascent to Golgotha, Your agony and death, and the sorrow of Your Mother, no, I shall not have to look for them: *they are always present. I may forget them in Paradise...* and it seems impossible to me that *they can be forgotten even there...* I remember everything of those dreadful hours. Even the shape of the stone on which You fell. Even the bud of a red rose that knocked against the stone that closed Your sepulchre, and looked like a drop of blood on the granite... My most divine Love, Your Passion lives in my mind... and it breaks my heart...

638.5     <sup>5</sup>The day has dawned completely. The sun is already high and the voices of the apostles can be heard. It is a signal for Jesus and Mary. They stop. They look at each other, One in front of the Other, then Jesus opens His arms and presses His Mother to His chest... Oh! He was really a Man, the Son of a Woman! To believe it is enough to watch this farewell! Love overflows in a shower of kisses for the beloved Mother. Love covers the beloved Son with kisses. They seem unable to part. When they seem to be on the point of doing so, another embrace joins them again and among the kisses words of reciprocal blessings are uttered... Oh! it is really the Son of Man Who is leaving Her Who gave birth to Him! It is really the Mother Who, in order to give Him back to the Father, dismisses Her Child, the Token of the Love for the Most Pure Mother... God Who kisses the Mother of God!...

Finally the Woman, as a creature, kneels at the feet of Her God, Who is also Her Son, and Her Son, Who is God, imposes His hands on the head of the Virgin Mother, of the Eternal Beloved, and blesses Her in the Name of the Father, of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, and then He bends and lifts Her up, with a last kiss on Her forehead, which is as white as a petal of a lily under Her golden hair still so young-looking...

They go once again towards the house, and no one, seeing how calmly they proceed One beside the Other, would think of that wave of love that overwhelmed them shortly before. But how much difference there is also, in this farewell, from the

sadness of other farewells of the past and from the torture of the farewell of the Mother to Her Son Who had been killed and was to be left all alone in the Sepulchre!... In the present case, although their eyes are shining with the natural tears of those who depart from their Beloved ones, their lips smile out of joy knowing that this Beloved is going to the Abode befitting His Glory...

<sup>6</sup>«Lord! Out there, between the mountain and Bethany are all those that You told Your Mother You wanted to bless today» says Peter. 638. 6

«All right. We will go to them now. But come first. I want to share the bread once again with all of you. »

They go into the room where ten days previously were the women for the supper of the fourteenth day of the second month. Mary accompanies Jesus so far, then She withdraws. Jesus remains with the eleven.

On the table there is some roasted meat, some cheese and small black olives, a small amphora of wine and a larger one with water, and some broad loaves of bread. A simple table, not set for an important ceremony, but only for the necessity of taking some food.

Jesus offers and makes the portions. He is in the centre between Peter and James of Alphaeus. He has called them to those places. John, Judas of Alphaeus and James are in front of Him, Thomas, Philip and Matthew are on one side, Andrew, Bartholomew and the Zealot are on the other. So everybody can see Jesus... A quick, silent meal. The apostles, who are at their last day with Jesus, not withstanding that the subsequent apparitions, both collective and individual, from the Resurrection onwards, have been full of love, have never got out of that reserve and veneration that have characterised their meetings with the Risen Jesus.

The meal is over. <sup>7</sup>Jesus opens His hands over the table, with His usual gesture when facing an unavoidable fact, and says: 638. 7

«Well. The hour has come when I have to leave you to go back to My Father. Listen to the last words of your Master.

Do not go away from Jerusalem during these days. Lazarus, to whom I have spoken, has seen to the fulfilment of the desires of his Master, and he gives you the house of the Last

Supper, so that you may have a residence where to hold meetings and concentrate in prayer. Remain there during these days and pray assiduously to be prepared for the coming of the Holy Spirit, Who will complete you for your mission. Remember that I, although I was God, prepared Myself with severe penance for My ministry of evangelizer. Your preparation will be easier and easier and shorter and shorter. But I do not exact anything else from you. It is sufficient that you pray assiduously, together with the seventy-two and under the guide of My Mother, Whom I entrust to you with the concern of a Son. She will be for you a Mother and Teacher of love and perfect wisdom.

I could have sent you elsewhere to prepare yourselves to receive the Holy Spirit, instead I want you to remain here, because it is Jerusalem, the denier, that must be astonished at the continuation of the divine prodigies, which are given in reply to its denials. Later, the Holy Spirit will make you understand the necessity that the Church should arise just in this town, that from a human point of view is the most unworthy of having it. But Jerusalem is always Jerusalem, even if sin overwhelms it and the deicide was accomplished here. Nothing will be of avail to it. It is condemned. But if it is condemned, not all its citizens are condemned. Remain here for the few just people who are in its bosom, and remain here because this is the royal town and the town of the Temple, and because, as predicted by the prophets, here, where the King Messiah has been anointed and acclaimed and raised, here is to begin His kingdom over the world, and here again, where the synagogue received the libel of repudiation from God for its too many horrible crimes, the new Temple is to arise, and the peoples of all countries will come to it.

Read the prophets\*. Everything is predicted in them. My Mother first, the Spirit Paraclete later, will make you understand the words of the prophets for this period of time.

638. 8 <sup>8</sup>Remain here until Jerusalem repudiates you as it repudiated Me, and hates My Church as it hated Me, brooding over plots to exterminate it. Then take the See of this beloved Church of

\* **the prophets**, for instance: *Isaiah 2: 1-5; 49: 5-6; 55: 4-5; 60; Micah 4: 1-2; Zechariah 8: 20-23.*

Mine elsewhere, because it must not perish. I tell you: not even hell shall prevail against it. But if God gives you the assurance of His protection, do not tempt Heaven by exacting everything from Heaven. Go to Ephraim as your Master went there because it was not the hour for Him to be caught by His enemies. I say Ephraim, *meaning the land of idols and heathens*. But it is not Ephraim in Palestine that you must choose as the See of My Church. Remember how many times, I spoke of this to you, all united or to one individually, foretelling you that you would go along the roads of the Earth to arrive at the heart of it and establish My Church there. It is from the heart of man that blood circulates through all the members. It is from the heart of the world that Christianity must spread all over the Earth.

At present My Church is like a creature that has already been conceived but is still forming in the matrix. Jerusalem is its matrix, and inside it the still tiny heart, around which the few members of the dawning Church gather, gives its small waves of blood to these members. But, when the hour marked by God comes, the stepmotherly matrix will expel the creature that formed in its womb, and it will go to a new land, and it will grow there becoming a great Body spread all over the Earth, and the throbs of the strong heart of the Church will propagate to all the great Body. The throbs of the heart of the Church, freed from all ties with the Temple, eternal and victorious over the ruins of the perished and destroyed Temple, living in the heart of the world, will tell Hebrews and Gentiles that God alone triumphs and wants what He wants, and that no hatred of men or group of idols can stop His will.

But this will happen later, and at that time you will know what to do. The Spirit of God will lead you. Be not afraid. For the time being hold the first meeting of the believers in Jerusalem. Then more meetings will take place as their numbers grow. I truly tell you that the citizens of My Kingdom will increase rapidly like seeds sown in very good soil. My people will spread all over the Earth. The Lord says\* to the Lord: "Because you have done this, and for My sake you have not spared yourself, I will bless you and I will make your descendants as many as the stars

\* says, like for Abraham in: *Genesis 22: 15-18*.

of heaven and the grains of sand on the seashore. Your descendants shall gain possession of the gates of their enemies and in your descendants all the nations of the Earth shall be blessed". My Name, My Sign and My Law are blessings, wherever they are known as sovereigns.

638.9 <sup>9</sup>The Holy Spirit, the Sanctifier is about to come and you will be replete with Him. Ensure that you are as pure as everything that is to approach the Lord. I also was Lord like Him. But I had put on a garment over My Divinity to be able to stay among you, and not only to teach you and redeem you with the organs and the blood of that garment, *but also to bring the Holy of Holies among men, without it being unbecoming that every man, even an impure one, could lay his eyes on Him, Whom the Seraphim are afraid of looking at.* But the Holy Spirit will come without the veil of flesh, and will alight on you and will descend in you with His seven gifts and will advise you. *Now, the advice of God is such a sublime thing, that it is necessary to be prepared for it with a heroic will of a perfection that may make you resemble your Father and your Jesus, and your Jesus in His relationship with the Father and with the Holy Spirit.* Therefore, perfect charity and perfect love in order to be able to understand the Love and receive Him on the thrones of your hearts.

638.10 <sup>10</sup>Get lost in the eddy of contemplation. Strive to forget that you are men and strive to change into Seraphim. Throw yourselves into the furnace, into the flames of contemplation. The contemplation of God is like a spark that flashes from the friction of steel on flint-stone and gives fire and light. The fire that consumes the opaque and always impure matter and transforms it into bright and pure flame is purification.

You will not have the Kingdom of God in you, if you do not have love. Because the Kingdom of God is the Love, and appears with the Love, and through the Love it is established in your hearts in the brightness of a huge light, that penetrates and fecundates, removes ignorance and gives wisdom, devours man and creates the god, the son of God, My brother, the king of the throne that God has prepared for those who give themselves to God, in order to have God, God, God, God alone. So be pure and holy through fervent prayer that sanctifies man, because it

plunges him into God's fire, which is charity.

You must be holy. Not in the relative meaning that this words has had so far, but in the absolute meaning that I gave it, as I proposed the Holiness of the Lord as its example and limit, that is, perfect Holiness. Among us the Temple is called holy, holy the place where the altar is, the Holy of Holies the veiled place where the ark and the propitiatory are kept. But I truly tell you that those who possess the Grace and live in holiness out of love for the Lord, are more holy than the Holy of Holies, because God does not only alight on them, as on the propitiatory that is in the Temple, to give His orders, *but He lives in them, to give them His love.*

<sup>11</sup>Do you remember My words of the Last Supper? I promised <sup>638. 11</sup> you the Holy Spirit. Well, He is about to come to baptise you, not with water, as John did with you, preparing you for Me, but with fire to prepare you to serve the Lord, as He wants you to do. So he will be here, within a few days. And after His coming your capabilities will increase immeasurably, and you will be able to understand the words of your King, and do the deeds that He told you to do, to spread His Kingdom all over the Earth. »

«So will You rebuild the Kingdom of Israel then, after the coming of the Holy Spirit?» they ask interrupting Him.

«There will no longer be a Kingdom of Israel, but My Kingdom. And it will be accomplished when the Father said. It is riot for you to know the times and the moments that the Father has reserved for Himself in His power. But you, in the meantime, will receive the virtue of the Holy Spirit Who will come upon you, and you will be My witnesses in Jerusalem, in Judaea and in Samaria and as far as the boundaries of the Earth, establishing meetings where men meet in My Name; baptising peoples in the Most Holy Name of the Father, of the Son, of the Holy Spirit, as I told you, so that they may have the Grace and they may *live* in the Lord; preaching the Gospel to everybody, teaching what I taught you, doing what I ordered you to do. And I shall be with you every day until the end of the world.

<sup>12</sup>And I want also this: James, My brother, to preside over the meeting in Jerusalem. Peter, as head of all the Church, will often have to set out on apostolic journeys, because all the neophytes will wish to meet the Pontiff Supreme Head of the Church. But <sup>638. 12</sup>

great will be My brother's ascendancy over the believers of this first Church. Men are always men and they see *as men*. They will think that James is a continuation of Me, only because He is My brother. I truly tell you that he is greater and more like the Christ because of his wisdom than through relationship. But it is so. Men, who did not look for Me while I was among them, will now look for Me in him who is a relative of Mine. And you, Simon Peter, are destined to other honours... »

«That I do not deserve, Lord. I told You when You appeared to me and I tell you again now in the presence of everybody. You are good, divinely good, besides being wise, and You rightly judged me, who denied You in this town, ill-suited to be its spiritual head. You want to spare me so many just derisions... »

«We were all the same, except two, Simon. I also ran away. Not because of this, but because of the reasons that He mentioned, the Lord has destined me to this place; but you are my Chief, Simon of Jonah, and I acknowledge you as such, and in the presence of the Lord and of all my companions I profess obedience to you. I will give you what I can to help you in your ministry, but I beg you, give me your orders, because you are the head and I the subject. When the Lord reminded me of a conversation of long ago\*, I bent my head saying: "Let Your will be done". I will say the same to you, because, once the Lord has left us, you will be His Representative on the Earth. And we will love each other, helping each other in the sacerdotal ministry» says James, bowing from his place to pay homage to Peter.

«Yes. Love one another, helping one another reciprocally, because that is the new commandment and the sign that you really belong to Christ.

638. 13 <sup>13</sup>Do not be upset for any reason. God is with you. You can do what I want of you. I would not impose things on you if you could not do them, because I do not want your ruin, on the contrary I want your glory. Well. I am going to prepare your places beside My throne. Remain united to Me and to the Father in love. Forgive the world that hates you. Call sons and brothers those who come to you, or are already with you out of love for Me.

Be at peace knowing that I am always ready to help you to

\* conversation of long ago, in chapter 258.

carry your crosses. I will be with you in the work of your ministry and in the hours of persecutions, and you will not perish, you will not succumb even if those who see with the eyes of the world think so. You will be oppressed, grieved, tired, tortured, but My joy will be in you, because I will help you in everything. I truly tell you that, when you have the Love as a Friend, you will understand that everything suffered and lived for My love becomes light, even if it is a heavy torture of the world. Because for him who clothes all his actions, whether they are voluntary or imposed, with love, the yoke of life and of the world changes into a yoke given to him by God, by Me. And I repeat to you that My load is always proportioned to your strength and My yoke is light, because I help you to carry it.

<sup>14</sup>You know that the world does not know how to love. But 638. 14 from now on you are to love the world with a supernatural love, to teach it how to love. And if seeing you persecuted, they should say to you: “Is that how God loves you? Making you suffer, grieving you? Then it is not worth while being of God”, reply: “Sorrow does not come from God. But God allows it, and we know the reason and we are proud of having the part that Jesus Saviour, the Son of God, had”. Reply: “We are proud of being nailed to the cross and of continuing the Passion of our Jesus”. Reply with the words\* of Wisdom: “Death and sorrow were brought into the world by the envy of the demon, but God is not the maker of death and sorrow and He does not take delight in the sorrow of creatures. Everything coming from Him is life and wholesome”. Reply: “At present we seem persecuted and defeated, but on the day of God, when lots have changed, we just people, who were persecuted on the Earth, will stand gloriously in front of those who oppressed and despised us”. But also say to them: “Come to us! Come to the Life and Peace. Our Lord does not want your ruin, but your salvation. That is why He sent His beloved Son, so that you all might be saved”.

<sup>15</sup>And rejoice at taking part in My sufferings, so that later you 638. 15 may be in the glory with Me. “I shall be your exceedingly great reward” the Lord in Abraham promised\*\* all His faithful servants. You know how the Kingdom of Heaven is conquered: by

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\* the words, which are in: Wisdom 2: 23-24.

\*\* promised, in: Genesis 15: 1.



strength, and one arrives there through many tribulations. But he who perseveres as I persevered will be where I am.

I have told you which is the way and which is the door that lead to the Kingdom of Heaven, and I was the first to walk along it and I have gone back to the Father by it. If there had been another one, I would have taught you it, because I take pity on your weakness as men. But there is no other one... And pointing it out to you as the only way and the only door, I also tell you, I repeat to you which is the medicine that gives strength to go along it and enter. *It is love.* Always love. Everything becomes possible when there is love in us. And the Love Who loves you will give you all the love, if in My Name you ask for so much love as to become athletes in holiness.

638. 16 <sup>16</sup>Now let us give each other the parting kiss, My beloved friends. »

He stands up to embrace them. They all imitate Him. But, while Jesus smiles peacefully, a smile really divinely beautiful, they weep, they are all upset, and John, throwing himself on Jesus' chest, shaken by all the sobs that are so violent as to break his chest, on behalf of everyone, as he realises everybody's wish, asks: «Give us at least Your Bread, that it may fortify us in this hour! »

«Let it be so! » Jesus replies to him. And taking a piece of bread, He breaks it, after offering and blessing it, repeating the ritual words. And He does the same with the wine, repeating then: «Do this in memory of Me» and He adds: «Who have left you this pledge of My love, to be still and always with you until you will be with Me in Heaven. »

He blesses them and says: «And now let us go. »

638. 17 <sup>17</sup>They come out of the room, of the house...

Jonah, Mary and Mark are there outside, and they kneel down worshipping Jesus.

«May peace remain with you. And may the Lord reward you for what you have given Me» says Jesus, blessing them while passing by.

Mark stands up saying: «Lord, the olive-groves along the Bethany road are full of disciples awaiting You. »

«Go and tell them to go to the Field of the Galileans. »

Mark darts away with all the speed of his young legs.

«So, they have all come» say the apostles to one another.

<sup>18</sup>Further aside, sitting between Marjiam and Mary of Clopas, 638. 18  
there is the Mother of the Lord. And She stands up when She sees Him coming, worshipping Him with all the palpitations of Her heart of Mother and believer.

«Come, Mother, and you too, Mary... » says Jesus inviting them, when He sees them stand still, immobilised by His majesty that blazes as in the morning of the Resurrection.

But Jesus does not want to overwhelm with His majesty, and He kindly asks Mary of Alphaeus: «Are you alone? »

«The other women... the others are ahead... With the shepherds and... with Lazarus and all his family... But they left us here, because... Oh! Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!... How shall I put up with not seeing You any more, blessed Jesus, my God, I who loved You even before You were born, I who wept so much over You when I did not know where You were after the slaughter... I who had my sun in Your smile after You came back, and all, all my blessings?... How many blessings! How many You have given me!... Now I am really becoming poor, a widow, all alone!... While You were here, there was everything!... I thought I had experienced all sorrow that evening... But the very grief, all the sorrow of that day had dulled my mind and... yes, it was not so deep as it is now... And then... there was the fact that You were going to rise. I seemed as if I could not believe it, but now I realise that I did believe it, because I did not feel what I am feeling now... » she says weeping and panting, so much do her tears choke her.

«My good Mary, you are worrying just like a little boy, who thinks that his mother does not love him and has abandoned him, because she has gone to town to buy him presents that will make him happy, and who will soon go back to him to cover him with kisses and gifts. And am I not doing so with you? Am I not going to prepare joy for you? Am I not going to come back and say to you: “Come, My dear relative and beloved disciple, mother of My beloved disciples”? Am I not leaving you My love? Shall I give you My love, Mary? You know whether I love you! Do not weep so, but rejoice, because you will no longer see Me despised and fatigued, no longer chased and rich only in the love of few people. And with My love I leave you My Mother. John will be like a

son to Her, and I ask you to be a good sister to Her, as you have always been. See? My Mother is not weeping. She is aware that, if Her nostalgia for Me is the file that will consume Her heart, the wait will be always short as compared to the great joy of an eternal union, and She also knows that this parting of ours will not be so absolute as to make Her say:

“I no longer have My Son”. That was Her cry of sorrow on that day of sorrow. Now hope sings in Her heart: “I know that My Son is ascending to His Father, but He will not leave Me without His spiritual love”. That is what you believe, and everybody... <sup>19</sup>Here are the other men and women. Here are My shepherds. »

The faces of Lazarus and of his sisters among all the servants of Bethany, the face of Johanna like a rose under a veil of rain, and those of Eliza and of Nike, already marked by age - and wrinkles are now deepened by pain, always pain for creatures, even if the soul rejoices because of the triumph of the Lord - the face of Anastasica, the lily-like faces of the first virgins, and the ascetic face of Isaac, the inspired one of Matthias, and the virile face of Manaen, and the severe ones of Joseph and Nicodemus... Faces, faces, faces...

Jesus calls to Himself the shepherds, Lazarus, Joseph, Nicodemus, Manaen, Maximinus and the others of the seventy-two disciples. But He particularly keeps the shepherds close to Himself saying:

«Here. You were near the Lord Who had come from Heaven, bent over His annihilation, You are to be near the Lord Who is going back to Heaven, with your souls rejoicing because of His glorification. You have deserved this place, because you did believe notwithstanding that all the circumstances were unfavourable, and you were able to suffer for your faith. I thank you for your faithful love.

I thank all of you. You, My friend Lazarus, you, Joseph, and you, Nicodemus, who took pity on the Christ when to do so might have been very dangerous. You Manaen, who despised the filthy favours of an unclean man to follow Me on My way. You, Stephen, flowery crown of justice, who left what was imperfect for what was perfect and will be crowned with a garland, with which you are not yet acquainted, but will be announced to you by the angels. You John, for a short period of time brother to the most pure

breast\* and who have come more to the Light than to the sight. You, Nicolaus, who, as a proselyte, have been able to console Me for the grief of the sons of this Nation. And you, good women disciples, stronger, in your kindness, than Judith.

<sup>20</sup>And you, Marjiam, My child, and from now on you will be called Martial, in remembrance of the Roman boy\*\* killed on the road and laid at Lazarus' gate with the defying script: "And now tell the Galilean to bring you back to life again, if He is the Christ and has risen from the dead", the last of the innocents who lost their lives in Palestine to serve Me also unconsciously, and first of the innocents of every Nation who, having come to the Christ, will be hated for that and extinguished prematurely, like buds of flowers torn off the stems before blooming. And may this name, o Martial, show you your future destiny: be the apostle in barbarian countries and conquer them to your Lord, as My love conquered the Roman boy to Heaven. 638. 20

<sup>21</sup>You are all blessed by Me in this farewell, as from the Father I invoke the reward for those who have comforted the sorrowful journey of the Son of Man. Blessed be Mankind in the chosen part there is among Hebrews and Gentiles, and that has manifested itself in its love for Me. 638. 21

Blessed be the Earth with its herbs and flowers, and its fruits that have given Me pleasure and refreshment so many times. Blessed be the Earth with its waters and its tepidness, for its birds and its animals that many a time exceeded man in giving relief to the Son of Man. May you be blessed, sun, and you, sea, and you, mountains, hills, plains. Blessed you, stars, My companions in My night prayers and in My sorrow. And you, moon, who illuminated Me as I wandered around in My pilgrimages of the evangelizer. May all you creatures be blessed, the works of My Father, My companions in this mortal hour, friendly to Him Who had left Heaven to relieve tortured Mankind of the troubles of the Sin that separates from God. And may you also be blessed, you innocent instruments of My torture: thorns, metals, wood, twisted hemp, because you have assisted Me in fulfilling the will of My Father! »

\* **brother to the most pure breast**, as narrated in: 365. 8.

\*\* **will be called Martial**, as foretold in 198. 8, in remembrance of the Roman boy, seen in: 508. 4/7 - 509. 7/9 - 538. 1 - 550. 8 - 623. 3.

How thundering is Jesus' voice! It spreads through the tepid calm air, like a bronze gong that has been struck, it propagates in waves over the sea of faces looking at Him from all directions.

638. 22 <sup>22</sup>I say that there are hundreds of people around Jesus as He goes up, with His more beloved ones, towards the top of the Mount of Olives. But when Jesus arrives at the Field of the Galileans, in which there are no tents in this period of time between two festivities, He says to His disciples: «Stop the people where they are, and then follow Me. »

He climbs farther up, as far as the highest summit of the mountain, the one closer to Bethany, which it dominates from above, than to Jerusalem. Close to Him are His Mother, the Apostles, Lazarus, the shepherds and Marjiam. Farther away, in a semicircle, are the other disciples to hold the people back.

638. 23 <sup>23</sup>Jesus is standing on a large stone, that protrudes a little and stands out in its whiteness among the grass of a clearing. He is brightly illuminated by the sun that makes His garment shine as white as snow and His hair like gold. His eyes sparkle in a divine light. He opens out His arms in the gesture of an embrace. He seems to be wishing to press to His chest the multitudes of the Earth, whom His spirit sees represented in that crowd. His unforgettable inimitable voice gives the last order: «Go! Go in My Name to evangelize the peoples as far as the ends of the Earth. God be with you. May His Love comfort you, may His Light guide you, may His Peace dwell in you until you reach eternal life. »

He becomes transfigured in beauty. Handsome! As handsome and even *more* so than He was on Tabor. They all fall on their knees worshipping. While He is already rising from the stone on which He is standing, He looks once again for the face of His Mother, and His smile reaches a power that no one will *ever* be able to express... It is His last goodbye to His Mother.

He rises, rises... The sun, now more free to kiss Him, as no foliage, not even a thin leaf, intercepts its beams, brightens with its splendour the God-Man, Who with His most Holy Body is ascending to Heaven, and displays His glorious Wounds that shine like living rubies. The rest is a pearly smile of light. And it is really the Light that is revealing itself for what it is, at this last moment as on Christmas night. Creation sparkles in the light of

the Christ Who is ascending. A light exceeding that of the sun. A superhuman and most blissful light. A light descending from Heaven to meet the Light ascending to it... And Jesus Christ, the Word of God, disappears from the sight of men in this ocean of brightness...

On the earth, only two noises in the deep silence of the ecstatic crowd: the cry of Mary when He disappears: «Jesus! », and the weeping of Isaac. The others are struck dumb with religious astonishment, and they remain there, as if they were waiting, until two snow-white angelical lights, in human form, appear repeating the words mentioned in the first chapter of the Acts of the Apostles.

### **639. The election of Matthias.**

26<sup>th</sup> April 1947.

<sup>1</sup>It is a placid evening. The light is fading gently and the sky <sup>639. 1</sup> so far purple, is becoming a delicate amethystine velarium. It will soon be dark, but at present there is still light, and this faint evening light is pleasant after so much burning sunshine.

