

Maria Valtorta



THE GOSPEL  
AS REVEALED  
TO ME

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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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*Farewell to the Work, chapter 652*

10 volumes

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*Volume Ten, chapters 601-652*

**Maria Valtorta**

**THE GOSPEL  
AS REVEALED  
TO ME**

VOLUME ONE  
Chapters 1-78

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*(the "first year" continues in the second volume)*

# The birth and Hidden Life of Mary and Jesus.

## 1. Introduction: God wanted a spotless womb.

“God created Me when His purpose first unfolded.”  
(Solomon, *Proverbs 8, 22*)

22<sup>nd</sup> August 1944.

<sup>1</sup>Jesus orders me: «Take a brand new notebook. Write down on the first page what I dictated on August the 16th. She will be spoken of in this book. »<sup>1. 1</sup>

I obey and I write.

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

<sup>2</sup>Jesus says:

<sup>1. 2</sup>

«Today write only this. Purity has such a value, that the womb of a creature could contain the Uncontainable One, because She possessed the greatest purity that a creature of God could have.

The Most Holy Trinity descended with Its perfections, inhabited with Its Three Persons, enclosed Its infinity in a small space. But It did not debase Itself by doing so, because the love of the Virgin and the will of God widened this space until they rendered it a Heaven. And the Most Holy Trinity made Itself known by Its characteristics:

*The Father*, being *once again* the Creator of the Creature, as on the sixth day\* of Creation, had a real, worthy daughter fashioned to His perfect image. The mark of God was impressed so completely and exactly on Mary, that only in the First-born was it greater. Mary can be called the Second-born of the Father because, owing to the perfection granted to Her and preserved by Her, and to Her dignity of Spouse and Mother of God and Queen of Heaven, She comes second after the Son of the Father and second in His eternal thought, which ab aeterno took delight in Her.

*The Son*, being also “Her Son”, did teach Her, by the mystery

\* the sixth day: *Genesis 1: 24-34.*

of Grace, His *truth* and *wisdom*, when He was but an Embryo, growing in Her womb.

*The Holy Spirit* appeared amongst men for an anticipated and prolonged Pentecost, Love for “Her Whom He loved”, Consolation to men for the Fruit of Her Womb, Sanctification for the Maternity of the Holy One.

- 1.3 <sup>3</sup>God, to reveal Himself to men in the new and complete form, which starts the Redemption era, did not select for His throne a star in the sky, nor the palace of a powerful man. Neither did He want the wings of angels as the base of His feet. He wanted a spotless womb.

Also Eve had been created spotless. But she wanted to become corrupt of her own free will. Mary, who lived in a corrupt world - Eve was in a pure world - did not wish to violate Her purity, not even with one thought remotely connected with sin. She knew that sin existed. She saw its various and horrible forms and implications. *She saw them all*, including the most hideous one: *deicide*. But She knew them solely to expiate them and to be, forever, the Woman who has mercy on sinners and prays for their redemption.

This thought will be the introduction to other holy things that I will give for your benefit and the welfare of many people. »

## 2. Joachim and Anne make a vow to the Lord.

22<sup>nd</sup> August 1944.

- 2.1 <sup>1</sup>I see the inside of a house. In it there is an elderly woman sitting at a loom. Noting that her hair, which formerly was definitely jet black, is now quite grey and her face, though not wrinkled, has the seriousness that comes with age, I would say that she must be fifty-five years old. Not more.

In estimating a woman's age, I base my calculations upon my mother's face, whose image is more than ever present to me in these times which remind me of her final days at my bedside... The day after tomorrow it will be a year since I had my last look at her... My mother had a very youthful face, but was prematurely grey. When she was fifty she was as grey as at the end of her life. But, apart from the maturity of her appearance, nothing be-

trayed her age. I could therefore be mistaken in estimating the age of an elderly woman.

The woman I see weaving in a room, bright with the light coming from a door wide open onto a large garden — a small holding I would call it because it smoothly extends up and down a green slope — the woman is beautiful in her definite Jewish features. Her eyes are black and deep and while I do not know why, they remind me of the Baptist's. But, although they are as proud as the eyes of a queen, they are also sweet, as if a veil of blue had been laid on the flash of an eagle: sweet and somewhat sad, as of a person who thinks of and regrets lost things. Her skin is brown, but not excessively so. Her mouth, slightly large, is well formed and is motionless in an austere setting, which, however, is not a hard one. Her nose is long and thin, slightly drooping, an aquiline nose, which suits her eyes. She is well built, but not fat, well proportioned and I think tall, judging her by the position in which she is sitting.

I think she is weaving a curtain or a carpet. The many coloured spools move fast along the brown coloured weft, and what has already been woven shows a vague plaited work of Greek frets and rosettes in which green, yellow, red and deep blue interweave and blend as in a mosaic.

The woman is wearing a very plain dark dress, a red violet colour, the hue of a kind of of pansy.

<sup>2</sup>She stands up when she hears someone knocking at the door. <sup>2</sup> She is actually quite tall. She opens the door.

A woman asks her: «Anne, will you give me your amphora? I will fill it for you.»

The woman has a lovely five year old child with her, who at once clings to Anne's dress, and she caresses him while going into another room, and returns with a beautiful copper amphora which she hands to the woman saying: «You are always good to old Anne, indeed you are. May God reward you with this son and the other children you will have, you fortunate one!» Anne sighs.

The woman looks at her and does not know what to say in the circumstances. To divert attention from the distressing situation of which she is aware, she remarks: «I am leaving Alphaeus with you, if you do not mind, so that I will be quicker and I will fill many jars and jugs for you.»

Alphaeus is very pleased to stay and the reason is clear. As soon as his mother is gone, Anne picks him up and takes him into the orchard, lifts him up to a pergola of grapes as golden as a topaz and says to him: «Eat, eat, because they are good», and she kisses him on his little face soiled with the juice of the grapes which the child eats avidly. Then she laughs heartily and at once looks younger on account of the lovely set of teeth she displays, and the joy that shines on her face, dispelling her years, as the child asks: «And what are you going to give me now? » and he gazes at her with large wide open eyes of a deep grey-blue colour. She laughs and plays with him bending on her knees and goes on: «What will you give me if I give you?... if I give you?... guess! » And the child, clapping his little hands, with a big smile responds: «Kisses, kisses I will give you, nice Anne, good Anne, mamma Anne!... »

Anne, when she hears him say: «mamma Anne», lets out a real cry of joyful love and cuddles the little one declaring: «My darling! Dear! Dear! Dear! » At each «dear» a kiss descends upon the rosy cheeks.

Then they go to a cupboard and from a plate she takes some honey cakes. «I made them for you, darling of poor Anne, because you love me. But tell me, how much do you love me? » And the child, thinking of what has impressed him most, says: «As much as the Temple of the Lord. » Anne kisses him again on his lively little eyes, his little red lips and the child cuddles against her like a kitten.

His mother goes back and forth with a full jar and smiles without saying anything. She leaves them to their enjoyment.

2. 3 <sup>3</sup>An elderly man comes in from the orchard. He is a little smaller than Anne, and his thick hair is completely white. His face is of a clear complexion with a squarely cut beard; his eyes are like blue turquoises and his eyelashes are light brown, almost fair. His robe is dark brown.

Anne does not see him because her back is turned to the door and he approaches her from behind questioning: «And nothing for me? » Anne turns round and says: «O Joachim! Have you finished your work? » At the same time little Alphaeus runs to the elderly man's knees exclaiming: «And to you, and to you. » And when the man bends down to kiss him, the child clings to his

neck, ruffling his beard with his little hands and his kisses.

Joachim also has his gift. He brings his left hand from behind his back and offers the child such a beautiful apple, that it seems made of the finest porcelain. Smiling he says to the child who is holding his hands out eagerly: «Wait, I will cut it for you! You cannot take it as it is. It is bigger than you! » With a small pruning knife, which he carries on his belt, he cuts the fruit into small slices. He seems to be feeding a nestling, such is the care with which he puts the morsels into the little wide open mouth that munches and chews.

«Look at his eyes, Joachim! Don't they look like two little waves of the Sea of Galilee when the evening wind draws a veil of cloud over the sky? » Anne is speaking, resting one hand on her husband's shoulder, and she is also leaning slightly on him: an attitude revealing the deep love of a wife, a love still perfect after many years of marriage.

And Joachim looks at her lovingly and agrees, saying: «Very beautiful! And his curls? Aren't they the colour of crops dried in the sun? Look: in them there is a mixture of gold and copper. »

<sup>4</sup>«Ah! If we had had a child, I would have liked him thus: with these eyes and this hair... » Anne bends down, in fact she is on her knees and with a deep sigh she kisses the two large grey-blue eyes.

Joachim, too, sighs. But he wishes to comfort her. He puts his hand on her thick curly grey hair and whispers to her: «We must continue to hope. God can do everything. While we are alive, the miracle may happen, especially when we love Him and *we love each other*. » Joachim stresses the final phrase.

But Anne is silent, dejected, and she is standing, her head bowed, to conceal two tears streaming down her face. Only little Alphaeus sees them and he is surprised and saddened by the fact that his great friend is crying, as he sometimes does. He lifts his hands and wipes the tears.

«Don't cry, Anne! We are happy just the same. At least I am, because I have you. »

«And me you. But I have not given you a child... I think I have distressed the Lord, because He has made my womb barren... »

«O my wife! How can you have distressed Him, you holy woman? Listen. Let us go once more to the Temple. For this rea-

son. Not only for the Tabernacles! Let us say a long prayer... Perhaps it will happen to you as it did to Sarah\*... as it happened to Anne of Elkanah\*\*. They waited for a long time and they considered themselves dejected because they were barren. Instead a holy son was maturing for them in the Heavens of God. Smile, my wife. Your crying is a greater sorrow to me than being without offspring... We shall take Alphaeus with us. We shall make him pray, since he is innocent... and God will hear his prayer and ours together and will grant it. »

«Yes, let us make a vow to the Lord. The offspring will be His. As long as He grants it. Oh to hear me being called “mamma”! »

And Alphaeus, an astonished and innocent spectator, exclaims: «I call you so! »

«Yes, my darling... but you have your mummy, and I have no baby... »

The vision ceases here.

2. 5     <sup>5</sup>I understand that Mary’s birth cycle has begun. And I am very happy because I wanted it so much. And I think that you\*\*\* will be happy, too.

Before I began to write I heard Mother say to me: «So, My dear daughter, write about Me. All your grief will be comforted. » And while saying so She laid Her hand on my head caressing me kindly. Then the vision began. But at first, that is, until I heard the fifty-year-old woman being called by name, I did not realise that I was in the presence of Mother’s mother and consequently of the grace of Her birth.

### **3. At the feast of the Tabernacles. Joachim and Anne possessed Wisdom.**

23<sup>rd</sup> August 1944.

3. 1     <sup>1</sup>Before writing the following, I wish to make a note.

The house did *not* seem to me the well known one of Nazareth. The location, at least, is quite different. The orchard garden is larger and beyond it fields can be seen, not many, but they are

\* Sarah, *Genesis 17: 15-21; 18: 10-15; 21: 1-3.*

\*\* Anne of Elkanah, *1 Samuel 1; 2: 1-10.*

\*\*\* you, referred to father Migliorini, M. V. ’s spiritual director.

there. Later, when Mary is married, there is only the orchard, large, but not more than an orchard: and I have never seen in other visions the room that I saw. I do not know whether for financial reasons Mary's parents disposed of part of their property or whether Mary, when she left the Temple, moved into another house given to her perhaps by Joseph. I do not remember whether in past visions and instructions I had a clear sign that the house of Nazareth was the house in which she was born.

My head is very heavy with fatigue. And then, especially with dictations, I forget the words at once, although the commands remain recorded in my mind and illuminate my soul. But details fade away *immediately*. If after one hour I had to repeat what I heard, with the exception of one or two main sentences, I would not know anything else. Visions, on the contrary, remain clear in my mind because I had to watch them *myself*. I hear dictations but I see visions. Therefore they remain clear in my mind with fatigue in following them through their various phases.

I was hoping there would be a dictation on yesterday's vision. But nothing.

<sup>2</sup>I am beginning to see and I write.

3. 2

Outside the walls of Jerusalem, on the hills and among the olive trees, there is a large crowd. It looks like a large market. But there are no stalls. There are no shouting charlatans or pedlars. No games. There are coarse wool tents, certainly waterproof, hanging on posts fixed to the ground, and tied to the posts there are green branches, providing both ornamental decoration and practical coolness. Other tents, instead, are made entirely of branches fixed to the ground and tied like this  $\wedge$ , thus forming small green tunnels. Under each tent there are people of every age and condition, speaking quietly and earnestly, with the cry of a child breaking the quietness now and again.

It is nightfall and the lights of small oil lamps are glittering here and there throughout the odd camp. Around the lights some families are eating their supper on the ground, the mothers holding the little ones in their laps. Many of these tired infants fall asleep holding pieces of bread in their tiny pink fingers while their small heads fall on their mothers' breasts, like little chicks under hens. The mothers finish their meals, as best they can, each with only one hand free, while the other hand is holding



the child against her heart. Meanwhile other families are not yet having supper and are talking in the dimness of twilight, waiting for the food to be ready to eat. Small fires are lit here and there and women are busy around them. Slow, somewhat plaintive, lullabies soothe children who are having difficulty in going to sleep.

High above there is a beautiful clear sky, which is becoming a deeper and deeper blue until it looks like an enormous black-bluish soft velvet velarium. On this cloth, a little at a time, invisible craftsmen and decorators fix gems and night lights, some isolated, some in odd geometrical patterns, amongst which the Great Bear and the Little Bear stand out, in the shape of a cart, with its shaft resting on the ground after the oxen have been freed from the yoke. The Pole Star is smiling in all its brightness.

I realise it is October because the loud voice of a man says so: «This month of October is beautiful as very rarely in past years! »

3. 3 <sup>3</sup>Here is Anne coming from a fire with something in her hands, spread over a loaf of bread which is large and flat like a cake and serves also as a tray. Little Alphaeus is holding onto her skirt and is prattling in his little voice. Joachim, when he sees Anne approaching, hastens to light his lamp; he is at the entrance of his little hut made of branches and is speaking to a man of about thirty years old, whom Alphaeus greets from a distance in his shrill voice saying: «Daddy. »

Anne in her stately walk passes along the rows of huts. She is stately, yet humble. She is not haughty with anyone. She picks up the child of a very poor woman, as the urchin had fallen at her feet while running like a little scamp. Since he has dirtied his face and is crying, Anne cleans him, comforts him and hands him to his mother who has run towards them and is apologising. Anne says to her: «Oh! It's nothing. I am glad he did not hurt himself. He is a lovely child. What age is he? »

«Three years. He is my second youngest and I am expecting another one shortly. I have six boys. Now I would like to have a girl... A girl is a lot for her mother... »

«The Most High has consoled you very much, woman! » sighs Anne.

And the woman goes on: «Yes. I am poor, but the children are our joy and the bigger ones already help with the work. And,

Madam, (it is very obvious that Anne is of a higher social standing and the woman realises it), how many children have you got? »

«None. »

«None. » Isn't this one yours? »

«No, he is the son of a very good neighbour. He is my consolation... »

«Did yours die or...? »

«I never had any. »

«Oh! » The poor woman looks at her pitifully.

Anne says goodbye to her, sighing very heavily, and goes to her hut.

«I have kept you waiting, Joachim. I was held up by a poor woman, the mother of six boys. Fancy that! And she is expecting another child shortly. »

Joachim sighs.

Alphaeus' father calls him, but he answers: «I am staying with Anne. I will help her. » Everybody laughs.

«Leave him. He does not disturb us. He is not bound by the Law yet. Here or there he is but a little bird eating» states Anne. And she sits down with the child in her lap and gives him some bread and, I think, some roasted fish. I can see that she does something before giving it to him; perhaps she removes a fish-bone. She has served her husband first. She eats last.

<sup>3. 4</sup> The night is more and more crowded with stars and the camp with lights. Then little by little many lights go out. They are the lamps of those who were the first to have supper and who now go to sleep. Also the buzzing slowly decreases. No more children's voices are heard. Only some babies still unweaned raise their lamb-like little voices seeking their mothers' milk. The night blows her breath over places and people and obliterates pains and memories, hopes and ill-feelings. Or perhaps these last two survive in dreams, although alleviated by sleep.

Anne says so to her husband while lulling Alphaeus who is falling asleep in her arms: «Last night I dreamt that next year I will be coming to the Holy City for two feasts, instead of one only. And one will be the offering of my creature to the Temple... Oh! Joachim!... »

«Keep on hoping, Anne. Did you not perceive anything else? Did the Lord not whisper anything to your heart? »

«Nothing. Only a dream... »

«Tomorrow is the last day of prayer. All the offerings have already been made. But we will renew them again tomorrow, solemnly. We shall gain our favour from God by our faithful love. I always think that it will happen to you as it did to Anne of Elkanah. »

«May God grant it... and I wish I had someone say to me now: “Go in peace. The God of Israel has granted the grace you asked for!”»

«If the grace comes, your child will tell you turning over for the first time in your womb; and it will be the voice of an innocent, therefore the voice of God. »

The camp is now silent in darkness. Anne also takes Alphaeus to the adjoining hut, and puts him on the straw near his little brothers, who are already asleep. Then she lies down beside Joachim and their lamp also goes out: one of the last little stars on earth. More beautiful, the stars in the vault of heaven remain watching over mankind asleep.

3. 5      <sup>5</sup>Jesus says:

«The just are always wise, because, as friends of God, they live in His company and are taught by Him, yes, by Him, Infinite Wisdom.

My grandparents were just and therefore they possessed wisdom. They could quote *accurately* from the Book\*, singing the praises of Wisdom from its context: “I loved her and searched for from my youth: I resolved to have her as my bride”.

Anne of Aaron was the strong woman of whom our Ancestor\*\* speaks. And Joachim, a descendant of king David, had not sought as much charm and wealth as virtue. Anne possessed a *great* virtue. All holy attributes joined together like a sweet-smelling bunch of flowers to become one beautiful thing that was this exceptional *Virtue*. A real virtue, worthy of being set before the throne of God.

Joachim had therefore married wisdom twice, “loving her more than any other woman”: the Wisdom of God enshrined in the heart of a just woman. Anne of Aaron had not sought any-

\* **Book** of *Wisdom* 8: 2.

\*\* **Ancestor**, that is Solomon, in *Proverbs* 31: 10-31.

thing else but to join her life to that of an honest man, certain that family joy lies in honesty. <sup>6</sup>And to be the emblem of the “strong woman” she lacked only the crown of children, the glory of the married woman, the justification of marriage, the one of which Solomon speaks, as for her happiness she lacked children, the flowers of a tree that has become one thing with the adjoining tree and obtains thereof abundance of new fruit, in which the two good qualities blend into one, because she had never experienced any disappointment on account of her husband.

<sup>7</sup>Although she was now approaching old age and had been Joachim’s wife for many years, she was always for him “the spouse of his youth, his joy, the most dear hind, the graceful fawn”, whose caresses always had the fresh charm of the first nuptial evening and sweetly charmed his love, keeping it as fresh as a flower sprinkled with dew, and as ardent as a fire continuously kept burning. Therefore, in their affliction of their childless state, they spoke to each other “words of consolation in their thoughts and troubles”.

<sup>8</sup>And when the time came, after having taught them in life, eternal Wisdom enlightened them with dreams at night, visions of the poem of glory that was to come from them and it was the Most Holy Mary, My Mother. If their humility made them hesitant, their hearts trembled in hope at the first hint of God’s promise. There was already certainty in Joachim’s words: “Do hope... We shall gain our favour from God by our faithful love”. They were dreaming of a child: they got the Mother of God.

<sup>9</sup>The words of the book of Wisdom appear to be written for them: “By means of her I shall acquire glory before the people... by means of her, immortality shall be mine and I shall leave an everlasting memory to my successors”. But to obtain all this they had to become masters of a true and lasting virtue which no event marred. Virtue of faith. Virtue of charity. Virtue of hope. Virtue of chastity. The chastity of a married couple! They possessed it, because it is not necessary to be virgins to be chaste. And chaste nuptial beds are guarded by angels and from them descend good children who make the virtue of their parents the rule of their lives.

<sup>10</sup>But where are they now? Now children are not wanted, nei-

ther is chastity. I therefore say that love and marriage are desecrated. »

**4. Through a song, Anne announces that she will become a mother. Her bosom holds the immaculate soul of Mary.**

24<sup>th</sup> August 1944.