The court-yard of the house of the Supper room, a large yard among the white walls of the house, is crowded with people as in the evenings after Resurrection. And a harmonious whispering of prayers, interrupted now and again by pauses of meditation, rises from these people engrossed in thought.

As the light becomes fainter and fainter in the court-yard, surrounded as it is by the high walls of the house, some people bring lamps and place them on the table, close to which the apostles are gathered: Peter in the centre, James of Alphaeus and John beside him, and then the others. The flickering light of the small flames shines upwards on the faces of the apostles, making their features stand out and showing their expressions: concentrated the expression of Peter, as if he were overstrung in the effort to perform these first functions of his ministry in a worthy way; ascetically mild that of James of Alphaeus; serene and dreaming that of John, and beside him the pensive face of Bartholomew, followed by the countenance full of life of Thomas, and then Andrew's, veiled by his humbleness that makes him

stay with his eyes almost closed, his head slightly bent: he seems to be saying: "I am not worthy"; close to him Matthew, one elbow resting on the hand of the other arm, his cheek leaning on the hand of his raised arm; and then Judas of Alphaeus, Thaddeus, with his authoritative face and his eyes that remind one so much of the eyes of Jesus, with their colour and expression: a real ruler of crowds.

Even now he is keeping the meeting quiet, under the fire of his eyes, more than all the rest together; and yet, from his involuntary regal magnificence, the feeling of his heart filled with compunction can be seen to emerge, particularly when it is his turn to intone a prayer. When he says the psalm\*: «Not to us, Lord, not to us, but to Your Name give glory for Your mercy and loyalty, so that the nations may not say: "Where is their God?" » he really prays with his soul prone before Him Who chose him, and the strongest feeling within him vibrates in his voice; with all his praying he also says: «I am not worthy of serving You, Who are so perfect. »

Philip, beside him, his face already marked by age, although he is still in full manhood, looks like a man who is contemplating a sight known to him alone, and is standing with his hands pressed against his cheeks, a little bent and somewhat sad... whereas the Zealot is looking up, far away, with an intimate smile that embellishes his face, which is not beautiful, but is charming because of its austere distinction. James of Zebedee, impulsive and quivering, says his prayers as if he were still speaking to his beloved Master, and the twelfth psalm is uttered impetuously by his inflamed spirit. They end with the long and beautiful psalm one hundred and eighteen\*\*, of which they say a strophe each, in two turns to complete the number of the strophes.

639.2 <sup>2</sup>Then they all become absorbed in silence until Peter, who had sat down, stands up, as if he were urged by an inspiration, praying in a loud voice with his arms stretched out as the Lord used to do: «Send Your Spirit to us, o Lord, so that we may see in His Light. »

«Maran atha» they all say.

\* the psalm: *Psalm 115: 1-2.*

\*\* twelfth Psalm and Psalm one hundred and eighteen are, in the neo-vulgate: *Psalm 13 and Psalm 119.*

Peter collects his thoughts in an intense silent prayer, but perhaps he listens more than he prays, or at least he waits for words of light... Then he raises his head again and once again he stretches out his arms, which he had folded across his chest, and as he is small as compared to the majority of his companions, he climbs on his seat to dominate the little crowd thronging the court-yard, and to be seen by everybody. And everybody, realising that he is going to speak, becomes silent and looks at him paying attention.

<sup>3</sup>«My brothers, it was necessary that the Scripture predicted\* 639. 3 by the Holy Spirit through the mouth of David and concerning Judas should be accomplished, Judas in fact was the guide who led those who captured the Lord and our Blessed Master: Jesus.

He, Judas, was one of ours, and was entrusted with this ministry. But his election changed into ruin for him, because Satan entered into him through many ways and from apostle of Jesus made him the traitor of his Lord. He thought he would triumph and rejoice and thus revenge himself on the Holy Master, Who had disappointed the unclean hopes of his heart full of every concupiscence. But when he thought he was going to triumph and rejoice, he realised that the man who makes himself slave of Satan, of the flesh, of the world, does not triumph, on the contrary he bites the dust like one who is defeated. And he learned that the taste of food given by man and by Satan is very bitter and completely different from the sweet simple bread that God gives His children. He then became acquainted with despair and he hated the whole world after hating God, and he cursed everything the world had given him and he killed himself by hanging himself from an olive-tree in the olive-grove that he had bought with his iniquities, and on the day that the Christ rose gloriously from the dead, his putrid and already verminous body burst and his bowels were scattered on the ground at the foot of the olive-tree, making that place unclean.

The redeeming Blood rained on Golgotha and purified the Earth, because it was the Blood of the Son of God, Who had become incarnate for us. On the hill near the place of the ill-famed

\* **predicted**, in: *Psalm 41: 10*.



Council, not blood, not tears of good remorse, but the filth of rotten bowels rained on the dust. Because no other blood could be mixed with the Most Holy Blood in those days of purification, in which the Lamb was washing us in His Blood, and less than ever was it possible for the Earth, that was drinking the Blood of the Son of God, to drink also the blood of the son of Satan.

The fact is well known. And it is also known that Judas, in his fury of a damned soul, took the money of the infamous transaction back to the Temple, striking with it, unclean as it was, the face of the High Priest. And it is known that with that money, which had been taken from the Treasury of the Temple, but could no longer be put back into it, because it was the price of blood, the princes of the Priests and the Elders, after consulting with one another, have bought the field of the potter, as the prophecies\* had said, specifying even its price. And the place will be handed down to posterity under the name of Hakeldama.

So everything about Judas has been said, and let even the memory of his face vanish from us, but let us bear in mind the ways through which, from being called by the Lord to the Heavenly Kingdom, he descended to being prince in the Kingdom of eternal darkness, so that we ourselves may not tread on them imprudently, becoming other Judases for the Word that God has entrusted to us and which is still the Christ, the Master among us.

639. 4 <sup>4</sup>But it is written\*\* in the book of Psalms: “Let their house become desert, let no one live in it and let his office be taken by somebody else”. So it is necessary that one of these men, who have been with us all the time that the Lord Jesus was with us, coming and going, beginning from the Baptism by John until the day in which from the middle of us He ascended to Heaven, is appointed to be witness with us of His Resurrection. And it is necessary to do so quickly, so that he may be present with us at the Baptism of Fire, of which the Lord has spoken to us, so that he, who did not receive the Holy Spirit from the Master, may receive it directly from God and be enlightened and sanctified by it, and he may have the virtues that we shall receive, and he may judge and remit and do what we shall do, and his actions may be valid and holy.

\* prophecies, in: *Jeremiah 32: 6-10; Zechariah 11: 12-13.*

\*\* is written, in *Psalms 69: 26; 109: 8.*

I would suggest to choose him among the most faithful of the faithful disciples, those who have suffered for Him remaining faithful also when He was the One Unknown to the world. Many of them come to us from John, the Precursor of the Messiah, spirits modeled throughout years for the service of God. The Lord was very fond of them, and the most fond among them was Isaac, who had suffered so much because of the child Jesus. But you know that his heart broke during the night that followed the Ascension of the Lord. Let us not mourn him. He has joined his Lord. It was the only desire of his heart... And also ours... But we have to suffer our passion. Isaac had already suffered it. So you are to suggest some names among these, so that the twelfth apostle may be elected according to the usages of our people, leaving the power of indicating, in the gravest circumstances, to the Lord, to Him Who knows. »

<sup>5</sup>They consult with one another. After a short time the most important disciples (among the non-shepherds), by mutual consent with the ten apostles, inform Peter that they propose Joseph, the son of Joseph of Saba, to honour his father, a martyr for Christ, by means of his son, a faithful disciple, and Matthias, for the same reasons as for Joseph, and, further, to honour also his first master: John. 639. 5

And as Peter agrees to their advice, they make the two come forward to the table and in the meantime they pray with their arms stretched forward in the usual attitude of the Hebrews: «Most High Lord, Father, Son and Holy Spirit, the Only and Trine God, Who know the hearts of all men, show us which of these two You have chosen to take in this ministry and apostolate the place of Judas, who prevaricated, and go in his stead. »

«Maran atha» they all reply in chorus.

As they have no dice or anything else with which to cast lots, and as they do not wish to use coins for this purpose, they take some small stones spread about the yard, some poor little stones, as many white as dark, and they decide that the white ones are for Matthias, the others for Joseph. They put them in a bag, after emptying it of its contents, they shake it and they offer it to Peter who, after making a blessing gesture on it, puts his hand in it, praying with his eyes at the sky, strewn with stars, and pulls out a little stone: as white as snow.

639. 6 <sup>6</sup>The Lord has indicated Matthias as Judas' successor.

Peter goes to the front of the table and embraces him «to make him like himself» he says. Also the other ten make the same gesture amid the applause of the little crowd.

At the end Peter, after going back to his place holding by the hand the chosen apostle who is beside him - so Peter is now between Matthias and James of Alphaeus - says: «Come to the place that God has reserved for you and with your justice cancel the memory of Judas, helping us, your brothers, to accomplish the deeds that Jesus told us to do. May the grace of Our Lord Jesus Christ be always with you. »

He addresses all the others, dismissing them...

While the disciples disperse slowly through a secondary exit, the apostles go back into the house taking Matthias to Mary, Who is engrossed in prayer in Her room, so that the new apostle may receive the word of greeting and election also from the Mother of God.

#### **640. The descent of the Holy Spirit. End of the Messianic cycle.**

27<sup>th</sup> April 1947.

640. 1 <sup>1</sup>No voices or noises can be heard in the house of the Supper room. None of the disciples are present, at least I cannot hear anything that can authorise me to say that people are gathered in the other rooms of the house. There is only the presence and the voices of the Twelve and of the Most Holy Virgin gathered in the hall of the Supper.

The room looks wider, because the furniture is placed differently and leaves all the centre of the room and also two of the walls free. The large table used for the Supper has been pushed against the third wall, and between them and the wall, and also at the two narrower sides of the table, they have placed the couch-seats used for the Supper and also the stool that Jesus used for the Washing of feet. But the couch-beds are not vertical to the table, as they were for the Supper, but parallel to it, so that the apostles can sit down without occupying all of them, and they have left one, the only one placed vertically to the table,

all for the Blessed Virgin, Who is at the centre of the table, in the place that Jesus occupied at the Supper.

There are no table-cloths or tableware on the table, there is nothing on the sideboards, and the ornaments have been taken off the walls. Only the chandelier in the centre is lit, but only one flame is lit, the other small flames on the circle forming a corolla to the strange chandelier are out.

The windows are closed and barred with heavy metal bars placed across them. But a sunbeam penetrates boldly through a tiny hole and like a long thin needle it descends on the floor forming a round spot of sunshine.

<sup>2</sup>The Blessed Virgin, sitting all alone on Her seat, has Peter and John at Her sides, on their seats, Peter on Her right, John on Her left hand side. Matthias, the new apostle, is between James of Alphaeus and Thaddeus. In front of Her, Our Lady has a large low chest of dark wood, which is closed. Mary is dressed in deep blue. Her hair is covered with a white veil, over which is placed the edge of Her mantle. All the others are bare-headed. 640. 2

Mary is reading slowly in a loud voice. But as the light that arrives there is very faint, I think that rather than read She is repeating by heart the words written on the scroll that She is holding spread out. The others follow Her in silence, meditating. Now and again they reply, when it is appropriate.

Mary's face is transfigured by an ecstatic smile. I wonder what She sees, that is capable of inflaming Her eyes, like two clear stars, and make Her ivory cheeks blush, as if a rosy flame reflected on Her! She is really the mystic Rose...

The apostles bend forward, sitting a little sideways, to see Her face, while She smiles so gently and reads and Her voice sounds like the song of an angel. And Peter is so deeply moved that two large tears fall from his eyes, and stream down along wrinkles on both sides of his nose to get lost in the thicket of his grey beard. But John reflects the virginal smile and is inflamed like Her with love, while he follows with his eyes what the Virgin is reading on the scroll and, when he hands Her a new scroll he looks and smiles at Her.

The reading is over. Mary's voice stops. The rustling of the parchments rolled and unrolled comes to an end. Mary concentrates in secret prayer, joining Her hands on Her breast and lean-

ing Her head on the chest. The apostles imitate Her...

640. 3 <sup>3</sup>A very loud and harmonious roar, that resembles the wind and the harp, as well as human singing and the sound of a perfect organ, suddenly resounds in the silence of the morning. It comes near, more and more harmonious and loud, and with its vibrations it fills the Earth, propagates them and impresses them on the house, on the walls, on the furniture. The flame of the chandelier, so far immobile in the peace of the closed room, flickers as if a wind were blowing and the little chains of the chandelier tinkle vibrating under the wave of the supernatural sound that strikes them.

The apostles raise their heads frightened, and as that most beautiful rumble, in which are all the loveliest notes that God gave the Heavens and the Earth, approaches them more and more, some stand up ready to run away, some crouch on the floor covering their heads with their hands and mantles, or beat their breasts asking God to forgive them, some press against Mary, too frightened to keep the reserve they always have for the Most Pure Mother.

Only John is not frightened, because he sees the bright peace of joy that is accentuated on the face of Mary, Who raises Her head smiling at a thing known to Her alone, and Who then slides down on Her knees opening Her arms, and the two blue wings of Her mantle so open stretch out on Peter and John, who have imitated Her, kneeling down.

But all this, which took me some minutes to describe, has taken place in less than one minute.

640. 4 <sup>4</sup>And then the Light, the Fire, the Holy Spirit enters, with a last melodious loud noise, in the form of a very shining burning globe, into the closed room, without any door or window being moved, and remains hovering for a minute over Mary's head, about three palms above Her head, which is now uncovered, because Mary, upon seeing the Fire Paraclete, has raised Her arms to invoke Him and has thrown Her head back with a cry of joy, with a smile of boundless love. And, after that moment in which all the Fire of the Holy Spirit, all the Love, is collected in His Spouse, the Most Holy Globe splits into thirteen canorous very bright flames, of so bright a light that no earthly comparison can describe, and it descends to kiss the forehead of each apostle.

But the flame that descends upon Mary is not a tongue of a straight flame on Her forehead that it kisses, but it is a crown that embraces and encircles the virginal head like a wreath, crowning as Queen the Daughter, the Mother, the Spouse of God, the Incorruptible Virgin, the Wholly Beautiful, the Eternally Loved, the Eternally Maiden Whom nothing can humiliate, and in nothing, Whom sorrow had aged but Who has revived in the joy of the Resurrection, sharing with Her Son an accentuation of beauty and freshness of bodies, of looks, of vitality... having already an advance of the beauty of Her glorious Body received into Heaven to be the flower of Paradise.

The Holy Spirit makes His flames shine round the head of His Beloved. Which words does He speak to Her? Mystery! Her blessed face is transfigured with supernatural joy and smiles with the smiles of Seraphim, while blissful tears shine like diamonds on the cheeks of the Blessed Virgin, struck as they are by the Light of the Holy Spirit.

The Fire remains so for some time... Then it vanishes... In memory of its descent there remains a fragrance that no earthly flower can exhale... The Perfume of Paradise...

<sup>5</sup>The apostles collect themselves... Mary remains in Her ecstasy. She only folds Her arms across Her breast, closes Her eyes, lowers Her head... Her conversation with God continues... insensible to everything... No one dare disturb Her.

640. 5

John, pointing at Her, says: «She is the altar. And the Glory of the Lord has rested on Her glory... »

«Yes. Let us not upset Her joy. But let us go and preach the Lord and let His works and His words be known to peoples» says Peter with supernatural impulsiveness.

«Let us go! Let us go! The Spirit of God is burning in me» says James of Alphaeus.

«And it is urging us to act. All of us. Let us go and evangelize the peoples. »

They go out as if they were pushed or attracted by a wind or by a vigorous force.

<sup>6</sup>Jesus says:

640. 6

«And here the Work, that My love for you all has dictated and that you have received through the love that a creature has had

for Me and for you, is over.

It ended today, the day of the Commemoration of Saint Zita from Lucca, the humble maid who served her Lord with charity in this Church of Lucca, where I, from remote places, have brought My little John, so that he should serve Me with charity and with the same love that Saint Zita had for all unhappy people. Zita used to give bread to the poor, remembering that I am in each of them, and that blessed will they be, who, side by side with Me, give bread and drink to the hungry and thirsty. Mary-John has given My words to those who languish in ignorance or in tepidness or in doubt about Faith, remembering that Wisdom said\* that those who work hard to make God known, will shine like stars in eternity, giving glory to their Love by making it known and loved, and to many people.

And, further, it ended today, the day in which the Church raises the pure lily of the fields Mary Theresa Goretti to the altars, the lily whose stem was broken while its corolla was still a bud. And by whom was it broken if not by Satan, envious of that purity that shone more than his ancient angelic aspect? Broken because it was sacred to the Divine Lover. Mary, virgin and martyr of this century of disgrace, in which also the honour of the Woman is held in contempt, by spitting the slaver of reptiles to deny the power of God to give an inviolate dwelling to His Word, Who was becoming incarnate by the Holy Spirit, in order to save those who believe in Him. Also Mary-John is martyr of the Hatred, who does not want My wonders to be celebrated by the Work, the weapon capable of snatching so many preys from him. But also Mary-John knows, as Mary Theresa knew, that martyrdom, whatever its name and aspect are, is the key that without delay opens the Kingdom of Heaven to those who suffer to continue My Passion.

640.7<sup>7</sup>The work is finished\*\*. And with its end, with the descent of the Holy Spirit, ends the Messianic cycle, that My Wisdom has

\* **said**, in *Wisdom 3: 1-9; Daniel 12: 3-4*.

\*\* **The Work is finished**, the Messianic cycle ends here with the *Discent of the Holy Spirit*. In the original handwritings immediately afterwards follows "*The Farewell to the Work*" written on 28<sup>th</sup> April 1947. Since there are writings (mostly dated 1951) which concerne and complete the same Work, they have been included from here on. For this reason <sup>11</sup> *The Farewell of the Work* has been postponed to the end of this book.

enlightened from its dawning: the Immaculate Conception of Mary, to its setting: the descent of the Holy Spirit. All the Messianic cycle is the work of the Spirit of Love, for those who see properly. It was therefore right to begin it with the mystery of the Immaculate Conception of the Spouse of the Love, and finish it with the seal of the Fire Paraclete on the Church of Christ.

The revealed works of God, of the Love of God, end with Pentecost. From then onwards the intimate mysterious work of God continues in His believers, united in the Name of Jesus in the One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic, Roman Church; and the Church, that is, the assembly of the believers - shepherds, sheep and lambs - can proceed without erring because of the continuous spiritual operation of the Love, the Theologian of theologians, He Who forms the true theologians, that is, those who are lost in God and have God in themselves - the life of God in them through the direction of the Spirit of God that guides them - that is, those who really are the “children of God” according to the concept\* of Paul.

<sup>640. 8</sup>And at the end of the Work, once again I have to put the complaint that I have put at the end of each evangelical year\*\*, and in My grief seeing My gift despised, I say to all of you: “You shall not have anything else, because you have not received this that I have given you”. And I say also that about which I had you informed last summer\*\*\* to call all of you on the right path: “You will not see Me until the day comes when you will say: ‘Blessed is He Who comes in the name of the Lord’”. »

*Finisce l'Opera oggi 27 aprile 1947  
Viareggio - Via Fratti 113 - Maria Valtorta*

The Work was finished today 27<sup>th</sup> April 1947.  
Viareggio, Via Fratti 113 - Maria Valtorta.

\* **concept**, in: *Romans 8: 14-17*.

\*\* **at the end of each evangelical year**, in 140. 7, in 312. 14 and in 540. 13.

\*\*\* **last summer**, on May 21, 1946.



### **641. Peter celebrates the Eucharist in a meeting with the first Christians.**

3<sup>rd</sup> June 1944.

<sup>1</sup>It is one of the very first meetings of Christians, in the days immediately after Pentecost.

The twelve apostles are once again twelve, because Matthias, already elected in the place of the traitor, is among them. And the fact that all twelve are there proves that they had not yet parted to go and evangelize, according to the order of the Master. So it must have been Pentecost only a short time ago, and the persecutions of the Sanhedrin against the servants of Jesus Christ have not yet begun. Because if they had begun, they would not celebrate with so much calm, and without taking any precautions, in a house even too well known to those of the Temple, that is in the house of the Supper room, and exactly in the room where the Last Supper was consumed, the Eucharist was instituted, and the true and total betrayal as well as the Redemption began.

The large room, however, has undergone a modification, necessary for its new function as a church, and required by the number of the believers. The large table is no longer near the wall of the little staircase, but it is near, or rather against the wall facing it, so that even those who cannot go into the Supper room, already crowded with people - in the Supper room, the first church of the Christian world - can see what is happening there, thronging the entrance corridor, near the little door, completely open, that admits to the room.

In the room there are men and women of all ages. In a group of women, near the large table, but in a corner, there is Mary, the Mother, surrounded by Martha and Mary of Lazarus, by Nike, Eliza, Mary of Alphaeus, Salome, Johanna of Chuza, in short, by many of the women disciples, both Jewish and not Jewish, whom Jesus had cured, comforted, evangelized, and who had become sheep of His fold. Among the men there are Nicodemus, Lazarus, Joseph of Arimathea, a large number of disciples, among whom there are Stephen, Hermas, the shepherds, Elisha the son of the leader of the synagogue of Engedi, and many more. There is also Longinus, not in his military uniform, but as if he were an ordinary citizen, with a long plain greyish tunic. Then many more,

who have certainly entered the flock of Christ after Pentecost and the first evangelization of the Twelve.

<sup>2</sup>Peter speaks also now, evangelizing and teaching the people present. He speaks once again of the Last Supper. *Again*, because from his words it is clear that he has already spoken of it. 641. 2

He says: «I tell you once *again*» and he stresses these words very much «of this Supper in which, before being sacrificed by men, Jesus the Nazarene, as He was called, Jesus Christ, the Son of God and our Saviour, *as He is to be called and believed with all our hearts and minds, because our salvation is in this faith*, sacrificed Himself of His own free will, and out of excess of love, giving Himself in Food and Drink to men and saying to us, His servants and continuators: “Do this in memory of Me”. And that is what we do. But, as men, as we, His witnesses, believe that in the Bread and in the Wine, offered and blessed, as He did, in His memory and out of obedience to His divine order, there is His Most Holy Body and His Most Holy Blood, that Body and that Blood that are of a God, of the Son of the Most High God, and that they have been crucified and shed for the sake and the lives of men, so you also, all of you, who have come to be part of the true, new, immortal Church, predicted by the Prophets and founded by the Christ, must believe it. Believe and bless the Lord Who to us - His crucifiers, if not materially, certainly morally and spiritually, because of our weakness in serving Him, because of our dullness in understanding Him, because of our cowardice in abandoning Him running away in His supreme hour, in our, no, *in my personal betrayal* of a man fearful and cowardly to the extent of disowning and denying Him and denying that I was His disciple, and more than that, the first among His servants (and large tears stream down Peter’s face) shortly before the first hour, there, in the Court of the Temple - believe and bless I was saying, the Lord, Who leaves this eternal sign of forgiveness to us. Believe and bless the Lord, Who allows those, who did not know Him when He was the Nazarene, to know Him now that He is the Word Incarnate reunited to His Father. Come and take it. He said: “He who eats My Flesh and drinks My Blood will have eternal Life”. And we did not understand then (and Peter weeps again). We did not understand because we were slow in understanding. But now the Holy Spirit has brightened our intelli-

gence, has fortified our faith, has infused charity into us, and we understand. And in the name of the Most High God, of the God of Abraham, of Jacob, of Moses, in the most high name of the God Who spoke to Isaiah, to Jeremiah, to Ezekiel, to Daniel and to the other Prophets, we swear to you that this is the truth and we beseech you to believe, so that you may have eternal Life. »

Peter is full of stateliness while speaking. There is no longer anything in him of the rather coarse fisherman of not long ago. He has climbed on a stool to speak and to be seen and heard better, because, small as he is, if he had remained standing on the floor of the room, he could not have been seen by those farther away, whereas he wants to dominate the crowd. He speaks moderately, in an appropriate voice, with the gestures of a true orator. His eyes, always expressive, are now more eloquent than ever. Love, faith, authority, contrition, everything shines through his eyes anticipating and reinforcing his words.

641.3 <sup>3</sup>He has finished speaking now. He comes down from the stool and passes behind the large table, in the space between the table and the wall, and waits.

James and Judas, that is the two sons of Alphaeus and cousins of the Christ, now lay a white table-cloth on the table. To do so they lift the large low chest, which is on the centre of the table, and they spread a very fine linen cloth also on its lid.

The apostle John goes now to Mary and asks Her something. Mary slips off from Her neck a kind of a small key and gives it to John. John takes it, goes back to the chest, opens it, letting down the front panel, which is laid on the table and covered with a third linen cloth.

Inside the chest there is a horizontal partition that divides it into two sections. In the lower section there is a chalice and a metal plate. In the upper section, in the centre, the chalice used by Jesus at the Last Supper and for the first Eucharist, the remains of the bread broken by Him, laid on a small plate as precious as the chalice. On the sides of the chalice and of the small plate laid on it, on one side there is the crown of thorns, the nails and the sponge. On the other side one of the shrouds, rolled up, the veil with which Nike wiped Jesus' Face, and the one that Mary gave Her Son to gird up His loins. At the bottom there are other things, but as they remain rather concealed and no one

speaks of them or shows them, it is not known what they are. The other ones, instead, and which are visible, are shown to the people present by John and Judas of Alphaeus, and the crowd kneels in front of them. But neither the chalice nor the small plate of the bread are touched or shown, nor is the Shroud unfolded, but only the rolled cloth is shown, saying what it is. Perhaps John and Judas do not unfold it in order not to awake in Mary the sorrowful memory of the cruel tortures suffered by Her Son.