4.1 I see Joachim and Anne's house once again. Nothing is changed inside, with the exception that there are many branches full of flowers, placed in amphoras here and there, certainly the fruit of the pruning of the trees in the orchard, all in bloom: a cloud varying from snow-white to the red of some corals.

Also Anne's work is different. On the smaller of two looms she is weaving some lovely linen cloth and is singing, moving her feet to the rhythm of the song. She is singing and smiling. At whom? At herself, at something she is aware of inside of her.

I have written the slow and yet gay song separately, so that I might follow it, for she repeats it several times as if she rejoices in it. She sings it more and more loudly and with certainty, like someone who found a melody in her heart and at first whispers it softly and then, being sure, proceeds faster and in a higher tone. The slow and yet gay song (which I am transcribing because it is so sweet in its simplicity) says:

«Glory to the Almighty Lord Who had love for the children of David. Glory to the Lord!

His supreme grace has visited me from Heaven

The old tree has borne a new branch and I am blessed.

At the Feast of Lights hope scattered the seed;

Now the fragrance of Nisan sees it germinating.

Like an almond-tree my flesh is adorned with flowers in spring.

In the evening she perceives she is bearing her fruit.

On that branch there is a rose, there is a most sweet apple.

There is a bright star, an innocent little child.

There is the joy of the house, of the husband and wife.

Praise be to God, to my Lord, Who had mercy on me.

His light said to me: "A star will come to you. "

Glory, glory! Yours shall be the fruit of this tree.  
The first and last, holy and pure as a gift of the Lord.  
Yours it shall be and may joy and peace come upon the earth.  
Fly, spool. Fasten the yarn for the infant's cloth.  
The infant is about to be born. May the song of my heart rise to  
God singing hosannas. »

<sup>2</sup>Joachim comes in when she is about to repeat her song for the fourth time. «Are you happy, Anne? You look like a bird in spring. What song is that? I have never heard anyone sing it. Where does it come from? »

«From my heart, Joachim. » Anne has got up and is now moving towards her husband, smiling happily. She looks younger and lovelier than ever.

«I did not know you were a poet» declares her husband looking at her with obvious admiration. They do not look like an elderly couple. In their glances there is the fondness of young couples. «I came from the other end of the orchard when I heard you singing. For years I had not heard your voice, that of a turtle-dove in love. Do you mind repeating that song for me? »

«I would repeat it even if you did not ask me. The children of Israel have always entrusted to songs the sincere cries of their hopes, joys and pains. I have entrusted to a song the task of telling myself and you a *great* joy. Yes, also of telling myself because it is such a great thing that although I am sure of it now, it does not yet seem to me to be true...», and she begins the song over again. But when she comes to the point: «On that branch there is a rose, there is a most sweet apple, a star...», her well tuned contralto voice at first trembles, then it breaks, and with a sob of joy she looks at Joachim and raising her arms she cries: «I am a mother, my darling! » And she takes refuge on his heart, between the arms that he has held out and has now clasped around his happy wife. This is the most chaste and happy embrace that I have ever seen in my life, chaste and ardent in its chastity.

And the sweet reproach is whispered over Anne's grey hair:  
«And you were not telling me? »

«Because I wanted to be sure. Old as I am... to know that I am a mother... I could not believe it was true... I did not want to give you the most bitter disappointment of all. Since the end of De-

ember I have perceived that my womb was becoming new and bearing, as I say, a new branch. But now on that branch the fruit is certain... See? That linen is for the one that is coming. »

«Is it not the linen that you bought in Jerusalem in October? »

4. 3 <sup>3</sup>«Yes, it is. I spun it while I was waiting... and hoping. I was hoping because the last day while I was praying in the Temple, as close as possible for a woman to be to the House of God, and it was already evening... remember that I was saying: “A little longer, a little more”. I could not withdraw from the place without receiving the grace! Well, in the growing darkness, from inside the sacred place, where I was watching from the depth of my soul, to obtain assent from the everpresent God, I saw a light, a spark of beautiful light depart. It was as white as the moon and yet it had in itself all the brightness of all the pearls and gems that are in the world. It seemed that one of the precious stars of the Veil, the stars placed under the feet of the Cherubim, had become detached and bright with a supernatural light... it seemed that beyond the sacred Veil, from the Glory itself, a fire started which came quickly towards me and while cutting through the air, it sang with a heavenly voice chanting: “May what you asked for, come to you”. That is why I sing: “A star will come to you”. What child will ours ever be, since it reveals itself as the light of a star in the Temple and in the Feast of Lights says: “I am”? Did you perhaps foresee rightly when you thought I would be a
4. 4 new Anne of Elkanah? <sup>4</sup>How shall we name our creature, whom I perceive talking to me in my womb as sweetly as the melody of waters, with its little heart beating repeatedly like the heart of a pretty turtle-dove held in one’s hands? »

«If it is a boy we shall call him Samuel... If a girl, Star. The word that stopped your song to give me the joy of learning that I am a father. The form it took to reveal itself in the holy shade of the Temple. »

«Star. Our Star, because, I don’t know why, but I think it is a girl. I think that such sweet caresses can only come from a most sweet daughter. Because I do not bear her, I have no pain. It is she who takes me along a blue flowery path, as if I were supported by holy angels and the earth was already far away... I have always heard women say that it is painful to conceive and to bear. But I have no pain. I feel strong, young, fresher than when I presented

you with my virginity in my far away youth. Daughter of God -because this creature born of a barren stump, is more of God than ours- she gives no pain to her mother. She only brings her peace and blessings: the fruits of God, her true Father. »

«Mary, then, we shall call her! Star of our sea, pearl, happiness. The name of the first great woman in Israel\*. But she will never sin against the Lord and to Him only she will give her songs, because she is offered to Him: a victim before being born. »

«Yes, she is offered to Him. Male or female, as it may be, after rejoicing for three years over our creature, we shall give it to the Lord. Victims ourselves with her, for the glory of God. »

I do not see or hear anything else.

<sup>5</sup>Jesus says:

4. 5

«Wisdom, after enlightening them with dreams at night, descended “breath of the power of God, pure emanation of the glory of the Almighty”, and became Word for the barren one. He, who already saw His time for redemption close at hand: I, Christ, Anne’s grandson, almost fifty years later, by means of the Word, will work miracles on barren, diseased, possessed, desolate women and on all the miseries of the world.

But in the meantime, for the joy of having a Mother I whisper a mysterious word in the shade of the Temple that contained the hopes of Israel, of the Temple now at the end of its life, because a new and real Temple is about to come on earth, no longer containing the hopes of one people, but the certainty of Paradise for the people of the *whole* world, and for centuries and centuries until the end of the world. And this Word works the miracle of making fertile what was barren. And also the miracle of giving me a Mother, Who not only had the best disposition, as was natural She should have, being born of two saints, but, unique creature, not only had a good soul as many others still have, not only a continuous increase of goodness because of Her goodwill, not only an immaculate body, but had an immaculate soul.

<sup>6</sup>You have seen\*\* the continuous generation of souls from God. <sup>4. 6</sup> Now think what must have been the beauty of this soul which the Father looked fondly on before time existed, which formed the

\* **first great woman in Israel**, Mary sister of Aaron and Moses.

\*\* **You have seen**, on 25<sup>th</sup> May 1944. In “*The Notebooks. 1944*”.



delight of the Trinity, which Trinity longed to adorn it with its gifts, to present it to Itself. Oh! Most Holy Mary Whom God created for Himself and then for the salvation of men! Bearer of the Saviour, You were the first salvation. Living Paradise, with Your smile You began to sanctify the world.

The soul created to be soul of the Mother of God! When this vital spark derived from the more lively throb of the Threefold Love of the Trinity, the angels rejoiced because Paradise had never seen a brighter light. Like a petal of a heavenly rose, a mystical and precious petal, that was a gem and a flame, the breath of God descended to give life to a body quite differently than for others. It descended so powerful in its ardour that Guilt could not contaminate it, it came through the heavens and enclosed itself in a holy womb.

The world had its Flower, but did not yet know, the true, unique Flower, that blooms eternally: lily and rose, sweet-smelling violet and jasmine, helianthus and cyclamen blended together and with them all the flowers on earth in one Flower only: Mary, in Whom every grace and virtue is gathered together.

In April the land of Palestine looked like a huge garden and the fragrance and colours delighted the hearts of men. But the most beautiful Rose was still unknown. She was already flowering to God in the secrecy of Her mother's womb, because my *Mother loved since She was conceived*. But only when the vine gives its blood to make wine and the sweet strong smells fill the yards and the nostrils, She would smile to God first and then to the world, saying with Her most innocent smile: "Here, the Vine that will give you the Bunch of grapes to be squeezed in the winepress, so that it will become eternal Medicine for your disease, is amongst you".

I said: "Mary loved since She was conceived!" What is it that gives light and knowledge to the soul? Grace. What is it that removes Grace? Original sin and the mortal one. Mary, the Immaculate, was never deprived of the remembrance of God, of His closeness, His love, His light, His wisdom. She was therefore able to understand and love when She was but flesh forming around an immaculate soul *that continued to love*.

4.7      7Later, I will let you contemplate mentally the depth of Mary's virginity. You will have a spell of heavenly ecstasy, as when I al-

lowed you to consider our eternity. In the meantime consider how to bear a creature free from the Stain that deprives one of God, gives the mother a superior intelligence and makes a prophethess of her, although she has conceived in a natural and human way. The prophethess of her daughter, whom she calls: "Daughter of God". And consider what would have happened if innocent children had been born of innocent First Parents, as God wanted.

Man, you state that you are setting out to be "superman", and with your vices are *only* setting out to be "*superdemon*", this would have been the means to make you "superman". The possibility of existing and living without the contamination of Satan, leaving to God the administration of life, knowledge, and goodness, not wishing more than what God had given you and which was little less than infinite. And thus, in an evolution towards perfection, you would have been able to generate children, who should be men in their bodies and sons of Intelligence in their souls: *victors, strong, giants* over Satan, who would have been vanquished so many thousand centuries before the hour, when he will be humiliated, and all his evil with him. »

## **5. The birth of Mary, the faultless Virgin Mother of Wisdom.**

26<sup>th</sup> August 1944.

<sup>1</sup>I see Anne coming out of the garden. She is leaning on the <sup>5.1</sup> arm of somebody who is surely a relative, as they look alike. She is obviously several months pregnant and she looks tired, perhaps due to the same heat that is now exhausting me.

Although the garden is shady, it is very hot and close. The air can be cut like a soft warm dough, it is so heavy. The sun's rays descend from a merciless blue sky and there is some dust making the atmosphere slightly hazy. The weather must have been dry for a long time, because where there is no irrigation, the land is literally reduced to a very fine, almost white dust. Out in the open this shade of white is slightly pink, whereas it is a dark red-brown under the trees, where the soil is damp. Likewise the ground is moist along the small flower-beds, where rows of Vegetables are growing, and around the rose bushes, the jasmines

and other flowers, and particularly in the front of and along the beautiful pergola, which divides the orchard in two, up to the beginning of the fields, now stripped of their crops. The grass of the meadow, which marks the boundary of the property, is parched and thin. Only at its border, where there is a hedge of wild hawthorn, already completely studded with the rubies of its little fruits, is the grass greener and thicker. There are some sheep thereabouts with a young shepherd seeking pasture and shade.

Joachim is working around the rows of vines and olive-trees. There are two men with him, helping him. Although an elderly man he is quick and works eagerly. They are opening little channels at the end of a field to give water to the dry plants, and this water makes its way gurgling between the grass and the dry land. The flow forms circles that for one moment resemble a yellowish crystal and seconds later are only rings of wet soil, around the overloaded vine branches and the olive-trees.

Along the shady pergola, under which golden bees are buzzing, greedy for the sugar of the golden grapes, Anne moves slowly towards Joachim, who hastens towards her as soon as he sees her.

«You came so far? »

«The house is as hot as an oven. »

«And you suffer from it. »

«The only suffering of this last hour is that of a pregnant woman. The natural suffering of everybody: man and beast. Don't get too hot, Joachim. »

«The water we have been hoping for, for such a long time, and that for three days seemed so close, has not yet come and the land is parched. We are lucky to have a spring so near and so rich in water. I have opened the channels. It is a small sigh of relief for the plants which have withering leaves and are covered with dust: just enough to keep them alive. If it would only rain... » Joachim, with the eagerness of all farmers, looks at the sky, while Anne, tired, cools herself with a fan that seems to be made of the dry leaf of a palm interwoven with many-coloured threads keeping it firm.

Anne's companion interrupts: «Over there, beyond the Great Hermon, fast clouds are arising. There is a northern wind. It will refreshen and perhaps bring rain. »

«The breeze has risen for three days and then it sets when the

moon rises. It will do the same again. » Joachim is discouraged.

«Let us go back inside. Even here one can hardly breathe, and in any case I think it is better to go back... » says Anne, who looks more olive-hued than usual, owing to a paleness which has come over her face.

<sup>2</sup>«Are you in pain? »

5. 2

«No. But I can feel the great peace that I experienced in the Temple when I was granted the grace, and which I felt once again when I knew I was pregnant. It is like an ecstasy, a sweet sleep of the body while the soul rejoices and calms itself in a peace that has no bodily comparison. I have loved and still do love you, Joachim, and when I entered your house and I said to myself: “I am the wife of a just man”, I had peace: and I felt the same every time your provident love took care of your Anne. But this peace is different. Understand: I think that the soul of our father Jacob was invaded by a similar peace, like the soothing given by oil that spreads and appeases, after he dreamt\* of the angels. And, possibly more accurately, it is like the joyful peace of the Tobiahs after Raphael appeared to them. If I absorb myself in this feeling, it grows more and more in strength while I enjoy it. It is as if I were ascending into the blue spaces of the sky... And furthermore, I don't know the reason for it, but since I have had this peaceful joy in me, I have a song in my heart: old Tobiah's song. I think it was written for this hour... for this joy... for the land of Israel that receives it... for Jerusalem-sinner and now forgiven... But do not laugh at the frenzy of a mother... but when I say: “Thank the Lord for your wealth and bless the God of centuries, that He may rebuild His Tabernacle in you”, I think that He Who will rebuild the Tabernacle of the true God in Jerusalem will be This One who is about to be born... And I also think that the destiny of my creature was prophesied and not the fate of the Holy City, when the song says: “You shall shine with a bright light: all the peoples of the world will prostrate themselves before you: the nations will come bringing gifts: they will worship the Lord in you and will hold your land as sacred, because within you they invoke the *Great Name*. You will be happy on account of your children, because they will all be blessed

\* he dreamt, in *Genesis 28: 10-16*.

and they will gather near the Lord. Blessed are those who love you and rejoice in your peace...” And I am the first to rejoice, her happy mother... »

Anne changes colour, when saying these words and she lights up like something brought from the paleness of moonlight to the brightness of a great fire and vice versa. Sweet tears, of which she is unaware, run down her cheeks and she smiles in her joy. And in the meantime she moves towards the house, walking between her husband and her relative, who listen and, deeply moved, are silent.

5. 3     <sup>3</sup>They make haste because clouds driven by a strong wind, rush across and gather in the sky, while the plain darkens and shudders at the warning of a storm. When they reach the threshold of the dwelling, a first livid flash of lightning crosses the sky and the rumble of the first peal of thunder sounds like the roll of a huge drum that mingles with the arpeggio of the first drops on the parched leaves.

They all go in and Anne withdraws, while Joachim, standing at the door, talks with the workers, who have in the meantime joined him: the conversation is about the longed-for water which is a blessing for the parched land. But their joy turns into fear because a very violent storm is approaching with lightning and clouds threatening hail. «If the cloud bursts, it will crush the grapes and the olives like a millstone. Poor me! »

Joachim is also anxious for his wife, whose time has come to give birth to her child. His relative reassures him that Anne is not suffering at all. But he is agitated, and every time his relative or any other woman, amongst whom is Alphaeus' mother, comes out of Anne's room and goes back in again with hot water and basins and linens dried near the blazing fireplace in the large kitchen, he goes and makes enquiries, but he does not calm down despite their reassurances. Also the lack of cries from Anne worries him. He says: «I am a man and I have never seen a child being born. But I remember hearing that the absence of labour pains is fatal. »

It is growing dark and the evening is preceded by a furious and very violent storm: it brings torrential rain, wind, lightning, everything, except hail, which has fallen elsewhere.

One of the workers notices the ferocity of the gale: «It looks as

if Satan has come out of Gehenna with his demons. Look at those black clouds! You can smell sulphur in the air and you can hear whistling and hisses, and wailing and cursing voices. If it is *him*, he is furious this evening! »

The other worker laughs and scoffs: «A great prey must have escaped him, or Michael has struck him with a new thunderbolt from God, and he has had his horns and tail clipped and burnt. »

A woman passes by and shouts: «Joachim! It is coming. And it is happening quickly and well! » and she disappears with a small amphora in her hands.

<sup>4</sup>The storm drops suddenly, after one last thunderbolt that is <sup>5. 4</sup> so violent that it throws the three men against the side wall; and in front of the house, in the garden, a black smoky cavity remains as its memory! Meanwhile a cry, one resembling the tiny plea of a little turtle-dove that for the very first time no longer peeps but cooes, is heard from beyond Anne's door. And at the same time a huge rainbow stretches its semicircle across the sky. It rises, or seems to rise, from the top of Hermon, which kissed by the sun, looks like a most delicate pinkish alabaster: it rises up in the clear September sky and through an atmosphere cleaned of all impurities, it crosses over the hills of Galilee and the plain to the south, and then over another mountain, and seems to rest the other end on the distant horizon, where it drops from view behind a chain of high mountains.

«We have never seen anything like this! »

«Look, look! »

«It seems to enclose in a circle the whole of the land of Israel. And look! there is already a star in the sky while the sun has not yet set. What a star! It is shining like a huge diamond!... »

«And the moon, over there, is a full moon, three days early. But look how she is shining! »

<sup>5</sup>The women arrive jubilant with a plump little baby wrapped <sup>5. 5</sup> in plain linen.

It is Mary, the Mother. A very tiny Mary, who could sleep in the arms of a child, a Mary as long, at the most, as an arm, with a little head of ivory dyed pale pink. Her tiny carmine lips no longer cry but are set in the instinctive act of sucking: they are so small that one cannot understand how they will be able to take a teat. Her pretty little nose is between two tiny round cheeks,

and when they get Her to open Her eyes, by teasing Her, they see two small parts of the sky, two innocent blue points that look but cannot see, between thin fair eyelashes. Also Her hair on Her little round head is a pinkish blond, like the colour of certain honeys which are almost white.

Her ears are two small shells, transparent, perfect. Her tiny hands... what are those two little things groping in the air and ending up in Her mouth? Closed, as they are now, they are two rose buds that split the green of their sepals and show their silk within. When they are open, as now, they are two ivory jewels, made of pink ivory and alabaster with five pale garnets as nails. How will those two tiny hands be able to dry so many tears?

And Her little feet? Where are they? For the time being they are just kicking, hidden in the linen. But now she sits down and uncovers Her... Oh, the little feet! They are about four centimetres long. Each sole is a coral shell, with a snow white top veined in blue. Her toes are masterpieces of Lilliputian sculpture: they, too, are crowned with small scales of pale garnet. But where will they find small sandals, when those little feet of a doll will take their first steps, sandals small enough to fit such tiny feet? And how will those little feet be able to go such a long way and bear so much pain under the cross?

But that for the time being is not known, and the onlookers smile and laugh at her kicking, at Her well shaped legs, at Her minute plumpish thighs that form dimples and rings, at Her little tummy, a cup turned upside-down, at Her tiny perfect chest. Under the skin of Her breast, as soft as fine silk, the movement of Her breathing can be seen and the beating of Her little heart can be heard, if, as Her happy father is doing now, one lays one's lips there for a kiss... This is the most beautiful little heart the world will ever know: the only immaculate heart of a human being.

And Her back? They are now turning Her over and they can see the curve of Her kidneys and then the plump shoulders and the pink nape of Her neck, which is so strong that the little head lifts itself up on the arch of the minute vertebrae. It looks like the little head of a bird that scans the new world that it views. She, the Pure and Chaste One, protests with a little cry at being thus exposed to the eyes of so many, She, Entirely Virgin, the Holy and Immaculate, Whom no man will ever see nude again, protests.

Cover, do cover this bud of a lily which will never be opened on earth and which, still remaining a bud, will bear its Flower, even more beautiful than Herself. Only in Heaven the Lily of the Triune Lord will open all its petals. Because up there, there is no particle of fault that may unwillingly profane its spotlessness. Because up there the Triune God is to be received, in the presence of the whole Empyrean, the Triune God that within a few years, hidden in a faultless heart, will be in Her: Father, Son, Spouse.

Here She is again, in Her linen, in the arms of Her earthly father, whom She resembles. Not at the moment. Now She is just the sketch of a human. I mean that She will be like him when She has grown into a woman. She has nothing of Her mother. She has Her father's colour of complexion and eyes and certainly also his hair. His hair is now white, but when he was young it was definitely fair, as one can tell from his eyebrows. She has Her father's features, made more perfect and gentle, being a woman, but *that special* Woman. She has also the smile, the glance, the way of moving and height of Her father. Thinking of Jesus, as I see Him, I find Anne has given her height to her Grandson and her deep ivory colour to His skin. Mary, instead, has not the stateliness of Her mother: a tall and supple palm-tree, but She has the kindness of Her father.

‘Also the women are speaking of the storm and the unusual <sup>5.6</sup> state of the moon, of the presence of the star and the rainbow. Along with Joachim they enter the happy mother's room and give her her baby.

Anne smiles at one of her thoughts: «She is the Star» she says. «Her sign is in Heaven. Mary, arch of peace! Mary, my Star! Mary, pure moon! Mary, our pearl! »

«Are you calling Her Mary? »

«Yes. Mary, star and pearl and light and peace... »

«But it means also bitterness... Are you not afraid of bringing Her misfortune? »

«God is with Her. She belongs to Him before She existed. He will lead Her along His ways and all bitterness will turn into heavenly honey. Now be of Your mummy... for a little longer, before being all of God... »

And the vision ends on the first sleep of Anne, a mother, and Mary, an infant.



27<sup>th</sup> August 1944.

5. 7 <sup>7</sup>Jesus says:

«Rise and make haste, My little friend. I am longing to take you with Me on the heavenly contemplation of Mary's Virginity. You will emerge from this experience with your soul as fresh as if you too were created at the moment by the Father, a little Eve not yet aware of the flesh. You will emerge with your soul filled with light, because you will plunge into God's masterpiece. You will emerge with your whole self being saturated in love, because you will have understood the degree to which God can love. To speak of the conception of Mary, the Immaculate, means to penetrate the sky, light, love.

5. 8 <sup>8</sup>Come and read Her glories in the Book of the Ancestor\*. "God possessed me at the beginning of His works, from the beginning, before the Creation. From everlasting I was firmly set, in the beginning, before earth came into being, the deep did not yet exist and I was already conceived. The springs did not yet gush with water and the mountains had not yet risen in their huge masses, neither were the hills jewels in the sun, when I came to birth. God had not yet made the earth, the rivers and the foundations of the world, and I was there. When He prepared the Heavens I was present, when with immutable laws He enclosed the deep under the surface, when He fixed the Heavens firm and He suspended the springs of water there, when He assigned the sea its boundaries and gave laws to the waters, when He ordered the waters not to invade the shore, when He laid down the foundations of the earth, I was with Him arranging everything. I always played joyfully in His presence, I played in the universe..." You applied these words to Wisdom, but they speak of Her: the beautiful Mother, the holy Mother, the Virgin Mother of Wisdom that I am and Who is now speaking to you.

5. 9 <sup>9</sup>I wanted you to write the first line of the song at the top of the book that speaks of Her, so that She might be contemplated and the consolation and joy of God might be known; the reason for the constant, perfect, intimate delight of this God One and Triune, Who rules and loves you and Who received from man so many reasons for being sad; the reason why He perpetuated the

\* **Book of the Ancestor:** *Proverbs 8: 22-31.*

human race, even when, at the first test\*, humanity deserved to be destroyed; the reason for the forgiveness you have received.

To have Mary that loved Him! Oh! It was well worth while creating Man and allowing him to exist and decreeing to forgive him, to have the Beautiful Virgin, the Holy Virgin, the Immaculate Virgin, the Loving Virgin, the Beloved Daughter, the Most Pure Mother, the Loving Spouse! God has given you so much and would have given you even more to possess the Creature of His delight, the Sun of His sun, the Flower of His garden. And He continues to give you so much on account of Her, at Her request, for Her joy, because Her joy flows into the joy of God and increases it with flashes that fill the light, the great light of Paradise with brilliant sparkles and every sparkle is a grace to the universe, to mankind, to the blessed souls who reply with a jubilant cry of alleluia to each generation of divine miracle, created by the desire of the Blessed Trinity to see the sparkling smile of joy of the Virgin.

<sup>10</sup>God desired to put a king in the universe that He had created out of nothing. A king, who by the nature of matter, should be the first amongst all the creatures created with matter and endowed with matter. A king, who by nature of the spirit should be little less than divine, united to Grace as he was in his first innocent day. But the Supreme Mind, to Whom all the most remote events in centuries are known, incessantly sees what *was*, *is* and *will be*; and while It contemplates the past, and observes the present, It penetrates deeply with Its foresight into the most distant future and knows in every detail how the last man will die. Without confusion or discontinuity the Supreme Mind has always known that the king created to be demigod at Its side in Heaven, heir of the Father, reaching His Kingdom, as an adult after living in the house of his mother — the earth, with which he was made — during his childhood, as child of the Eternal Father for his day on earth. The Supreme Mind has always known that man would have committed against himself the crime of killing Grace in himself and the theft of robbing himself of Heaven. 5.10

Then why did He create him? Certainly many ask themselves why. Would you have preferred not to exist? Does this day not de-

\* at the first test, in: *Genesis 6: 9.*

serve, in itself, to be lived, although so poor and bare, and rendered harsh by your wickedness, so that you may know and admire the infinite Beauty that the hand of God has sown in the universe?

For whom would He have created the stars and planets that fly like thunderbolts and arrows, furling the vault of Heaven, or dash majestically in their rush of meteors, and yet seem slow, presenting you with light and seasons, eternally immutable and yet always mutable. They give you a new page to read in the sky, every evening, every month, every year, as if they wished to say: "Forget your restriction, forsake your printed matter which is full of obscure, putrid, dirty, poisonous, false, swearing, corrupting material and rise, at least with your eyes, to the unlimited freedom of the firmament, make your souls bright looking at so clear a sky. Build up a supply of light to take to your dark prison. Read the word that we write singing our sidereal chorus, which is more harmonious than the one drawn from a cathedral organ. The word that we write while shining, the word that we write while loving, because we always bear in mind He Who gave us the joy of existing. And we love Him for giving us our existence, our brightness, our movement, our freedom, our beauty in the midst of the gentle azure, beyond which we can see an even more sublime blue: Paradise. And we fulfil the second part of His commandment of love, by loving you, our universal neighbours, loving you by giving you guidance and light, warmth and beauty. Read the word we say, the one on which we modulate our singing, our brightness, our smile: God! "

For whom would He have made the blue sea, the mirror of the sky, the way to the land, the smile of waters, the voice of waves? The sea itself is a word that with the rustling of silk, with the smiles of happy girls, with the sighs of old people who remember and weep, with the clamour of violence, with clashes and roars always speaks and says: "God". The sea is for you, as the sky and the stars are. And with the sea, the lakes and the rivers, the ponds and the streams, the pure springs, all of which serve to nourish you, to quench your thirst, to clean you: and they serve you serving their Creator, without submerging you, as you deserve.

For whom would He have made the countless families of animals, the beautifully coloured birds, that fly singing, and other

animals that like servants, run, work, nourish you and succour you, their kings?

For whom would He have created the countless families of plants and flowers that look like butterflies, like gems and motionless birds, and the families of fruits that are like jewels or jewels cases and are a carpet for your feet, the trees that form shelters for your heads, a welcome relaxation and joy to your minds, your limbs, your sight and smell?

For whom would He have made the minerals in the bowels of the earth and the salts dissolved in cold and boiling springs, the iodines and the bromines, unless *one* should enjoy them, *one* who was not God, but the son of God? *One: man*

The joy of God lacked nothing: God had no need. He is sufficient in Himself. He has only to contemplate Himself to rejoice, to nourish Himself, to live, to rest. The whole creation has not increased by one atom His infinite joy, beauty, life, power. He made everything for the creature that He wanted to place as *king* in the work made by Him: that creature is man.

It is worth while living to see such a work of God and to be grateful to His power that gives you the opportunity. And you must be grateful to be alive. You should have been grateful even if you had to wait till Doomsday to be redeemed, because you have been prevaricators, proud, lascivious and murderers in your First Parents and you are still so individually. Yet God allows you to enjoy the beauty of the universe, the goodness of the universe: and He treats you as if you were good children, who are taught and granted everything so that their lives might be happier and more pleasant. What you know, you know by the light of God. What you discover, you discover through the guidance of God. In Goodness. Other knowledge and discoveries that bear the mark of evil, come from the Supreme Evil: Satan.

<sup>11</sup>The Supreme Mind, that knows everything, even before man <sup>5. 11</sup> existed, knew that man would be his own thief and his own murderer. And as the Eternal Goodness has no limits in being good, before Guilt existed, He thought of the means to obliterate Guilt. The means: I, the Word. The instrument to render the means an efficient instrument: *Mary*. And the Virgin was created in the sublime mind of God.

<sup>12</sup>Everything was created for Me, beloved Son of the Father. <sup>5. 12</sup>

I - King should have had under my Divine Royal feet carpets and jewels such as no royal palace had, and songs and voices and servants and ministers around me as no sovereign ever possessed, and flowers and gems, all the sublime, the greatness, the kindness that may derive from the thought of a God.

But I was to be Flesh as well as Spirit. Flesh to save the flesh. Flesh to sublime the flesh, taking it to Heaven many centuries before its time. Because the flesh inhabited by the spirit is God's masterpiece and Heaven had already been made for it. In order to become flesh I needed a Mother. To be God it was necessary that the Father was God.

Then God created His Spouse and said to Her: "Come with Me. At My side see what I am doing for *our* Son. Look and rejoice, eternal Virgin, eternal Maiden and may Your smile fill this Em-pyrean and give the angels their starting note and teach Paradise celestial harmony. I am looking at You. And I see You as You will be, Immaculate Woman, Who are now only a spirit: the spirit in which I rejoice. I am looking at You and I give the sea and the firmament the blue of Your eyes, the holy corn the colour of Your hair, whiteness to the lily and a rosy colour to the rose, like Your silky skin. I copy the pearls from Your minute teeth, I make the sweet strawberries watching Your mouth and I give the nightingale Your notes and the turtle-doves Your weeping. And reading Your future thoughts and listening to the beats of Your heart, I have a reason for guidance in creating. Come, My joy, have the worlds as a plaything as long as You will be the dancing light of My thoughts have the worlds for Your smile, have wreaths and necklaces of stars; place the moon under Your gentle feet; make Galatea Your stellar scarf. The stars and planets are for You. Come and enjoy looking at the flowers that will be a childish joy for Your Baby and a pillow for the Son of Your womb. Come and see sheep and lambs, eagles and doves being created. Stay beside Me when I make the hollows of the seas and grooves of the rivers and I raise the mountains and I adorn them with snow and forests. Stay here while I sow fodder and trees and vines, and I make the olive-tree for You, My Peaceful One, and the vine for You, My Vine branch who will bear the Eucharistic Bunch of grapes. Run, fly, rejoice, My Beauty. And may the universe which is created hour by hour learn from You to love Me, My Love, and may

it become more beautiful owing to Your smile, Mother of My Son, Queen of My Paradise, Love of Your God". And again, seeing the Fault and admiring the Faultless One: "Come to Me, You Who wipe away the bitterness of human disobedience, of human fornication with Satan and of human ingratitude. I will take with You My revenge over Satan".

<sup>13</sup>God, the Father Creator, had created man and woman with <sup>5. 13</sup> *such a perfect law* of love that you cannot even understand its perfection anymore. And you become lost in wondering how the human species would have come to be, *if* man had not been taught by Satan how to obtain it.

Look at the fruit and seed plants. Do they produce seed and fruit by means of fornication, by means of *one* fecundation out of *one hundred* copulations? No. The pollen emerges from the male flower and driven by a complex of meteoric and magnetic laws it proceeds to the ovary of the female flower. The latter opens, receives it and produces. It does not dirty itself and then refuse it, as you do, to enjoy the same sensation the following day. It produces and does not flower until the next season and when it does, it is only to produce.

Look at the animals. *All of them*. Have you ever seen a male animal and a female one approach each other for a sterile embrace and lascivious dealings? No. From near or far, they fly, crawl, jump or run, they go, when it is time, to the fecundation rite. Neither do they stop at the pleasure, but they go further, to the serious and holy consequences of the offspring, the only reason that should cause a man, a demigod by his origin of Grace which I have made complete, to accept the animality of the act, necessary since you descended *by one level* towards animals.

You do not act as plants and animals do. You had Satan as your teacher. *Yon wanted him as your teacher and yon still want him*. And the works you do are what one would expect of the teacher you wanted. Had you been faithful to God, you would have had the joy of children, in a holy way, without pain, without exhausting yourselves in obscene and shameful intercourses, which even beasts are unacquainted with, although beasts are without a reasoning and spiritual soul.

To man and woman, corrupted by Satan, God decided to oppose the Man born of a Woman Whom God had super-sublimed

to such an extent that She generated without knowing man: a Flower that generates a Flower, without the need of seed, by a unique kiss of the Sun on the inviolated chalice of the Lily-Mary.

5.14 <sup>14</sup>The revenge of God!

Hiss, O Satan, your hatred while She comes into the world! This Child has beaten you! Before you were the Rebel, the Twister, the Corruptor, you were already beaten and She was your Conqueror. One thousand assembled armies are of no avail against your power, the arms of men fall before your scales, o Perennial One, and there is no wind capable of dispersing the stench of your breath. And yet, the heel of this Child, which is so rosy as to look like the inside of a rosy camellia, and is so smooth and soft that silk seems coarse in comparison, and is so small that it could enter the chalice of a tulip and make itself a tiny shoe with that vegetable satin, that heel is crushing your head without any fear and relegates you to your den. And Her cry causes you to flee away, although you are not afraid of armies. And Her breath purifies the world of your foul smell. You are defeated. Her name, Her look, Her purity are lances and thunderbolts that pierce you and demolish you and imprison you in your den in Hell, o Cursed One, who deprived God of the joy of being the Father *of all* men created!

In vain you have corrupted them, who had been created innocent, leading them to knowledge and conception by means of the sensuousness of lust, depriving God, in His beloved creature, of being the benefactor of the children according to rules, which, had they been respected, would have kept a balance on earth between sexes and races, a balance capable of avoiding wars between people and calamities between families.

By obeying, they would have also known love. Indeed, only by obeying they would have known love and possessed it. A complete and peaceful possession of this gift from God, Who from the supernatural descends to the inferior, so that also the flesh may rejoice devoutly, since it is united to the spirit and created by Him Who created the spirit.

Now, men, what is your love, what are your loves? Either lewdness disguised as love or an incurable fear of losing the love of your partner through her or other people's lewdness. You are never sure of possessing the heart of your husband or wife, since

lust entered the world. And you tremble and cry and become overwrought with jealousy, sometimes you kill to avenge a betrayal, sometimes you despair, and sometimes you lack will or even become insane.

This is what you have done, Satan, to the children of God. Those whom you have corrupted, would have known the joy of having children without suffering any pain and would have experienced the joy of being born without fear of dying. But now you are beaten in a Woman and by a Woman. From now on, whoever loves Her will become once again God's own, overcoming your temptations, to be able to look at Her immaculate purity. From now on mothers, though not able to conceive without pain, will find comfort in her. From now on She will be the guide for married women and the Mother of dying people, so that it will be sweet to die resting on that breast which is a shield against you, you Cursed One, and against the wrath of God.

Mary, little voice, you have seen the birth of the Virgin's Son and the assumption of the Virgin to Heaven. You have therefore seen that the *faultless ones* are unaware of the pain in giving birth as well as of the pain in dying. But if the Most Innocent Mother of God was granted the perfection of celestial gifts, all those who in the First Parents had remained innocent and sons of God, would have generated without throes as it was fair, having conceived without lust, and they would have died without anxiety.

The sublime victory of God over Satan's revenge was to raise the perfection of the beloved creature to a super-perfection that should annul, *at least in one person*, all recollection of humanity, liable to Satan's poison, so that the Son should be generated not by a man's chaste embrace, but by a divine embrace that causes the spirit to change colour in the ecstasy of the Fire.

<sup>15</sup>The Virgin's Virginity!...

5. 15

Come. Contemplate this deep virginity that gives ecstatic dizziness in its contemplation! What is the poor enforced virginity of a woman that no man married? Less than nothing. What is the virginity of a woman who wanted to be a virgin to belong to God, but is so in her body and not in her spirit, where she allows alien thoughts to enter and entertains allurements of Truman thoughts? It is a sham virginity, but still very little. What



is the virginity of a cloistered nun who lives only for God? Very much. But it is never the perfect virginity when compared with My Mother's.

There has always been an union, also in the most holy one. The original union between spirit and Fault. The one that only Baptism dissolves. It dissolves it, but as in the case of a woman separated from her husband by his death, it does not render virginity complete such as it was in the First Parents before Sin. A scar remains and hurts causing one to remember it, and it is always ready to become a sore like certain diseases that periodically are made worse by their virus. In the Virgin there is no sign of this dissolved union with the Fault. Her soul appears beautiful and intact as when the Father conceived Her, gathering all graces in Her.

She is the Virgin. She is the Only One. She is the Perfect One. The Complete One. Conceived as such. Generated as such. Remained such. Crowned such. Eternally such. She is the Virgin. She is the abyss of intangibility, of purity, of grace that is lost in the Abyss from which it emerged: in God: most perfect Intangibility, Purity, Grace.

That is the revenge of the God Triune and One. Against creatures desecrated He raises this Star to perfection. Against unhealthy curiosity He raises this Coy Virgin, contented only with loving God. Against the science of evil, this sublime Innocent Virgin. In Her there is not only no knowledge of dejected love: there is not only non-acquaintance with the love that God had given to married people. Much more. In Her there is the absence of incentives, the inheritance of Sin. In Her there is only the icy and white-hot wisdom of divine love. A fire that strengthens the flesh with ice, so that it may be a transparent mirror at the altar where God married a Virgin and does not lower Himself because His perfection embraces Her perfection, which, as it becomes a bride, is only inferior to His by one point, subject to Him as a Woman, but without fault as He is. »

## **6. The purification of Anne and the offering of Mary, the perfect eternal Maiden for the Kingdom of Heaven.**

28<sup>th</sup> August 1944.

<sup>1</sup>In Jerusalem I see Joachim and Anne, together with Zacharias and Elizabeth, coming out of a house, which must belong to friends or relatives, and they are heading towards the Temple for the ceremony of the Purification.

Anne is carrying the Baby, all wrapped up in swaddling clothes, or rather, all tied up in a wide garment of light wool, which, however, must be soft and warm. It is impossible to describe how carefully and lovingly she carries and watches her little creature, lifting the edge of the fine warm cloth to see if Mary is breathing freely, and then she readjusts it to protect Her from the sharp air of a clear but cold winter day.

Elizabeth is holding some parcels in her hands. Joachim is pulling with a rope two big and very white lambs, which are more like rams than lambs. Zacharias has nothing in his hands. He is handsome in his linen garment, which can be seen under a white heavy woollen mantle. Zacharias, much younger than the one already seen at the birth of the Baptist, in his full manhood, as Elizabeth is a mature woman, but still fresh in her appearance: and she bends in ecstasy over the tiny sleeping face, every time Anne looks at the Baby. She also looks beautiful in her blue almost dark violet dress and in her veil that covers her head and then falls on her shoulders and on the mantle, which is darker than her dress.

But Joachim and Anne are certainly solemn in their best clothes. Unexpectedly, he is not wearing his dark brown tunic. Instead he has on a long garment of a very deep red, which we would now call St. Joseph's red, and the fringes attached to his mantle are new and beautiful. He, too, is wearing a kind of rectangular veil on his head and it is secured with a leather band. Everything is new and of excellent quality.