When this part of the ceremony is over, the apostles in chorus intone some prayers, I should say some psalms, because they are sung as the Hebrews used to do in their synagogues or in their pilgrimages to Jerusalem for the solemnities prescribed by the Law. The chorus of the apostles is joined by the crowd and so it becomes more and more impressive.

<sup>4</sup>At the end they bring some bread that is laid on the small metal plate, which was in the lower section of the chest, and also some small amphorae, which are also of metal. 641. 4

John, who is kneeling on the other side of the table - whereas Peter is always between the table and the wall, but facing the crowd - hands the tray with the bread to Peter, who raises it and offers it. He then blesses it and lays it on the chest.

Judas of Alphaeus, who is also kneeling beside John, in his turn, hands Peter the chalice of the lower section and the two amphorae that were previously near the small plate of the bread, and Peter pours their contents into the chalice, which he then raises and offers, as he had done with the bread. He blesses also the chalice and lays it on the chest beside the bread.

They say more prayers. Peter breaks the bread into many morsels, while the people prostrate themselves even more, and he says: «This is My Body. Do this in memory of Me».

He comes out from behind the table, taking the tray full of the morsels of bread, and as first thing he goes to Mary and gives Her a morsel. Then he goes to the front of the table and hands out the consecrated Bread to all those who approach him to have it. A few morsels are left over, and still on their tray, they are laid on the chest.

He now takes the chalice and offers it, always beginning from Mary, to those who are present. John and Judas follow him with the small amphorae and they add the liquids when the chalice

is empty, while Peter repeats the elevation, the offering and the blessing to consecrate the liquid.

When all those who asked to be nourished with the Eucharist are satisfied, the apostles consume the bread and wine left over. Then they sing another psalm or hymn and after it Peter blesses the crowd who, after his blessing, go away little by little.

641.5 <sup>5</sup>Mary, the Mother, Who has always remained on Her knees during the whole ceremony of the consecration and the distribution of the species of the Bread and Wine, stands up and goes to the chest. She bends across the large table and with Her forehead She touches the upper section of the chest, where the chalice and the small plate used by Jesus at the Last Supper are laid, and She kisses the edges of them. A kiss that is also for all the relics gathered there. Then John closes the chest and hands the key back to Mary, Who puts it again round Her neck.

### **642. The blessed Virgin takes up Her abode at Gethsemane with John who foretells Her assumption.**

21<sup>st</sup> August 1951.

642.1 <sup>1</sup>Mary is still in the house of the Supper room. All alone in Her usual room, She is sewing some very fine linen cloths, like long narrow table-cloths. Now and again She raises Her head to look at the garden and ascertain thus the time of the day by the position of the sunshine on its walls. And if She hears a noise in the house or in the street, She listens carefully. She seems to be waiting for someone.

Some time goes by so. Then there is a knock at the door of the house, followed by the rustling of sandals of someone who rushes to open it. Voices of men resound in the corridor and they become louder and louder and closer and closer.

Mary listens... Then She exclaims: «Are they here?! What on earth has happened?! » While She is still uttering these words, somebody knocks at the door of Her room. «Come in, brothers in Jesus, My Lord» replies Mary.

Lazarus and Joseph of Arimathea enter, and greeting Her with deep veneration they say: «Blessed are You among all mothers! The servants of Your Son and our Lord greet You», and they

prostrate themselves to kiss the hem of Her dress.

«The Lord be always with you. For what reason, and while the ferment of the persecutors of the Christ and of His followers has not yet ceased, have you come to Me? »

«First of all, to see You. Because seeing You is still seeing Him, and thus we feel less distressed because of His departure from the Earth. And then to propose to. You what we have resolved to do, after a meeting in my house of the more loving and faithful servants of Jesus, Your Son and our Lord» Lazarus replies to Her.

«Tell Me. It will be your love that speaks to Me, and with My love I will listen to you. »

<sup>2</sup>Joseph of Arimathea now begins to speak and says: «Woman, 642. 2  
You know and You have said so, that the ferment, now even worse, still lasts against all those who have been close to Your Son and God's, either through relationship, or faith, or friendship. And we are aware that You do not intend to leave these places, where You have seen the perfect manifestation of the divine and human nature of Your Son, His total mortification, and His total glorification, through His Passion and Death as true Man, through His glorious Resurrection and Ascension, as true God. And we also know that You do not want to leave the apostles all alone, as You wish to be a Mother and guide to them in their first trials, You, the See of Divine Wisdom, You, the Spouse of the Spirit Revealer of the Eternal Truths, You, eternally beloved Daughter of the Father Who from eternity chose You as Mother of His Only-Begotten Son, You, the Mother of this Word of the Father, Who certainly taught You His infinite and most perfect Wisdom and Doctrine, even before He was in You, as a creature that was forming, or He was with You as a Son Who grows in age and wisdom to such an extent as to become the Master of masters. John told us the day after the first astonishing sermon and apostolic manifestation, which took place ten days after the Ascension of Jesus to Heaven. You, in turn, know, as You saw it at Gethsemane on the day of the Ascension of Your Son to His Father, and as You were told by Peter, John and other apostles, that Lazarus and I, immediately after the Death and Resurrection, began to build a wall around my vegetable garden near Golgotha and at Gethsemane on the Mount of Olives, so that those places, sanctified by

the Divine Martyr's Blood, that dropped, alas!, warmed by fever at Gethsemane, and frozen and clotted in my garden, may not be profaned by Jesus' enemies. The work has now been completed, and both Lazarus and I, and his sisters with him and the apostles, who would suffer too much not having You here any longer, say to You: "Take up Your abode in the house of Jonah and Mary, the keepers of Gethsemane". »

642. 3     <sup>3</sup>«And Jonah and Mary? That house is a small one, and I love solitude. I have always loved it. And I love it even more now, because I need it to get lost in God, in My Jesus, so that I may not die of anguish, not having Him here any longer. It is not fair that human eyes should be laid on the mysteries of God, because He is God now more than ever. I Woman, Jesus Man. But our Humanity was, and is, different from every other one, both because of our immunity from sin, also from the original one, and because of our relationship with God One and Trine. We are unique in these things among all creatures past, present and future. Now man, even the best and most prudent one, is naturally and inevitably curious, particularly if he is near an extraordinary manifestation. And only Jesus and I, as long as He was on the Earth, know what sufferings... yes, also shame, uneasiness, torture is experienced when human curiosity pries into, watches, spies upon our secrets with God. It is the same as if they placed us naked in the middle of a square. Think of My past, how I have always sought secrecy, silence, how I have always concealed, under the appearance of the common life of a poor woman, the mysteries of God in Me. Recall how, in order not to reveal them even to My spouse Joseph, I almost made of him, a just man, an unjust one. Only the angelic intervention avoided that danger\*. Think of the life so humble, hidden, common, led by Jesus for thirty-three years, how easily He would withdraw and become isolated when He was the Master. He had to work miracles and teach, because that was His mission. But, He told Me Himself, He suffered - one of the many reasons for the severity and sadness that flashed in His large powerful eyes - He suffered, I was saying, because of the exaltation of the crowds, because of the more or less good curiosity with which they watched every action of His. How many

\* **that danger**, in *Matthew 1: 18-21*, described by the Blessed Virgin as "our first Passion" in 25. 9/11.

times did He order His disciples and those He had cured miraculously, saying: "Do not mention what you have seen. Do not mention what I have done for you"!... Now I should not like human eyes to inquire into the mysteries of God in Me, mysteries that have not ceased with the return to Heaven of Jesus, My Son and My God, no, on the contrary they last, and I should say that they increase, thanks to His goodness, and to keep Me alive, until the hour comes, for which I have longed so much, of joining Him forever. <sup>4</sup>I would like only John with Me. Because he is prudent, respectful, loving with Me like another Jesus. But Jonah and Mary will know... »

642. 4

Lazarus interrupts Her: «It has already been done, o Blessed Mother! We have already seen to it. Mark, Jonah's son, is among the disciples. Mary, his mother and Jonah, his father, are already at Bethany. »

«But the olive-grove? It needs to be taken care of! » Mary replies to him.

«Only when it is time to prune, to plough and pick the olives. So, only a few days each year and which will be even fewer, because in those periods I will send my servants from Bethany with Mark. You, Mother, if You want to make us happy, my sisters and me, will come to Bethany in those days, to the Zealot's solitary house. We shall be close to one another, but our eyes will not be indiscreet with regard to Your meetings with God. »

«But the oil-mill?.. »

«It has already been transferred to Bethany. Gethsemane, completely enclosed, the property even more reserved, of Lazarus of Theophilus, is awaiting You, Mary. And I assure You that the enemies of Jesus, out of fear of Rome, will not dare to violate its peace and Yours. »

«Oh! since it is so! » exclaims Mary. And She presses Her hands against Her heart, and looks at them, with a countenance that is almost ecstatic, so blissful it is, with an angelic smile on Her lips and tears of joy on Her fair eyelashes. She continues: «John and I! Alone! We two all alone! I shall seem to be once again at Nazareth with My Son! Alone! In peace! In *that* peace! Where My Jesus gave forth so many words and so much spirit of peace! Where, it is true, He suffered so much that He sweated blood and received the supreme moral sorrow of the infamous



kiss and the first... » A sob and a very painful recollection interrupt Her words and upset Her face that, for a few moments, has once more the sorrowful expression it had on the days of the Passion and Death of Her Son. She then collects Herself and says: «There, where He went back to the infinite peace of Paradise! I will soon send Mary of Alphaeus instructions to look after My little house in Nazareth, which is so dear to Me, because the mystery was accomplished there and My spouse so pure and holy, died there, and Jesus grew up in it. So dear! But never as much as these places where He instituted the Rite of rites and He became Bread, Blood, Life for men, and He suffered and redeemed, and He founded His Church and, with His last blessing\*, He made all the things of Creation good and holy. I will remain. Yes. I will remain here. I will go to Gethsemane. And from there, walking along the outside of the walls, I shall be able to go to Golgotha, and to your vegetable garden, Joseph, where I wept so much, and I shall be able to come to your house, Lazarus, where I have al-  
642. 5 ways had so much love, in My Son first, and then for Myself. 5But I should like... »

«What, Blessed Mother? » they both ask Her.

«I should like to come back here as well. Because together with the apostles, we had decided, providing Lazarus allows us... »

«Everything You want, Mother. Everything I have, is Yours. Previously I used to say so to Jesus. Now I say it to You. And if You accept My gift, it is always I who receive a grace. »

«Son, let Me call you so, I should like you to allow us to make of this house, that is of the Supper room, a place for meetings and for the brotherly agape\*\*. »

«It is just. In this place Your Son instituted the new eternal Rite, He founded His new Church, elevating His apostles and disciples to a new Pontificate and Priesthood. It is just that that room should become the first temple of the new religion: the seed that tomorrow will be a tree, and then a huge forest, the embryo that tomorrow will be a complete vital organism, and that will grow more and more in height, depth and width, spreading all over the Earth. Which table and altar are holier than the ones on

\* **His last blessing**, in 638. 21.

\*\* **agape**: ritual Eucharistic meal.

which He broke the Bread and laid the Chalice of the new Rite, that will last as long as the Earth? »

«That is true, Lazarus. And, see? For it I am sewing clean table-cloths. Because I believe, as no one will believe with equal strength that the Bread and Wine are He, in His Flesh and in His Blood; Most holy and innocent Flesh, Redeeming Blood, given in Food and Drink of Life to men. May the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit bless you, o good wise men, who have always been compassionate to the Son and to His Mother. »

<sup>6</sup>«So it is decided. Take this. It is the key that opens the various gates of the enclosure of Gethsemane. And this is the key of the house. And be happy, as much as God grants You to and as much as our poor love would like You to be. » 642. 6

Now that Lazarus has finished speaking, Joseph of Arimathea in turn says: «And this is the key of the enclosure of my vegetable garden. »

«But you... you are quite entitled to go in! »

«I have another one, Mary. The market-gardener is a just man, and so is his son. You will find only them and me there. And we will be prudent and respectful. »

«May God bless you again» repeats Mary.

«Thanks to you, Mother. Our love and the peace of God to You, always. » They prostrate themselves after this last greeting, they kiss the hem of Her dress once again and they go away.

<sup>7</sup>They have just gone out of the house, when another moderate knock is heard at the door of the room in which Mary is. 642. 7

«Come in» says Mary.

John does not make Her repeat it twice. He goes in and closes the door, somewhat worried. He asks: «What did Joseph and Lazarus want? Is there any danger? »

«No, son. There is only the satisfaction of a wish of Mine. A wish of Mine and of other people. You know how Peter and James of Alphaeus, the former the Pontiff, the latter the head of the church of Jerusalem, are desolate at the thought of losing Me, as they are afraid they will not know what to do without Me. James in particular. Not even the special apparition of My Son to him, and his election by the will of Jesus, comfort and fortify him. But also the others!... Lazarus is now satisfying this general wish and makes us the masters of Gethsemane. You and I. All alone

there. Here are the keys. And this is the key of Joseph's garden... We shall be able to go to the Sepulchre, to Bethany, without going through the town... And to go to Golgotha... And come here every time there is the brotherly agape. Lazarus and Joseph are granting us everything. »

«They are really two just men. Lazarus received a lot from Jesus. That is true. But, even before receiving, He always gave everything to Jesus. Are You happy, Mother? »

«Yes, John. So much! I will live, as long as God wants, helping Peter and James and all of you, and I will help the first Christians in every way. If the Judaeans, the Pharisees and the priests are not wild animals also towards Me, as they were for My Son, I shall be able to depart where He ascended to His Father. »

642. 8     8«You will ascend as well, Mother. »

«No. I am not Jesus. I was born in a human way. »

«But without stain of origin. I am a poor ignorant fisherman. With regard to doctrines and scriptures I know only what the Master taught me. But I am like a boy, because I am pure. And so, perhaps I know more than the Rabbis of Israel, because, He said so, God hides things from the wise and reveals them to the little and pure ones. And that is why I think, or better, I feel that You will have the destiny that Eve would have had, if she had not sinned. And even more, because You have not been the spouse of an Adam-man, but of God, to give the Earth the new Adam faithful to Grace. The Creator, when He created our first Parents, did not destine them to die, that is to the corruption of the most perfect body created by Him, and made the most noble among all the bodies created, because it is endowed with a spiritual soul and with the gratuitous gifts of God, whereby they could be called "adoptive sons of God", but what He wanted for them was only a passage from the earthly Paradise to the celestial one. Now You have never had any stain of sin on Your soul. Not even the great common sin, the heritage of Adam to all human beings, affected You, because God preserved You from it by a singular unique privilege, as from ever, You had been destined to become the Ark of the Word. And the Ark, even the one that, alas!, contains nothing but cold, arid, dead things, because, really, the people of God do not put them into practice as they should, is and must always be most pure. The Ark is, yes. But

among those who approach it, Pontiff and Priests, who is really as pure as You are? No one. That is why I feel that You, the second Eve, and Eve faithful to Grace, are not destined to death. »

<sup>9</sup>«My Son, the second Adam, Grace itself, always obedient to His Father, to Me, in a perfect manner, died. And of what death! » 642. 9

«He had come to be the Redeemer, Mother. He left His Father, Heaven, He took Flesh upon Himself, in order to redeem men, through His Sacrifice, give Grace back to them, and then elevate them once again to the rank of adoptive sons of God, heirs to Heaven. He had to die. And His Most Holy Humanity died. And You died in Your heart seeing His cruel torture and His Death. You have already suffered everything to be the redeemer with Him. I am a poor foolish boy, but I feel that You, the true Ark of the true living God, will not be, You cannot be subject to corruption. As the cloud of fire protected and guided the Ark of Moses towards the promised Land, so the Fire of God will attract You to its Centre. As the branch of Aaron\* did not wither, did not perish, on the contrary, although detached from the tree, it put forth buds, leaves and yielded fruit and lived in the Tabernacle, so You, chosen by God among all the women who lived and will live on the Earth, will not die like a plant that withers, but You will live forever, with Your whole Self, in the Tabernacle of Heaven. As the waters of the Jordan\*\* opened to let the Ark, its bearers and all the people pass in the days of Joshua, so the barriers that the sin of Adam placed between Heaven and Earth will open for You, and from this world You pass to the eternal Heaven. I am sure of that. Because God is just. And the decree issued by God for those who have neither hereditary nor voluntary sin on their souls applies to You. »

<sup>10</sup>«Has Jesus revealed that to you? » 642. 10

«No, Mother. The Spirit Paraclete tells me, He Who the Master informed us would reveal future things and all truth to us. The Comforter is already telling me in my spirit, to make less bitter for me the thought of losing You, blessed Mother, Whom I love and venerate as much and even more than my own mother, because of what You have suffered, because You are good and

\* **the cloud of fire**, in: Exodus 13: 21-22; Numbers 9: 15-23; **the branch of Aaron**, in Numbers 17: 23-26:

\*\* **the waters of the Jordan**, in: Joshua 3: 14-17.

holy, inferior only to Your Most Holy Son among all present and future Saints. The greatest Saint. » And John, deeply moved, prostrates himself venerating Her.

### **643. The Blessed Virgin and John in the places of the Passion.**

8<sup>th</sup> September 1951.

643.1 <sup>1</sup>It is dawn. A clear summer dawn. Mary, with faithful John, leaves the little house at Gethsemane and walks quickly through the silent desert olive-grove. Only the singing of some birds and the chirping of nestlings break the deep silence of the place.

Mary without any hesitation directs Her steps towards the rock of the Agony. She kneels against it, She kisses where some thin fissures in the rock still show rusty-red traces of Jesus' Blood, that penetrated into the fissures and coagulated there, She caresses them, as if She were still caressing Her Son or part of Him. John, standing behind Her, watches Her and weeps silently, wiping his eyes quickly when Mary makes the gesture of standing up, he even helps Her to do so, and he does it with so much love, veneration and compassion.

643.: <sup>2</sup>Mary now goes down to the open area where Jesus was captured. Also there She kneels down and She bends to kiss the earth, after asking John: «Is this exactly the place of the horrible ill-famed kiss, that contaminated this place even more than the filthy corrupting conversation of the Serpent with Eve disgraced the earthly Paradise? »

She then stands up saying: «But I am not Eve. I am the Woman of the *Ave*. I turned things upside down. Eve threw what belonged to Heaven into the filthy mud. I have accepted everything: incomprehension, criticism, suspicion, sorrow - how many sorrows and of how many kinds, before the supreme grief - to remove from the filthy mud what Eve and Adam had thrown into it, and elevate it again towards Heaven. The demon was not able to speak to Me, although he tried to, as he tried with My Son, to destroy the redemption plan definitively. He was not able to speak to Me, because I closed My ears to his voice and My eyes to his sight, and above all I closed My heart and My spirit against

every attack of what is not holy and pure. My limpid *ego*, but which, like a pure diamond, cannot be scratched, opened only to the announcing Angel. My ears listened only to that spiritual voice, and so I repaired and rebuilt what Eve had damaged and destroyed. I am the Woman of the *Ave* and of the *Fiat*\*. I restored the order upset by Eve. And now I can remove and wash with My kiss and My tears the impression of his cursed kiss and of that contamination. The greatest of all of them, because it was done not by a creature to a creature, but by a creature to his Master and Friend, to his Creator and God. »

<sup>3</sup>She then goes towards the gate, which John opens. They come out together from Gethsemane, they go down to the Kidron, they cross the little bridge, and there also Mary kneels down to kiss the rustic parapet of the bridge, on the spot where Her Son fell on it. She says: «Every place where He suffered supreme sorrows and abuse is sacred to Me. I should like to have everything in My little house. But it is not possible to have everything! » 643. 3

She sighs and then says: «Let us go on quickly, before people get about. » And She takes to the road again with John.

<sup>4</sup>She does not go into town. They go along the Hinnom valley and the caves where the lepers live. She raises Her eyes towards those caverns of sorrow. She gives John a nod and he at once lays on a rock some foodstuffs that he had in a bag, uttering a cry at the same time to call them. Some lepers look out and come towards the rock thanking them. But none of them ask to be cured. Mary notices it and says: «They know that He is no longer here and shocked as they are at His horrible Death, they can no longer have faith in Him and in His disciples. Twice unhappy! Twice lepers! Twice? No, even more, completely unhappy, lepers, dead! Both on the Earth and in the next world. » 643. 4

«Shall I try and speak to them, Mother? »

«It is useless! Peter, Judas of Alphaeus, Simon Zealot have tried... And they derided them. Mary of Lazarus came, as she always assists them in memory of Jesus, and she was derided as well. Lazarus also went, with Joseph and Nicodemus, to convince them that He was the Christ, telling them of his resurrection worked by Jesus, after being for four days in the sepulchre,

\* of the *Ave* and of the *Fiat*: of the “Hail” and of “Let your will be done”.

and of that of the Man-God, through His own power, and of His Ascension. It was all to no avail. They replied: "Lies. Those who know the truth say that they are lies". »

«And they are certainly the Pharisees and the priests. They are the ones who are working to destroy faith in Him. I am sure it is they! »

«It may be, John. It is certain that the lepers who were not converted before, in the face of Jesus' miracles, will not be converted any more. No more. A sign and symbol of all those who, throughout ages, will not be converted to the Christ, and by their free will, will be lepers of sin, dead to the Grace, which is Life, the symbol of all those for whom He died in vain... And in that manner!... » and She weeps, quietly, without sobbing, but with a real flood of tears.

643. 5     <sup>5</sup>John takes Her by the arm when Mary, to conceal Her tears from some passers-by who are watching Her, covers Her face with Her veil. John, while leading Her lovingly, says to Her: «It is not possible for Your tears, for Your prayers, for Your, even more, for Your and Jesus' love for all men - Yours, because Yours is active, as active, perfectly active as Jesus' glorious in Heaven, and Your sorrow, because of the deafness of men, and His, because of the obstinate sinning of too many people - not to yield fruit. Have hope, Mother! Men have given You and will still give You much sorrow, but they will also give You love and joy. Who will not love You, when he hears about You? Now here You are not known, the world is unacquainted with You. But when the Earth knows, because it has become Christian, how much love will come to You! I am sure, o holy Mother. »

643. 6     <sup>6</sup>Golgotha is now close at hand, and Joseph's vegetable garden is even closer. When they reach the latter, Mary does not go in. She goes to Golgotha first. And in the places where particular episodes took place during the Passion, that is, in the places of His falls, of His meeting with Nike and with Her as well, She kneels down and kisses the ground.

When She arrives at the summit, Her kisses become more frequent at the place of the Crucifixion. Kisses and tears, the former almost convulsive, the latter calm, but as thick as rain, fall on the yellowish earth wetting it and making its yellowish colour darker.

A little plant has come up just where the earth was moved to plant the cross there, a humble wild little plant, with heart-shaped leaves and little flowers as red as rubies. Mary looks at it, She becomes pensive, then She removes it delicately from the soil with a little loose earth, She lays it in the hem of Her mantle, saying to John: «I will put it in a vase. It looks like His blood, and it has come up in the earth made red by His Blood. It is certainly a seed carried by the whirlwind of that day, it came from who knows where and fell there who knows why, to take root in the dust fertilised by that Blood. I wish it were so for all the souls! Why is the majority of them more reluctant than the arid and cursed earth of Golgotha, the place of torture for highwaymen and killers, and of the deicide of a whole people? Cursed? No. He has sanctified this dust. Cursed by God are those who turned this hill into the place of the most horrible, unjust, sacrilegious crime that will ever be on the Earth. » Now Her sobs are joined to Her tears.

John embraces Her shoulders with his arm, to make Her feel all his love, and he convinces Her to leave that place, which is too sorrowful for Her.

<sup>7</sup>They go down to the foot of the hill again. They go into Joseph's vegetable garden. The Sepulchre shows its inside with a wide opening, no longer closed by the stone, which is still lying overturned on the ground among the grass. It is empty inside. All traces of the Deposition and of the Resurrection have disappeared. It looks like a sepulchre that has never been used.

643. 7

Mary kisses the stone of the unction, She casts loving glances at the walls. Then She asks John: «Tell Me once again how you found things here, when you came here with Peter at dawn of the Resurrection. »

And John, moving here and there, outside and inside the Sepulchre, describes how the things were and what he and Peter did, and he ends by saying: «We should have collected the linens. But we were so upset by all the events of those days, that we did not think about it. When we came back here, the linens were no longer here. »

«Those of the Temple must have taken them, to desecrate them» says Mary interrupting him and weeping. And She Concludes: «Not even Mary of Magdala thought that they should



have been taken away to be given to Me. She was too upset as well. »

«The Temple? No. I think that Joseph has taken them. »

«He would have told Me... Oh! Jesus' enemies must have taken them for a last insult! » says Mary moaning.

«Do not weep, do not suffer any more. He is now in His glory. In infinite perfect love. Hatred and insults can no longer touch Him. »

«That is true. But those linens... »

«They would be the cause of sorrow to You, as is the first Shroud, that You have not the strength to spread out, because besides the traces of His Blood, there are those of the filthy things thrown on that Most Holy Body. »

«That shroud, yes. But these linens, no. They absorbed what trickled from Him when He no longer suffered... Oh! you cannot understand! »

«I see, Mother. But I did not think that You, Who are certainly not separated from Him God, as we are, and even more are the simple believers in Him, felt so strong the desire, even more, the need to have something of Him, the tortured Man. Forgive my stupidity. Come... We will come back here again. Let us go now, because the sun is rising more and more, it is strong, and long is the road we have to take in order to avoid the town. »

643. 8 <sup>8</sup>They come out of the Sepulchre, and then of the vegetable garden, and along the same road by which they came, they go back to Gethsemane. Mary walks quickly and silently, all wrapped up in Her mantle. She has only a sensation of disgust and horror when She passes near the olive-grove where Judas hanged himself and near the country house of Caiaphas, and She whispers: «Here he completed his damnation of an unrepentant soul in despair, and there he finalised the deal. »

#### **644. Institution of the “Day of the Lord”. Gradual conversion of Gamaliel. The two Shrouds.**

5<sup>th</sup> October 1951.