Anne, oh! She is not wearing dark clothes today! Her dress is a very pale yellow, almost the colour of old ivory, tied at her waist, neck and wrists with a large belt that seems of silver and gold. Her head is covered by a very light damask veil, held at her forehead by a thin but precious plate. She has a filigree necklace around her neck and bracelets at her wrists. She is like

a queen, also because of the dignity with which she wears her dress, and particularly her cape, which is of a light yellow colour hemmed with a Greek fret beautifully embroidered in the same shade.

«You look exactly as the day you got married. I was just a little older than a girl, then, but I still remember how beautiful and happy you were» says Elizabeth.

«But now I am even more so... and I decided to wear the same dress for this rite. I had kept it for this... and I was no longer expecting to put it *on for this*. »

6.2       <sup>2</sup>«The Lord has loved you very much... » says Elizabeth sighing.

«And that is why I am giving Him the thing I love most. This flower of mine. »

«How will you be able to tear it from your heart when the time comes? »

«Remembering that I did not have her and that God gave her to me. I shall always be happier now than then. When I know She is in the Temple I will say to myself: “She is praying near the Tabernacle, She is praying the God of Israel also for Her mummy” and I will have peace. And a greater peace I will have in saying: “She belongs entirely to Him. When these two old but happy parents, who received Her from Heaven, are no longer alive, He, the Eternal, will still be Her Father”. Believe me, I am fully convinced, this little creature is not ours. I was not able to do anything more... He put Her in my bosom, a divine gift to wipe away my tears and fulfil our hopes and our prayers. That is why She belongs to Him. We are the happy guardians... and may He be blessed for this! »

6.3       <sup>3</sup>They have now reached the walls of the Temple.

«While you go to Nicanor’s Gate, I will go and inform the priest. And then I will come, too» Zacharias says. And he disappears behind an arch leading into a large yard surrounded by porches.

The group continues to proceed along the ensuing terraces. I do not know whether I have said this before: the enclosure wall of the Temple is not on level ground but it rises up higher and higher by means of successive terraces. Each terrace is reached by means of a flight of steps and on each terrace there are yards

and porches and beautiful portals wrought in marble, bronze and gold.

Before reaching their destination they stop to take out the contents of the parcels: cakes, I think, which are wide and flat and very greasy, some white flour, two doves in a small wicker cage and some big silver coins: they are quite heavy but fortunately garments did not have pockets in those days. They would have made holes in them.

Here is the beautiful Gate of Nicanor, all chiselled in heavy bronze silver plating. Zacharias is already there beside a stately priest dressed in linen.

Anne is sprinkled with what I suppose is lustral water and then she is instructed to move towards the altar of the sacrifice. The Child is no longer in her arms. Elizabeth, who has stopped at this side of the Gate, has taken Her.

Joachim, instead, enters behind his wife, dragging a miserable bleating lamb. And I... I do exactly what I did on the occasion of Mary's purification: I close my eyes not to see any slaughter.

Now Anne is purified.

<sup>4</sup>Zacharias whispers something to his colleague, who nods <sup>6. 4</sup> smiling. He then approaches the group, which has reassembled, and as he congratulates the mother and father on their joy and their loyalty to the promises, he is given the second lamb, the flour and the cakes.

«So this daughter is sacred to the Lord? May His blessing be with Her and with you. Here is Anna. She will be one of Her teachers. Anna of Phanuel of the tribe of Asher. Come here, woman. This little one is offered to the Temple as a victim of praise. You will be Her teacher and She will grow holy under your guidance. »

Anna, already completely grey, fondles the Child, who has awakened and is looking with Her innocent and surprised eyes at all the white and gold lit up by the sun.

The ceremony must be over. I did not see any special rite for the offering of Mary. Perhaps it was sufficient to tell the priest, and above all God, at the sacred place.

<sup>5</sup>«I would like to give the offering to the Temple and go over <sup>6. 5</sup> there where I saw the light last year. »

They go accompanied by Anna of Phanuel. They do not enter

the actual Temple; since they are women and it is the case of a little girl, it is understandable that they do not even go where Mary went to offer Her Son. But very close to the wide open door, they look into the half-dark inside from which sweet songs of girls can be heard and where precious lamps are lit and spread a golden light on two flower beds of white veiled heads: two real flowerbeds of lilies.

«In three years' time You will be there too, my Lily» promises Anne to Mary, Who looks fascinated at the inside and smiles at the slow song.

«You would say that She understands» says Anna of Phanuel. «She is a beautiful child! She will be as dear to me as if She were my own. I promise you, mother. If I shall be granted to be so. »

«You shall, woman» Zacharias says. «You will receive Her amongst the sacred girls. I also shall be there. I want to be there that day to tell Her to pray for us from the very first moment... » and he looks at his wife who understands and sighs.

The ceremony is over and Anna of Phanuel withdraws, while the others leave the Temple speaking to one another.

I hear Joachim say: «Not only two lambs and the best, but I would have given all my lambs for this joy and to praise God! »

I do not see anything else.

6.6 †Jesus says:

«Solomon in his Wisdom says\*: “Whoever is childlike, let him come to me”. And really from the stronghold, from the walls of her city, Eternal Wisdom said to the Eternal Maiden: “Come to Me”, longing to have Her. Later the Son of the Most Pure Maiden will say: “Let little children come to Me because the Kingdom of Heaven is theirs, and those who do not become like them will not have any part in My Kingdom”. The voices follow one another and while the voice of Heaven cries to little Mary: “Come to Me”, the voice of Man says, and thinks of His Mother in saying so: “Come to Me if you can be like children”.

I give you My Mother as a model.

Here is the perfect Maiden with the pure and simple heart of a dove, here is the One Whom years and worldly contacts do not

\* says: *Proverbs 9: 4.*

make defiant in the cruelty of a corrupted, twisted, false spirit. Because She *does not want it*. Come to Me, looking at Mary.

<sup>7</sup>Since you see Her, tell me: Is Her glance as an infant very <sup>6. 7</sup> different from the one She had at the foot of the Cross or in the delight of Pentecost or when Her eyelids closed upon Her innocent eyes for Her last sleep? No. Here is the uncertain and astonished glance of an infant, then it will be the amazed and modest look of the Annunciation, and then the happy one of the Mother in Bethlehem, then the worshipping glance of My first and sublime Disciple, then the tormented one of the Tortured Mother on Golgotha, then the radiant glance of Resurrection and Pentecost, then the veiled look of the ecstatic sleep of the last vision. But whether it opens at the first sight, or closes tired on the last light, after seeing *so much* joy and horror, Her eye is the clear, pure, placid piece of the sky that always shines below Mary's forehead. Wrath, falsehood, pride, lewdness, hatred, curiosity never soil it with their smoky clouds.

It is the eye that looks at God lovingly, whether it cries or laughs, and that for God's sake fondles and forgives and bears everything, and by the love of God is rendered unassailable to the assaults of Evil, that so often makes use of the eye to penetrate the heart. It is the pure, restful, blessing eye that the pure, the saints, the lovers of God possess.

I said\*: "The lamp of the body is the eye. If your eye is sound, your whole body will be filled with light. But if your eye is cloudy, your whole body will be all darkness". Saints possessed this eye which is the light for the soul and salvation for the flesh, because like Mary throughout their lives they looked only at God. Even more: they *remembered* God.

I will explain to you, My little voice, the meaning of My word. »

## **7. Little Mary with Anne and Joachim. The Wisdom of the Son is already on Her lips.**

29<sup>th</sup> August 1944.

<sup>1</sup>I see Anne once again: since yesterday evening I see her in <sup>7. 1</sup>

\* I said: *Matthew 6: 22-23* (174. 9); *Luke 11: 34-35* (413. 7).

this way: sitting at the entrance of the shady pergola, busy with her needlework. She is wearing a grey sand coloured dress, a very simple one and very wide, probably because of the great heat.

At the end of the pergola the mowers can be seen cutting the hay. But it cannot be first-crop hay because the grapes are almost golden coloured and the fruits of a large apple-tree are like shiny yellow and red wax. The cornfield is nothing but stubble with poppies waving like tiny flames and stiff and clear cornflowers shaped like stars and as blue as the eastern sky.

A little Mary comes out from the shady pergola: She is already quick and independent. Her short step is steady and Her white sandals do not stumble amongst the pebbles. Her graceful gait already resembles the slightly undulating step of a dove, and She is all white — like a little dove — in Her linen dress which reaches down to Her ankles. It is a wide dress curled at the neck by a blue ribbon and the short sleeves show rosy and plump forearms. She looks like a little angel: Her hair is silky and honey-blonde, not very curly but gracefully wavy ending in curls: Her eyes are sky blue, Her sweet little face is rosy and smiling. Also the breeze that puffs through the shoulders of Her linen dress through Her wide sleeves makes her look like a little angel with wings half-open, ready to fly.

In Her hands she has poppies, cornflowers and other flowers that grow in cornfields, but I do not know their names. She is walking and when She is near Her mother She starts running, shouting joyfully and, like a little dove, She ends Her flight against Her mother's knees who has opened them to receive Her. Anne has put her needlework aside so that She does not get pricked and has opened her arms to embrace Her.

So far until yesterday evening, and this morning She reappears and continues as follows.

«Mummy, Mummy! » The little white dove is completely in the nest of Her mother's knees, touching the short grass with Her little feet and hiding Her face in Her mother's lap, so that only Her golden hair can be seen on the nape of Her neck over which Anne bends to kiss it fondly.

7.2      <sup>2</sup>Then She lifts Her head and offers Her mother flowers. They

are all for Her mummy and for each one She tells the story She has invented.

“This blue and big one, is a star which has come down from Heaven to bring the kiss of the Lord to My mummy. Here: kiss this little celestial flower there, on its heart, and you will see that it tastes of God.

This other one, instead, which is a paler blue, like daddy’s eyes, has written on its leaves that the Lord loves daddy very much because he is good.

And this tiny little one, the only one to be found, (it is a myosotis), is the one that God made to tell Mary that He loves Her.

And these red ones, does mummy know what they are? They are pieces of king David’s dress, stained with the blood of the enemies of Israel and sown on the battlefields and the fields of victory. They originate from those strips of the heroic regal dress torn in the struggle for the Lord.

Instead this white and gentle one, that seems to be made with seven silk cups looking up to the sky, full of perfumes, and that was growing over there, near the spring — daddy picked it for Her amongst the thorns — is made with the dress of Solomon. He wore it, so many many years before, in the same month in which his little granddaughter was born, when he walked\* in the midst of the multitudes of Israel before the Ark and the Tabernacle, in the splendid majesty of his robes. And he rejoiced because of the cloud which returned to encircle his glory, and he sang the canticle and the prayer of his joy. ”

«I always want to be like this flower, and throughout My life, like the wise King, I want to sing canticles and prayers before the Tabernacle» end Mary.

«How do You know these holy things, my darling? Who told You? Your father? »

«No. I do not know who it is. I think I have always known them. Perhaps there is someone who tells Me and I do not see him. Perhaps one of the angels that God sends to speak to good people. ³Mummy, will you tell Me another story? »

7. 3

«Oh, my dear! Which story do You wish to know? »

Mary is thinking, deeply absorbed in Her thoughts. Her ex-

\* he walked, 1 Kings 8.



pression should be immortalized in a portrait. The shadows of Her thoughts are reflected on Her childish face. There are smiles and sighs, sunshine and clouds, thinking of the history of Israel. Then She makes up Her mind: «Once again the story of Gabriel and Daniel, where Christ is promised\*.»

And She listens, with Her eyes closed, repeating in a low voice the words Her mother says, as if to remember them better. When Anne finishes She asks: «How long will it be before we have the Immanuel?»

«About thirty years, my darling.»

«Such a long time! And I shall be in the Temple... Tell Me, if I should pray *very hard, so hard*, day and night, night and day, and I wanted to belong only to God, for all My life, for this purpose, would the Eternal Father grant Me the grace of sending the Messiah to His people sooner?»

«I do not know, my dear. The Prophet states: “Seventy weeks”. I do not think a prophecy can be wrong. But the Lord is so good» she hastens to add, seeing tears appear on the fair eyelashes of her child, «the Lord is so good that I believe that if You do pray *very hard, so hard*, He will hear Your prayer.»

A smile appears once again on Her little face, which She has lifted up towards Her mother and the rays of the sun, filtering through the vine branches cause Her tears to shine like dew-drops on very thin stems of alpine moss.

7.4     4«Then I will pray and I shall be a virgin for this.»

«But do you know what that means?»

«It means that one does not know human love, but only the love of God. It means that one has no other thought but for the Lord. It means to remain children in the flesh and angels in the heart. It means that one has no eyes but to look at God, and ears to listen to Him, and a mouth to praise Him, hands to offer oneself as a victim, feet to follow Him fast, and a heart and a life to be given to Him.»

«May God bless You! But then You will never have any children, and yet You love babies and little lambs and doves so much... Do You know that? A baby is for his mother like a little white and curly lamb, he is like a little dove with silk feath-

\* is promised, *Daniel 9: 20-27.*

ers and a coral mouth to be loved and kissed and hear the words:  
“Mummy! ”»

«It does not matter. I shall belong to God. I shall pray in the Temple. And perhaps one day I will see the Immanuel. The Virgin who is to be His Mother must be already born, as the great Prophet says, and She is in the Temple... I will be Her companion... and maidservant. Oh! Yes. If I could only meet Her, by God’s, light, I would like to serve Her, the Blessed One. And then, She would bring Me Her Son, She would take Me to Her Son, and I would serve Him too... Just think, mummy!... To serve the Messiah!! »  
Mary is overcome by this thought that exalts Her and makes Her totally humble at the same time. With Her hands crossed over Her breast and Her little head slightly bent forward and flushed with emotion, She is like an infantile reproduction of the Annunciation that I saw. She resumes: «But will the King of Israel, the Lord’s Anointed, allow Me to serve Him? »

«Have no doubts about that. Does King Solomon not say\*: “There are sixty queens and eighty concubines and *countless maidens!* ” You can see that in the King’s palace there will be *countless maidens* serving the Lord. »

«Oh! You can see then that I *must* be a virgin? I *must*. If He wants a virgin as His Mother, it means that He loves virginity above all things. I want Him to love Me, His maiden, because of the virginity which will make Me somewhat like His beloved Mother... This is what I want... <sup>5</sup>I would also like to be a sinner, <sup>7.</sup> a *big sinner*, if I were not afraid of offending the Lord... Tell Me, mummy, can one be a sinner *out of love of God?* »

«But what are You saying, my dear? I don’t understand You. »

«I mean: to commit a sin in order to be loved by God, Who becomes the Saviour. He who is lost, is saved. Isn’t that so? I would like to be saved by the Saviour to receive His loving look. That is why I would like to sin, but not to commit a sin that would disgust Him. How can He save Me if I do not get lost? »

Anne is dumbfounded. She does not know what to say.

Joachim helps her. He has approached them walking noiselessly on the grass, behind the low hedge of vine-shoots. «He has saved You beforehand, because He knows that You love Him and

\* say, *Song of Songs* 6: 8.

You want to love Him only. So You are already redeemed and You can be a virgin as You wish» says Joachim.

«Is that true, daddy? » Mary embraces his knees and looks at him with Her clear blue eyes, so like Her father's and so happy because of this hope She gets from Her father.

«It is true, my little darling. Look! I was just bringing You this little sparrow, that at its first flight landed near the spring. I could have left it there but its weak wings did not have enough strength to fly off again, and its tiny legs could not hold onto the slippery moss stones. It would have fallen into the water. But I did not wait for that. I took it and now I am giving it to You. You will do what you like with it. The fact is that it was saved before it fell into danger. God has done the same with You. Now, tell me, Mary: have I loved the sparrow more by saving it beforehand, or would I have loved it more saving it afterwards? »

«You have loved it *now*, because you did not let it get hurt in the cold water. »

«And God has loved You more, because He has loved You before You sinned. »

«And I will love Him wholeheartedly. *Wholeheartedly*. My beautiful little sparrow, I am like you. The Lord has loved us both equally, by saving us... I will now rear you and then I will let you go. And you in the forest and I in the Temple will sing the praises of God, and we shall say: "Please send the One You promised to those who expect Him".<sup>7.6</sup> "Oh! Daddy, when will you take Me to the Temple? »

«Soon, my dear. But are You not sorry to leave Your father? »

«Yes, very much! But you will come... in any case, if it did not hurt, what sacrifice would it be? »

«And will You remember us? »

«I always will. After the prayer for the Immanuel I will pray for you. That God may give you joy and a long life... until the day He becomes the Saviour. Then I will ask Him to take you to the celestial Jerusalem. »

The vision ends with Mary tightly clasped in Her father's arms.

<sup>7.7</sup> Jesus says:

«I can already hear the comments of the "doctors" with cap-

tious objections: “How can a little girl not yet three years old speak in this way? It is an exaggeration”. And they do not consider that they make a monster of Me by ascribing adults’ actions to My own childhood.

Intelligence is not given to everybody in the same way and at the same time. The Church has fixed the age of reason at six years of age, because that is the age when even a backward child can tell good from evil, at least in basically important matters. But there are children who long before that age are capable of *discerning* and *understanding* and *wanting* with sufficiently developed discretion. Little Imelde Lambertini, Rosa da Viterbo, Nellie Organ, Nennolina may give you confirmation, o difficult doctors, to believe that My Mother was able to think and speak like that. I have quoted four names at random amongst the thousands of holy children who populate My Paradise, after reasoning on earth as adults for possibly more or less years.

<sup>8</sup>What is reason? A gift of God. God can therefore give it as He wishes, to whom He wishes and when He wishes. Reason in fact is one of the things that makes you more like God, the Intelligent and Reasoning Spirit. Reason and intelligence were graces given by God to Man in the Earthly Paradise. How full of life they were, when Grace was alive, still intact and active in the spirit of the first two Parents!

The Book of Jesus Ben Sirach states\*: “All wisdom is from the Lord, and it is His own forever”. What wisdom, therefore, would men have had, had they remained children of God?

The gaps in your intelligence are the natural fruits of your fall from Grace and honesty. By losing Grace you banished Wisdom for centuries. As a meteor, which is hidden behind masses of clouds, Wisdom no longer reached you with its bright flashes, but through mist which your prevarications have rendered thicker and thicker.

Then Christ came and He restored Grace, the supreme gift of the love of God. But do you know how to keep this gem clear and pure? No, you do not. When you do not crush it with your individual will in sinning, you soil it with your continuous minor faults, your weaknesses, your attachment to vice. Such attempts, even

\* states: *the book of Sirach 1: 1-8.*

if they are not a proper marriage with the septiform vice, are a weakening of the light of Grace and of its activity. And then, to weaken the magnificent light of intelligence that God had given the First Parents, you have centuries and centuries of corruption, which exert a harmful influence on the body and on the mind.

7.9 <sup>9</sup>But Mary was not only the Pure, the new Eve created for the joy of God: *She was the super Eve*, the Masterpiece of the Most High, She was Full of Grace, the Mother of the Word in the mind of God.

Jesus Ben Sirach says: “Source of Wisdom is the Word”. Will the Son therefore not have put His wisdom on His Mother’s lips?

If the mouth of a Prophet was purified with embers, because he had to repeat to men the words that the Word, the Wisdom, entrusted to Him, will Love not have cleansed and exalted the speech of his infant Spouse Who was to bear the Word, so that She should no longer speak as a little girl and then as a woman, but only and always as a celestial creature melted in the great light and wisdom of God?

The miracle is not in the superior intelligence shown by Mary in Her childhood, as afterwards it was by Me. The miracle is in containing the Infinite Intelligence, that dwelled there, within suitable bounds, so that crowds should not be startled and Satan-ic attention should not be awakened.

I will talk again about this subject which is part of the “re-membrance” which saints have of God. »

## **8. Mary accepted in the Temple. In Her humility, She did not know to be the Full of Wisdom.**

30<sup>th</sup> August 1944.

8.1 <sup>1</sup>I see Mary between Her father and mother walking through the streets in Jerusalem.

Passers-by stop to look at the beautiful girl all dressed in white and wearing a very light mantle that, due to its pattern in branches and flowers, which are a little darker against the soft background, seems to be the same as the one that Anne was wearing on the day of her Purification. The only difference is that while it reached down to Anne’s waist, in the case of Mary,

Who is only a little girl, it reaches down to Her ankles and Wraps Her in a small and shining cloud of rare beauty.

Her fair hair, loose on Her shoulders, or rather, on Her gentle neck, shines through the veil where there is no pattern, but only the very light background. The veil is held on Her forehead by a very pale blue ribbon, on which small lilies are embroidered with silver threads, definitely the work of Her mother.