644. 1 <sup>1</sup>It is night-time. The moon, at her highest point, with her silvery light illuminates the whole of Gethsemane and the little

house of Mary and John. Everything is silent. Even the Kidron, which has become a fine stream of water, makes no noise.

All of a sudden a rustling of sandals can be heard in the deep silence and it becomes more and more distinct and closer, and with it the whispering of some deep masculine voices. Then three people appear from the clump of trees and they direct their steps towards the little house. They knock at the door.

A lamp is lit and a faint flickering light filters through a fissure in the door. A hand opens it, a head looks out, a voice, John's, asks: «Who are you? »

«Joseph of Arimathea. And with me are Nicodemus and Lazarus. The hour is indiscreet. But prudence has forced it on us. We have brought something for Mary and Lazarus has escorted us. »

«Come in. I will go and call Her. She is not sleeping. She is praying up there, in Her little room, on the terrace. She likes it so much! » says John, and he quickly climbs the little staircase leading to the terrace and to the room.

The three, who have remained in the kitchen, speak to one another in low voices, in the faint light of the lamp, gathered near the table, still wrapped in their mantles, with the exception of their heads, which they have uncovered.

<sup>2</sup>John comes back in with Mary, Who greets the three saying: 644. 2  
«Peace to all of you. »

«And to You, Mary» they reply, bowing.

«Is there any danger? Has anything happened to the servants of Jesus? »

«Nothing, Woman. We have decided to come to give You a thing that - now we know for a certainty, but we had already had a foreboding of it - You wished to have. We did not come sooner, because there has been a contrast of ideas among us, and also between us and Mary of Lazarus. Martha has not declared her opinion on the matter. She only said: "The Lord, either directly, or by inspiring other people to speak, will tell you what to do". And, actually, we have been told what to do. And that is why we have come» explains Joseph.

«Has the Lord spoken to you? Has He come to you? »

«No, Mother. He has not come any more, after His ascension to Heaven. Previously yes. He appeared to us, as we told You, in

a supernatural way, after His resurrection, in my house. On that day He appeared to many people, at the same time, to give proof of His Divinity and of His Resurrection. Then we have seen Him again while He remained among men, but no longer in a supernatural manner, but as the apostles and disciples saw Him» says Nicodemus replying to Her.

«So? How did He show you the way you had to follow? »

«Through the words of one of His favourites and successors. »

«Peter? I do not think so. He is still too frightened, both of his past and of His new mission. »

644. 3<sup>3</sup>«No, Mary, not Peter, who, however, is really becoming more and more confident and, now that he knows for which purpose Lazarus has used the house of the Supper room, has decided to begin regular agapes and to celebrate the mysteries regularly on the day after each Sabbath. Because he says that that is now the day of the Lord, as on that day He rose from the dead and appeared to many people to confirm them in their faith in His eternal Nature of God. There is no longer the Sabbath, as it has been for the Hebrews perhaps since the Shabuoth. There is no longer the Sabbath, because there is no longer the synagogue for Christians, but the Church, as predicted by the prophets. But there is still, and there will always be, the day of the Lord, in memory of the Man-God, of the Master, Founder, eternal Pontiff, after being the Redeemer, of the Christian Church. So from the day after the next Sabbath there will be the agapes among Christians, and there will be many of them, in the house of the Supper room. Which was not possible before, both because of the hatred of Pharisees, Priests, Sadducees and scribes, and of the temporary dispersion of many followers of Jesus, shaken in their faith in Him and frightened of the hatred of the Judaeans. But now those who hated us, both because of their fear of Rome, that has found fault with the behaviour of the Proconsul, and of the crowds, and because they consider the “*excitement of the fanatics*” to be over - that is how they define the faith of the Christians in Christ, owing to the momentary scattering of the believers, truly of a short duration and now completely over, because all the sheep have gone back to the Fold of the true Shepherd - are not keeping such a watchful eye on us, I should say that they take no interest in it, as if it were a dead matter

that had come to its end. And that allows us to assemble for the agapes.

<sup>4</sup>We want You to be able, also with regard to the previous one, to have this souvenir of Him to be shown to the believers, in order to confirm them in their faith, without it grieving You too much. » 644. 4

And Joseph hands Her a bulky roll, that enveloped in a dark red cloth, he had held so far concealed under his mantle.

«What is it? » asks Mary, growing pale. «His garments, perhaps? The one I made for Him for... Oh!... » She says weeping.

«At no price could we find them any more. Who knows how and where they ended up! » replies Lazarus. And he adds: «But this is also His garment. His last one. It is the clean Shroud in which the most pure Lord was wrapped in after His torture and after the purification, although hurried and relative, of His members soiled by His enemies, and the summary embalming. When He rose, Joseph took both away from the Sepulchre and brought them to us at Bethany to avoid any sacrilegious abuse of them. Jesus' enemies will not dare too much in Lazarus' house. And less than ever since they heard that Rome censured the action of Pontius Pilate. Then after the first days, the most dangerous ones, we gave You the first Shroud, and Nicodemus got the other and took it to his country house. »

«Really, Lazarus, they belonged to Joseph» remarks Mary.

«That is true, Woman. But Nicodemus' house is out of town, so it does not strike the eye so much and it is safer for other reasons» Joseph replies to Her.

«Yes, particularly since Gamaliel with his son pays frequent visits to it» adds Nicodemus.

«Gamaliel!?» » exclaims Mary much surprised.

<sup>5</sup>Lazarus cannot help smiling sarcastically while he replies to Her: «Yes. The sign, the famous sign that he was waiting for, to believe that Jesus was the Messiah, has shaken him. No one can deny that the sign was such as to crush even the hardest heads and hearts and make them surrender. And Gamaliel was shaken, crushed and demolished by the most powerful sign, more than the houses that collapsed on Preparation Day, while the world seemed to perish with the Great Victim. Remorse has torn him, more than the veil of the Temple was torn, the remorse for nev- 644. 5

er having understood Jesus for what He really was. The closed sepulchre of his spirit of an old pig-headed Jew has opened, like the tombs that let the bodies of the just appear, and he is now anxiously seeking truth, light, forgiveness, life. The new life. The one that only through Jesus and in Jesus can be obtained. Oh! He will still have to work hard to clear his ancient ego completely of the rubble of his past way of thinking! But he will succeed. He is seeking peace, forgiveness and knowledge. Peace for his remorse and forgiveness for his stubbornness. And full knowledge of Him Whom, when he could, he did not want to know fully. And he goes to Nicodemus to reach the aim that he is now determined to reach. »

«Are you sure that he will not betray you, Nicodemus?» asks Mary.

«No. He will not betray me. After all he is a just man. Remember that he dared to impose himself on the Sanhedrin, during the infamous trial, and that he openly showed his disdain and disgust towards the unjust judges, by going away and by ordering his son to go away in order not to be an accomplice, not even by a passive presence, in that supreme crime. That with regard to

644. 6 Gamaliel. 6Then, with regard to the Shrouds, since I am no longer a Hebrew and consequently no longer subject to the prohibition\* of Deuteronomy concerning carved images and castings, I was thinking of making a statue of Jesus crucified, as best I can - I will use one of my gigantic cedars of Lebanon - and of concealing one of the Shrouds inside it, the first one, if You, Mother, will give it back to us. It would always distress You too much to see it, because the filthiness with which Israel struck the Son of its God is visible on it. Furthermore, certainly because of the shocks it received when descending from Golgotha, shocks that continuously shifted that tortured Head the image is so confused that it is difficult to distinguish it. But the cloth, although the image is confused and it is dirty, is always dear and sacred to me, because on it there is always some of His blood and perspiration. Hidden in that sculpture it will always be safe, because no Israelite of the high castes will ever dare to touch a sculpture. But the other one, the second Shroud, which was on Him

\* **prohibition**, in Exodus 20: 4; Leviticus 19: 4; Deuteronomy 4: 15-18; 5: 8.

from the evening of Preparation Day until the dawn of the Resurrection, must come to You. And - I am warning You so that You may not be too deeply moved in seeing it - and you must be informed that the more the days passed, the more clearly His image appeared, as He was after being washed. When we collected it from the Sepulchre, it seemed that it simply retained the impression of His members covered with the oils, and, mixed with them, the drainage of blood and serum from the many wounds. But either through a natural process or, which is much more certain, by a supernatural will, a miracle of Him to give joy to You, the more time passed, the more precise and clear the impression has become. He is there on the cloth, handsome, imposing, even if wounded, serene, peaceful, also after so many tortures. Have You the courage to see it? »

«Oh! Nicodemus! That was My supreme desire! You say that His appearance is peaceful. Oh! to be able to see Him thus, not with the tortured expression that is on Nike's veil! » replies Mary, joining Her hands against Her heart.

<sup>7</sup>Then the four shift the table to have more room; then, as Lazarus and John stand on one side, Nicodemus and Joseph on the other, they slowly unfold the long cloth. The dorsal side appears first, beginning from the feet; then after the quasi-junction of the heads, the front side. The lines are very clear, and clear are the signs, all the signs of the scourging, crowning with thorns, rubbing of the cross, bruises caused by blows received or by falls, and the wounds of the nails and of the lance.

644. 7

Mary falls on Her knees, She kisses the cloth, She caresses those impressions, She kisses the wounds. She is distressed, but visibly happy to be able to have that supernatural miraculous image of Him.

<sup>8</sup>When She finishes venerating it, She turns and says to John, who cannot be near Her, compelled as he is to hold one corner of the cloth: «It was you who told them, John. You alone could tell them, because you alone were aware of this desire of Mine. »

644. 8

«Yes, Mother, it was I. And I did not even have time to inform them of Your desire, that they agreed to it. But they have had to wait for a suitable moment to do so... »

«That is, a very clear night, in order to be able to come without torches or lamps, and a period of time without the festivities

that assemble crowds and notables here in Jerusalem and nearby places. And that out of prudence... » explains Nicodemus.

«And I have come with them for greater safety. As the owner of Gethsemane, I was able to come and see this place without shocking the eyes of anyone... commissioned to watch everything and everybody» says Lazarus concluding.

«May God bless you all. But you have spent the money for the Shrouds... And that is not fair... »

«It is fair, Mother. I, from the Christ, Your Son, have received a gift that no money can buy: life given back to me after four days in a sepulchre, and before that, the conversion of my sister Mary. Joseph and Nicodemus have had from Jesus the Light, the Truth, the Life that does not die. And You... You, with Your sorrow of a Mother and Your love of the Most holy Mother for all men, have purchased for God, not a cloth, but the whole Christian world that will always be greater and greater. There is no money that can compensate You for what You have given. So take this, at least. It is Yours. And it is just that it should be so. Also Mary, my sister, thinks so. That has always been her opinion, since the moment that He rose and even more since He left You to ascend to His Father» Lazarus replies to Her.

644. 9 «Then let it be so. <sup>9</sup>I will go and get the other one. It in fact grieves Me so much to see it... This one is different. This one gives peace! Because here He is serene, in peace by now. In His mortal sleep, He already seems to be feeling the Life that is coming back and the glory that no one will ever be able to strike and demolish. I now wish nothing else, apart from being reunited to Him. But that will happen when and as God has predisposed. I am going. And may God give you one hundred times as much joy as you have given Me. »

She takes the Shroud reverently, after the four have folded it, She goes out of the kitchen and quickly climbs the little staircase... And She soon comes down again and comes in with the first Shroud, which She hands to Nicodemus, who says to Her: «May God reward You, Woman. We are going now, as it is almost dawn, and it is wise to be home before its light spreads and people come out of their houses. »

The three venerate Her before going out, and then with quick steps, going back along the road by which they came, they go

towards one of the gates of Gethsemane, the one closest to the Bethany road.

Mary and John remain at the door of the little house until they see them disappear, they then go back into the kitchen and close the door speaking to each other in low voices.

### **645. The trial and martyrdom of Stephen. The opposite ways of Saul and Gamaliel.**

7<sup>th</sup> August 1944.

<sup>1</sup>The hall of the Sanhedrin, identical, both with regard to disposition and to people, to what it was in the night between Thursday and Friday, during Jesus' trial. The High Priest and the others are sitting on their seats. In the middle, in front of the High Priest, in the empty space where, during the trial Jesus was, there is now Stephen. <sup>645. 1</sup>

He must have already spoken\* professing his faith and bearing witness to the true Nature of the Christ and to His Church, because the tumult is at its climax and in its violence it is similar to the one that raged against the Christ in the fatal night of the betrayal and deicide. Blows, curses, horrible oaths are hurled against the deacon Stephen who, under the brutal blows, staggers and totters while they savagely tug him here and there.

But he keeps his calm and dignity, and even more. He is not only calm and dignified, but he is even blissful and almost ecstatic. Disregarding the spittles streaming down his face and the blood running from his nose, that has been violently struck, at a certain moment he raises his inspired face and his bright smiling eyes to stare at a vision known to him alone. He stretches his arms out crosswise, he raises them up as if he wished to embrace what he sees, then he falls on his knees exclaiming: «Here, I can see the Heavens thrown open, and the Son of Man, Jesus, the Christ of God, Whom you have killed, standing at the right hand of God. »

Then the tumult loses even that least part that it still retained of humanity and legality and, with the fury of a pack of wolves,

\* **have already spoken**, as in: Acts 6: 8-15; 7: 1-54.



of jackals, of rabid wild beasts, they all hurl themselves on the deacon, they bite him, they trample on him, they grasp him, they raise him lifting him by his hair, they drag him, letting him drop again, while fury opposes fury, because in the rush those who try to drag the martyr outside are hindered by those who pull him in another direction to strike him and tread on him again.

645. 2 <sup>2</sup>Among the most furious ones there is a young short ugly looking man, named Saul. The fierceness of his face is indescribable.

In a corner of the hall there is Gamaliel. He has never taken part in the brawl, neither has he ever addressed Stephen or any mighty person. His disgust for the unfair wild scene is manifest. In another corner there is Nicodemus, who is also disgusted and does not take part in the trial or in the brawl, and is looking at Gamaliel, whose countenance is clearer than any word. But suddenly, and precisely when he sees Stephen being lifted by his hair for the third time, Gamaliel wraps himself in his very wide mantle and he goes towards an exit in the opposite direction to that towards which the deacon is being dragged.

His action does not pass unnoticed to Saul who shouts: «Rabbi, are you going away? »

Gamaliel does not reply.

Saul, fearing that Gamaliel has not understood that the question was made to him, repeats and specifies it: «Rabbi Gamaliel, are you evading this judgement? »

Gamaliel turns round all of one piece and, looking furious, disgusted as he is, dignified and frigid, he replies only: «Yes. » But his «yes» is worth more than a long speech.

Saul understands everything that that «yes» implies, and leaving the wild pack, he rushes towards Gamaliel. He reaches him, stops him, says to him: «You are not going to tell me, o rabbi, that you disapprove of our condemnation. »

Gamaliel does not look at him, neither does he reply to him.

Saul insists: «That man is doubly guilty, as he denied the Law, following a Samaritan possessed by Beelzebub, and for doing so after being your disciple. »

Gamaliel continues to look away from him and to be silent.

Saul then asks him: «But are you perhaps, you as well, a follower of that criminal named Jesus? »

Gamaliel now speaks and says: «I am *not yet*. But if He was what He said, and truly many things prove that He was, I pray God that I may become one. »

«Horrible» shouts Saul.

«There is nothing horrible. Every man has an intelligence to make use of it, and a freedom to apply it. So let everybody make use of it according to that freedom that God has given to every man and to that light that He has put in everybody's heart. The just, sooner or later, will use these two gifts of God, for Good purposes, and the wicked, for Evil purposes. » And he goes away, directing his steps towards the court where the Treasury is, and he goes and leans against the same column against which Jesus spoke of the poor widow\* who gave the Treasury of the Temple everything she had: two farthings.

<sup>3</sup>He has not been there long when Saul joins him again and places himself in front of him. The contrast between the two is very strong. 645. 3

Gamaliel is tall, of a noble bearing, handsome in his strong Semitic features, with a high forehead, with eyes which are very dark, intelligent, piercing, long and deeply sunken under his thick straight eyebrows, on the sides of his nose which is also straight, long and thin, and reminds one a little of Jesus' nose. Also his complexion, his thin-lipped mouth remind one of Jesus. But Gamaliel's beard and moustache, once very dark, are now grizzled and longer.

Saul instead is short, thickset, almost rickety, his legs are short and thick, a little apart at the knees, which are clearly visible because he has taken his mantle off and he has on only a short greyish tunic. His arms are short and brawny like his legs, his neck is short and thickset, supporting a big brown head with short rough hair, with rather protruding ears, snub nose, thick lips, with high big cheek-bones, bulging forehead, dark rather bulging eyes, neither mild nor kind, but very intelligent under his very arched, thick, ruffled eyelashes. His cheeks are covered with a very thick beard, as bristly as his hair, but cut short. Perhaps because of his very short neck he seems to be slightly hunchbacked or to have very round shoulders.

\* spoke of the poor widow, in 596. 78.

645. 4 He is silent for a moment, staring at Gamaliel. Then he says something to him in a low voice.

Gamaliel replies to him in a clear loud voice: «I do not approve of violence, for any reason whatsoever. You will never obtain my approval for any violent plan. I have told also all the Sanhedrin, in public, when Peter and the other apostles were arrested for the second time and brought before the Sanhedrin to be judged. And I repeat the same things: “If it is the plan and work of men, it will perish by itself; if it comes from God, it cannot be destroyed by men, on the contrary they may be struck by God”. Bear that in mind. »

«Are you the protector of these blasphemous followers of the Nazarene, you, the greatest rabbi in Israel? »

«I am the protector of justice. And justice teaches us to be prudent and just in judging. I repeat it to you. If the thing comes from God, it will last, if not, it will fall by itself. But I do not want to stain my hands with blood that I do not know whether it deserves death. »

«Is that how you, a Pharisee and doctor, speak? Are you not afraid of the Most High? »

645. 5 «More than you are. But I ponder. <sup>5</sup>And I remember... You were only a little child, not yet a son of the Law, and I was already teaching in this Temple with the wisest rabbi of our days... and with others, wise, but not just. Within these walls our wisdom received a lesson\* that made us ponder for the rest of our lives. The eyes of the most wise and just man of our times closed on the recollection of that hour, and his mind on the study of those truths, heard from the lips of a child, who was revealing himself to men, particularly if just. My eyes have continued to watch and my mind to think, coordinating events and things... I have had the privilege of hearing the Most High speak through the mouth of a child, who later was a just man, wise, mighty, holy, and who was put to death, just because of these qualities of his. His words of that time have afterwards been confirmed by events that happened many years later, at the time mentioned by Daniel\*\*... Poor me, as I did not understand sooner! As I awaited the last terrible sign to believe, to understand! Poor people of Is-

\* a lesson, from Jesus, at the age of 12, in the Temple, in 41. 3/9.

\*\* at the time mentioned by Daniel, in: *Daniel 9*.

rael, who did not understand then and does not understand even now! The prophecy of Daniel and those of other prophets and of the Word of God continue, and will be fulfilled for Israel stubborn, blind, deaf, unjust, as it continues to persecute the Messiah in His servants! »

«Damn! You are blaspheming! There will really be no salvation for the people of God, if the rabbis of Israel blaspheme and deny Jehovah, the true God, to exalt and believe in a false Messiah! »

«I am not blaspheming, but all those are, who insulted the Nazarene and continue to despise Him, by scorning His followers. You, yes, you are blaspheming, because you hate Him, in Himself, and in His followers. But you were right when you said that there is no more salvation for Israel. Not because there are Israelites who have passed into His flock, but because Israel has struck Him to death. »

«You fill me with horror! You are betraying the Law, the Temple! »

«Denounce me, then, to the Sanhedrin, that I may share the lot of him who is about to be stoned. It will be the beginning and the happy conclusion of your mission. And I shall be forgiven, through this sacrifice of mine, for not having recognised and understood the God Who was passing, as Saviour and Master, among us, His children and His people. »

645. 6  
«Saul, with an angry gesture, goes away, rudely, to the court facing the hall of the Sanhedrin, the court in which the crowd is still shouting in exasperation against Stephen. In this court Saul joins the torturers who were waiting for him, and with the others he comes out of the Temple and then out of the town walls. Abuse, jeers continue to be shouted at, and blows to be dealt to the deacon, who already tired out and wounded, proceeds staggering towards the place of the execution.

Outside the walls there is a stretch of waste land covered with stones, completely deserted. When the executioners arrive there, they spread out forming a circle, leaving the condemned man all alone in the centre, with his torn garments and his body bleeding in many parts as a result of the wounds already inflicted on it. They tear his garments off him before moving away from him. Stephen is left with a very short tunic. They all take their long

garments off and remain with their tunics only, as short as the one worn by Saul, to whom they entrust their garments, as he does not take part in the lapidation, either because he has been upset by Gamaliel's words, or because he knows that he is not good at hitting the mark.

645.7 <sup>7</sup>The executioners pick up some large pebbles and some sharp stones, in which the place abounds, and they begin the lapidation.

Stephen receives the first blows standing, and with a smile of forgiveness on his wounded lips which, a moment before the beginning of the lapidation, have shouted to Saul, intent on gathering the clothes of the lapidators: «My friend, I will wait for you on the way of the Christ. »

To which Saul replied: «Pig! Possessed! » adding to the insults a mighty kick on the shin-bone of the deacon, who almost falls because of the blow and of the pain.

After some blows with stones, that strike him from all directions, Stephen falls on his knees, supporting himself with his wounded hands, and certainly recollecting a remote episode\*, he whispers, touching his temple and his wounded forehead: «As He foretold me! The crown... The rubies... O my Lord, Master, Jesus, receive my spirit! »

Another hail of blows on his already wounded head makes him collapse on the ground that becomes impregnated with his blood. While he lies on the stones, always under hails of more of them, on the point of breathing his last, he whispers: «Lord... Father... forgive them... bear them no grudge for this sin of theirs... They do not know what... » Death breaks the sentence on his lips, a last start makes him curl himself up, and he remains so. Dead.

The executioners approach him, they throw another volley of stones on him, and almost bury him under them. They then put their clothes on, and they go away back to the Temple, intoxicated with satanic zeal, to report what they have done.

645.8 <sup>8</sup>While they are speaking to the High Priest and other mighty people, Saul goes in search of Gamaliel. He does not find him at once. Inflamed with hatred against the Christians, he goes back

\* a remote episode, in 354. 5.

to the Priests, he speaks to them, he convinces them to give him a parchment with the seal of the Temple, authorising him to persecute the Christians. The blood of Stephen must have made him as furious as a bull that sees red, or a generous wine given to an alcoholic.

He is about to come out of the Temple when he sees Gamaliel under the Porch of the Gentiles. He goes to him. Perhaps he wants to begin a dispute or a justification. But Gamaliel goes across the court, he enters a hall and closes the door in the face of Saul, who, offended and furious, runs out of the Temple to persecute the Christians.

<sup>9</sup>[Jesus says: ]

645. 9

«I have shown Myself many times and to many people, also in extraordinary manifestations. But My manifestation did not produce the same effect in everybody. We can see how to each manifestation of Mine corresponds a sanctification of those who possessed the goodwill required of men to have Peace, Life, Justice.

So, Grace worked in the shepherds for the thirty years of My concealed life, then it flowered yielding a holy ear of corn when it was the time in which the good parted from the wicked to follow the Son of God, Who was passing along the ways of the world, uttering His cry of love to assemble the sheep of the eternal Flock, scattered and dispersed by Satan. Present among the crowds that followed Me, they were My messengers, because with their simple and convincing reports, they proclaimed the Christ saying: “It is He. We recognise Him. The lullabies of the angels descended upon His first wailing. And we were told by the angels that men of goodwill will have peace. Goodwill is the desire of Good and Truth. Let us follow Him! Follow Him! We shall all have the Peace promised by the Lord”.

Humble, ignorant, poor, My first messengers among men, rushed like sentries along the road of the King of Israel, of the King of the world. Faithful eyes, honest mouths, loving hearts, thuribles exhaling the perfume of their virtues to make less corrupt the air of the Earth around My Divine Person, that had become incarnate for them and for all men, and I found them even at the foot of the Cross, after blessing them with My eyes along

the sanguinary road of Golgotha, the only ones, with very few more, who did not curse Me among the unrestrained crowd, but who loved, believed, still hoped, and looked at Me with compassionate eyes, thinking of the remote night of My Birth and weeping on the Innocent, Who slept His first sleep on an uncomfortable piece of wood, and His last one on an even more painful one. That because My manifestation to them, who were righteous souls, had sanctified them.

And the same happened to the three Wise Men from the East, to Simeon and Anne in the Temple, to Andrew and John at the Jordan, and to Peter, James and John at Tabor, to Mary of Magdala at dawn on Easter Sunday, to the eleven when on the Mount of Olives, and even before that, at Bethany, they were forgiven their bewilderment... No, John, the pure apostle, did not need to be forgiven. He was the faithful ever loving hero. His most pure love, his purity of mind, of heart, of body, preserved him from all weakness.