As I said, the snow white dress reaches down to the ground, and Her little feet can just be seen as She walks in Her white sandals. Her hands are like two magnolia petals, peeping from the long sleeves. Apart from the blue ribbon, there is no other colour. It is all white. Mary seems to be dressed in snow.

Joachim is wearing the same garment he had on for the Purification. Anne, instead, is wearing a very dark violet dress. The mantle, which also covers her head, is dark violet too. She is wearing it lowered below her eyes. Two poor eyes of a mother, red with tears, that do not wish to weep and above all do not wish to be seen crying, but can but shed tears under the protection of the mantle. This protection serves its purpose with regards to passers-by and also to Joachim, whose eyes, usually clear, are red and dull today, because of the tears he has shed and is still shedding. He is walking in a bent position, his head is covered by a veil worn in the fashion of a turban, with the folds hanging down along his face.

Joachim now appears an old man. Whoever sees him, must think that he is the grandfather or the great grandfather of the little girl he is holding by the hand. The pain of losing Her causes the poor father to drag his feet and he is so weary that he looks twenty years older. He is so sad and tired that he looks like an old sick man. His mouth trembles slightly between the two wrinkles that at the sides of his nose are so deep today.

They are both endeavouring to conceal their tears. But if they are successful with many people, they are not with Mary, Who, because of Her height, sees them from below, and lifting Her head looks at Her father and mother alternately. They make an effort to smile at Her with their trembling mouths and they hold Her tiny hand tighter every time their little daughter looks at them and smiles. They must be thinking: «There. One less smile for us to see. »

8.2 <sup>2</sup>They proceed slowly. Very slowly. They seem to be wishing to carry on their journey for as long as possible. Everything serves as a pretext to stop... But a journey must come to an end! And this one is about to end. Up there, at the top of this last stretch of the road, there are the Temple walls. Anne utters a groan and holds Mary's hand tighter.

«Anne, my dear, I am here with you! » a voice utters, coming out from the shade of a low arch built over a crossroads. And Elizabeth, who was waiting for them, approaches her and embraces her. And since Anne is crying she says: «Come into this friendly house for a little while. Then we shall go together. Zacharias is here too. »

They all enter a low dark room where the only light is a big fire. The landlady, obviously a friend of Elizabeth, but unknown to Anne, kindly withdraws and leaves them alone.

«You must not think that I am repenting or I am giving my treasure to the Lord unwillingly» explains Anne crying, «but it's my heart... oh! how my heart aches, my old heart that is returning to its childless solitude! If you could only feel... »

«I know, my dear Anne... But you are good and God will console you in your solitude. Mary will pray for the peace of Her mother. Won't you, Mary? »

Mary caresses Her mother's hands and kisses them. She presses them to Her face to be caressed and Anne holds Her little face tightly in her hands and kisses it repeatedly. She is never tired of kissing Her.

Zacharias enters and greets them saying: «May the peace of the Lord be with the just. »

«Yes» replies Joachim, «implore peace for us, because our hearts are trembling in our offer, as Abraham's did, while he was climbing the mountain, but we shall not find another offer to replace this one. Neither do we want it, because we are faithful to the Lord. But we are suffering, Zacharias. Since you are a priest of God, please understand us and do not be perturbed. »

«Never. On the contrary, your sorrow which does not go beyond reasonable limits and does not shake your faith, teaches me  
8.3 how to love the Most High. But take heart. <sup>3</sup>Anna, the prophetess, will take care of this flower of David and Aaron. At present She is the only lily of David's holy issue in the Temple and She

will be taken care of just like a royal pearl. Although we are approaching the time when the Messiah is to come, and the women belonging to the house of David should be anxious to consecrate their daughters to the Temple, because the Messiah will be born of a virgin of David, yet, because of the general weakening of faith, the places of the virgins in the Temple are empty. They are too few and none of the royal offspring, since Sarah of Elisha left three years ago to get married. It is true that there are still thirty years to the appointed time, but... Well let us hope that Mary will be the first of many virgins of David's offspring before the Sacred Veil. And then... who knows... » Zacharias does not say anything else. But he looks at Mary thoughtfully. Then he resumes: «Also I will watch over Her. I am a priest and I have power there. I will make use of it for this angel. And Elizabeth will often come to see Her. »

«Oh! Certainly! I am in such need of God that I will come and tell this little Girl, so that She may tell the Eternal One. »

<sup>4</sup>Anne has taken heart again. To relieve her anxiety even more <sup>8. 4</sup> Elizabeth asks her: «Is this not the veil of your wedding? Or have you been weaving new byssus? »

«It is. I am consecrating it to the Lord with Her. My eyes are not so good... and also our wealth has been reduced by taxation and misfortunes... I could not afford huge expenses. I have only seen to Her clothing for the time She will be in the House of the Lord and afterwards... Because I do not think that I will be the one to dress Her for Her wedding... but I want it to be the hands of Her mummy, even if cold and motionless, which prepare Her for the wedding and weave Her linens and dresses. »

«Oh! Why think of that!? »

«I am old, my dear cousin. I have never felt it so much as I do now in my great pain. I have given the last ounce of strength in my life to this flower, to bear Her and to nourish Her, and now the pain of losing Her is drawing my last strength away and dispersing it. »

«Don't say that, for Joachim's sake. »

«Yes, you are quite right. I will try and live for my husband. »

Joachim pretends not to hear, intent as he is on listening to Zacharias, but he has heard and he sighs deeply, his eyes full of tears.



«It is between the third and the sixth hour. I think we ought to go» Zacharias says.

They all get up to put on their mantles and set off.

8.5 <sup>5</sup>But before going out Mary kneels down on the threshold with Her arms stretched out: a little imploring cherub. «Father! Mother! Your blessing, please. »

She is not crying, the little brave girl. But Her lips are trembling and Her voice, broken by a sob, resembles more than ever the trembling cooing of a little dove. Her face is pale, and Her eyes have the look of resigned distress that I will see again on Calvary and in the Sepulchre, where it was so much more intense that it was impossible to look at Her without deep suffering.

Her parents bless Her and kiss Her: once, twice, ten times, they are never satisfied... Elizabeth is weeping silently and Zacharias, despite his efforts to conceal his tears, is deeply moved.

They go out. Mary is in between Her father and mother as before. Zacharias and his wife are in front of them.

They are now inside the walls of the Temple. «I will go to the High Priest. You go to the Great Terrace. »

They go across three yards and through three halls, set one upon the other. They are now at the foot of the huge marble cube crowned with gold. Every dome, convex like a huge half orange, blazes in the sun, which now, at midday, is shining down directly onto the large yard surrounding the solemn building and is filling with its dazzling light the large square and the wide flight of steps leading up to the Temple. Only the porch facing the steps, along the facade, is in the shade and the very high bronze and gold door is even darker and more solemn looking in so much light.

Mary looks whiter than snow in so much sunshine. She is now at the foot of the steps, between Her father and Her mother. How violently their hearts must be throbbing! Elizabeth is beside Anne, but a little behind her, about half a step.

8.6 <sup>6</sup>Upon the blare of silver trumpets the door rotates on its hinges, which seem to be emitting the sound of a cithern, while turning on the bronze balls. The interior appears with its lamps in the far end and a procession is moving towards the door, a stately procession with silver trumpets, clouds of incense and lights.

It is now at the threshold. In front is the High Priest... a stately old man, dressed in very fine linen, and wearing over his linen

dress a short linen tunic and on top of it a kind of chasuble, something multicoloured between a chasuble and a deacon's vestment: purple and gold, violet and white alternate and sparkle like gems in the sun: two real gems are shining more brightly at the top of his shoulders. Perhaps they are buckles with their precious settings. On his breast there is a large metal plate shining with gems and held by a gold chain. Pendants and trimmings gleam on the hem of his short tunic and gold shines above his forehead on his mitre, that reminds me of the mitre worn by Orthodox priests, a mitre shaped like a dome instead of being pointed like the Roman Catholic one.

The solemn individual moves forward, alone, as far as the beginning of the steps, in the golden sunshine that makes him look even more splendid. The others stand waiting under the shady porch, in a circle outside the door. On the left there is a group of girls, all dressed in white, with prophetess Anna and other elderly ladies, obviously teachers.

The High Priest looks at the little Girl and smiles. She must look very tiny at the foot of the flight of steps worthy of an Egyptian temple! He lifts his arms to the sky in prayer. They all bow their heads in perfect humbleness before the priestly majesty communicating with the Eternal Majesty.

Then, he beckons to Mary. And She moves away from Her mother and father, and as if fascinated, climbs the steps. And She smiles. She smiles in the shade of the Temple, where the precious Veil is hanging... She is now at the top of the steps, at the feet of the High Priest, who imposes his hand on Her head. The victim has been accepted. Which purer victim had the Temple ever received?

Then he turns round and, holding his hand on Her shoulder as if he were leading the immaculate little Lamb to the altar, he takes Her to the Temple door. Before letting Her in, he asks Her: «Mary of David, are You aware of Your vow? » When She replies «Yes» in Her silvery voice, he cries out: «Go in, then. Walk in my presence and *be perfect.* »

Mary enters and is swallowed up by the darkness. The group of virgins and teachers, then the Levites hide and isolate Her more and more... She can no longer be seen.

Also the door is now closing on its sweet-sounding hinges.

Through the gap which is becoming narrower and narrower, the procession can be seen advancing towards the Holy of Holies. Now it is only a thread. Now nothing more: it is closed.

The last chord of the harmonious hinges is replicated by a sob from the two old parents and by a joint cry: «Mary! Daughter! » and then two groans, one invoking the other: «Anne! » «Joachim! » and they finish whispering: «Let us give glory to the Lord Who is receiving Her in His House and is leading Her along His path. »

It all ends in this way.

8.7 <sup>7</sup>Jesus says:

«The High Priest had said: “Walk in my presence and be perfect”. The High Priest did not know that he was speaking to the Woman Who was inferior in perfection only to God. But he was speaking in the name of God, and therefore his order was a sacred one. It is always sacred, particularly with regards to the Virgin Full of Wisdom.

Mary had deserved that “Wisdom should precede Her and show Itself to Her first”, because “from the beginning of Her day She had watched at Its door, and wishing to be taught, *out of love*, She wanted to be pure to achieve perfect love and deserve to have Wisdom as Her teacher”.

In Her humility She did not know that She possessed Wisdom before being born and that the union with Wisdom was but the continuation of the divine pulsations of Paradise. She could not imagine that. And when God whispered sublime words to Her in the depths of Her heart, in Her humility She considered them thoughts of pride and raising Her innocent heart to God, She besought Him: “Lord, have mercy on Thy Servant! ”

Oh! It is true that the True Wise Virgin, the Eternal Virgin, had only one thought from the dawn of Her day: to raise Her heart to God from the morning of life and to watch for the Lord, praying before the Most High, asking forgiveness for the weaknesses of Her heart, as Her humility convinced Her, and She was not aware that She was anticipating the request for forgiveness for sinners, which She would later make at the foot of the Cross, together with Her dying Son.

“When the great Lord will decide, She will be filled with the

Spirit of intelligence” and will then understand Her great mission. For the time being She is only a child, who in the sacred peace of the Temple, establishes and re-establishes closer and closer connections, affections and memories with Her God.

This is for everybody. <sup>8</sup>But for you, My little Mary, has your Teacher nothing special to tell you? “Walk in My presence, be therefore perfect”. I am slightly modifying the sacred phrase and I am giving it to you as an order. Be perfect in love, perfect in generosity, perfect in suffering. <sup>8. 8</sup>

Look once again at Mother. And consider what so many ignore or *wish to ignore*, because sorrow is too irksome to their taste and their spirit. Sorrow. Mary suffered from the very first hour of Her life. To be perfect as She was, implied the possession of a perfect sensitivity. Consequently sacrifice was to be more piercing. And thus more meritorious. He who possesses purity possesses love, he who possesses love possesses wisdom, he who possesses wisdom possesses generosity and heroism, because he knows why he makes a sacrifice.

Raise your spirit, even if the cross bends you, breaks you and kills you. God is with you. »

## **9. The peaceful death of Joachim and Anne, after a life of loyalty to God.**

31<sup>st</sup> August 1944.

<sup>1</sup>Jesus says:

9. 1

«Like a quick winter twilight when an ice-cold wind gathers clouds in the sky, the lives of My grandparents had a quick decline, after the Sun of their lives was placed to shine before the Sacred Veil of the Temple.

<sup>2</sup>But is it not said\*: “Wisdom brings up her own sons, and cares <sup>9. 2</sup> for those who seek her... Whoever loves her loves life, those who wait on her will enjoy peace. Those who serve her, minister to the Holy One and the Lord loves those who love her. If he trusts himself to her he will inherit her and his descendants will remain in possession of her because she accompanies him in his trials.

\* said: *Book of Sirach 4: 11-18.*

First of all she selects him, then she brings fear and faintness on him, ploughing him with her discipline, until she has tested him in his thoughts and she can trust him. In the end she will make him firm, will lead him back to the straight road and make him happy. She will reveal her secrets to him, She will place in him treasures of science, and knowledge of justice”?

Yes, all this has been said. The books of wisdom may be applied to all men, who will find guidance in them and a light for their behaviour. But happy are those who can be recognised amongst the spiritual lovers of Wisdom.

I surrounded Myself with wise people, in My human kinship. Anne, Joachim, Joseph, Zacharias, and even more Elizabeth, and then the Baptist, are they not real wise people? Not to mention My Mother, the abode of Wisdom.

9.3 <sup>3</sup>Wisdom had inspired My grandparents to live in a way which was agreeable to God, from their youth to their death, and like a tent protecting from the fury of the elements, Wisdom had protected them from the danger of sin. The sacred fear of God is the root of the tree of wisdom, that thrusts its branches far and wide to reach with its top tranquil love in its peace, peaceful love in its security, secure love in its faithfulness, faithful love in its intensity: the total, generous, effective love of saints.

“He who loves her, loves life and will inherit Life” says Ecclesiasticus\*. This sentence is linked with Mine\*\*: “He who loses his life for My sake, will save it”. Because we are not referring to the poor life of this world, but to the eternal life, not to the joys of one hour, but to the immortal ones.

Joachim and Anne loved Wisdom thus. And Wisdom was with them in their trials.

How many trials they experienced, whilst you, men, do not want to have to suffer and cry, simply because you think that you are not completely wicked! How many trials these two just people suffered, and they deserved to have Mary as their daughter! Political persecutions had driven them out of the land of David, and made them excessively poor. They had felt sadness in seeing their years fading through without a flower that would say to them: “I shall be your continuation”. And afterwards, the anxi-

\* says Ecclesiasticus: *Book of Sirach 4: 12-13.*

\*\* Mine: *Matthew 16: 25; Mark 8: 35; Luke 9: 24 (346. 9).*

ety of having a daughter in their old age when they were certain they would never see Her grow into a woman. And then the obligation of tearing Her from their hearts to offer Her on the altar of God. And again: their life became an even more painful silence, now that they were accustomed to the chirping of their little dove, to the noise of Her little steps, to the smiles and kisses of their creature, having to wait for the hour of God, their only company being the memories of the past. And much more... Diseases, calamities of inclement weather, the arrogance of mighty ones of the earth... so many blows of battering rams on the weak castle of their modest possessions. And it is not enough: the pain for their far away creature, who was going to be left lonely and poor and, notwithstanding their cares and sacrifices, would get only the remains of Her father's property. And how will She find such remains, since they will be left uncultivated for many years, awaiting Her return? Fears, trials, temptations. And yet, loyalty to God forever!

<sup>9. 4</sup> Their strongest temptation: not to deny their declining lives the consolation of their daughter's presence. *But children belong first to God and then to their parents.* Every son can say what I said\* to My Mother: "Do you not know that I must be busy with My Father's affairs?" And every father, every mother must learn the attitude to be maintained looking at Mary and Joseph in the Temple, at Anne and Joachim in the house of Nazareth, a house which was becoming more and more forlorn and sad, but where one thing never diminished, but increased continuously: the holiness of two hearts, the holiness of a marriage.

What light is left to Joachim, an invalid, and to his sorrowful wife, in the long and silent nights of two old people who feel they are about to die? Only the little dresses, the first pair of little sandals, the simple toys of their little daughter, now far away, and memories of Her, memories... And peace when they say: "We are suffering, but we have done our duty of love towards God".

And then they were overcome by a supernatural joy shining with a celestial light, a joy unknown to the children of the world, a joy that does not fade away when heavy eyelashes close on two dying eyes: on the contrary, it shines brighter in the last hour, il-

\* said: *Luke 2: 49* (41. 12).

luminating the truth that had been hidden within them throughout their lives. Like a butterfly in its cocoon, the truth in them gave faint indications of its presence, just soft flashes, whereas now it opens its wings to the sun and shows its beautiful decorations. And their lives passed away in the certainty of a happy future for themselves and their descendants, their trembling lips murmuring words of praise to God.

- 9.5 <sup>5</sup>Such was the death of my grandparents. Such as their holy lives deserved. Because of their holiness, they deserved to be the first guardians of the Virgin Beloved by God, and only when a greater Sun showed itself at the end of their days, they realized the grace God had granted them.

Because of their holiness, Anne suffered no pain in giving birth to her child: it was the ecstasy of the bearer of the Faultless One. Neither of them suffered the throes of death, but only a weakness that fades away, as a star softly disappears when the sun rises at dawn. And if they did not have the consolation of having Me present, as Wisdom Incarnate, as Joseph had, I was invisibly present, whispering sublime words, bending over their pillows, to send them to sleep, awaiting their triumph.

Someone may ask: "Why did they not have to suffer when generating and dying, since they were children of Adam?" My answer is: "If the Baptist, who was a son of Adam, and had been conceived with original sin, was presanctified by Me in his mother's womb, simply because I approached her, was no grace to be granted to the mother of the Holy and Faultless One, Who had been preserved by God and bore God in Her almost divine spirit, in Her most pure heart, and was never separated from Him, since She was created by the Father and was conceived in a womb, and then received into Heaven to possess God in glory forever and ever?" I also answer: "An upright conscience gives a peaceful death and the prayers of saints will obtain such a death for you".

Joachim and Anne had a whole life of upright conscience behind them and such a life rose like a beautiful landscape and led them to Heaven, while their Holy Daughter was praying before the Tabernacle of God for Her parents far away, whom She had postponed to God, Supreme Goodness, and yet She loved them, as the law and Her feeling commanded, with a perfect supernatural love. »

**10. Mary's canticle imploring the coming of Christ.  
She remembered how much Her spirit had seen in God.**

2<sup>nd</sup> September 1944.

<sup>1</sup>Only yesterday evening, Friday, I began to see. I saw nothing but a very young Mary, twelve years old at the most, Her face no longer roundish, as is typical of children, but already showing the future outlines of a woman in a perfect oval. Also Her hair is no longer falling loose on Her neck in soft curls, but it is plaited and two thick braids fall over Her shoulders down to Her waist. Her hair is a very pale gold colour, so light that it seems to be blended with silver. Her face is more pensive and mature, although it is the face of a young girl, a beautiful and pure girl, all dressed in white. She is sewing in a very small room, which is also completely white, and through the wide open window one can see the imposing central part of the Temple, the flights of steps of the yards and porches. Beyond the enclosure wall also the town can be seen with its streets, houses, gardens, and in the background the humped green top of the Mount of Olives.

Mary is sewing and singing in a low voice. I do not know whether it is a sacred song or not. It says:

«Like a star in clear water  
a light is shining within My heart.  
It has been with Me since My childhood  
and it guides Me tenderly with love.  
In the depths of My heart there is a song.  
Where does it come from?  
Man, you do not know.  
It comes from where the Holy One rests.  
I look at My clear star  
And I do not want anything,  
Not even the sweetest and dearest thing,  
Except this sweet light that is all Mine.  
You brought Me down from the Heavens above,  
O star of Mine, into the womb of a mother,  
Now You live in Me, but beyond the veil  
I see Your glorious face, Father.  
When will You grant Your servant the honour



Of being the humble maid of the Saviour?  
Send us the Messiah from Heaven,  
Accept, Holy Father, the offer of Mary. »

10. 2     <sup>2</sup>Mary is now quiet. She smiles and sighs, then She kneels down in prayer. Her little face is shining brightly. She is looking upwards, towards the clear blue summer sky and Her face seems to be absorbing and then radiating all the brightness in the air. Or rather, it looks as if from within Her a hidden sun is radiating its rays and lighting up Her face, colouring Her snow-white flesh with a light rosy hue. And the light from Her face spreads out towards the world and the sun shining on the world: a blessing and a promise of much good.

While Mary is getting up after Her prayer, with ecstatic brightness still on Her face, old Anna of Phanuel enters the room. She stands still, amazed or at least wondering at Mary's attitude and appearance.

Then she calls Her: «Mary! » and the Girl turns around with a smile, a different one but still so beautiful and says: «Peace to you, Anna. »

10. 3     <sup>3</sup>«Were You praying? Are Your prayers never enough for You? »

«My prayers would be enough. But I speak to God. Anna, you cannot imagine how close I feel Him. More than close, within My heart. May God forgive Me for My pride. But I do not feel lonely. See? Over there, in that House of gold and snow, behind the double Curtain, there is the Holy of Holies. Nobody is ever allowed to look at the Propitiatory, on which the glory of the Lord rests, except the High Priest. But My worshipping soul does not need to look at the embroidered Curtain, which quivers at the songs of the virgins and Levites and is scented with precious incense, as if I wanted to pierce its fabric and see the Testimony shine through it. I do look at it! Do not think that I do not look at it with worshipping eyes like every son of Israel. Do not think that pride blinds Me making Me think what I will now tell you. I look at it and there is no humble servant amongst the people of God that looks more humbly at the House of the Lord than I do, because I am convinced that I am the least of all. But what do I see? A veil. What do I think there is behind the Veil? A Tabernacle. What is in it? If I listen to My heart, I see God shining

in His loving glory and He says to Me: “I love You” and I reply to Him: “I love You” and I die and I am recreated at each beat of My heart in this mutual kiss... I am amongst you, My dear teachers and companions. But a circle of fire isolates Me from you. Within the circle, God and Myself. And I see you through the Fire of God and so I love you... but I cannot love you according to the flesh, neither shall I ever be able to love anyone according to the flesh. I can only love Him Who loves Me, according to the spirit. <sup>10. 4</sup> This is My destiny. The secular Law of Israel wants every girl to be a wife, and every wife to be a mother. But, while obeying the Law, I must obey the Voice that whispers to Me: “I want You”; I am a virgin and a virgin I shall remain, How shall I succeed? This sweet invisible Presence that is with Me will help Me, because it is Its desire. I am not afraid. I have no longer My father and mother... and only God knows how My love for whatever human being belonged to Me was burnt in that pain. Now I have but God. I therefore obey Him unquestioningly... I would have done so also regardless of My father and mother, because I have been taught by the Voice that whoever wishes to follow It, must go beyond father and mother. Parents are loving patrols watching the hearts of their children, whom they wish to lead to happiness according to their plans... and they are not aware of other plans leading to infinite happiness... I would have left them My dresses and mantles, to follow the Voice that says to Me: “Come, My beloved Spouse”. I would have left them everything, and the pearls of My tears, for I would have cried having disobeyed them, and the instincts of My blood, because I would have defied even death to follow the Voice calling Me who, would have told them that there is something greater and sweeter than the love of a father and mother and that is the Voice of God. But now, by His will, I am free from this tie of filial love. In fact, it would not have been a tie. My parents were two just people and God certainly spoke to them as He speaks to Me. They would have followed justice and truth. When I think of them, I imagine them in the quiet expectation among the Patriarchs and I hasten with My sacrifice the coming of the Messiah to open for them the gates of Heaven. I am My own guide on earth, or rather God guides His poor servant giving Her His commands and I fulfil them because it is a joy for Me to obey. When the time comes, I will reveal My

secret to the spouse... and he will accept it. »

«But, Mary... which words will You find to persuade him? You will have the love of a man, the Law and life against you. »

«I shall have God with Me... God will enlighten the heart of the spouse... life will lose the incentives of the senses and be-

10. 5 come a pure flower with the fragrance of charity. 5The Law... Anna, don't call Me a blasphemer. I think the Law is about to be changed. By whom, do you think, if it is divine? By the Only One Who can change it. By God. The time is closer than you think, I tell you. Because when I was reading Daniel, a great light came to Me from the depths of My heart and I understood the meaning of the enigmatic word. The seventy weeks will be shortened because of the prayers of just people. Does this mean that the number of years is being changed? No. A prophecy is never wrong. But the measure of the prophetic time is the course of the moon, not of the sun. Therefore I say: "Near is the hour when the Baby born of a Virgin will be heard crying". Oh! Since this Light that loves Me tells Me so many things, I wish it would tell Me where the happy mother is, that will give birth to the Son of God and Messiah of His people! Barefooted I would travel all over the world, neither cold nor frost, neither dust nor heat, nor wild beast nor hunger would prevent Me from reaching Her and I would say to Her: "Grant Your servant and the servant of the servants of Christ to live under Your roof. I will turn Your millstone and Your press, use Me as a slave to work Your millstone and to watch Your herds, make Me wash the napkins of Your Child... I will work in Your kitchen, at Your oven, wherever You wish... but receive Me. That I may see Him! And hear His voice! And receive His glance! " And if She did not want Me, I would live at Her doorstep like a beggar, in cold and hot weather, just to hear the voice of the Child Messiah and the echo of His laughter, and see Him passing by... And perhaps one day He would offer Me a piece of bread... Oh! If I were dying with hunger and I were fainting because of extensive fasting, *I would not eat that bread*. I would hold it close to My heart like a bag of precious pearls and I would kiss it to scent the perfume of Christ's hand and I would never be hungry or cold, because its touch would give Me ecstasy and heat, ecstasy and food... »

10. 6 «You ought to be the Mother of the Christ, since You love Him

so much! Is that why You wish to remain a virgin? »

«Oh! No. I am misery and dust. I dare not lift My eyes towards the Glory. That is why, rather than the double Veil, beyond which I know dwells the invisible Presence of Jehovah, I love looking into My heart. Over there, there is the terrible God of Sinai. Here, within Me, I see our Father, a loving Face that smiles and blesses Me, because I am small like a little bird, that the wind sustains without feeling its weight and I am weak like the stem of a lily of the valley, that can only bloom and smell sweetly and can present no other force to the wind but its scented and pure sweetness. God, My loving wind! Not because of that. But because the Son of God and of a Virgin, the Holy of the Most Holy One, can but like what in Heaven He chose as his Mother and what on the earth speaks to Him of His Heavenly Father: Purity. If the Law pondered that, if the rabbis, who have complicated the Law with all the quibbles of their teaching, turned their minds to higher horizons and aimed at supernatural things, deserting the human and lucrative affairs which cause them to forget the supreme End, they should, above all, make Purity the main subject of their teaching, so that the King of Israel may find it when He comes. With the olive branches of the Peaceful One, with the Palms of the Triumpher, spread lilies, lilies, lilies... How much Blood the Saviour will have to shed to redeem us! How much indeed! From the thousands of wounds that Isaiah saw on the Man of Sorrows, a stream of Blood is falling, like dew from a porous vase. May this divine Blood not fall where there is desecration and blasphemy, but into chalices of fragrant purity that may receive it and gather it for the purpose of spreading it amongst the diseased and leprous souls and amongst those who are dead to God. Give lilies to wipe with their pure petals the sweat and the tears of Christ! Give lilies for His keen desire of Martyrdom! Oh! Where is the Lily that will bear You? Where is the Lily that will quench Your parching thirst, that will become red with Your Blood, will die for the pain of seeing You dying, and will cry over Your bloodless Body? Oh! Christ! Christ! My desire!... »

Mary is now silent, weeping and overwhelmed.

<sup>7</sup>Anna is also silent for a little while and then with her clear voice of a deeply moved old woman, she asks: «Have You anything else to teach me, Mary? » <sup>10. 7</sup>

Mary rouses. She must think, in Her humbleness, that Her teacher is reproaching Her and She exclaims: «Oh! Forgive Me! You are My teacher. I am nothing. But this voice comes from My heart. I watch over it, to avoid speaking. But like a river that under the fury of water breaks its embankment, it has now overcome Me and overflowed. Please pay no attention to My words and chastise My presumption. Words of mystery should remain in the depths of one's heart, which God helps in His goodness. I know. But this Invisible Presence is so sweet that I am filled with joy... Anna, please forgive your little servant! »

Anna embraces Her while tears shine on her old wrinkled and trembling face. The tears run along her wrinkles, like water along an uneven ground that becomes a trembling swamp. But the old teacher does not arouse laughter, on the contrary her crying stimulates the deepest respect.

Mary is clasped in her arms, Her little face against Her teacher's breast. And it all finishes in this way.

10. 8     <sup>s</sup>Jesus says:

«Mary remembered God. She dreamt of God. *She thought She was dreaming.* She was only seeing again what She had seen in the splendour of God's Heaven, in the instant She was created to be united to the body conceived on the earth. She shared with God one of God's properties, although in a lesser degree, as was fitting. That is the property of remembering, seeing and foreseeing, which is an attribute of the mighty and perfect intelligence not impaired by Fault.

10. 9     <sup>s</sup>Man was created in the image and likeness of God. One of the similarities is the capability, for the soul, of remembering, seeing and foreseeing. This explains the power to read into the future. This power sometimes comes directly, by God's will, sometimes it is a power of recollection, that rises like the sun in the morning, illuminating a point on the horizon of centuries, already seen in the vision of God.

Such mysteries are too deep to be fully understood by you. But think about them.

Can the Supreme Intelligence, the Mind that knows everything, the Sight that sees everything, give you something different from Himself, having created you by an act of His will and

a breath of His infinite love, and having made you His children both by your origin and your destination? He gives you it in an infinite part, as the creature cannot contain the Creator. But that part is perfect and complete, although infinite.

What treasure of intelligence God gave man, Adam! The Fall impaired it, but My sacrifice reinstates it and opens the splendour of Intelligence, its wealth, its science for you. How sublime is the human mind united to God by His grace, sharing with God the power of knowledge!... *The human mind united to God by Grace.*

There is no other way. Those who inquisitively seek extra-human secrets should remember that. All knowledge that does not come from a soul in grace — and is not in grace who is against God's Law, which is very clear in its commandments — such knowledge comes from Satan. It seldom corresponds to the truth when human matters are concerned, it never corresponds to the truth with regard to super-human matters. The Demon is in fact the father of lies and can but lead onto the path of lies. There is no other method of knowing the truth, except the one that comes from God, Who speaks and says or reminds, as a father reminds his son of his paternal house and says to him: "Don't you remember when you used to do this with Me, you saw that, you heard something else? Don't you remember when I used to kiss you goodbye? Do you remember when you saw Me for the first time and you admired the bright light on My face shining on your virginal soul, which, having been just created by Me was still pure and free from the evil that later impaired you? Do you remember when you understood for the first time, in a throb of love, what Love is? Which is the mystery of our Being and Proceeding? " And what the limited capability of a man in grace cannot reach, the Spirit of science clarifies and teaches.

But to possess the Spirit, Grace is needed. To possess Truth and Science, Grace is required. To possess the Father, Grace is necessary. Grace is a tent in which the three Persons dwell, it is a Propitiatory on which the Eternal Father rests and speaks, not from within a cloud, but revealing His face to His faithful children. Saints and just people remember God. They remember the words they heard in the Creating Mind and which the Supreme Goodness revives in their hearts to raise them like eagles in con-

templation of the Truth and to the knowledge of Time.

10. 10 <sup>10</sup>Mary was full of Grace. The whole One and Trine Grace was in Her. The whole One and Trine Grace prepared Her like a Bride for the Wedding, like a Nuptial Bed for the Offspring, like a Divine Person for Her Maternity and mission. She closes the cycle of the Prophetesses of the Old Testament and opens the period of the “spokesmen of God” of the New Testament.

True Ark of the Word of God, looking into Her immaculate heart, She discovered the words of eternal knowledge, which the finger of God had written there, and She remembered, as all saints do, that She had already heard them when Her immortal soul was being created by God the Father, the Creator of all living beings... And if She did not remember everything of Her future mission, the reason is that God leaves some gaps in every human perfection, according to a Law of divine prudence, out of goodness and as a reward to creatures.

Mary, the second Eve, had to achieve Her part of merit in being the Mother of Christ, with a faithful goodwill, that God expected also from His Christ to make Him a Redeemer.

The spirit of Mary was in Heaven. Her morale and Her body were on the earth and they had to tread on the earth and on the flesh to reach the spirit and join it to the Spirit in a fruitful embrace. »

10. 11 <sup>11</sup>A note of mine. All day yesterday I thought I was going to see the news of the death of Her parents being given to Mary by Zacharias, I do not know why. I also thought, in my way, that Jesus would have dealt with the point «remembrance of God by the saints». This morning, when the vision started, I said to myself: «Here we are, they will now tell Her that She is an orphan» and my heart was already trembling because I would have experienced my own sadness of these past days. Instead there has been absolutely nothing of what I thought I was going to see or hear. Not even one word by mistake. I am very happy about this because it confirms that there is nothing of my own in this work, not even an honest suggestion with regards to one situation. It all comes from a different source. My continuous fear ceases... until the next time because I shall always be afraid of being deceived and deceiving.

## 11. Mary entrusts her vote to the High Priest.

3<sup>rd</sup> September 1944.

<sup>1</sup>What a terrible night! It seemed that the demons were raid-<sup>11.1</sup>  
ing the world. Cannon shots, thunder and lightning, dangers,  
fears, the suffering because I was lying on a bed which was not  
mine. And in the middle of all this, there was Mary, like a sweet  
white flower amongst fire and troubles. She looked a little older  
than in yesterday's vision, but still a young girl with Her plaits of  
fair hair over Her shoulders. Her dress was white and Her smile  
mild and coy: an intimate smile at the glorious mystery enclosed  
in Her heart. I spent the night comparing Her mild appearance  
with the ferocity of the world and meditating on Her words of  
yesterday morning, a song of living charity, as compared to the  
ferocious hatred of men...

This morning, in the quiet of my room, I saw the following  
scene.

<sup>2</sup>Mary is still in the Temple. She is now coming out with other<sup>11.2</sup>  
virgins from the inner part of the Temple.

There must have been a ceremony because there is the scent of  
incense in the air of a red sunset. It must be late October, because  
the sky, already calmly restful as is usual in clear October days,  
is bending over the gardens of Jerusalem, where the yellow ochre  
leaves about to fall add gold red spots to the silvery green of the  
olive-trees.

The crowd, or rather the host of white dressed virgins, crosses  
the rear yard, then climbs the steps, goes through a porch and  
enters another square yard, not quite so splendid, without any  
other door except the one leading into it. It must be the yard al-  
located to the small dwellings of the virgins assigned to the Tem-  
ple, because each girl moves towards her cell, like a little dove to  
its nest. They look like a flock of doves that separate after gath-  
ering together. They are all speaking in low but joyful voices,  
before separating. Mary is silent. Before leaving the other girls,  
She bids them goodbye affectionately and then goes to Her little  
room in a corner on the right hand side.

<sup>3</sup>One of the teachers, an elderly lady, but not so old as Anna of<sup>11.3</sup>  
Phanuel, joins Her. «Mary, the High Priest wants to see You. »

Mary looks at her somewhat surprised, but does not ask any



question. She only replies: «I will go at once. »

I do not know whether the large hall, which She enters, is the house of the High Priest or whether it is part of the dwellings of the women assigned to the Temple. I know it is wide and bright, tastefully arranged. In addition to the High Priest, a stately man in his robes, there are also Zacharias and Anna of Phanuel.

Mary bows down on the threshold and does not enter until the High Priest says to Her: «Come in, Mary. Do not be afraid. » Mary looks up again and slowly moves forward, not because She is unwilling, but because of a somewhat unintentional seriousness, which makes Her look more of a woman.

Anna smiles at Her to encourage Her and Zacharias greets Her: «Peace to you, cousin. »

The High Priest observes Her very carefully and then he remarks to Zacharias: «She is obviously of the stock of David and Aaron... »

«My child, I am aware of Your grace and goodness, I know that every day You are growing in grace and knowledge before God and men. I know that the voice of God whispers His sweetest words to Your heart. I know that You are the Flower of God's Temple and that a third Cherub is before the Testimony since You were here. And I would like Your perfume to continue to rise with the incense every day. But the Law says differently. You are no longer a girl, but a woman. And every woman must be a wife in Israel to bear a son to the Lord. You shall follow the commandment of the Law. Do not be afraid, do not blush. I am aware of Your royalty. The Law that prescribes that each man is to be given a woman of his own stock will protect You. But even if that were not the case, I would do so, so that Your magnificent blood might not be corrupted. Don't You know anyone of Your stock, Mary, who might be Your husband? »

Mary lifts Her face full of blushes. Her eyes are shining with tears which begin to appear and with a trembling voice She replies: «No, nobody. »

«It is not possible for Her to know anyone, because She came here in Her childhood and David's race has been struck too severely and scattered too widely to allow the various branches to gather like foliage around the royal palm» says Zacharias.

«We shall then leave the choice to God. »

4The tears that Mary had restrained so far, gush out and fall <sup>11. 4</sup> on Her trembling mouth. She looks imploringly at Her teacher.

«Mary has consecrated Herself to the Lord for His glory and for the salvation of Israel. She was but a little child just learning to read and write and She had already made Her vow... » says Anne, helping Her.

«Is that why You are crying then? Not because You wish to resist the Law? »

«Just for that... nothing else. I shall obey you, Priest of God. »

«This confirms what I have always been told of You. How long have You been consecrated to the Lord? »

«I have always been, I think. I was not yet in this Temple, and I had already given Myself to the Lord. »

«But are You not the little one who came twelve years ago and asked me to be allowed to enter? »

«I am. »

«Well, then, how can You say that You already belonged to God then? »

«If I look back, I find I was consecrated... I do not remember when I was born, neither do I remember how I began to love My mother and to say to My father: “Father, I am your daughter”... But I remember that I gave My heart to God, although I do not know when it started. Perhaps it was with the first kiss that I was able to give, with the first word that I learned to say, with the first step that I took... Yes, I think I find My first recollection of love with My first steady step... My house... near the house there was a garden full of flowers... and there was an orchard and some fields... and there was a spring of water at the rear, under the hill, and the water gushed out from a hollow rock that formed a grotto... it was full of long and thin herbs that hung down forming small green waterfalls everywhere and they seemed to be weeping because the thin little leaves, that seemed an embroidery work, had tiny little drops of water on them and when the drops fell they tinkled like little bells. Also the spring seemed to be singing. And there were birds on the olive and apple-trees above the spring and white doves used to come and wash in the clear water of the fountain... I was no longer thinking of all that, because I had put all My heart in God and, with the exception of

My father and mother, whom I loved in life and in death, every other worldly thing had disappeared from My heart... But you have made Me think of it... I must find *when I gave Myself to God...* and the things of My first years come back to My mind... I loved that grotto, because I heard a voice sweeter than the song of the water and the warbling of the birds say to Me: “Come, My Beloved”. I loved those herbs covered with tinkling and sparkling diamond drops, because I could see in them the sign of My Lord and I used to say to Myself: “O soul of Mine, see how great Your God is, He Who made the cedars of Lebanon for the eagles, has also made these little leaves that bend down under the weight of a little mosquito and He made them for the joy of Your eyes and as a protection for Your little feet”. I loved that silence of pure things: the light breeze, the silvery water, the purity of the doves... I loved the peace that hovered over the little grotto, and descended from the apple and olive-trees, now full of blossoms, then laden with beautiful fruit... And I do not know... the voice seemed to be saying to Me, yes, just to Me: “Come, specious olive; come, sweet apple; come, sealed spring; come, My dove”... Sweet is the love of a father, sweet the love of a mother... sweet their voices calling Me... but this, this one! Oh! in the earthly Paradise I think that she, who became guilty, heard it thus, and I do not understand how she could prefer a hiss to this voice of love, how she could desire any other knowledge that was not God... With My lips which still tasted of My mother’s milk, but with My heart full of celestial honey, I then said: “Here I am. I am coming. I am Yours. No one will have My body, but You, My Lord, neither will My soul have any other love...” And while saying so, it seemed to Me that I was repeating things already said and that I was fulfilling a rite already fulfilled, and the chosen Spouse was not a stranger to Me, because I already knew His ardour and My sight had been formed at His light and My capacity for loving had been fulfilled in His embrace... When? I do not know. Beyond life, I would say, because I feel I always had Him, and that He always had Me, and that I exist because He wanted Me for the joy of His

11. <sup>5</sup> Spirit and Mine... <sup>5</sup>Now I obey you, o Priest. But please tell Me how I am to behave... I have neither father nor mother. Please be My guide. »

«God will give You Your husband and he will be a holy man,

because You have entrusted Yourself to God. You will tell him Your vow. »

«And will he agree? »

«I hope so. Pray, my child, that he may understand Your heart. Go now. May God always accompany You. »

Mary withdraws with Anna. Zacharias stays with the High Priest.