645. 10 <sup>10</sup>Gamaliel, and with him Hillel, were not as simple as the shepherds, as holy as Simeon, as wise as the three Wise men. In him, and in his master and relative, there was the tangle of Pharisaic lianas to suffocate the light and the free expansion of the tree of faith. But in their being Pharisaic there was purity of intentions. They thought they were in the right and they wished to be so. They wished it *by instinct*, because they were just, and by intellect, because their spirits shouted out of discontent: "There are too many ashes mixed with this bread. Give us the bread of the real Truth".

Gamaliel, however, was not so strong as to have the courage to break these Pharisaic lianas. His humanity enslaved him still too much, and with it, the considerations of human esteem, of personal danger, of family welfare. Because of all these things Gamaliel had not been able to understand "the God that was passing among His people", or to use "that intelligence and that freedom" that God has given every man so that he may use them for his own good. Only the sign awaited for so many years, the sign that had demolished and tortured him with never ending remorse, would provoke in him the recognition of the Christ and the change of his ancient thought, whereby, from the rabbi of error - as the scribes, Pharisees and the doctors had corrupted the

essence and the spirit of the Law, suffocating the simple bright truth that had come from God under a large quantity of human precepts, which were often wrong, but always to their advantage - he would become a disciple of the divine Truth, after a long struggle between his ancient ego and his present ego.

<sup>11</sup>In any case he had not been the only one to be uncertain in deciding and strong in acting. Also Joseph of Arimathea, and even more Nicodemus, did not trample on the Judaic customs and lianas at once and embrace the new Doctrine openly, so much so that they used to come to the Christ “secretly”, out of fear of the Judaeans, or they used to meet with him by chance, and mainly in their country houses, or in Lazarus’ house at Bethany, as they knew that it was safer and more feared by Christ’s enemies, who were well aware of the protection of Rome for Theophilus’ son. 645. 11

However, they were certainly always much more advanced in Good and braver, when compared to Gamaliel, to the extent that they dared to take the compassionate action on Good Friday. Rabbi Gamaliel was less advanced.

<sup>12</sup>But you, who are reading, pay attention to the power of his upright intention. Through it, his very human justice, becomes tinged with a superhuman hue. Saul’s instead, gets soiled with something demoniac, when the unchecked fury of evil compels him and his master Gamaliel to face the alternative choice between Good and Evil, justice and injustice. 645. 12

The tree of Good and Evil stands straight in front of every man to present its fruits of Evil to him, in the most alluring and attractive appearance, while among the foliage in a deceitful voice of a nightingale, the tempting Serpent hisses. It is up to man, a creature gifted with reason and with a soul given to him by God, to be able to distinguish and want the good fruit among the many, which are not good and cause damage and death to the spirit; and to pick that one, even if it is prickly and difficult to pick, bitter to taste and miserable looking. Its metamorphosis, by which it becomes so much smoother and softer to the touch, sweeter to the taste, more beautiful to the sight, takes place only when, through justice of spirit and reason, one chooses the good fruit and feeds on its juice, which is bitter but holy.

Saul stretches out his greedy hands to the fruit of Evil, of hatred, of injustice, of crime, and he will stretch them out until he



is struck with lightning, crushed, deprived of human sight, so that he may achieve the superhuman sight and may become not only just, but an apostle and confessor of Him, Whom he previously hated and persecuted in His servants.

Gamaliel, breaking the persistent lianas of his humanity and of Hebraism, to let spring up and bloom the remote seed of light and justice, not only human but also superhuman, that My fourth epiphany, or manifestation, which is perhaps a word clearer and more comprehensible to you, had put in his heart, in his heart with upright intentions, the seed that he had preserved and defended with honest fondness and noble eagerness to see it spring up and bloom, stretches out his hands to the fruit of Good. His will and My Blood broke the hard husk of that remote seed, that he had preserved in his heart for dozens of years, in that heart of rock that split with the veil of the Temple and the earth of Jerusalem, and shouted its supreme desire to Me, Who could no longer hear him with human hearing, but I could hear him well with My divine spirit, when he was there, prostrated on the ground, at the foot of the cross. And under the sunny fire of the apostolic words and of the best disciples, and the shower of the blood of Stephen, the first martyr, that seed takes root, becomes a tree, blossoms and yields fruit. The new tree of his Christian Faith, which had come up where the tragedy of Good Friday had overthrown, uprooted and destroyed all the ancient trees and herbs.

The plant of his new Christian faith and of his new holiness has come up and grown before My eyes. Forgiven by Me, although guilty of not understanding Me previously, because of his justice that refused to take part in My condemnation or in Stephen's, his desire to become My follower, the son of the Truth, of the Light, is blessed also by the Father and by the Sanctifying Spirit, and from desire it becomes reality, without the need of powerful violent lightning, as was necessary for Saul on the Damascus road, for the arrogant man, who with no other means could have been subdued and led to Justice, to Charity, to Light, to Truth, and to the eternal glorious Life in Heaven. »

## **646. The secret burial of Stephen. The beginning of the persecution.**

8<sup>th</sup> August 1951.

<sup>1</sup>It is the dead of night, and a very dark night, because the moon has already set, when Mary comes out of the little house at Gethsemane with Peter, James of Alphaeus, John, Nicodemus and the Zealot. 646. 1

Because of the dark night, Lazarus, who is waiting for them in front of the house, at the beginning of the path that leads to the lower gate, lights an oil lamp, which he has fitted with a protection of thin sheets of alabaster or other transparent material. The light is faint, but when the lamp is held low towards the ground, as it is now, it always helps to see stones and obstacles that may be found on the way. Lazarus goes beside Mary, so that She, above all, may see clearly. John is on the other side and supports the Mother by the arm. The others are behind them, in a group.

They go as far as the Kidron and proceed along it, so that they are half-hidden by the wild bushes that grow near its banks. Also the murmur of the water serves to conceal and confuse the noise of the sandals of the wayfarers.

Going along the outer side of the walls all the time as far as the Gate closest to the Temple, and then proceeding into the barren desert area, they arrive at the place where Stephen was stoned. They direct their steps towards the pile of stones under which he is half buried, and they remove the stones until his poor body appears. It is by now deathly pale, both because of death and because of the blows it received during the lapidation, it is hard, stiff, all curled up as it was when he died.

<sup>2</sup>Mary, Who has been mercifully kept away a few steps by John, frees Herself and runs towards that poor body, which is lacerated and covered with blood. Without worrying about the stains that the clotted blood leaves on Her dress, Mary, helped by James of Alphaeus and John, lays the body on a cloth stretched on the ground, in a spot devoid of stones, and with a linen cloth, that She dips in a small amphora handed to Her by the Zealot, She cleans, as best She can, the face of Stephen. She tidies his hair, trying to bring it round to his temples and wounded 646. 2

cheeks, in order to cover the horrible marks left by the stones. She cleans also the other parts of the body and She would also like to arrange them in a less tragical posture. But the chill of death, which had taken place many hours previously, allows that only partially. Also the men try, stronger as they are both physically and morally than Mary, Who looks once again like the Sorrowful Mother of Golgotha and of the Sepulchre. But they also have to resign themselves to leave him in the position they have succeeded in placing him after so many efforts. They dress him again with a clean long tunic, because his has been lost or stolen, in contempt, by the lapidators, and the short tunic they have left on him is all torn and stained with blood.

Having done that, always in the faint light of the lamp that Lazarus holds very close to the poor body, they lift him and lay him on another clean cloth. Nicodemus picks up the first cloth, wet with the water used to wash the martyr and with the clot-  
ted blood, and places it under his mantle. John and James at the head, Peter and the Zealot at the feet, lift the cloth containing the body, and they set out on the way back, preceded by Lazarus and Mary. But they do not go back along the same way they came, on the contrary, going into the country and going round at the foot of the Mount of Olives, they reach the road that goes to Jericho and Bethany.

646. 3 <sup>3</sup>They stop there to rest and to speak. And Nicodemus, who having been present at Stephen's condemnation, although in a passive manner, and being one of the elders of the Judaeans, was more acquainted than the others with the decisions of the Sanhedrin, warns those present that the persecution against the Christians has been ordered and has broken-out, and that Stephen is only the first of a long list of names indicated as followers of the Christ.

The first cry of all the apostles is: «Let them do what they like! We will not change, either because of threats or out of prudence! »

But the more judicious ones among the people present, that is Lazarus and Nicodemus, point out to Peter and to James of Alphaeus that the Church has only few priests of the Christ, and that if the more important ones of them were killed, that is Peter the Pontiff and James the Bishop of Jerusalem, the Church

would survive with difficulty. They remind also Peter that their Founder and Master had left Judaea for Samaria, in order not to be killed before He had formed them properly, and how He had advised His servants to follow His example until the shepherds are so many that one will not have to fear the dispersion of the believers because of the death of the shepherds. And they conclude saying: «You ought to scatter as well through Judaea and Samaria. Get proselytes there, many more shepherds, and from there scatter through the Earth, so that, as He ordered you to do, all the peoples may become acquainted with the Gospel. »

<sup>4</sup>The apostles are perplexed. They look at Mary, as if they <sup>646.4</sup> wanted to know Her opinion on the matter.

And Mary, Who understands their looks, says: «It is a good piece of advice. Take it. It is not cowardice, but prudence. He taught you: “Be as simple as doves and as prudent as snakes. I am sending you out like sheep among wolves. Beware of men...” ». »

James interrupts Her: «Yes, Mother. But He also said: “But when they hand you over and you will be dragged before governors, do not worry about what you have to answer. It is not you who will be speaking, but the Spirit of the Father will be speaking for you and in you”. And I am staying here. A disciple is to be like his Master. He died to give life to the Church. Every death of ours will be a stone added to the great new Temple, an increase in life for the great immortal body of the universal Church. Let them kill me, if they wish so. Living in Heaven I shall be happier, because I shall be beside my Brother, and even more powerful. I am not afraid of death. But of sin. By abandoning my place I seem to be imitating the gesture of Judas, the perfect betrayer. James of Alphaeus will never commit that sin. If I have to fall, I will fall like a hero, at my place of action, where He wanted me to be. »

Mary replies to him: «I will not pierce into your secrets with the Man-God. If that is what He inspires you with, do so. He alone, Who is God, is entitled to give orders. We are all only entitled to obey Him always, in everything, to do His Will. »

<sup>5</sup>Peter, less heroic, is chatting with the Zealot to hear his opinion on the matter. <sup>646.5</sup>

Lazarus, who is close to the two and hears them, suggests: «Come to Bethany. It is close to Jerusalem and to the road to Sa-

maria. The Christ left from there many a time to avoid His enemies... »

Nicodemus in turn suggests: «Come to my country house. It is safe and close both to Bethany and to Jerusalem, and it is on the road that takes one to Ephraim, via Jericho. »

«No, mine is better, as it is protected by Rome» insists Lazarus.

«You are already hated too much, since Jesus raised you from the dead, asserting so, *powerfully*, His divine Nature. Consider that His destiny was decided just because of that. Watch that you do not decide yours» Nicodemus replies to him.

«And what about my house? It is really Lazarus'. But they still call it mine» says Simon Zealot.

Mary intervenes saying: «Let Me ponder, think, decide which is the best thing to do. God will not leave Me without His light. When I know, I will tell you. For the time being, come to Gethsemane with Me. »

«Seat of all Wisdom, Mother of the Word and of the Light, You are always the Star that guides us safely. We obey You» they all say together, as if the Holy Spirit had really spoken in their hearts and on their lips.

646.6 <sup>6</sup>They stand up from the grass on which they had been sitting at the edge of the road, and while Peter, James, Simon and John go with Mary towards Gethsemane, Lazarus and Nicodemus lift the cloth in which the body of Stephen is wrapped, and at the first light of dawn, they set out towards the Bethany and Jericho road.

Where are they taking the martyr? A mystery.

## 647. Gamaliel becomes a Christian.

1<sup>st</sup> November 1951.

647.1 <sup>1</sup>Some years must have gone by, because John seems to be in full manhood, more sturdily built, with a more mature appearance, while his fair hair, beard and moustache are of a much darker colour.

Mary, Who is spinning, while John is tidying up the kitchen of the little house at Gethsemane, the walls of which have been

recently whitewashed, while wooden items have been painted - stools, door, a cabinet that serves also as a shelf for the lamp - does not appear at all changed. Her aspect is fresh and serene. All traces left on Her face by the sorrow for the death of Her Son, for His return to Heaven, for the first persecutions against the Christians, have disappeared. Time has not engraved its traces on that kind face. And age has not had the power to alter its fresh pure beauty.

The lamp, lit on the shelf, casts its flickering light on the small industrious hands of Mary, on the snow-white wool wound round the distaff, on the thin thread, on the twirling spindle, on Her golden hair gathered in a thick knot on the nape of Her neck.

Through the open door a very limpid moon-beam penetrates into the kitchen, laying a kind of silver strip from the threshold to the feet of the stool on which Mary is sitting, so that Her feet are illuminated by the moon-beam, and Her hands and head by the reddish light of the lamp. Outside, on the olive-trees surrounding the house of Gethsemane, some nightingales are singing their songs of love.

They suddenly become silent, as if they were frightened, and after a few moments, the shuffling of steps can be heard, and it becomes closer and closer, until it stops on the threshold of the kitchen, at the same time making the white lunar strip disappear, that previously silvered the coarse dark bricks of the floor.

<sup>647. 2</sup> Mary raises Her head and looks towards the door. John, in turn, looks towards the door and an «oh! » full of wonder is uttered by their lips, while, with one movement only they both rush towards the door, on the threshold of which Gamaliel has appeared and stopped. A very old Gamaliel by now, ghastly, so thin is he in his white garments, which the moon, shining on him from behind, makes almost phosphorescent. A Gamaliel crushed, overwhelmed by events, by his remorse, by so many things, even more than by age.

«You here, rabbi? Come in! Come! And peace be with you» John says to him, as he is in front of him and very close to him, while Mary is a few steps behind.

«If you will guide me... I am blind... » replies the old rabbi, in a voice that is trembling more because of secret tears, than because of his age.

John, dumbfounded, asks, with emotion and compassion in his voice: «Blind?! Since when? »

«Oh!... Since long ago! My sight began to grow weaker immediately after... after... Yes. After I did not recognise the true Light that had come to enlighten men, until the earthquake tore the veil of the Temple and shook the mighty walls, as He had said. Really a double veil, that covered the Holy of the Holies of the Temple and the even truer Holy of Holies, the Word of the Father, His eternal Only-Begotten, concealed by the veil of a most pure human flesh, that only His Passion and His glorious Resurrection revealed to the most dull-minded people, and to me first of all, for what He really was: the Christ, the Messiah, the Immanuel. Since that moment darkness began to descend upon my eyes, becoming thicker and thicker. A just punishment for me.

<sup>647.3</sup> For some time I have been completely blind. <sup>3</sup>And I have come... »

John interrupts him asking him: «Perhaps to ask a miracle? »

«Yes. A great miracle. I am asking it of the Mother of the true God. »

«Gamaliel, I do not have the power that My Son had. He was able to give life and sight to blind eyes, word to dumb people, movement to those who were paralysed. But not I» Mary replies to him. And She continues: «But come here, near the table, and sit down. You are tired and old, rabbi. Do not tire yourself any more» and pitifully, with John, She leads him towards the table and makes him sit on a stool.

Gamaliel, before leaving Her hand free, kisses it with veneration, then he says to Her: «I am not asking of You, Mary, the miracle to see once again. No. I am not asking this material thing. What I ask of You, o Blessed amongst all women, is the sight of an eagle for my spirit, so that I may see all the Truth. I do not ask of You the light for my blind eyes, but the supernatural divine true light that is wisdom, truth, life, for my soul and my heart torn by and exhausted with the remorse that gives me no rest. I have no desire to see with my eyes this Hebrew world, so... Yes. So stubbornly rebellious to God, Who has been and is so compassionate towards it, as we really did not deserve that He should be. On the contrary I am glad that I do not have to see it any more, and that my blindness has exempted me from all engagements with the Temple and with the Sanhedrin, who have been so unfair to

Your Son and to His followers. What I wish to see, with my mind, my heart, my spirit, is He, Jesus. To see Him in me, in my spirit, to see Him spiritually, as You certainly, o Holy Mother of God, and John, so pure, and James, as long as he lived, and the others, for support in their serious and hampered ministry, see Him. To see Him in order to love Him with my whole self, and through this love, be able to make amends for my sins, and be forgiven by Him, to have the eternal Life, that I failed to deserve... » He bends his head on his arms that are folded on the table and he weeps.

<sup>4</sup>Mary lays Her hand on his head shaken by sobs and replies <sup>647.4</sup> to him: «No, you have not failed to deserve to have eternal Life! Those who repent their past errors are forgiven everything by the Saviour. He would have forgiven even His betrayer, if he had repented his horrible sin. And the sin of Judas of Kerioth is immense compared with yours. Consider. Judas was the apostle received by the Christ, instructed by the Christ, loved by the Christ more than anyone else, if one considers that, although He knew everything about him, Christ did not reject him from the group of His Apostles, on the contrary, up to the very last moment, He resorted to every expedient, so that they might not understand who he was and what he was planning. My Son was the Truth itself, and for no reason whatsoever did He ever lie. But when He saw the other eleven being suspicious and they asked Him questions about the Iscariot, without lying, He was able to divert their suspicions and not reply to their questions, ordering them not to be inquisitive, out of prudence and out of charity for a brother. Your fault is by far smaller. And what is more, it cannot even be called a fault. Yours is not incredulity, on the contrary it is excess of faith. You believed so much in the twelve-year-old Boy Who spoke to you in the Temple that, obstinately, but with upright intention, based on your absolute faith in that Boy, on Whose lips you had heard words of infinite wisdom, you awaited the sign to believe in Him and see the Messiah in Him. God forgives those who have such a strong loyal faith. Even more He forgives whoever, although still in doubt about the true Nature of a man, unjustly accused, does not want to take part in his condemnation, which he feels is unjust. Your spiritual seeing the Truth has been growing and growing since you left the San-



hedrin in order not to agree to that sacrilegious deed. And it increased even more when, being in the Temple, you saw the fulfilment of the sign, so longed for, that marked the beginning of the Christian era. It increased further when at the foot of the cross of My Son, already cold and dead, you prayed with those mighty anguished words. It has become almost perfect every time that, either with your words, or by withdrawing aside, you defended the servants of My Son or you refused to take part in the condemnation of the first martyrs. Believe Me, Gamaliel, every act of sorrow, of justice, of love of yours, has increased your spiritual sight in you. »

647.5 <sup>5</sup>«All that is still not enough! See, I had the rare grace of becoming acquainted with Your Son as from His first public manifestation, when He came of age. I should have seen since then! I should have understood! I was blind and foolish... I did not see and I did not understand. Neither then, nor in other occasions, when I had the grace of approaching Him, by that time a Man and Master, and I heard His ever more just and powerful words. I was stubbornly awaiting the human sign, the shaken stones... And I did not see that everything in Him was a sure sign! And I did not see that He was the corner Stone predicted\* by the Prophets, the Stone that was already shaking the world, all the Hebrew and Gentile world; the Stone that shook the stones of hearts with His Word, with His prodigies! I did not see on Him the clear sign of His Father in everything He did or said! How can He forgive so much stubbornness? »

647.6 <sup>6</sup>«Gamaliel, can you believe that I, Who am the Seat of Wisdom, the Full of Grace, Who, both because of the Wisdom Who took Flesh in Me, and of the Grace He gave Me, have the fullness of knowledge of supernatural matters, can give you good advice? »

«Oh! of course I believe it! Just because I believe that that is what You are, I have come to You to receive light. You, Daughter, Mother, Spouse of God, Who certainly since Your conception filled You with His sapiential lights, can but show me the way that I must take to have peace, to find the truth, to conquer the true Life. I am so aware of my errors, so crushed by my spiritual

\*predicted, in *Psalm 118: 22-23; Isaiah 28: 16.*

misery, that I am in need of help to dare to go to God. »

«What you consider a hindrance is instead a wing to elevate you to God. You have demolished yourself, you have humiliated yourself, you were a mighty mountain, you have made yourself a deep valley. Bear in mind that humbleness is like a fertilizer of the most arid soil, to prepare it to give plants and rich crops. It is a step to climb. Even more, it is a ladder to ascend to God, Who, upon seeing a humble man, calls him to Himself to exalt him, to inflame him with His Love, and enlighten him with his lights, so that he may see. That is why I say to you that you already are in the Light, on the right Way, towards the true Life of the children of God. »

<sup>7</sup>«But in order to receive the Grace I must enter the Church, receive Baptism that cleanses us from sin and makes us once again the adoptive sons of God. I am not against that. On the contrary! I have destroyed the son of the Law in myself, I can no longer esteem and love the Temple. But I do not want to be nothing. So I must rebuild the new man and the new faith on the ruins of my past. But I think that apostles and disciples are mistrustful and prejudiced against me, the great stubborn rabbi... » 647. 7

John interrupts him saying: «You are wrong, Gamaliel. I am the first who loves you and I should mark the day, on which I could call you a lamb of the flock of Christ, as a day of an extremely great grace. I should not be His disciple if I did not put into practice the teachings of the Christ. And He ordered us to have love and understanding for everybody, and especially for the weaker people, the sick, those who have been misled. He ordered us to follow His examples. And we saw that He was always full of love for repentant sinners, for prodigal sons returning to the Father, or for lost sheep. From the Magdalene to the Samaritan woman, from Aglae to the highwayman, how many He redeemed through mercy! He would have forgiven even Judas his supreme crime, if he had repented. He had forgiven him so many times! I alone know how much He loved him, although He was aware of every action of his. <sup>8</sup>Come with me. I will make you a son of God and a brother of the Christ Saviour. » 647. 8

«You are not the Pontiff. Peter is the Pontiff. And will Peter be good to me? He is, I know, quite different from you. »

«*He was.* But since he has realised how weak he was, to the

point of being a coward and a denier of his Master, he no longer is what he was, and he has mercy on everybody. »

«Then take me to him at once. I am old and I have delayed too long. I felt that I was too unworthy, and I was afraid that all the servants of Jesus judged me in the same manner. Now that Mary's words and yours have comforted me, I want to enter the Flock of the Master at once, before my old heart, crushed by so many things, stops. Lead me there, because I dismissed the servant who brought me here, so that he might not hear anything. He will come back at the first hour. But I shall be already far away then. And in two ways. From this house and from the Temple. *Forever*. First I, a rebel son, will go to the house of the Father, I, a lost sheep, to the true Fold of the eternal Shepherd. Then I will go back to my far away house, to die there in peace and in the grace of God. »

647.9 <sup>9</sup>With a spontaneous impulse Mary embraces him saying: «May God give you peace. Peace and eternal glory, because you have deserved them by showing your real thoughts to the mighty leaders of Israel, without fearing their reactions. May God be always with you. May God give you His blessing. »

Gamaliel searches for Her hands again. He takes them in his own and kisses them, he kneels down begging Her to lay those blessed hands on his old tired head.

Mary satisfies him. She does even more. She traces the sign of the cross on his bent head. Then, with John, She helps him to stand up, She takes him to the door and remains looking at him go away, led by John, towards the true Life: a man, humanly finished, but supernaturally re-created.

### **648. Peter takes leave from the Blessed Virgin after a conversation with John.**

4<sup>th</sup> November 1951.

648.1 <sup>1</sup>Peter and John are on the terrace of Simon's house, which is all lit up by the moon at her summit. They are speaking in low voices, pointing towards Lazarus' house, which is all closed and silent. They speak for a long time, walking backwards and forwards on the terrace. Then, for I wonder which reason, the

discussion becomes more animated, and their voices, previously subdued, become higher in tone and very clear.

Peter, striking the parapet with his fist, exclaims: «But do you not understand that we must act so? I am speaking to you in God's name, so listen to me and do not be obstinate. It is better to act as I say. Not out of cowardice and fear, but to avoid a total destruction, which would be deleterious to the Church of Christ. They now watch every move of ours. I noticed that, and Nicodemus has confirmed that I am right. Why could we not remain at Bethany? Just for that reason. Why is it not more prudent to stay in this house, or in Nicodemus', or in Nike's, or in Anastasica's? Always for the same reason. To prevent the Church from dying, because of the death of its leaders. »

«The Master assured us many a time that not even hell will be able to exterminate it and prevail against it» John replies to him.

«That is true. And hell will not prevail, as it did not prevail against the Christ. But men will. As they prevailed against the Man-God, Who defeated Satan, but was not able to gain a victory over men. »

«Because He did not want to win. He had to redeem, and so he had to die. And of *that* death. But if He had wanted to defeat them! How many times He avoided the snares of all kinds they set for Him! »

«Snares will be laid also for the Church, but it will not perish completely, providing we shall have so much prudence, as to prevent the present leaders from being exterminated, before many more Priests of His, of all ranks, are created by us, His first ones, and prepared for their ministry. Do not deceive yourself, John! Pharisees, scribes, priests and members of the Sanhedrin, are doing everything to kill the shepherds, so that the flock may be dispersed. The flock which is still weak and fearful. Above all, this flock in Palestine. We must not leave it without shepherds, until many lambs, in turn, become shepherds. You have seen how many have already been killed. <sup>648. 2</sup>Think of what a large part of the world is awaiting us! His order was clear: «Go and evangelize all the nations, baptising them in the name of the Father, of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, teaching them to observe what I ordered you». And on the shore of the lake, for three times He ordered me

to pasture His sheep and His lambs, and He prophesied that only when I am *old* I will be tied and led to confess the Christ with my blood and my life. And quite far from here! If I have understood one of His speeches properly\*, before Lazarus' death, I have to go to Rome and found there the immortal Church. And did He Himself not judge that it was right to withdraw to Ephraim, because His evangelization had not yet been accomplished? And only at the right moment He came back to Judaea to be arrested and crucified. Let us imitate Him. No one can certainly say that Lazarus, Mary and Martha were fearful people. And yet, you can see that, although with deep sorrow, they have gone away from here, to take His divine Word elsewhere, as here it would have been suffocated by the Judaeans. I, chosen by Him as His Pontiff, have decided. And with me the others, apostles and disciples, have equally decided. We will scatter. Some will go to Samaria, and some towards the great sea, and some towards Phoenicia, pushing on and on, to Syria, to the islands, to Greece, to the Roman Empire. If in these places here, dardanel and Judaeans poison make the fields and the vineyards of the Lord sterile, let us go elsewhere and sow other seeds in other fields and vineyards, so that there may be not only a harvest, but it may be a rich one. If in these places the hatred of the Jews poisons the waters and infects them, so that I, a fisher of souls, and my brothers cannot catch souls for the Lord, let us go to other waters. We have to be prudent and shrewd at the same time. Believe me, John. »

648.3 «You are right. <sup>3</sup>But I was insisting because of Mary. I cannot, I must not leave Her. We should both suffer too much. And it would be an evil deed, on my side... » John replies to him.