The vision ends in this way.

## 12. Joseph is chosen husband of the Virgin.

4<sup>th</sup> September 1944.

<sup>1</sup>I see a rich hall with a beautiful floor, curtains, carpets and inlaid furniture. It must be still part of the Temple: there are priests in it, including Zacharias, and many men of every age, from twenty to fifty approximately. 12. 1

They are all talking in low but animated voices. They seem to be anxious about something I do not know. They are dressed in their best clothes, which seem to be new or just recently washed and they are obviously dressed for some special feast. Many have removed the piece of cloth covering their heads, others still wear it, particularly the elder ones, whereas the young people show their bare heads, some dark blond, some brown, some black, only one auburn. Their hair is mostly short, but some wear it long down to their shoulders. They do not all know one another, because they observe one another inquisitively. But they seem to be akin somehow, because it is clear that they are all concerned with the same matter.

<sup>2</sup>In a corner I can see Joseph. He is talking to a hale and hearty elderly man. Joseph is about thirty years old. He is a handsome man with short and rather curly hair, dark brown like his beard and his moustache, which cover a well shaped chin and rise towards his rosy-brown cheeks, which are not olive-coloured as is normal in most people with a brown complexion. His eyes are dark, kindly and deep, very serious and perhaps somewhat sad. But when he smiles, as he does now, they become gay and young looking. He is dressed in light brown, very simple but very tidy. 12. 2

<sup>3</sup>A group of young Levites comes in and they take up posi- 12. 3

tion between the door and a long narrow table, which is against the same wall as the door, which is left wide open. A single curtain hanging down to about twenty centimetres from the floor is drawn to cover the empty space.

The curiosity of the group increases. It grows more so when a hand pulls the curtain to one side to admit a Levite, who is carrying in his arms a bundle of dry branches on which one in blossom is gently laid: it looks like a light foam of white petals, with a vague pinkish hue that spreads softer and softer from the centre to the top of the light petals. The Levite lays the bundle of branches on the table very gently to avoid detracting from the miracle of the branch full of flowers among so many dry ones.

Whispering spreads in the hall. They all stretch their necks and sharpen their eyes to see. Zacharias, who is near the table with the other priests, also endeavours to see. But he can see nothing.

Joseph, in his corner, gives a quick glance to the bundle of branches and when the man he was speaking to says something to him, he shakes his head in denial as if to say: «Impossible» and smiles.

12. 4 <sup>4</sup>A trumpet is heard beyond the curtain. They all become quiet and turn in an orderly way towards the door, which is now completely clear as the curtain has been pulled to one side. The High Priest enters surrounded by elders. They all make a deep bow. The Pontiff goes to the table and begins to speak, standing up.

«Men of the race of David, gathered here at my request, please listen. The Lord has spoken, glory be to Him! From His Glory a ray has descended and, like the sun in springtime, it has given life to a dry branch which has blossomed miraculously, whereas no other branch on earth is in bloom today, the last day of the Feast of Dedication, and the snow that fell on the mountains in Judah has not yet melted and everything is white between Zion and Bethany. God has spoken and has made Himself the father and the guardian of the Virgin of David Who has Him alone as Her protection. A holy girl, the glory of the Temple, She deserved the word of God to learn the name of a husband agreeable to the Eternal One. And he must be very just to be chosen by the Lord as the protector of the Virgin so dear to Him! For this reason our sorrow in losing Her is alleviated and all worries about Her des-

tiny as a wife cease. And to the man appointed by God we entrust with full confidence the Virgin blessed by God and by ourselves. The name of the husband is Joseph of Jacob of Bethlehem, of the tribe of David, a carpenter in Nazareth in Galilee. Joseph: come forward. It is an order of the High Priest... »

There is a lot of whispering. Heads move around, eyes cast inquisitive glances, hands make signs: there are expressions of disappointment and relief. Someone, particularly amongst the older people, must be happy that it was not his fate.

Joseph, blushing and embarrassed moves forward. He is now near the table, in front of the Pontiff, whom he has greeted reverently.

«Everyone must come here to see the name engraved on the branch. And everyone must take his own branch to make sure that there is no deception. »

The men obey. They look at the branch gently held by the High Priest and then each takes his own: some break it, some keep it. They all look at Joseph. Some look and are silent, others look and congratulate him. The elderly man to whom Joseph was speaking before, exclaims: «I told you, Joseph! Who feels less certain, is the one who wins the game! » They have all now passed before the Pontiff.

<sup>12. 5</sup>The High Priest gives Joseph his branch in bloom, he lays his hand on his shoulder and says to him: «The spouse the Lord has presented you with, is not rich, as you know. But all virtues are in Her. Be more and more worthy of Her. There is no flower in Israel as beautiful and pure as She is. Please, all go out now. You, Joseph, stay here. And you, Zacharias, since you are Her relative, please bring in the bride. »

They all go out, except the High Priest and Joseph. The curtain is drawn once again over the door.

Joseph is standing in a very humble attitude, near the Priest. There is silence, then the Priest says to Joseph: «Mary wishes to inform you of a vow She made. Please help Her shyness. Be good to Her, Who is so good. »

«I will put my strength and my manly authority at Her service and no sacrifice on Her behalf will be heavy for me. Be sure of that. »

Mary enters with Zacharias and Anna of Phanuel.

«Come, Mary» says the Pontiff. «Here is the spouse that God has destined to You. He is Joseph of Nazareth. You will therefore go back to Your own town. I will leave You now. May God give You His blessing. May the Lord protect You and bless You, may He show His face to You and have mercy on You. May He turn His face to You and give You peace. »

Zacharias goes out escorting the Pontiff. Anna congratulates Joseph and then she goes out too.

12. 6     ‘The betrothed are now facing each other. Mary, full of blushes, is standing with Her head bowed. Joseph, who is also red in the face, looks at Her and tries to find the first words to be said. He eventually finds them and a bright smile lights up his eyes. He says: «I welcome you, Mary. I saw You when You were a little baby, only a few days old... I was a friend of Your father’s and I have a nephew, the son of my brother Alphaeus, who was a great friend of Your mother. He was her *little* friend, because he is only eighteen years old, and when You were not yet born, he was only a little boy and he cheered up Your sad mother who loved him so much. You do not know us because You were only a little girl when You came here. But everyone in Nazareth loves You and they all think and speak of Joachim’s little Mary, Whose birth was a miracle of the Lord, Who made the barren old lady blossom wonderfully... And I remember the evening You were born... We all remember it because of the prodigy of a heavy rain that saved the country and of a violent storm during which the thunderbolts did not damage even a stem of heather and it ended with such a large and beautiful rainbow that the like has never been seen again. And then... who does not remember Joachim’s happiness? He dandled You showing You to his neighbours... As if You were a flower that had descended from Heaven, he admired You and wanted everyone to admire You, a happy old father who died talking about his Mary, Who was so beautiful and good and Whose words were so full of wisdom and grace... He was quite right in admiring You and in saying that there is no other woman lovelier than You are! And Your mother? She filled Your house and the neighbourhood with her songs and she sang like a skylark in springtime when she was carrying You, and afterwards when she held You in her arms. I made a cradle for You. A tiny little cradle, with roses carved all over it, because Your moth-

er wanted it like that. Perhaps it is still in the house... I am old, Mary. When You were born I was beginning to work. I was already working... I would never have believed that I was going to have You as a spouse! Perhaps Your parents would have died a happier death if they had known, because they were my friends. I buried Your father, mourning over his death with a sincere heart, because he was a good teacher to me. »

Mary raises Her face, little by little, taking heart, as She hears Joseph speak to Her in this way, and when he mentions the cradle She smiles gently and when Joseph speaks of Her father, She holds out Her hand to him and says: «Thank you, Joseph. » A very timid and gentle «thank you. »

Joseph holds Her little jasmine hand in his short and strong hands of a carpenter and he caresses it with an affection that expresses more and more confidence. Perhaps he is waiting for more words. But Mary is silent once again. He then goes on: «As You know, Your house is still intact, with the exception of the part that was demolished by order of the consul, to build a road for the waggons of the Romans. But the fields, what is left of them — You know that because of Your father's illness much of the property had to be disposed of — have been rather neglected. For over three years the trees and the vines have never been pruned and the land is untilled and hard. But the trees that saw You when You were a little girl are still there, and if You agree, I will at once take care of them. »

«Thank you, Joseph. But you have your work... »

«I will work in Your orchard in the morning and in the evening. The days are getting longer and longer. By springtime I want everything to be in order for Your happiness. Look: this is a branch of the almond tree near the house. I wanted to pick it — the hedge is so ruined that one can enter anywhere, but I will remake it solid and strong — I wanted to pick it, because I thought that if I should be the chosen one, You would have been pleased to have a flower from Your garden. But I was not expecting to be the chosen one as I am a Nazirite\* and I have obeyed because it is an order of the Priest, not because I wish to get married. Here is the branch, Mary. With it I offer You my heart, that, like it, has

\* **Nazirite**: consecrated to the Lord. *Numbers 6: 1-21*.



bloomed up till now only for the Lord and is now blooming for You, my spouse. »

12.7 <sup>7</sup>Mary takes the branch. She is moved and looks at Joseph with a face that has become more and more confident and bright. She feels certain of him. When he says to Her «I am a Nazirite», Her face becomes bright and She takes courage: «Also I am all of the Lord, Joseph. I do not know whether the High Priest told you... »

«He only told me that You are good and pure, that You wish to inform me of a vow, and that I must be good to you. Speak, Mary. Your Joseph wants You to be happy in all Your desires. I do not love You with my body. I love You with my soul, holy girl given to me by God! Please see in me a father and a brother, in addition to a husband. And open Your heart to me as to a father and rely on me as on a brother... »

«Since My childhood I have consecrated Myself to the Lord. I know this is not the custom in Israel. But I heard a voice requesting My virginity as a sacrifice of love for the coming of the Messiah. Israel has been waiting for Him for such a long time!... It is not too much to forgo the joy of being a mother for that! »

Joseph gazes at Her as if he wanted to read Her heart, then he takes Her tiny hands which are still holding the branch in blossom and he says: «I will join my sacrifice to Yours and we shall love the Eternal Father *so much* with our chastity that He will send His Saviour to the world earlier, and will allow us to see His Light shining in the world. Come, Mary. Let us go before His House and take an oath that we shall love each other as the angels do. <sup>8</sup>Then I will go to Nazareth to prepare everything for You, in Your house, if You wish to go there, or elsewhere if You wish so. »

«In My house... There was a grotto down at the bottom... Is it still there? »

«It is, but it is no longer Yours... But I will build another one for You where it will be cool and quiet during the hottest hours of the day. I will make it as similar as possible to the older one. And tell me: whom do You want with You? »

«Nobody. I am not afraid. Alphaeus' mother, who has always come to see Me, will keep Me company during the day. At night I prefer to be alone. No harm can befall Me. »

«And now I am there, too. When shall I come and get You? »

«Whenever you wish, Joseph. »

«Then I will come as soon as the house is ready. I will not touch anything. I want You to find it as Your mother left it. But I want it to be bright and clean, to welcome You without any sadness. Come, Mary. Let us go and tell the Most High that we bless Him. »

I do not see anything else. But I feel in my heart the sense of confidence that Mary feels.

### **13. The wedding of the Virgin and Joseph. The closeness to the full fo Grace makes of a just man a saint, worthy to be the guardian of the Spouse and Son of God.**

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

<sup>13. 1</sup>How beautiful Mary is dressed as a bride, among Her joyful friends and teachers! There is also Elizabeth amongst them.

She is dressed in snow-white linen, so soft and refined that it looks like precious silk. She is wearing around Her slender waist a burin wrought belt in gold and silver, made of medallions held together by little chains — each medallion is an embroidery of gold threads on heavy silver burnished by age. Probably because the belt is too long for Her, still a gentle girl, the last three medallions hang down in the front and fall amongst the folds of the very wide dress that is so long as to form a sort of train. On Her feet She is wearing white leather sandals with silver buckles.

Around Her neck the dress is held by a chain of small gold roses and silver filigree, reproducing on a smaller scale the design of the belt. Running through large holes on the loosely cut neck, the chain gathers the cloth and forms a kind of small frill. Mary's neck emerges from the white pleated cloth with the grace of a stem wrapped in a precious fabric and seems even more slender and whiter than ever, the stem of a lily ending in a lily-like face, which is even paler than usual for the excitement - and purer. The face of a most pure *victim*.

Her hair no longer hangs over Her shoulders. It is arranged in a knot of plaits in a charming style, and precious burnished silver hairpins, all made with embroidered filigree at the top, hold it in position. Her mother's veil is placed over the plaits and it falls in beautiful folds under the precious thin plate that encir-

cles Her snow-white forehead. The veil falls down Her sides and since Mary is not as tall as Her mother, it falls lower than Her hips, whereas it reached Anne's waist. She has nothing on Her hands, but is wearing bracelets on Her wrists. Her wrists are so thin that the heavy bracelets of Her mother cover the back of Her hands and would fall to the ground if She tossed Her hands.

13.2 <sup>2</sup>Her friends gaze upon Her and admire Her. They twitter gaily like sparrows asking questions and expressing their admiration.

«Are they Your mother's? »

«They are antique, are they not? »

«How beautiful, Sarah, this belt is! »

«And what about this veil, Susan? How refined it is. Just look at those lilies woven in it! »

«Let me see Your bracelets, Mary. Were they Your mother's? »

«Yes, she wore them. But they belonged to My father's mother. »

«Oh! Look. They have the seal of Solomon interwoven with thin little branches of palm and olive-trees and amongst these there are lilies and roses. Oh! Who did such perfect and refined work? »

«They belong to the House of David» explains Mary. «The women of the family have worn them for centuries, when they get married and they are left in heritage to the heiress. »

«Certainly! You are the heiress... »

«Did they bring You everything from Nazareth? »

«No, they did not. When My mother died, My cousin took My trousseau to her house to keep it safely. Now she has brought it back to Me. »

«Where is it? Where is it? Show it to Your friends. »

Mary does not know what to do... She would like to be kind, but she is not anxious to pull out all the things which are nicely laid in three heavy trunks.

Her teachers come to Her help: «The groom is about to arrive» they point out. «This is not the moment to cause confusion. Leave Mary alone. You are tiring Her. Go and get ready. »

The chattering group go away somewhat sulkily. Mary can now enjoy in peace the company of Her teachers who say words of praise and blessing to Her.

Elizabeth has also approached. And as Mary, deeply moved, is crying because Anna of Phanuel has called Her «daughter» and has kissed Her with true motherly love, Elizabeth says to Her: «Mary, Your mother is not here, and yet she is present. Her soul is rejoicing with Yours. Look, the things that You are wearing are giving You her caresses once again. You can still find in them the flavour of her kisses. One day, a long time ago, the day You came to the Temple, she said to me: “I have prepared Her dresses and Her trousseau, because I wish to be the one who weaves Her linen and makes Her bridal dresses, so that I shall not be absent on the day of Her joy”. And listen. In the last days, when I was assisting her, every evening she wanted to caress Your first little dresses and the ones You are now wearing and she would say: “I can smell the jasmine perfume of my little one and I want Her to perceive here the kiss of Her mummy”. How many kisses on this veil that is now shading Your forehead! There are more kisses than threads!... And when You will wear the cloth woven by her, just think that it was woven more by her motherly love than by the spool. And these jewels... Even in hard circumstances they were saved by Your father for You, that You might be beautiful in this hour, as befits a princess of the House of David. Be happy and cheerful, Mary. You are not an orphan, because Your parents are with You and Your husband is a father and a mother to You, such is his perfection... »

«Yes, that is true! I certainly cannot complain. In two months he has been here twice, and today he has come for the third time, facing the rain and the windy weather, to take orders from Me... Fancy: orders from Me, a poor woman and much younger than he is! And he has denied Me nothing. He does not even wait for Me to ask. I think an angel must tell him what I want, because he tells Me before I can speak. The last time he said: “Mary, I think that You prefer to stay in Your father’s house. Since You are a daughter heiress, You can do so, if that is Your wish. I will come to Your house. However, in order to accomplish the rite, You will go for one week to my brother Alphaeus’ house. Mary already loves You so much. And from there the procession will start that will take You to Your house in the evening of the wedding day”. Was that not very kind of him? It did not even matter to him if the people should say that he has not a house which I would like... I would

have liked it, because he is there and he is so good. Certainly... I prefer My own house... because of memories... Oh! Joseph is so good! »

«What did he say about Your vow? You haven't told me yet. »

«He made no objection. On the contrary, when I told him the reasons, he said: "I will join my sacrifice to Yours". »

«He is a holy young man» says Anna of Phanuel.

13.4 <sup>4</sup>The «holy young man» is coming in just now in the company of Zacharias.

He is really magnificent. All dressed in gold yellow he seems an eastern sovereign. A splendid belt supports his pouch and his dagger, the former of morocco embroidered in gold, the latter with a morocco sheath and gold decorations. On his head he is wearing a turban, that is the usual piece of cloth worn like a hood, as is still customary amongst certain people in Africa, such as the bedouins, and it is held by a precious ring, a thin wire of gold, to which small bunches of myrtle are tied. He has on a new mantle, with fringes, and he wears it with great dignity. He is sparkling with joy. He has in his hands small bunches of myrtle in bloom.

«Peace to you, my spouse! » he greets Her. «Peace to everyone. » When he has received a reply to his greetings, he says: «I saw Your joy the day I gave You a branch from Your garden. I thought I should bring You some myrtle which I picked near the grotto You love so much. I wanted to bring You some of the roses that are already beginning to bloom near Your house. But roses do not last long. After a journey of several days I would have arrived here with only the thorns. And I want to offer You, my dear, only roses and spread Your way with soft scented flowers, so that Your feet may rest on them without touching anything dirty or harsh. »

«Oh! Thank you, you are so good! But what did you do to keep it so fresh? »

«I tied a vase to the saddle and I put the branches of the flowers in bud in it. During the journey they have burst into flower. Here they are, Mary. May Your forehead be garlanded with purity, the symbol of a bride, which, however, is much inferior to the purity of Your heart. »

Elizabeth and the teachers adorn Mary with a little garland

of flowers which they form attaching the little white bunches of myrtle to the precious ring and they insert small white roses which they take from a vase placed on a small chest.

Mary is on the point of taking Her large white mantle to put it on Her shoulders, but Joseph precedes Her and helps Her to fasten it at the top of Her shoulders with two silver buckles. The teachers then arrange the folds with loving care.

<sup>5</sup>Everything is ready. While they are awaiting I do not know 13. 5  
what, Joseph takes Mary to one side and says to Her: «I have pondered a lot on Your vow these last days. I told You that I will share it with You. But the more I think of it, the more I realise that a temporary Naziritism is not sufficient, even if renewed several times. I *have understood You, Mary*. I do not yet deserve the word of Light, but a murmur of it comes to me. And it causes me to read Your secret, at least in its main lines. I am a poor ignorant man, Mary. A poor workman. I know nothing of letters and I have no treasures. But I place at Your feet my treasure: my *absolute* chastity, forever, to be worthy of being beside You, Virgin of God, “my sister spouse, enclosed garden\*, sealed fountain”, as our Ancestor says, who perhaps wrote the Song of Songs seeing You... I shall be the guardian of this garden of spices containing the most precious fruits and from which a spring of living water gushes out in a gentle surge: Your kindness, oh spouse, has conquered my soul with Your innocence, oh most beautiful one. You are more beautiful than dawn, You are a sun that shines because Your heart shines, You are full of love for Your God and for the world, to which You wish to give a Saviour with Your sacrifice of a woman. Come, my beloved spouse» and he takes Her gently by the hand and leads Her towards the door. All the others follow them and outside the joyful companions, all dressed in white and wearing veils, join them.

<sup>6</sup>They go through yards and porches, among the crowds that 13. 6  
watch them, up to a point that is not the Temple, but seems to be a hall used for ceremonies, because there are lamps and rolls of parchment as in synagogues. They go as far as a tall lectern, almost a desk, and they wait. The others stand in an orderly fashion behind them. Other priests and curious people gather at the end.

\* **enclose garden**, *Song of Songs 4: 12*.