«You will stay. And She will stay, because it would be absurd to tear Her away from here... »

«And Mary would never agree to it. I will join you later. When She is no longer on the Earth. »

«You will come. You are young... You have still a long time to live. »

«And Mary a very short one. »

«Why? Is She ill, suffering, weak, perhaps? »

\* His speeches properly, in 545. 7.

«Oh! no! Time and sorrows have had no power over Her. She is always young, in appearance and in spirit. Serene, even more, I should say blissful. »

«Then why do you say... »

«Because I realise that Her flourishing in beauty and joy is the sign that She feels already close at hand Her reunion with Her Son. I mean a *total* reunion. Because the spiritual one has never ceased. I will not lift the veils on the mysteries of God. But I am sure that She sees Her Son daily, in His glorious appearance. And that is Her beatitude. I think that in contemplating Him, Her spirit is enlightened and is able to know all the future, as God knows it. Also Her own. She is still on the Earth with Her body, but I could almost say, without fear of mistaking, that Her spirit is almost always in Heaven. Such is Her union with God that I do not think that I speak a sacrilegious word saying that God is in Her, as when She carried Him in Her womb. Even more. As the Word was united to Her to become Jesus Christ, so now She is so united to the Christ as to be a second Christ, as to have taken on a new humanity, that of Jesus Himself. If what I say is heresy, may God let me know my error and forgive me for it. She lives in love. This fire of love inflames Her, nourishes Her, enlightens Her, and that fire of love will also abduct Her from us, at the destined moment, without any pain for Her, without decomposition for Her body... We alone will be grieved... I in particular... We shall no longer have our Teacher, our Guide, our Comforter... And I shall be really all alone... » And John, whose voice was already trembling striving to repress his tears, is seized with a fit of heart-rending sobbing, such as he never experienced before, not even at the foot of the Cross or in the Sepulchre.

<sup>4</sup>Peter also, although more calmly, begins to weep and in a tearful voice he implores John to inform him, if he can, so that he may be present at Her passage or at least, at Her burial. 648. 4

«I will do so, if I can. But I doubt it very much. Some thing within me tells me that as it happened to Elijah who was abducted by a celestial whirlwind on a chariot of fire, so it will happen to Her. I shall not have time to become aware of Her imminent passage that She will already be in Heaven with Her soul. »

«But Her body at least will remain here. Also the Master's remained. And He was God! »

«It was necessary for Him that it should be so. But not for Her. With His Resurrection He had to give the lie to the Judaeen slanders, with His apparitions He had to convince the world, that had become doubtful, and even negatory, because of His death on the Cross. But She does not need that. If, however, I can do so,  
648.5 I will let you know. 5Goodbye, Peter, my Pontiff and my Brother in the Christ. I am going back to Her, as She is certainly waiting for me. God be with you. »

«And with you. And tell Mary to pray for me and to forgive me once again for my cowardice in the night of the Trial, a memory that I cannot cancel from my heart, and gives me no peace... » and tears stream down the cheeks of Peter, who concludes: «May She be a Mother to me. A Mother of love for Her miserable prodigal son... »

«I need not tell Her. She loves you more than a mother by blood. She loves you as the Mother of God, and with the love of the Mother of God. If She was ready to forgive Judas, whose sin was incommensurable, consider whether She has forgiven you! Peace to you, brother, I am going. »

«And I will follow you, if you allow me. I want to see Her once again. »

«Come. I know which road to take to go to Gethsemane, without being seen. »

648.6 6They set out and walk quickly and in silence towards Jerusalem, but passing along the upper road, that arrives at the Mount of Olives on the side farthest from town. When they arrive it is already daybreak. They go into Gethsemane, and descend towards the little house.

Mary, Who is on the terrace, sees them coming and, uttering a cry of joy, She goes down to meet them.

Peter really falls at Her feet, with his face on the ground, saying to Her: «Mother, forgive me! »

«For what? Have you perhaps sinned in anything? He Who reveals everything to Me, has only revealed to Me that you are His worthy successor in the Faith. I have always found you to be a just man, even if at times impulsive. So what have I to forgive you? »

Peter weeps and is silent.

John explains: «Peter cannot set his mind at rest for having

denied Jesus, in the Court of the Temple. »

«That is a thing of the past and it has been canceled, Peter. Has Jesus perhaps reproached you? »

«Oh! no! »

«Was He less loving to you than previously? »

«No. Truly not. On the contrary!... »

«And does that not tell you how He, and I with Him, have understood you and forgiven you? »

«That is true. I am always the same fool. »

«Then go and be at peace. I tell you that we shall all be together, you, I, the other apostles and deacons, all in Heaven, near the Man-God. For what is given to Me, I bless you» and as She did with Gamaliel, Mary lays Her hands on the head of Peter and traces a sign of the cross on it.

Peter bends to kiss Her feet, he then stands up, much more serene than before, and still in the company of John, he goes back to the upper gate, passes it, and goes away, while John, after closing that entrance, goes back to Mary.

## **649. The blissful passage of the Blessed Virgin.**

21<sup>st</sup> November 1951.

<sup>1</sup>Mary, in Her solitary little room, on the high terrace, all dressed in white linen, both in the dress that covers Her body, and in the mantle that, fastened at the nape of Her neck, falls down Her back, and in the very thin veil that hangs from Her head, is arranging Her garments and Jesus', which She has always kept. She picks the best ones. And they are few. Of Her own She takes the dress and the mantle She had on Calvary; of Her Son's, a linen tunic that Jesus used to wear on summer days, and the mantle that was found at Gethsemane, still stained with the blood He shed with the bloody perspiration of that dreadful hour. 649. 1

After folding these garments carefully and kissing Jesus' mantle stained with blood, She goes towards the chest, in which for years have been gathered and kept the relics of the Last Supper and of the Passion. She gathers all these things in one compartment, the upper one, and She lays the clothes in the lower one.



649.2 <sup>2</sup>She is closing the chest when John, who had gone up to the terrace silently and had looked in to see what Mary was doing, perhaps worried because of Her long absence from the kitchen, as She had gone upstairs to spend the morning hours, makes Her turn round suddenly by asking Her: «What are You doing, Mother? »

«I have put straight what is to be kept. All the souvenirs... Everything that is witness to His infinite love and sorrow. »

«Why, Mother, do You reopen the wounds of Your heart by looking again at these sad things? You are pale and Your hand is trembling... So You suffer seeing them» John says to Her, approaching Her, as if he were afraid that, wan and trembling as She is She might feel ill and fall on the floor.

«Oh! that is not why I am wan and I am trembling. It is not because they reopen My wounds... They, in fact, have never been closed completely. And yet peace and joy are in Me, and they have never been so complete as they are now. »

«Never as now? I do not understand... The sight of those things, full of cruel memories, awakens in me the anguish of those hours. And I am only a disciple. You are the Mother... »

«And you mean that as such I should suffer more. And from 649.3 a human point of view, you are right. But it is not so. <sup>3</sup>I am accustomed to enduring the sorrow of being separated from Him. It was always sorrowful, because His presence and closeness were My Paradise on Earth. But I always suffered them willingly and serenely, because every action of His was wanted by His Father, it was obedience to the divine Will, and so I accepted it, because I also have always obeyed the will and plans of God for Me. Every time Jesus left Me, I suffered. Certainly. I felt lonely. Only God has measured in its most real intensity My sorrow when He, a boy, left Me secretly, for the dispute with the doctors of the Temple. And yet, with the exception of the fair question that I, His mother, asked Him, as He had left Me in that manner, I did not say anything else to Him. Likewise I did not hold Him back when He left Me to become the Master... and I was already a widow, and therefore all alone, in a town that, with the exception of a few people, did not love Me. And I showed no surprise at His reply at the banquet in Cana. He was doing the will of His Father. And I was leaving Him free to do it. I could dare make a

suggestion or a request. A suggestion for His disciples, a request for some poor wretch. But more than that, no. I suffered every time He left Me to go into the world, hostile to Him and so sinful that to live in it was a great suffering to Him. But how much joy every time He came back to Me! It was really so intense that it recompensed Me seventy times seven for the sorrow of the separation. The sorrow of the separation following from His Death was heart-rending, but with which words could I describe the joy I felt when He, risen from the dead, appeared to Me? Immense was the pain of the separation, which would end only when My earthly life would be completed, when He ascended to His Father. <sup>649. 4</sup>I am now rejoicing, immense is My joy as immense was My pain, because I feel that My life is completed. I have done what I had to do. I have completed My earthly mission. The other one, the celestial one, will have no end. God has left Me on the Earth until I also, like My Jesus, have accomplished everything of what I had to do. And I have in Me that secret joy, the only drop of balm in His extreme tortures full of bitterness, that Jesus had when He was able to say: "Everything is accomplished". »

«Joy in Jesus? At that moment? »

«Yes, John. A joy incomprehensible to men. But comprehensible to the spirits that already live in the light of God and see the deep things hidden under the veil that the Eternal spreads over His secrets as King, thanks to that Light. I, so distressed, so upset by those events, associated with Him, My Son, in the abandonment of the Father, did not understand then. The Light was extinguished for the whole world in that hour, for the whole world that had not wanted to receive it. And also for Me. Not as a just punishment, but because, as I had to be the Co-Redeemer, I also had to suffer the anguish of the abandonment of divine comforts, the darkness, the desolation, the temptation of Satan of not making Me believe any longer that what He had said was possible, everything that He also suffered, in His spirit, from Thursday to Friday. But later I understood. When the Light, that had risen forever, appeared to Me, I understood. Everything. Also the secret extreme joy of the Christ, when He was able to say: "I have accomplished everything that the Father wanted Me to accomplish. I have filled the measure of divine charity by loving" the Father even unto the sacrifice of Myself, by loving men even un-

to dying for them. I have accomplished everything that I had to accomplish. I am dying happily in My spirit, although lacerated in My innocent flesh". I also have accomplished everything that, ab aeterno\*, was written I should accomplish. From the generation of the Redeemer, to the help given to you, His priests, for

649. 5 your perfect formation. 5The Church is now formed and strong. The Holy Spirit enlightens it, the blood of the first martyrs cement it and multiply it, My assistance has cooperated in making It a holy organism, that the love towards God and the brothers nourishes and fortifies more and more, and in which hatred, ill-feelings, envy, slander, wicked plants of Satan, take no root. God is pleased with that, and He wants you to know that from My lips, as He wants Me to tell you to continue to grow in love in order to grow in perfection, and so also in number of Christians and in power of doctrine. Because the doctrine of Jesus is the doctrine of love. Because the life of Jesus, and also Mine, have always been guided and urged by love. We rejected nobody, we forgave everybody. One only we did not forgive, because he, already a servant to the Hatred, did not want our love that had no limits. Jesus in His last farewell before His death, gave you the commandment to love one another. And He also gave you the measure of the love that you had to have for one another, saying: "Love one another as I have loved you. From this it will be known that you are My disciples". The Church in order to live and grow, needs charity. Charity above all in its ministers. If you did not love one another with all your strength, and likewise you did not love your brothers in the Lord, the Church would become sterile. And difficult and scanty would be the restoration and the super-restoration of men to their rank of children of the Most High and coheirs to the Kingdom of Heaven, because God would cease helping you in your mission. God is love. Every action of His has been an action of love. From creation to the Incarnation. From this to the Redemption. And from this to the foundation of the Church. And finally from this to the celestial Jerusalem, that

649. 6 will assemble all the just so that they may rejoice in the Lord. 6I am telling you these things, because you are the Apostle of love and you can understand them better than the others... »

\* **ab aeterno**: since He beginning of time.

John interrupts Her saying: «Also the others love and love one another. »

«Yes. But you are preeminently the Loving One. Each of you had his peculiarity, as, after all, is the case of every creature. You among the twelve, were always love, pure and supernatural love. Perhaps, no, certainly because you are so pure, you are so loving. Peter, instead, was always the man, the genuine impetuous man. His brother, Andrew, was as silent and timid as the other was not. James, your brother, was the impulsive one, so much so that Jesus called him the son of thunder. The other James, Jesus' brother, the just and heroic one. Judas of Alphaeus, his brother, the noble and loyal one, always. The Davidic extraction was obvious in him. Philip and Bartholomew were the traditionalists. Simon Zealot, the prudent one. Thomas, the peaceful one. Matthew, the humble one, who mindful of his past, strove to be unnoticed. And Judas of Kerioth, alas! the black sheep of the flock of Christ, the snake warmed by His love, was the satanic liar, always. But you, who are all love, can understand better and can become the voice of love for all the others, for those who are far away, to give them this last piece of My advice. You will tell them that they are to love one another and everybody, also their persecutors, in order to be one thing with God, as I was, so as to deserve to be elected spouse of the Eternal Love, in order to conceive the Christ. <sup>7</sup>I gave Myself to God without limit, although I understood at once how much sorrow would come to Me for that. The prophets were present in My mind, and the divine light made their words very clear to Me. So from My first "fiat" to the Angel, I knew that I was consecrating Myself to the greatest sorrow a mother can suffer. But nothing placed a limit to My love, because I know that it is, for those who make use of it, strength, light, magnet that attracts upwards, fire that purifies and beautifies what it burns, transforming and transhumanising those caught in its embrace. <sup>8</sup>Yes. Love is really a flame. The flame, that although it destroys what is perishable, be it a wreck, some rubble, a poor wretch, makes a purified spirit of it, worthy of Heaven. How many wrecks, how many men stained, corroded, worn out you will find on your ways of evangelizers! Do not despise any of them. On the contrary, love them, so that they may reach love and be saved. Infuse love into them. Many a time man

649. 7

649. 8

becomes wicked, because no one ever loved him or loved him badly. Do love them, so that the Holy Spirit, after the purification, may come to dwell again in those temples, that many things made empty and filthy. God, to create man, did not take an angel or choice materials. He took some mud, the most worthless material. Then infusing His breath into it, that is, His love again, He elevated the worthless material to the sublime rank of adoptive son of God. My Son, on His way, found many wrecks of men who had fallen into filth. He never trampled on them despisingly. On the contrary He gathered them and received them and He changed them into chosen souls of Heaven. Always bear that in

649. 9 your minds. And do as He did. 9Remember everything, the actions and the words of My Son. Remember His kind parables. Live them, that is, put them into practice. And write them, so that they may remain for future generations, to the end of time, and they may always serve as a guide for men of goodwill, to achieve life and eternal glory. You will certainly not be able to repeat all the bright words of the Eternal Word of Life and Truth. But write as many of them as you can. The Spirit of God, Who descended upon Me so that I might give the Saviour to the world, and Who descended also upon you a first and a second time, will help you to remember, and when you speak to the crowds, in order to convert them to the true God. You will continue that spiritual maternity that I began on Calvary to give many children to the Lord. And the same Spirit, speaking in the recreated children of the Lord, will fortify them so that it will be pleasant for them to die among tortures, to suffer exile and persecutions, to confess their love to Christ and join Him in Heaven, as Stephen and James, My James, have already done, and others as well...

649. 10 10When you are the only one left, save this chest... »

John, growing pale and becoming upset, even more than he blanched since Mary said that She felt that Her mission was accomplished, interrupts Her exclaiming and asking: «Mother! Why do You say that? Are You not well? »

«No. I am well. »

«Do You want to leave me, then? »

«No. I shall be with you until I am on the Earth. But, My dear John, prepare yourself to be alone »

«Then You are not well, and You want to conceal it from me!... »

«No, believe Me. I have never felt so strong, at peace, joyful, as I do now. But I have such a jubilation, such a fullness of supernatural life, that... Yes, that I think that I shall not be able to endure it while continuing to live. I am not eternal, on the other hand. You must understand that. My spirit is eternal. My body is not. And it is subject, like the flesh of every man, to death. »

«No! No! Don't say that. You cannot, you must not die! Your immaculate body cannot die like that of a sinner! »

«You are wrong, John. My Son died! And I shall die as well. I shall not suffer the disease, the agony, the pang of death. But as far as dying is concerned, I shall die. In any case, bear in mind, son, that if I have a desire, all Mine and only Mine, and that lasts since He left Me, it is just this one. This is My first, mighty desire, entirely Mine. I can even say: My first will. Everything else in My life was nothing but the consent of My will to the divine will. The will of God, put in My heart of a little girl by God Himself, the will to be a virgin. His will: My marriage with Joseph. His will: My virginal divine Maternity. Everything in My life was done by the will of God and by My obedience to His will. But this desire, of wanting to join Jesus, is a will *entirely Mine*. To leave the Earth for Heaven, to be with Him forever and continuously! My desire of so many years! And now I feel it is on the point of becoming reality. <sup>11</sup>Do not be so upset, John! Listen instead to My last wishes. When My body, deprived of the vital spirit, will lie in peace, do not subject Me to the customary embalmment of the Hebrews. Because I am no longer a Jewess, but a Christian, the first Christian, if one considers the situation properly, because I was the first to have Christ, Flesh and Blood, in Me, because I was His first disciple, because I was Co-Redeemer with Him and His continuator here, among you, His servants. No living being, with the exception of My father and mother, and those who assisted at My birth, has seen My body. You often call Me: "The living Ark that contained the divine Word". Now you know that the Ark can be seen only by the High Priest. You are a priest, and much holier and purer than the Pontiff of the Temple. But I want only the Eternal Pontiff to see My body at the right time. So, do not touch Me. In any case, see? I have already purified Myself, and I have put on a clean dress, the dress of the eternal wedding... <sup>12</sup>But why are you weeping, John? »

649. 11

649. 12

«Because the storm of sorrow is stirring up in me. I know that I am about to lose You. How shall I be able to live without You? I feel my heart being torn to pieces at this thought! I shall not be able to stand this grief! »

«You will stand it. God will help you to live, and for a long time, as He helped Me. Because, if He had not helped Me, on Golgotha and on the Mount of Olives, when Jesus died and ascended, I would have died, as Isaac died. He will help you to live and to remember what I have told you before, for the welfare of everybody. »

«Oh! I will remember. Everything. And I will do what You wish, also for Your body. I understand as well that the Hebrew rites no longer serve for You, a Christian, and for You, the Most Pure Mother, Who, I am sure, will not be subjected to the corruption of the flesh. Your body, deified as no other mortal body, both because You have been exempted from the Sin of Origin, and even more because in addition to being the full of Grace, You contained in You Grace itself, the Word, whereby You are His most true relic, Your body cannot experience the decomposition, the rottenness of all dead flesh. This will be the last miracle of God on You, in You. And you will be preserved as You are... »

«Do not weep, then! » exclaims Mary looking at the upset face of the apostle, all washed by his tears. And She adds: «If I am preserved as I am, you will not lose Me. So, do not worry! »

«I shall lose You just the same, even if You remain incorrupt. I feel it. And I feel as if I were caught in a hurricane of sorrow. A hurricane that breaks me and knocks me down. You were everything for me, particularly since my relatives died, and the other brothers, both by blood and by mission, are far away, also beloved Marjiam, whom Peter has taken with him. I shall now be left alone, and in the strongest storm! » and John falls at Her feet, weeping even more bitterly.

649. 13 <sup>13</sup>Mary bends over him, She lays Her hand on his head shaken by sobs and She says to him: «No. Not so. Why are you grieving Me? You were so strong under the Cross, and it was an incomparable scene of horror, both because of the cruelty of His martyrdom and of the satanic hatred of the people! And you were so strong in comforting Him and Me, then! And today, or rather, this Sabbath evening, so serene and calm, and in front of Me Who

am rejoicing for an imminent happiness of which I have a premonitory feeling, you are so upset?! Calm yourself. Imitate, even more, join what is around us and in Me. Everything is peaceful. Be at peace as well. Only the olive-trees, with their gentle rustling, break the absolute calm of this hour. But this gentle noise is so pleasant, that it sounds like the flight of angels around the house. And they are, perhaps, really here. Because angels, one or many, have always been near Me, when I have been in a special moment of My life. They were at Nazareth, when the Spirit of God made My virginal womb prolific. And they were with Joseph, when he was upset and uncertain about My state and how to behave with Me. And at Bethlehem a first and a second time, when Jesus was born, and when we had to flee to Egypt. And in Egypt when they ordered us to come back to Palestine. And - if not to Me, because the King of the angels Himself had come to Me, as soon as He had risen - and angels appeared to the pious women at the dawn of the first day after the Sabbath and gave them the order to tell you and Peter what you had to do. Angels and light always at the decisive moments of My life and of Jesus'. Light and ardour of love that, descending from the Throne of God to Me, His maid, and ascending from My heart to go God, My King and Lord, united Me to God and Him to me, so that what was written that was to be accomplished, should be accomplished, and also to create a veil of light spread over the secrets of God, so that Satan and his servants should not be aware of the accomplishment of the sublime mystery of the Incarnation, before the right time. <sup>14</sup>Also this evening I feel the angels around Me, although I do not see them. And I feel a Light, an unsustainable light, grow within Me, like the light that enveloped Me when I conceived the Christ, when I gave Him to the world. A light that comes from an impetuosity of love more powerful than usual. Through a similar power of love, I snatched the Word from Heaven before time, so that He might become the Man and the Redeemer. Through a similar power of love, as the one that assails Me this evening, I hope that Heaven will abduct Me and carry Me where I long to go with My spirit to sing My imperishable "Magnificat" to God, for the things He has done to Me, His maid, with the people of the saints and the choruses of the angels, forever and ever. »

649. 14



«Probably not only with Your spirit. And the Earth will reply to You, and with its peoples and nations will glorify and honour and love You until the end of the world, as rightly Tobias predicted\* of You, although covertly, because You are really the One Who carried the Lord in Herself, and not the Holy of Holies. You have given God, by Yourself, as much love as all the High Priests and all the others of the Temple have not given Him throughout ages. Ardent most pure love. Because of that God will make You Most blessed. »

«And He will satisfy My only wish, the only thing I want. Because love, when it is so complete as to be almost perfect, as the love of My Son and God, achieves everything, even what, according to human opinion, would seem impossible to achieve. Remember that, John. <sup>15</sup>And inform also your brothers of that. Men will fight against you so much! All kinds of obstacles will make you be afraid of defeat, massacres by persecutors and defections of Christians of... Iscariotic morality will dishearten your spirits. Be not afraid. Love, and be not afraid. In proportion to how you love, God will help you and will make you triumph over everything and everybody. Everything can be achieved, if one becomes a seraph. Then the soul, this wonderful eternal thing, which is the very breath of God, infused by Him into us, hurls itself towards Heaven, falls like a flame at the foot of the Divine Throne, speaks and is listened to by God, and obtains from the Almighty what it wants. If men knew how to love as is prescribed by the ancient Law, and how My Son loved and taught people to love, they would obtain everything. <sup>16</sup>I love thus. That is why I feel that I shall cease to be on the Earth, I through excess of love, as He died through excess of sorrow. Well! The measure of My capacity of loving is full. My soul and My body are no longer able to contain it. Love overflows from it, it submerges Me and raises Me at the same time towards Heaven, towards God, My Son. And His voice says to Me: “Come! Come out! Ascend to our Throne and to our Trine embrace! ” The Earth, what surrounds Me, disappears in the bright light that comes to Me from Heaven! Noises are drowned by this celestial voice! My moment for the divine embrace has come, My dear John! »

\* **predicted**, in: *Tobit 13: 13-18*.

<sup>17</sup>John, who had calmed down a little, although still somewhat 649. 17  
upset, listening to Mary, and who at the last part of Her speech  
was looking at Her ecstatically, and almost enraptured as well,  
as pale in his face as Mary, Whose pallor, however, changes into  
a very white light, rushes towards Her to support Her, and in  
the meantime he exclaims: «You are like Jesus when He became  
transfigured on Tabor! Your flesh is shining like the moon, Your  
garments are as bright as a diamond sheet placed before a very  
white flame! You are no longer human, Mother! The heaviness  
and opacity of the flesh has disappeared! You are light! But You  
are not Jesus, He, being God, besides being Man, could stand al-  
so by Himself, there, upon Tabor, as He did here, on the Mount of  
Olives, when He ascended. You cannot. You cannot stand. Come.  
I will help You to lay Your tired blessed body on Your little bed.  
Rest. » And he lovingly leads Her towards the poor bed, on which  
Mary lies, without taking off even Her mantle.

<sup>18</sup>Folding Her arms across Her breast, closing Her eyelids on 649. 18  
Her kind eyes, bright with love, She says to John who is bent over  
Her: «I am in God. And God is in Me. While I contemplate Him  
and feel His embrace, say the psalms, and any other pages of the  
Scriptures becoming Me, particularly in this hour. The Spirit  
of Wisdom will point them out to you. Then say the prayer of  
My Son, repeat the words of the announcing Archangel and of  
Elizabeth to Me, and My hymn of praise... I will follow you with  
what I still have of Myself on the Earth... »

John, struggling against the tears that rise from his heart,  
striving to control the emotion that upsets him, in his beauti-  
ful voice, which, as years have gone by, has become very like Je-  
sus' - which Mary notices with a smile, saying: «I seem to have  
My Jesus beside Me! » - intones\* psalm one hundred and eight-  
een, which he says almost entirely, then the first three verses of  
psalm forty-one, the first eight of psalm thirty-eight, psalm  
twenty-two and psalm one. He then says the *Our Father*, the  
words of Gabriel and Elizabeth, the canticle of Tobias, the twen-  
ty-fourth chapter of Ecclesiasticus. Lastly he intones the "Mag-  
nificat". But when he arrives at verse nine, he notices that Mary

\* **intones**: the numbers listed in the text refer to the "vulgate", while in the "neo-  
vulgate" they have become: Psalm 119; Psalm 42: 1-3; Psalm 39: 1-8; Psalm 23;  
Psalm 1; Tobit 13; Sirach 24.

does not breathe any more, although She is still natural in Her posture and appearance, smiling, peaceful, as if She had not noticed that life had stopped.

John, with a heart-rending cry throws himself on the floor against the edge of the bed, and calls and calls Mary. He cannot convince himself that She is no longer able to reply to him, that Her body is now deprived of the vital soul. But he has to surrender to evidence! He bends over Her face, still fixed in an expression of supernatural joy, and tears stream copiously from his eyes on that sweet face, on those pure hands so gently folded on Her breast. It is the only washing that Mary's body had: the tears of the Apostle of love and of Her son of adoption by Jesus' will.

649. 19 <sup>19</sup>When the first transport of sorrow is over, John, remembering Mary's wish, picks up the edges of Her wide linen mantle, which were hanging from the sides of the little bed, and those of the veil, which were also hanging from the pillow, and he spreads the former over Her body, and the latter on Her head. Mary is now like a statue of white marble, laid on the cover of a sarcophagus. John contemplates Her at some length, and more tears fall from his eyes as he does so.

Then he rearranges the room, removing all superfluous furniture. He leaves only the bed, the little table against the wall and he places the chest with the relics on it, a stool, that he places between the door leading to the terrace and the bed on which Mary is lying, and a shelf, on which there is a lamp that John lights, as it is beginning to get dark.

Then he hurries down to Gethsemane, to pick as many flowers as he can, and some branches of olive-trees, with olives already on them. He goes back up to the little room, and in the light of the lamp he arranges the flowers and the branches around Mary's body, as if it were in the centre of a huge wreath.

649. 20 <sup>20</sup>While doing so, he speaks to the body on the bed, as if Mary could still hear him. He says: «You have always\* been the lily of the valley, the sweet rose, the beautiful olive-tree, the fruit-bearing vineyard, the holy ear of wheat. You have given us Your perfumes, and the Oil of Life, and the Wine of the strong, and the Bread that preserves the spirits from death, for those who

\* **have always**, in reference to: *Song of Songs 2: 1-2; Sirach 24: 14-17; Psalm 104: 13-15.*

worthily feed on it. These flowers look lovely here around You, as they are simple and pure like You, adorned with thorns like You and peaceful like You. Now let us put this lamp closer. So, near Your bed, that it may watch over You and keep me company while I watch You, while awaiting for at least one of the miracles that I am expecting and for whose fulfilment I pray. The first one is that, according to his wish, Peter, and the others, whom I will get Nicodemus' servant to inform, may see You once again. The second one is that You, as in everything You had the same lot as Your Son, may wake up, like Him, within the third day, in order not to leave me an orphan twice. The third is that God may give me peace, if what I hope may happen to You, as it happened to Lazarus, who was not like You, should not take place. But why should it not happen? Jairus' daughter, the young man from Nain, Theophilus' son, came back to life... It is true that then the Master acted... But He is with You, even if not in a manifest way. And You did not die of a disease like those who were raised by the deed of Christ. But are You really dead? Dead as every man dies? No. I feel it is not so. Your spirit is no longer in You, in Your body, and in that respect we could say it is death. But by the way Your passage took place, I think that Yours is only a temporary separation of Your soul, without sin and full of grace, from Your most pure and virginal body. It must be so! It is so! How and when the reunion will take place and life will come back to You, I do not know. But I am so certain of this that I will remain here, beside You, until God, either with His word, or with His action, will show me the truth on Your destiny. »

John, who has finished arranging everything, sits on the stool, placing the lamp on the floor, near the little bed; and he contemplates the body lying on it, praying.

### **650. The glorious Assumption of Our Lady.**

8<sup>th</sup> December 1951.

<sup>1</sup>How many days have gone by? It is difficult to ascertain it. <sup>650. 1</sup>  
If one judges by the flowers that form a crown around the dead body, one should say that only a few hours have gone by. But if one judges by the olive branches on which the fresh flowers are

lying, branches with leaves already withered, and by the other withered flowers lying like relics on the cover of the chest, one must conclude that some days have by now gone by.

But Mary's body is exactly the same as it was when She passed away. There is no trace of death on Her face or on Her little hands. There is no unpleasant smell in the room. On the contrary an undefinable scent like that of incense, of lilies, of roses, of lilies of the valley, of mountain herbs, all mixed together, hangs in the air of the room.

John, who I wonder for how many days has been awake, has fallen asleep, overcome by tiredness, sitting on the stool, his shoulders leaning against the wall, near the open door that leads to the terrace. The light of the lamp, which from the floor shines upwards on him, allows one to see his tired face, which is also very pale, except around his eyes, red with weeping.

It must be already dawn, because in its faint light the terrace and the olive-trees surrounding the house are visible, a light that becomes stronger and stronger and that, penetrating through the door, makes more distinct also the objects in the room, of which, being far from the little lamp, it was previously possible to catch only a glimpse.

650.2 <sup>2</sup>All of a sudden a strong light fills the room, a silvery light, shaded with blue, almost phosphoric, and it becomes more and more intense, making the light of dawn and of the lamp vanish. A light like the one that flooded the Grotto in Bethlehem at the moment of the divine Nativity. Then in this paradisaic light, angelic creatures show themselves, a light even brighter in the already strong light that appeared first. As it already happened when the angels appeared to the shepherds, a dance of sparks of all shades bursts forth from their gently moved wings, which emit a harmonious murmur, as sweet as if it were played by a harp.

The angelic creatures place themselves around the little bed, they bend over it, they lift the immobile body, and flapping their wings more vigorously, which increases the sound existing previously, through a passage opened miraculously in the roof, as miraculously Jesus' Sepulchre was opened, they go away, taking with them the body of their Queen, a Most Holy Body, it is true, but not yet glorified, and therefore still subject to the laws

of matter, to which the Christ was not subject, because He was already glorified when He rose from the dead. The sound made by the angelic wings increases and it is now as powerful as the sound of an organ.

<sup>3</sup>John, who, although still asleep, had moved twice or three times on his stool, as if he had been disturbed by the strong light and by the sound of the angelic wings, awakes completely because of that powerful sound and because of a strong current of air that, descending from the opened roof and going out through the open door, forms a vortex that shakes the covers of the bed, by now empty, and John's garments, blowing out the lamp and closing the door with a loud bang. 650. 3

The apostle looks around, still half asleep, to realise what is happening. He notices that the bed is empty and that the roof is open. He understands that a wonderful event has taken place. He runs out on the terrace, and as if by spiritual instinct, or by a heavenly call, he raises his head, shading his eyes from the sun, in order to see, without being prevented from doing so by the rising sun.

<sup>4</sup>And he sees. He sees the body of Mary, still deprived of life, and completely identical to that of a person asleep, that ascends higher and higher, supported by the angelic group. As a last gesture of farewell, a hem of the mantle and of the veil are agitated, probably by the wind caused by the rapid assumption and by the movement of the angelic wings; and some flowers, the ones that John had placed and renewed round the body of Mary, and that have certainly remained among the folds of the garments, rain on the terrace and on the ground of Gethsemane, while the mighty hosanna of the angelic group moves farther and farther away and thus becomes fainter. 650. 4

John continues to stare at that body that rises towards Heaven and, certainly through a prodigy granted to him by God, to comfort him and to reward him for his love for his adoptive Mother, he distinctly sees Mary, enveloped now in the beams of the sun that has risen, come out of the ecstasy that had separated Her soul from Her body, become alive, stand on Her feet, as She also now enjoys the gifts typical of bodies already glorified.

John looks and looks. The miracle granted to him by God enables him, against all natural laws, to see Mary as She is now,

while She rapidly ascends towards Heaven, surrounded, but no longer helped to ascend, by the angels singing hosannas. And John is enraptured by that vision of beauty that no pen of man, or human word, or work of artist will be ever able to describe or reproduce, because it is of indescribable beauty.

John, still leaning against the low wall of the terrace, continues to stare at that splendid shining form of God - because Mary can really be said to be so, formed in a unique manner by God, Who wanted Her immaculate, so that She might be the form for the Word Incarnate - while it ascends higher and higher. And the God-Love grants a last supreme prodigy to His perfect loving disciple: to see the meeting of the Most Holy Mother with Her Most Holy Son, Who splendid and shining as well, handsome with indescribable beauty, descends rapidly from Heaven, arrives at His Mother, presses Her to His heart, and together, more refulgent than two major planets, returns with Her whence He came.

650. 5 <sup>5</sup>John's vision is over. He lowers his head. On his tired face are visible both his sorrow for the loss of Mary and his joy for Her glorious destiny. But by now joy exceeds sorrow.

He says: «Thanks, my God! Thanks! I foresaw that this would happen. And I wanted to be awake, in order not to lose any episode of Her Assumption. But I had not slept for three days now! Sleep, tiredness, joined to sorrow, overcame and defeated me just when Her Assumption was imminent... But perhaps You wanted that Yourself, o God, so that I should not upset that moment and I should not suffer too much... Yes. You certainly wanted it, as now You wanted me to see what, without a miracle of Yours, I could not have seen. You have granted me to see Her again, although already so far, already glorified and glorious, as if She were close to me. And to see Jesus again! Oh! most happy, unhopéd for and not to be hoped for vision! O gift of the gifts of Jesus-God to His John! Supreme Grace! To see my Master and Lord again! To see Him near His Mother! He like a sun, She like a moon, both most splendid, because they were glorious and happy to be reunited forever! What will Paradise be like now that You both shine in it, You major planets of the heavenly Jerusalem? What is the jubilation of the angelic choruses and of the saints? It is such joy that the vision of the Mother with Her Son has given me, a thing that

cancels every pain of His, every pain of theirs, even more, also mine ceases, and peace takes over in me. Of the three miracles that I had asked of God, two have been accomplished. I have seen life come back to Mary, and I feel peace come back to me. All anguish of mine ends, because I have seen You reunited in glory. Thanks for that, o God. <sup>6</sup>And thanks for having made it possible for me to see, even for a most holy creature, but still human, what is the lot of saints, what it will be after the last judgement, and the resurrection of the bodies, and their rejoining, their fusion with their spirits, that have ascended to Heaven at the moment of their death. I did not need to see to believe. Because I have always firmly believed every word of the Master. But many will doubt that, after ages and thousands of years, the flesh, that has become dust, can become a living body. I shall be able to tell them, swearing on the most sublime things, that not only the Christ became alive again, by His own divine power, but that also His Mother, three days after Her death, if death it can be called, came to life again, and with Her flesh joined to Her soul took up Her eternal abode in Heaven, beside Her Son. I shall be able to say: "Believe, o Christians, in the resurrection of bodies, at the end of time, and in the eternal life of souls and bodies, a blissful life of saints, horrible for unrepentant guilty people. Believe and live as saints, as Jesus and Mary lived, in order to have their same lot. I have seen their bodies ascend to Heaven. I can bear witness to that. Live as just people, so that one day you may be in the new eternal world, in body and soul, near Jesus-sun, and near Mary the Star of all stars". Thank You again, o God! <sup>7</sup>And now let us put together what is left of Her. The flowers that fell from Her garments, the olive branches left on the bed, and let us keep them. They will serve... Yes, they will serve to assist and comfort my brothers, whom I have awaited in vain. Sooner or later I will find them... »

He picks up the petals of the flowers that had been shed in falling, he goes back into the room, holding them in a fold of his tunic.

<sup>8</sup>He then looks more carefully at the opening in the roof and exclaims: «Another miracle! And another wonderful proportion in the prodigies of the lives of Jesus and Mary! He, God, rose by Himself, and by His own will He overturned the stone of His



Sepulchre, and only with His own power He ascended to Heaven. *By Himself*. Mary, the Most Holy Mother, but a daughter of man, by means of angelic help had the passage opened for Her assumption to Heaven, and always through angelic help She ascended there. In the Christ the spirit came back to animate His Body while it was still on the Earth, because it had to be so, to silence His enemies and to confirm all His followers in their faith. In Mary the spirit came back when Her most holy body was already at the threshold of Paradise, because there was no other need for Her. Perfect power of the Infinite Wisdom of God!... »

650. 9 <sup>9</sup>John now gathers in a piece of cloth the flowers and branches that were still on the little bed, he adds to them those that he had gathered outside, and lays them all on the cover of the chest. He then opens it and puts the little pillow of Mary and the coverlet of the little bed into it; he goes down into the kitchen, he collects other utensils used by Her - the spindle and distaff and Her kitchenware - and adds them to the other things.

650. 10 <sup>10</sup>He closes the chest and sits on the stool exclaiming: «Now everything is accomplished also for me! Now I can go freely wherever the Spirit of God will lead me. I can go! And sow the Divine Word that the Master gave me so that I may give it to men. And teach Love. Teach them so that they may believe in Love and in its power. Let them know what the God-Love has done for men. His Sacrifice and His perpetual Sacrament and Rite, by means of which, until the end of time, we shall be able to be united to Jesus Christ in the Eucharist and renew the Rite and the Sacrifice as He ordered us to do. All the gifts of the perfect Love! Make them love the Love, so that they may believe in Him, as we believed and believe. Sow the Love so that the harvest and the catch may be abundant for the Lord. Love achieves everything, Mary told me in Her last conversation with me, whom She justly defined, in the Apostolic College, the one who loves, the preeminent loving one, the antithesis of the Iscariot, who was hatred, as Peter was impetuosity, and Andrew meekness, the sons of Alphaeus holiness and wisdom joined to nobility of manners, and so forth. I, the loving disciple, now that I no longer have the Master and the Mother to love on the Earth, will go and spread love among the nations. Love will be my weapon and my doctrine. And by means of it I will defeat the demon, heathenism and will

conquer many souls. I will thus continue Jesus and Mary, Who were perfect love on the Earth. »

### **651. On the passage, the Assumption and the royalty of the Blessed Virgin.**

18<sup>th</sup> April 1948.

<sup>1</sup>[Mary says: ]

651. 1

«Did I die? Yes, if you call death the separation of the choice part of the spirit from the body. No, if by death you understand the separation of the vivifying soul from the body, the corruption of the flesh no longer vivified by the soul, and before that, the lugubrious sepulchre, and before all these things, the pangs of death.

How did I die, or better, how did I pass from the Earth to Heaven, first with My immortal part, then with the perishable one? As it was fair for Her Who did not become acquainted with the stain of sin.

<sup>2</sup>That evening, the Sabbath rest had already begun, I was speaking to John. About Jesus and His things. The evening hour was full of peace. The Sabbath had abated all noises of human works. And the hour was abating every voice of man and bird. Only the olive-trees around the house were rustling in the evening breeze, and a flight of angels seemed to graze the walls of the solitary house.

651. 2

We were speaking of Jesus, of the Father, of the Kingdom of Heaven. To speak of Love and of the Kingdom of Love, is to become lit with the living fire, consuming the bonds of matter to let the spirit free for its mystic flights. And if the fire is contained within the limits fixed by God to preserve creatures on the Earth, at His service, it is possible to live and burn, finding in the ardour not the consumption, but the completion of life. But when God removes the limits and gives freedom to the divine Fire to assail and attract the spirit to Itself without any measure, then the spirit, replying in turn without measure to the Love, detaches itself from matter and flies where the Love urges and invites it. And it is the end of the exile and the return to the Fatherland.

That evening, the incontainable ardour, the measureless vitality of My spirit was joined by a sweet languor, by a mysterious sensation that matter was moving away from what surrounded it, as if My body, tired, were falling asleep, whilst My intellect, even livelier in its reasoning, was sinking, into the divine brightness.

John, the loving prudent witness of every action of Mine, since he had become My adoptive son, according to the will of My Only-Begotten Son, kindly convinced Me to rest on the little bed and he watched Me praying. The last sound I heard on the Earth was the murmur of the words of John, the virgin apostle. They were for Me like a lullaby of a mother near a cradle. And they accompanied My spirit in its last ecstasy, too sublime to be describe. They accompanied Me as far as Heaven.

<sup>651.3</sup> <sup>3</sup>John, the only witness of this sweet mystery, arranged Me by himself, enveloping Me in My white mantle, without changing My dress or veil, without any washing or embalming. The spirit of John, as is evident from his words of the second episode of this cycle that goes from the Pentecost to My Assumption, already knew that I would not decay, and it taught the Apostle what to do. And he, chaste, loving, prudent with regard to the mysteries of God and his remote companions, decided to keep the secret and to wait for the other servants of God, so that they could see Me again, and draw comfort and assistance from that sight for the pains and hardships of their mission. He waited, as if he were certain of their coming.

But the decree of God was different. Good as always for the Favourite. Just as usual for all the believers. He made the eyes of the former heavy with sleep, so that he might be spared the torture of seeing also My body abducted from him. He presented the believers with a further truth that would encourage them to believe in the resurrection of the flesh, in the reward of an eternal blissful life granted to the just, in the most mighty and pleasant truths of the New Testament: My Immaculate Conception, My Divine virginal Maternity, in the divine and human Nature of My Son, true God and true Man, born not by human will but through divine nuptials and divine seed laid in My womb, and lastly, that they might believe that in Heaven there is My Heart of the Mother of all men, palpitating with anxious love for every-

body, just people and sinners, eager to have you all with It in the blessed Fatherland forever.

<sup>4</sup>When I was taken out of the little house by the angels, had My spirit already come back to Me? No. My spirit was not to descend again on the Earth. It was, adoring, before the Throne of God. But when the Earth, the exile, the time and the place of the separation from My One and Trine Lord were left forever, My spirit came back to shine in the centre of My soul, drawing the flesh from its sleep. So it is just to say that I ascended to Heaven in body and soul, not through My own capability, as it happened for Jesus, but through angelic help. I awoke from that mysterious and mystic sleep, I rose, I flew finally, because by now My flesh had achieved the perfection of glorified bodies. And I loved. I loved My Son, Whom I found again, and My Lord, One and Trine, I loved Him as is the destiny of all the eternal living beings. » 651.4

5<sup>th</sup> January 1944.

<sup>5</sup>[Jesus says: ]

«When Her last hour came, like a tired lily that, after exhaling all its scents, bends under the stars and closes its snow-white calyx, Mary, My Mother, lay on Her little bed and closed Her eyes on everything surrounding Her, to collect Her thoughts in a last serene contemplation of God. 651.5

Bending over Her rest, the angel of Mary was anxiously waiting for the climax of the ecstasy to separate that spirit from the flesh, for the time decreed by God, and to separate it forever from the Earth, while the sweet inviting command of God was already descending from Heaven.

John, an earthly angel, bent, in his turn, over that mysterious rest, was watching the Mother Who was about to leave him. And when he saw that She had taken her last breath, he continued to watch Her, so that, not violated by profane curious eyes, She should remain, even beyond death, the Immaculate Spouse and Mother of God, so placid and beautiful in Her sleep.

<sup>6</sup>A tradition says that only flowers were found in the urn of Mary, when it was opened by Thomas. It is a sheer legend. No sepulchre swallowed the corpse of Mary, because there never was a corpse of Mary, according to human sense, because Mary did not die as whoever lived dies. 651.6

By divine decree, She was only separated from Her spirit, and Her most holy flesh once again joined the spirit that had preceded it. By inverting the habitual laws, according to which an ecstasy ends when the rapture ceases, that is, when the spirit returns to its normal state, it was Mary's body that went to join the spirit, after a long rest on the funereal bed.

Everything is possible to God. I came out of the Sepulchre with no other help than My own power. Mary came to Me, to God, to Heaven, without experiencing the sepulchre with its horror of lugubrious rotteness. It is one of the most refulgent miracles of God. Not the only one, really, if we remember Enoch and Elijah who, being dear to the Lord, were abducted\* from the Earth, without experiencing death, and translated elsewhere, to a place known only to God and to the celestial inhabitants of Heaven. They were just, but always nothing as compared with My Mother, inferior, in holiness, only to God.

That is why there are no relics of the body or of the sepulchre of Mary. Because Mary had no sepulchre, and Her body was brought to Heaven. ».

8<sup>th</sup> and 15<sup>th</sup> July 1944.

651.7 <sup>7</sup> [Mary says: ]

«The conception of My Son was an ecstasy. A greater ecstasy to give birth to Him. The ecstasy of ecstasies was My passage from the Earth to Heaven. Only during the Passion no ecstasy made My cruel suffering endurable.

651.8 <sup>8</sup>The house, from which I was abducted to Heaven, was one of the countless generousities of Lazarus, for Jesus and His Mother. The little house of Gethsemane, near the place of His Ascension. It is useless to look for its remains. In the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans, it was devastated, and its ruins were scattered in the course of ages. »

18<sup>th</sup> December 1943.

651.9 <sup>9</sup> [Mary says: ]

«As the birth of My Son was an ecstasy to Me, and from the rapture in God that seized Me in that hour, I came to Myself and

\* **were abducted**, as in *Genesis 5: 24; Sirach 44: 16; 49: 14* (for Enoch); *2 Kings 2: 1-13; Sirach 48: 9* (for Elijah).

to the Earth with My Child in My arms, so My improperly called “death” was a rapture in God.

Relying on the promise I had received on the bright morning of Pentecost, I thought that the approaching of the last coming of the Love, to abduct Me with Him, should manifest itself with an increase of the fire of love that always burnt in Me. And I was not wrong.

As far as I was concerned, the more time passed, the more My desire to blend with the Eternal Love increased. I was urged by the desire to join My Son and by the certainty that I could never do so much for men as when I was at the foot of the Throne of God, praying and operating on their behalf. And with a motion more and more inflamed and rapid, I used to cry to Heaven with all the strength of My soul: “Come, Lord Jesus! Come, Eternal Love! ”.

<sup>10</sup>The Eucharist, that was for Me like dew for a parched flower, was indeed life, but the more time passed the more it became insufficient to satisfy the irrepressible eagerness of My heart. It was no longer sufficient for Me to receive My Divine Creature in Me and carry Him within Me in the Sacred Species, as I had carried Him in My virginal body. My whole self wanted the God One and Trine, but not under the veils chosen by My Jesus to hide the ineffable mystery of the Faith, but as He was, is, and will be in the centre of Heaven. My Son Himself, in His Eucharistic transports, inflamed Me with embraces of infinite desire, and every time He came to Me, with the power of His love, He almost eradicated My soul at first, then He remained calling Me with infinite fondness: “Mother! ”, and I felt that He was anxious to have Me with Him. 651. 10

I longed for nothing else. Even the desire to protect the newborn Church was no longer in Me, in the last days of My mortal life. Everything was canceled by the desire to possess God, as I was convinced that one can do everything when one possesses Him.

<sup>11</sup>Endeavour, o Christians, to arrive at such total love. Let all earthly things be of no value. Aim only at God. When you are rich in this poverty of desire, which is an immeasurable wealth, God will bend over your spirits, to teach them first, to take them later, and you will ascend with them to the Father, to the Son, to 651. 11

the Holy Spirit, to know them and love them for the blessed eternity and to possess their riches of graces for your brothers. Men are never so active for their brothers as when they are no longer among them, but they are lights reunited to the Divine Light.

651. 12 <sup>12</sup>The approach of the Eternal Love had the sign that I expected. Everything became devoid of light and colour, voice and presence in the brightness and the Voice that, descending from Heaven, open to My spiritual sight, were coming down upon Me to take My soul. People say that I would have rejoiced at being assisted, in that hour, by My Son. But My sweet Jesus was indeed present with the Father when the Love, that is the Holy Spirit, the Third Person of the Eternal Trinity, kissed Me for the third time in My life, with a kiss so powerfully divine that My soul exhaled, becoming lost in contemplation, like a drop of dew absorbed by the sun in the calyx of a lily. And I ascended with My spirit singing hosannas to the feet of the Three, Whom I had always worshipped.

Then, at the right moment, like a pearl in a setting of fire, assisted at first, then followed by the procession of the angelic spirits who had come to assist Me in My eternal celestial birth, expected by My Jesus even before the threshold of Heaven, and on its threshold by My just earthly spouse, by the Kings and Patriarchs of My stock, by the first saints and martyrs, I entered as Queen, after so much grief and so much humbleness of the poor maid of God, into the kingdom of infinite delight. And Heaven closed again on the joy of having Me, of having its Queen, Whose flesh, the only one among all mortal flesh, was acquainted with glorification before the final resurrection and the last judgement. »

December 1943.

651. 13 <sup>13</sup> [Mary says: ]

«My humbleness could not allow Me to think that so much glory was reserved for Me in Heaven. In My mind there was the almost certainty that My human flesh, made holy by carrying God, would not have experienced decay, because God is Life, and when He sates and fills a creature with Himself, this action of His is like an aroma that preserves from the corruption of death.

I had remained not only immaculate, not only I had been united to God with a chaste prolific embrace, but I was sated, even as far as My innermost recesses, with the emanations of the Divinity concealed in My womb and intent on being veiled with mortal flesh. But that the kindness of the Eternal Father had reserved for His maid the joy of feeling again the touch of My Son's hand on My body, His embrace, His kiss, and of hearing again His voice with My ears, of seeing His face with My eyes, I could not think that this would be granted to Me, neither did I wish it. It would have been sufficient if these beatitudes had been granted to My spirit, and that would have filled My *ego* with blissful happiness.

<sup>14</sup>But, in witness of His first creative thought concerning man, whom He, the Creator, had destined to live, passing away without death, from the earthly Paradise to the celestial one, in the eternal Kingdom, God wanted Me, the Immaculate, in Heaven, in body and soul, as soon as My earthly life ended. 651. 14

I am the certain witness of what God had thought and wanted for man: an innocent life and unaware of sin, a placid passage from this life to eternal Life, whereby, like one who passes over the threshold of a house to enter a palace, man with his complete being, made of a material body and a spiritual soul, would pass from the Earth to Paradise, increasing the perfection of his *ego*, given to him by God, with the complete perfection, both of the body and of the spirit, which was, in the divine mind, destined to every creature who had remained faithful to God and to Grace. Man would have reached this perfection in the full light that is in Heaven and fills it, coming from God, the eternal Sun Who illuminates it.

<sup>15</sup>God placed Me, elevated in body and soul to the glory of Heaven, before the Patriarchs, the Prophets, the Saints, the Angels and the Martyrs and He said: 651. 15

“Here is the perfect work of the Creator. This is what I created in My truer image and likeness among all the sons of man, the fruit of a divine creative masterpiece, the wonder of the Universe that sees closed in one only being the divine, in the eternal spirit like God and like Him spiritual, intelligent, free, holy, and the material creature in the most holy and innocent body, to which every other living being, in the three kingdoms of crea-



tion, is compelled to bow. This is the witness of My love for man, for whom I wanted a perfect organism and a blissful destiny of eternal life in My Kingdom. This is the witness that I have forgiven man whom, by will of the Trine Love, I granted to be reinstated and recreated in My eyes. This is the mystic stone of comparison, this is the link of junction between man and God, it is She Who takes the times back to the early days and gives My divine Eyes the joy of contemplating an Eve as I had created her, and now made even more beautiful and holy, because She is the Mother of My Word, and because She is the Martyr of the greatest forgiveness. For Her Immaculate Heart that never knew any stain, not even the lightest, I open the treasures of Heaven, and for Her head, that never knew pride, I make a wreath of My brightness and I crown Her, because She is most holy to Me, so that She may be your Queen”.

651. 16 <sup>16</sup>There are no tears in Heaven. But in place of the joyful tears, that the spirits would have shed, if they were granted to weep - the liquid that trickles squeezed by an emotion - there was, after these divine words, a sparkling of lights, a changing of splendours into more vivid splendours, a burning of charitable fires in a more ardent fire, an unsurpassable and indescribable playing of celestial harmonies, which were joined by the voice of My Son, in praise of God the Father and of His Maid forever blissful. »

1<sup>st</sup> May 1946.

651. 17 <sup>17</sup>[Jesus says: ]

«There is a difference between the separation of the soul from the body, through real death, and the temporary separation of the spirit from the body and from the vivifying soul, through ecstasy or contemplative rapture. While the separation of the soul from the body brings about death, the ecstatic contemplation, that is, the temporary flight of the spirit outside the barriers of senses and matter, does not bring about death. And that because the soul does not become completely detached and separated from the body, but it does so only through its better part, that plunges into the fire of contemplation.

All men, as long as they live, have a soul within themselves, dead or alive as it may be, through sin or justice; but only the deep loving souls of God arrive at real contemplation.

This proves that the soul, that keeps the body alive while it is united to it - and this peculiarity applies to all men in the same way - has in itself a more noble part: the soul of the soul, or spirit of the spirit, which in just people is very strong, whereas in those who cease to love God and His Law, even if only through their tepidness and venial sins, it becomes weak, depriving the person of the capability to contemplate and know God and His eternal truths, as far as a human creature can do so, according to the degree of perfection achieved. The more a creature loves and serves God with all its strength and power, the more the nobler part of its spirit increases its capacity to know, to contemplate and penetrate the eternal truths.

<sup>18</sup>Man, gifted with a rational soul, is a capacity that God fills <sup>651. 18</sup> with Himself. As Mary, after the Christ, was the most holy of all creatures, She was a capacity so full of God, of His graces, charity and mercy, as to overflow on the brothers in Christ of all ages and until the end of time.

She passed away submerged by the waves of love. Now, in Heaven, where She has become an ocean of love, She overflows Her waves of charity on Her sons faithful to Her and also on Her prodigal ones, for their universal salvation, as She is the universal Mother of all men. »

## **652. Farewell to the Work.**

[28<sup>th</sup> April 1947. ]

Jesus says:

«The reasons that have induced Me to enlighten and dictate episodes and words of Mine to little John are, in addition to the joy of communicating an exact knowledge of Me to this loving victim-soul, manifold.

But the moving spirit of all of them is My love for the Church, both teaching and militant, and My desire to help souls in their ascent towards perfection. The knowledge of Me helps to ascend. My Word is Life.

I mention the main ones:

I°. The reasons mentioned in the dictation dated 18<sup>th</sup> January

1947 and which little John will put here integrally. This is the most important reason because you are perishing and I want to save you.

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3<sup>th</sup> February 1947.

“The most profound reason for the gift of this work is that in the present time, when modernism, condemned by My holy Vicar Pius X, becomes corrupted in more and more harmful doctrines, the Church, represented by My Vicar, may have further material to fight against those who deny:

the supernaturalness of dogmas;

the divinity of the Christ; the Truth of the Christ God and Man, real and perfect both in the faith and in the history that has been handed down on Him (Gospel, Acts of the Apostles, Apostolic Letters, tradition);

the doctrine of Paul and John and of the councils of Nicaea, Ephesus and Chalcedon, as My true doctrine verbally taught by Me;

My unlimited science, as it is divine and perfect;

the divine origin of the dogmas of the Sacraments of the Church One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic;

the universality and continuity, until the end of time, of the Gospel given by Me and for *all* men;

the perfect nature, from the beginning, of My doctrine that has not been formed, as it is, through successive transformations, but was given as it is: the Doctrine of the Christ, of the time of Grace, of the Kingdom of Heaven and of the Kingdom of God in you, divine, perfect, immutable. The Gospel for all those thirsting for God.

To the red dragon\* with seven heads, ten horns and seven diadems on its head, which with its tail drags a third of the stars from the sky and drops them - and I solemnly tell you that they drop even lower than the earth - and persecutes the Woman; to the beasts of the sea and of the earth that many, *too many* worship, allured as they are by their appearance and prodigies, I ask you to oppose My Angel flying in the middle of the sky, holding

\* **the red dragon**... it is the beginning of allusions to: *Daniel 7; Revelation 12-20*.

the Eternal Gospel well open, also at the Pages so far closed, so that men, through its light, may be saved from the coils of the huge serpent with seven jaws, that wants to drown them in its darkness, and upon My return I may find again faith and charity in the hearts of those who persevere, and they may be more numerous than the work of Satan and of men allow one to hope they may be”.

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II°. To rouse a keen love for the Gospel and for everything pertaining to the Christ in Priests and in laymen. First of all, renewed love for My Mother, in Whose prayers lies the secret of the salvation of the world. She, My Mother, is the Conqueress of the cursed Dragon. Assist Her power by means of your renewed love for Her and of your renewed faith and knowledge of what pertains to Her. Mary has given the Saviour to the world. The world will receive salvation again from Her.

III°. To give spiritual masters and directors assistance in their ministry, by studying the different souls of the world in which I lived and the different methods used by Me to save them.

Because it would be foolish to have *only one* method with all the souls. The way to attract to Perfection a just person who spontaneously tends to it, is different from that to be used with a believer in sin, and from that to be used with a Gentile. You have many of them also among you, if you succeed in judging, as your Master did, as Gentiles the poor people who have replaced the true God with the idols of power and arrogance, or of gold, or of lust, or with the idol of the pride of their knowledge. And different is the method to be used to save modern proselytes, that is those who have accepted the Christian idea, but not the Christian citizenship, as they belong to separated Churches. No one is to be despised, and these lost sheep less than everyone, Love them and try to lead them back to the Only Fold, so that the desire of the Shepherd Jesus may be fulfilled.

Some people, when reading this Work, will object: “It does not appear from the Gospel that Jesus was in touch with Romans and Greeks, and consequently we reject these pages”. How many things do not appear from the Gospel, or can just be detected be-

hind thick curtains of silence, drawn by the Evangelists on episodes, of which they did not approve, because of their unbreakable Jewish frame of mind! Do you think that you know everything I did?

I solemnly tell you that not even after reading and accepting this illustration of My public life will you know *everything* about Me. I would have killed My little John, in the fatigue of reporting *all the days of My ministry and all the actions performed on each day*, if I had made him acquainted with everything so that he might transmit everything to you! "Then there are other things done by Jesus, which, if written one by one, I think that the world would not be able to contain the books that should be written" says\* John. Apart from the hyperbole, I solemnly tell you that if all My single actions had to be written, all My particular lessons, My penances and prayers to save a soul, it would have taken the halls of one of your libraries, and one of the largest, to contain the books speaking of Me. And I also solemnly tell you that it would be much more advantageous for you to burn so much *useless* dusty poisonous *science*, to make room for My books, than to know so little of Me and worship so much that press and is almost always soiled with lust and heresy.

IV°. To reinstate in their truth the figures of the Son of Man and of Mary, true children of Adam by flesh and blood, but of an innocent Adam. The children of the Man were to be like us, if our First Parents had not depreciated their perfect humanity - in the sense of man, that is of a creature in which there is the double nature, spiritual, in the image and likeness of God, and the material nature - as you know they did. Perfect senses, that is, subject to reason even in their great efficiency. In the senses I include both the moral and the corporal ones. Therefore total and perfect love both for Her spouse, to whom She is not attached by sensuality, but only by a tie of spiritual love, and for Her Son. Most loved. Loved with all the perfection of a perfect woman for the child born of Her. That is how Eve should have loved: like Mary: that is, not for what physical enjoyment her son was, but because that son was the son of the Creator and out of

\* says, in *John 2L25*.

obedience accomplished to His order to multiply the human race.

And loved with all the ardour of a perfect believer who knows that *that* Son of Hers is not figuratively but *really* the Son of God. To those who consider Mary's love for Jesus too affectionate, I say that they should consider who Mary was: the Woman without sin and therefore without fault in Her love towards God, towards Her relatives, towards Her spouse, towards Her Son, towards Her neighbour; they should consider what the Mother saw in Me besides seeing the Son of Her womb, and finally that they should consider the nationality of Mary. Hebrew race, eastern race, and times very remote from the present ones. So the explanation of certain verbal amplifications, that may seem exaggerated to you, ensues from these elements. The eastern and Hebrew styles are flowery and pompous also when commonly spoken. All the writings of that time and of that race prove it, and in the course of ages the eastern style has not changed very much.

As twenty centuries later you have to examine these pages, when the wickedness of life has killed so much love, would you expect Me to give you a Mary of Nazareth similar to the arid superficial woman of your days? Mary is what She is, and the sweet, pure, loving Girl of Israel, the Spouse of God, the Virgin Mother of God cannot be changed into an excessively morbidly exalted woman, or into a glacially selfish one of your days.

And I tell those, who consider Jesus' love for Mary too affectionate, to consider that in Jesus there was God, and that God One and Trine received His consolation by loving Mary, Who requited Him for the sorrow of the whole human race, and was the means by which God could glory again in His Creation that gives citizens to His Heavens. And finally, let them consider *that every love becomes guilty when, and only when it causes disorder, that is, when it goes against the Will of God and the duty to be fulfilled.*

Now consider: did Mary's love do that? Did My love do that? Did She keep Me, through selfish love, from doing *all* the Will of God? Through a disorderly love for My Mother, did I perhaps repudiate My mission? No. Both loves had but one desire: *to accomplish the Will of God for the salvation of the world.* And the Mother said all the farewells to Her Son, and the Son said all the farewells to His Mother, handing the Son to the cross of His

public teaching and to the Cross of Calvary, handing the Mother to solitude and torture, so that She might be the Co-Redeemer, without taking into account our humanity that felt lacerated and our hearts that were broken with grief. Is that weakness? Is it sentimentalism? It is perfect love, o men, who do not know how to love and who no longer understand love and its voices!

And the purpose of this Work is also to clarify certain points that a number of circumstances has covered with darkness and they thus form dark zones in the brightness of the evangelic picture and points that seem a rupture and are only obscured points, between one episode and another, indecipherable points, and the ability to decipher them is the key to correctly understand certain situations that had arisen and certain strong manners that I had to have, so contrasting with My continuous exhortations to forgive, to be meek and humble, a certain rigidity towards obstinate, inconvertible opponents. You all ought to remember that God, after using all His mercy, for the sake of His own honour, can say also "Enough" to those who, as He is good, think it is right to take advantage of His forbearance and tempt Him. God is not to be derided. It is an old wise saying.

V°. To have an exact knowledge of the complexity and duration of My long passion, that culminates in the sanguinary Passion accomplished in few hours, *that had consumed Me in a daily torture that lasted for years and years, and that had increased more and more*, and with the passion of My Mother, Whose heart was pierced by the sword of sorrow for the same length of time. And urge you, through this knowledge, to love us more.

VI°. To show the power of My Word and its different effects according to whether the person receiving it belonged to the group of men of goodwill, or to that of those who had a sensual will, which is never righteous.

The Apostles and Judas. Here are the two opposed examples. The former, very imperfect, rough, ignorant, violent, but with goodwill. Judas, learned more than most of them, refined by living in the capital and in the Temple, but of evil will. Watch the evolution of the former in Good, their ascent. Watch the evolution of the latter in Evil, and his descent.

This evolution in perfection of the Eleven good ones should be watched above all by those who, through a visual mental fault, are accustomed to perverting the nature of the reality of saints, making of the man who reaches holiness by means of a *hard, very hard struggle against heavy obscure powers*, an unnatural being without incentives and emotions, and therefore without merits. *Because merit is really consequent on the victory over disorderly passions and temptations, a victory achieved through love for God* and to attain the final aim: to enjoy God forever. It should be watched by those who claim that a conversion should come only from God. God gives the means to be converted, but He does not do violence to the will of man, and if man *does not want* to be converted, in vain he has what serves other people to become converted.

Let those who examine the situation consider the manifold effects of My Word not only on the human man, but also on the spiritual man. Not only on the spiritual man, but also on the human man. My Word, when it is received with goodwill, transforms both, leading to external and internal perfection.

The apostles who through their ignorance and My humbleness treated the Son of Man with excessive familiarity - a good master among them, nothing more, a humble and patient master with whom it was permissible to take liberties at times excessive; but it was not irreverence on their part: it was ignorance, and it is to be excused - the apostles quarrelsome with one another, selfish, jealous of their love and of Mine, impatient with the people, somewhat proud of being "the Apostles", eager for stupendous capacities, which point them out to the crowds as gifted with an extraordinary power, slowly but continuously change into new men, bridling their passions first to imitate Me and make Me happy, then, as they became more and more acquainted with My true *Ego*, changing manners and love so much as to see Me, love Me and treat Me as the divine Lord. At the end of My life on the Earth, are they still perhaps the superficial merry companions of the early times? Are they, above all after the Resurrection, the friends who treat the Son of Man as a Friend? No, they are not. They are the ministers of the King, first. They are the priests of God, later. They are completely different and completely transformed.



This should be considered by those who will find the apostles' nature, which was as it is described, strong, and will judge it unnatural. I was not a difficult doctor and a proud king, I was not a master who judges other men unworthy of him. I was indulgent to people. I wanted to form using raw materials, and fill empty vases with all kinds of perfections, proving that God *can do everything*, He can raise a son of Abraham from a stone, a son of God, and from a nonentity a master to confuse masters proud of *their* science, which has very often lost the scent of Mine.

VII°. Finally: to make you acquainted with the mystery of Judas, that mystery which is the fall of a spirit that God had favoured in an extraordinary manner. A mystery that is repeated too often and is the wound that aches in the Heart of your Jesus.

To let you know how people fall changing from servants and sons of God into demons and deicides, who kill the God in them by killing Grace, so that such knowledge may prevent you from setting foot on the paths from which one falls into the Abyss, and it may teach you how to behave when trying to hold back the imprudent lambs that push on towards the abyss. Apply your intelligence to study the horrible and yet common figure of Judas, *a complex in which are agitated like snakes all the capital vices that you find and have to fight in this or that person. It is the most important lesson to be learned by you, because it is the one that will be more useful to you in your ministry of spiritual masters and directors.* How many people, in every state of life, imitate Judas giving themselves to Satan and meeting eternal death!

Seven reasons, as seven are the parts:

I°. The Hidden Life (from the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary to the death of Saint Joseph).

II°. The first year of the Public Life.

III°. The second year of the Public Life.

IV°. The third year of the Public Life.

V°. Preparation for the Passion (from Tebeth to Nisan, that is from the agony of Lazarus to the supper at Bethany).

VI°. The Passion (from the farewell to Lazarus to My Burial and following days until dawn on Easter Sunday).

VII°. From the Resurrection to Pentecost.

This division of the parts is to be kept as indicated above, because it is the right one.

And now? What do you say to your Master? You are not speaking to *Me*.

But you are speaking in your hearts, and only if you may be able to do so, you speak to little John. But in neither of these two cases you speak with the justice that I should like to see in you. Because you speak to little John to grieve him, trampling on the charity for the Christian sister and the instrument of God. I truly tell you once again that to be an instrument of Mine is not a placid joy: *it is continuous fatigue and effort, it is sorrow in everything, because the world gives the disciples of the Master what it gave the Master: sorrow; and at least priests, and in particular confreres, ought to help these little martyrs who proceed under their crosses...* And because in your hearts, speaking to yourselves, you utter a complaint of pride, of envy, of incredulity and other things. But I will give you a reply to your complaints and to your scandalised surprise.

In the evening of the Last Supper, I said to the Eleven who loved Me: “When the Comforter comes, He will *remind* you of everything I told you”. When I spoke I always bore in mind, in addition to those who were present, all those who would be My disciples in spirit, and with truth and a will to want. The Holy Spirit, Who already with His Grace instils the faculty of remembering God into you, freeing souls from the torpor of the Original Sin and relieving them of the obscurities that, because of the sad inheritance of Adam, envelop the brightness of the spirits created by God to enjoy His sight and spiritual knowledge, *completes His work of Master by “reminding” the hearts of those who are led by Him and who are the children of God, of what I said, and which constitutes the Gospel.*

To remind here means to *enlighten* the spirit of it. Because it is nothing to remember the *words* of the Gospel if its spirit is not understood. *And the spirit of the Gospel, which is love, can be made understood by the Love, that is, by the Holy Spirit, Who, as He has been the true Writer of the Gospel, is also its only Commentator, because only the Author of a work knows the spirit of*

*it and understands it, even if he does not succeed in making its readers understand it. But where a human author fails, because every human perfection is rich in deficiencies, the Most Perfect and Wise Spirit succeeds. So only the Holy Spirit, the author of the Gospel, is also He Who remembers and comments and completes it in the inmost parts of the souls of God's children.*

“The Comforter, the Holy Spirit, Whom the Father will send you in My Name, will teach you everything, will remind you of everything I told you”. (John, 14: 26).

“When that Spirit of Truth comes, He will teach you all the truth: because He will not speak by Himself, but will say *everything* He has heard and will announce you the future. He will glorify Me, because He will take what is Mine and will announce it to you. Everything the Father has is Mine; that is why I said that He will receive what is Mine and will announce it to you”. (John 16: 13-14-15).

Then if you object to that, as the Holy Spirit is the true Author of the Gospel, one fails to understand why He did not remember what is mentioned in this work and what John makes one understand did happen, in the last words that close his Gospel, I reply to you that the thoughts of God are different from those of men, and are *always just and not liable to criticism*.

Further: if you object that the revelation was closed with the last Apostle, and there was nothing further to add, because the same Apostle says in Revelation: “If anyone adds anything to them, God will add to him every plague mentioned in the book” (22: 18) and that can be understood for all the Revelation, the last completion of which is the Revelation by John, I reply to you that with this work no addition was made to revelation, but only the gaps, brought about by natural causes and by supernatural will, were filled in. And if I wanted to take pleasure in restoring the picture of My Divine Charity, as a restorer of mosaics does replacing the tesserae damaged or missing, reinstating the mosaic in its complete beauty, and I have decided to do it in this century in which Mankind is hurling itself towards the Abyss of darkness and horror, can you forbid Me from doing so?

Can you perhaps say that you do not need it, you whose spirits are dull, weak, deaf to the lights, voices and invitations from Above?

You ought really to bless Me for increasing with new lights the light that you have and that is no longer sufficient for you “to see” your Saviour. To see the Way, the Truth and the Life, and feel that spiritual emotion of the just of My time rise in you, attaining through this knowledge a renewal of your spirits in love, that would be your salvation, because it is an ascent towards perfection.

I do not say that you are “dead”, but sleeping, drowsy. Like plants during their winter sleep. The divine Sun gives you its refulgence. Awake and bless the Sun that gives itself, receive it with joy so that It may warm you, from the surface to deep inside you, it may rouse you and cover you with flowers and fruits.

Rise. Come to My Gift.

“Take and eat. Take and drink” I said to the apostles.

“If you only knew the gift of God and who it is that is saying to you: ‘give me a drink’, you would have been the one to ask, and he would have given you living water” I said to the Samaritan woman.

I say that also now: to doctors and to Samaritans as well. Because both extreme classes need it, and also those need it, who are between the two extremes. The former not to be underfed and deprived of strength also with regard to themselves, and of supernatural nourishment for those who languish with lack of knowledge of God, of the God-Man, of the Master and Saviour. The latter because souls need living water, when they perish far away from the springs. Those in the middle, between the former and the latter, the great mass of those who are not big sinners, and also of those who are static in not making any progress, through laziness, tepidness, because of a wrong concept of holiness, those who are scrupulous of not being damned, of being observant, of becoming entangled in a labyrinth of superficial practices, but dare not take a step on the steep, very steep road of heroism, so that from this work they may receive the initial incentive to come out of that immobility and set out on the heroic way.

I tell you these words. I offer you this food and this drink of living water. My Word is Life. And I want you in the Life, with Me. And I multiply My word to counterbalance the miasmata of Satan as they destroy the vital strength of the spirit.

Do not reject Me. I am anxious to give Myself to you, because I love you. And My anxiety is inextinguishable. I ardently wish to communicate Myself to you to make you ready for the banquet of the celestial nuptials. And you need Me in order not to languish, to dress yourselves with dresses adorned for the Wedding of the Lamb, for the great feast of God after overcoming the affliction in this desert full of snares, of brambles and snakes, which is the Earth, to pass through flames without suffering damage, to tread on reptiles and have to take poisons without dying, as you have Me in you.

And I also say to you: “Take, do take this work and ‘*do not seal it*’, but read it and have it read ‘*because the time is close*’” (John, Revelation, 22: 10) “and let those who are holy become holier” (ib. 22: 11).

May the grace of your Lord Jesus Christ be with all those who in this book see an approach of Mine and urge it to be accomplished, to their defence, with the cry of Love: “Come, Lord Jesus! ”. »

And to me in particular then Jesus says:

«As introduction to the Work you will put the first chapter of the Gospel by John, from verse one to eighteen inclusive, integrally, as it is written. John wrote those words, as you have written all those related in the Work, from dictation of the Spirit of God. There is nothing to be added or to be taken away, as there was nothing to be added or taken away from the prayer of the *Our Father* and from My prayer after the Last Supper. Every word of these points is a divine gem and is not to be touched. There is only one thing to be done with regard to these points: *ardently pray the Holy Spirit that He may enlighten them to you in all their beauty and wisdom.*

When you arrive at the point where My public life begins, you will copy the first chapter of John, also integrally, from verse nineteen to verse twenty-eight inclusive and the third chapter of Luke from verse three to verse eighteen inclusive, one after the other, as if they were only one chapter. There is all the Precursor, an ascetic of few words and hard discipline, and there is nothing else to be said. Then you will put My Baptism and you will go on as I told you from time to time.

And your fatigue is over. Now love remains and the reward to be enjoyed.

My soul, and what should I say to you? With your spirit lost in Me you ask Me: "And now, Lord, what will You do with me, Your servant?"

I could say: "I will break the clay vase to extract its essence and take it where I am". And it would be the joy of both. But I need you for a short while, and a little more, here, to exhale your perfumes which are still the scent of the Christ dwelling in you. So I will say to you as I said to John: "If I want you to stay until I come to get you, what does it matter to you to remain?"

Peace to you, My little untiring voice. Peace to you. Peace and blessings. The Master says to you: "Thanks". The Lord says to you: "May you be blessed". Jesus, your Jesus, says to you: "I will always be with you because it is pleasant to Me to be with those who love Me".

My peace, little John. Come and rest on My Chest. »

And with these words also the suggestions for the drawing up of the work have come to an end and the last explanations have been given.

*Viareggio 28 aprile. Millemontequina,  
basta.  
Maria Valtorta.*

Viareggio, 28<sup>th</sup> April 1947. Maria Valtorta.