The High Priest enters solemnly.

There is whispering amongst the curious crowd: «Is he going to marry them? »

«Yes, because She is of royal and sacerdotal rank. A flower of David and Aaron, the bride is a virgin of the Temple. The groom is of the tribe of David. »

The Pontiff joins the right hand of the bride with the right hand of the groom and he blesses them solemnly: «May the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob be with you. May He join you and fulfil His blessing in you giving you His peace and numerous descendants with a long life and a happy death in the bosom of Abraham. » He then withdraws as solemn as when he entered.

The promise has been exchanged. Mary is Joseph's spouse\*.

They all go out and they move in an orderly fashion to a hall where they stipulate the wedding contract which states that Mary, the daughter heiress of Joachim of David and of Anne of Aaron gives Joseph, as Her dowry, Her house and the estate attached to it, Her personal property and what She has inherited from Her father.

It is now all over.

13.7 <sup>7</sup>The betrothed go out into the yard and they move towards the exit near the dwellings of the women assigned to the Temple. A comfortable heavy waggon is waiting for them. A tent is laid over it as a shelter and Mary's heavy trunks are already loaded on it.

After farewell words, kisses and tears, blessings and advice, Mary gets into the waggon with Elizabeth, while Joseph and Zacharias sit in the front. They have taken off their best mantles and are all wearing dark ones.

The waggon departs at the heavy trot of a big dark horse. The Temple walls and then the city walls are receding and here is the country, new, fresh, blooming in the early springtime sunshine, with the corn a few inches off the ground, its little leaves, which look like emeralds, waving at a gentle breeze, which carries the

\* **spouse.** In Israel, also at the time of Our Lady, a marriage comprised two phases: the engagement and the wedding. The rite of the engagement, by which the marriage was essentially established, implied that the young couple should be blessed by a priest while holding each other's hand; a legal contract was made in regard to property and rights. During this first phase they did not live together. The wedding was the solemn accomplishment of the contract and the couple began to live together.

scent of peach and apple flowers, of clover flowers and of wild mint.

Mary is weeping silently, under Her veil, and now and again She removes the tent and looks at the far away Temple and the city She has left...

The vision ends in this way.

<sup>8</sup>Jesus says:

13. 8

«What does the Book of Wisdom\* say, singing her praises: “Within wisdom is a spirit intelligent, holy, unique, manifold, subtle”. And it goes on listing her endowments, ending the period with the words... “almighty, all-surveying, penetrating all intelligent, pure and most subtle spirits. She is so pure she pervades and permeates all things. She is a breath of the power of God, hence nothing impure can find a way into her... image of His goodness. Although alone she can do all, herself unchanging, she makes all things new, she passes into holy souls, she makes them friends of God and Prophets”.

<sup>9</sup>You have seen how Joseph, not by human culture, but by supernatural education can read in the sealed book of the Immaculate Virgin and how he borders upon prophetic truths by his “seeing” a superhuman mystery where others could only see a great virtue. Since he is imbued with this wisdom, which is a breath of the power of God and a definite emanation of the Almighty, he sails with a secure spirit the sea of this mystery of grace which is Mary. He penetrates with Her spiritual contacts, in which, rather than the lips, the two spirits speak to each other in the sacred silence of their souls, where God only can hear voices and those who are well liked by God, because they are His faithful servants and are full of Him.

13. 9

The wisdom of the Just man, which increases by his union and closeness to Mary, Full of Grace, prepares him to penetrate the deepest secrets of God and enables him to protect and defend them from the snares of man and demon. And in the meantime it invigorates him. It makes the just man a saint, and the saint the guardian of the Spouse and of the Son of God.

Without removing the seal of God, he, a chaste man, now ele-

\* Book of Wisdom, 7: 22-27.



vating his chastity to angelical heroism, can read the word of fire written by God on the virginal diamond, and he reads what his wisdom does not repeat, but is greater than what Moses read on the stone tablets. And to prevent profane eyes from prying into the mystery, he places himself, seal upon the seal, as an archangel of fire on the threshold of Paradise, within which the Eternal Father takes His delight, “walking in the cool of the evening” and talking to Her Who is His love, Garden of lilies in bloom, Air scented with perfumes, fresh morning Breeze, lovely Star, Delight of God. The new Eve is there, in front of him, not bone from his bones, nor flesh from his flesh, but companion of his life, living Ark of God, Whom he receives in guardianship and Whom he must return to God as pure as he received Her.

“Spouse to God” was written in the immaculate pages of that mystical book... And when in the hour of trial suspicion hissed its torture, he suffered *as a man and as a servant of God*, as *no man* suffered, because of the suspected sacrilege. But this was to be the future trial. Now, in this time of grace, he sees and he puts himself at the most true service of God. Then the storm of the trial will come, as for all saints, to be tested and made coadjutors of God.

13. 10<sup>10</sup> What do you read\* in Leviticus? “Tell Aaron, your brother, that he must not enter the sanctuary beyond the Veil in front of the Throne of mercy that is over the Ark, whenever he chooses. He may die; for I appear in a cloud on the Throne of mercy, unless he has done these things first: he will offer a young bull for a sacrifice for sin and a ram for holocaust, he is to wear a linen tunic and cover his nakedness with a linen girdle”.

And Joseph really enters the sanctuary of God, when and as far as God wants, beyond the veil that conceals the Ark on which the Spirit of God hovers and he offers himself and will offer the Lamb, a holocaust for the sin of the world and in expiation of such sin. And he does that dressed in linen, and mortifying his virile limbs to abolish their faculty of sensation, which once, at the beginning of times, did triumph, impairing the rights of God on man and which will now be crushed in the Son, in the Mother and in the putative father, to lead men back to Grace and restore the

\* What do you read in: *Leviticus 16: 2-4*.

right of God on man. He does that with his perpetual chastity.

Was Joseph not on Golgotha? Do you think he is not amongst the co-redeemers? I tell you solemnly that he was the first and therefore he is great in the eyes of God. Great for his sacrifice, his patience, his perseverance, his faith. Which faith is greater than this one that believed without seeing the miracles of the Messiah?

<sup>11</sup>Praise be to My putative father, an example to you of what you lack most: purity, faithfulness and perfect love. Praise be to the magnificent reader of the sealed Book, filled with Wisdom to be able to understand the mysteries of Grace and chosen to protect the Salvation of the world from the snares of all enemies. » 13. 11

#### **14. Joseph and Mary arrive in Nazareth.**

6<sup>th</sup> September 1944.

<sup>1</sup>A very blue sky of a mild February is over the hills of Galilee. The gentle hills that I have never seen in the early history of Mary, are now instead as familiar to me as if I were born there. 14. 1

The main road is fresh looking because of last night's rain and it is neither dusty nor muddy. It is hard and clean as if it were the street of a town and it runs between two hedges of hawthorn in bloom. The hedges are so white that they look like a snowfall. The scenery is broken by the monstrous conglomerations of cacti, with thick leaves like palettes, spiked with stings and decorated with the huge granades of their peculiar fruits, grown without stem on the top of the leaves. Because of their colour and shape, the cactus leaves always give me the impression of sea depths and coral reefs, of jellyfish and other deep sea animals.

Beyond the hedgerows there is the country. The purpose of the hedges is to fence in the grounds of the various owners, and thus they stretch in every direction forming a strange geometrical design of curves and angles, lozenges, squares, semicircles and the most unbelievable acute and obtuse angled triangles, a design all sprayed with white, like a strange ribbon thrown over the country just for fun and over which hundreds and hundreds of birds fly, chirp, sing, in the joy of love, while working to build their nests. In the fields the corn is taller than in Judaea. The meadows are full of flowers and there are hundreds of fruit-trees all

in full bloom, that look like clouds of vegetables, white, red, pink, with all shades of these colours: they seem to be an answer to the light clouds in the sky, which the setting sun paints pink, light lilac, periwinkle violet, opal blue and coral orange.

With the light evening breeze the first petals fall from the trees in blossom and they look like a swarm of little butterflies searching for pollen on wild flowers. And from tree to tree there are festoons of vines still barren, except at the top of the festoons, where there is more sunshine, and the first little innocent, surprised, trembling leaves are beginning to open.

The sun is setting peacefully in the sky, which is so benign in its deep blue. The light makes it even more limpid and causes the snow on Mount Hermon and other far away mountain tops to shine.

14. 2 <sup>2</sup>A waggon is moving along the road. It is the waggon that is carrying Joseph, Mary and Her cousins. Their journey is at an end.

Mary is looking with the eagerness of those who want to know, or better, want to *recognise* what they have already seen, but can no longer remember and they smile when a faint memory comes back to them and rests, like a light, on this or that thing, on this or that point. Elizabeth, Zacharias and Joseph help Her to remember, pointing to various places and houses.

Nazareth is already showing its houses, spread out on the undulations of its hills. Lit up from the left by the setting sun, it shows the white of its low wide little houses bordered in pink and surmounted by terraces. Some of them, fully illuminated by the sun, seem to be near a fire, so red are the fronts of the houses because of the sun, that also lights up the water of the ponds and of the low wells, with practically no parapets, and from which squeaky pails of water are being pulled up for the houses as well as water-bags for the orchards.

Children and women rush to the side of the road and look into the waggon and greet Joseph who is well known to them. But they are somewhat embarrassed and shy with regards the other three travellers.

But when the waggon enters the little town, there is no longer any embarrassment or shyness. Many people of all ages are gathered at the entrance of the village under a rustic arch of flowers

and branches, and there is an outburst of shrill voices and a tossing of branches and flowers as soon as the waggon appears from behind the corner of the last house lying before it in the country. It is the women, girls and children of Nazareth greeting the bride. The men, more serious, are standing behind the excited and shouting crowd and they are greeting solemnly.

The waggon is not covered now by the tent, which was removed before reaching the village, both because the sun was no longer annoying them and to enable Mary to see Her native land. Mary thus appears in all the beauty of a lovely flower. White and blonde like an angel, She smiles lovingly at everybody: at the children who throw Her flowers and kisses; at the girls of Her own age who call Her by name; at the elderly women who bless Her with their cheerful voices. She bows to the men and in particular to one who is perhaps the rabbi or the elder of the town.

The waggon proceeds slowly along the main road, followed for a considerable distance by the crowd, for whom the arrival is an event.

<sup>3</sup>«There is Your house, Mary» says Joseph, pointing with his whip to a little house which is just under the edge of an undulation of the hill. Behind the house there is a lovely large kitchen garden all in bloom, at the end of which there is a small olive-grove. Behind the olive-grove there is the usual boundary hedge of hawthorn and cactus. The fields that once belonged to Joachim, are farther beyond... 14. 3

«As You can see, very little is left for You» says Zacharias. «Your father's illness was a long and expensive one. Also the expenses to repair the damage done by the Romans were heavy. See? The road took away the three main rooms and the house was cut down in size. In order to enlarge it, without excessive expenses, a part of the mountain was adapted, where the grotto is. Joachim kept his supplies there and Anne her looms. You will do as You think best. »

«Oh! It does not matter if only little is left. It will be sufficient for Me. I will work... »

«No, Mary. » It is Joseph who is speaking. «I will work. You will do nothing but weave and sew things for the house. I am young and strong and I am Your husband. Please do not humiliate me with Your work. »

«I shall do as you wish. »

«Yes, in *this case I do want it*. In everything else Your wishes are the law. But not with regards to this. »

14. 4 <sup>4</sup>They have arrived. The waggon stops.

Two women and two men, about forty and fifty years of age respectively, are at the entrance and many children and young boys are with them. «May God give You peace, Mary» says the elder man and one of the women approaches Mary embracing and kissing Her.

«He is my brother Alphaeus and she is Mary, his wife, and these are their children. They have come to greet You and to tell You that their house is Yours if You wish so» says Joseph.

«Yes, come Mary, if it is painful for You to live by Yourself. The country is beautiful in springtime and our house is in the middle of fields full of flowers. And You will be the loveliest flower there» says Mary of Alphaeus.

«Thank you, Mary. I would come so willingly. But I am *so* anxious to see and recognise My own home. I left it when I was a little girl, and I have forgotten what it is like... Now I have found it again... and I feel I have found also My lost mother, My beloved father, and that I can hear the echo of their words... and I smell the perfume of their last breath. I feel I am no longer an orphan, because once again I have around Me the embrace of these walls... Please understand Me, Mary. » Mary's voice trembles and Her eyes begin to shine with tears.

Mary of Alphaeus replies to Her: «As You wish, my dear. I want You to feel that I am Your sister and friend, and also a mother to You, since I am so much older than You are. »

The other woman has come forward: «Hello, Mary. I am Sarah, Your mother's friend. I saw You being born. And this is Alphaeus, Alphaeus' nephew, and a great friend of Your mother. What I did for Your mother, I am willing to do for You, if You wish so. See? My house is the one nearest to Yours and Your fields are now ours. But if You want to come, come whenever You wish. We will open a passage through the hedge and we shall be together, yet each of us will be at home. This is my husband. »

«Thank you all and *for everything*. Thank you for all the good you did to My parents and for your love for Me. May God the Almighty bless you for it. »

<sup>5</sup>The heavy trunks are unloaded and carried into the house. <sup>14. 5</sup> They go in. I now recognise the little house of Nazareth, as it was during the life of Jesus.

Joseph takes Mary by the hand and they go in. On the threshold he says to Her: «And now, on this threshold, I want a promise from You. That whatever may happen to You, whatever You may need, there is no other friend whom to turn to but Joseph and that, for no reason whatsoever, may You worry all by Yourself. Remember that I am everything for You and it will be a joy for me to make Your life happy and, since happiness is not always in our power, I will at least make it peaceful and safe. »

«I do promise, Joseph »

The door and windows are opened. The last searching rays of sun enter.

Mary has now taken off Her mantle and veil, because, with the exception of the myrtle flowers, She has still Her bridal dress on. She then goes into the kitchen garden in bloom. She looks and smiles. Still held by the hand by Joseph, She goes round the garden. She looks as if She were taking possession of a lost place.

And Joseph shows Her his work: «See? I dug a hole here to gather the rain water, because these vines are always thirsty. I cut off the oldest branches of this olive tree to strengthen it and I transplanted these apple trees because two of them had withered. Over there I planted some fig trees. When they grow up they will shelter the house both from the excessive heat of the sun and from inquisitive people. The pergola is the old one. I only changed the rotten poles and I did some trimming. It will give You a lot of grapes, I hope. And here, look» and he leads Her proudly towards the side of the hill at the back of the house, which limits the northern side of the garden, «here I dug a grotto and I have reinforced it and when these little plants take roots, it will be almost identical to the one You had. There is no spring... but I hope to convey a little stream there. I will work in the long summer evenings, when I come to see You... »

<sup>6</sup>«What do you mean? » asks Alphaeus. «Are you not getting <sup>14. 6</sup> married this summer? »

«No. Mary wants to weave Her woollen clothes, the only things missing from Her trousseau. And I agree with Her. Mary is so young that it does not matter if we wait for a year or more. In

the meantime She will get used to the house... »

«Well! You have always been somewhat different from other people and you still are. I do not know who would not be in a hurry to get married to a beautiful flower like Mary, and you are delaying things by months!...»

«A joy awaited for a long time is a joy to be taken delight in more intensely» replies Joseph with a gentle smile.

His brother shrugs his shoulders and asks: «Well, then, when are you thinking of getting married? »

«When Mary is sixteen. After the feast of the Tabernacles. The winter evenings will be sweet for the newly weds!... » and he smiles again looking at Mary. A smile of a gentle secret understanding. A smile of a brotherly chastity giving comfort. He then resumes his tour of the garden. «This is the big room under the mountain. If You agree, I will use it as a workshop when I come here. It is joined to the house, but not in the house. So I will not annoy You with noise and disorder. However, if You wish otherwise... »

«No, Joseph. That is perfectly all right. »

14.7 <sup>7</sup>They go back into the house and light the lamps.

«Mary is tired» says Joseph. «Let us leave Her in peace with Her cousins. »

They all say goodbye and go out. Joseph stays for a few moments and speaks to Zacharias in a low voice.

«Your cousin is leaving Elizabeth with You for a little while. Are You happy? I am. Because she will help You... to become a perfect housewife. With her You will be able to arrange Your things and Your furniture, and I will come every evening to help You. With Elizabeth You can purchase the wool and whatever You may need. And I will see to the expenses. Remember, You have promised to come to me for *everything*. Goodbye, Mary. Sleep the first night as the landlady of this house and may the angel of God make Your sleep peaceful. May the Lord be always with You. »

«Goodbye, Joseph. May you also be under the wings of God's angel. Thank you, Joseph. For everything. As far as I can, I will requite your love with Mine. »

Joseph says goodbye to His cousins and goes out.

And the vision ends with him.

## 15. Conclusion to the Pre-Gospel.

[6<sup>th</sup> September 1944. ]

<sup>1</sup>Jesus says:

15. 1

«The cycle is over. It has been so sweet and gentle and with it your Jesus has taken you out of the turmoil of these days\* without any shock. Like a baby wrapped in soft woollen swaddling clothes and laid on soft cushions, you have been immersed in those blissful visions so that you might not perceive the cruelty of men who hate instead of loving one another, and be terrorised by such ferocity. You could no longer endure certain situations, and I do not want you to die because of them, because I take care of My “spokesman”.

<sup>2</sup>The reason why victims have been tortured by utter despair is about to cease in the world. Therefore, Mary, the time of your dreadful suffering for too many reasons in such strong contrast with your feelings, will come to an end as well. *But your suffering will not cease: you are a victim.* But part of it: *this*, will cease. Then the day will come when I will say to you, as I said to Mary of Magdala when she was dying<sup>\*\*</sup>: “Rest. It is now time for you to rest. Give Me your thorns. It is now time for roses. Rest and wait. I bless you, o blessed soul”.

15. 2

That is what I was saying to you, and it was a promise which you did not understand, as the time was approaching when you were to be immersed in, rolled over, chained and filled with thorns, in deepest darkness... I am repeating that to you now, with the joy which only the Love, *Which I am*, can feel when It can stop one of Its beloved from suffering. I am now telling you that that time of sacrifice is ceasing. And I, *Who know*, say to you, on behalf of the world which *does not know*, on behalf of Italy, of Viareggio, of this little village, *where you brought Me — meditate on the meaning of these words —* I say to you “thanks” as is due to holocausts for their sacrifices.

<sup>3</sup>When I showed you Cecily, the virgin-spouse<sup>\*\*\*</sup>, I told you that she became impregnated with My perfumes, behind which

15. 3

\* **these days**: World War II was raging in the area where M. V. lived (Viareggio), and even in the remote village where she had taken refuge (S. Andrea di Compito).

\*\* **Mary of Magdala... dying**: in “*The notebooks. 1944*”, vision of 30<sup>th</sup> March.

\*\*\* **Cecily, the virgin spouse**: visions and dictations of 22<sup>nd</sup> 23<sup>re</sup> July 1944 (*The Notebooks. 1944*).



she dragged her husband, brother-in-law, servants, relatives, friends. You played the role of Cecily in this mad world, and you do not know, but I am telling you, *I Who know*. You became saturated with Me, with My word, you informed people of My desires and the best among them understood and following you, a victim, many more have risen, and if your fatherland and the places dearer to you are not completely ruined, that is due to the fact that many victims have been consumed after your example and your ministry. Thank you, My blessed one. But go on. I have *great* need to save the earth, to buy the earth again, and you victims are the money.

15. 4 <sup>4</sup>May Wisdom, which taught saints and teaches you directly, elevate you more and more in the understanding of the Science of life and in its practice. Pitch your little tent near the house of the Lord. Or rather, pitch the pegs of your own dwelling in the abode of Wisdom and live there without ever coming out. You will rest, under the protection of the Lord Who loves you, like a bird among flowery branches and He will shelter you from all spiritual storms and you will be in the light of the glory of God, from Whom words of peace and truth will descend for you.

Go in peace. I bless you, o blessed soul. »

15. 5 <sup>5</sup>Immediately afterwards Mary says:

«A present to Mary for her feast from Mother. A *chain* of presents. And if there are some thorns amongst them, do not complain to the Lord Who has loved you as He has loved few people.

I told you at the beginning: “Write about Me. All your sorrows will be comforted”. You can now see that it was true. This gift had been put aside for this time of excitement, because we do not take care only of the spirit, but we also look after matter, which is not the queen but a useful servant to the spirit in fulfilling its mission.

Be grateful to the Most High, Who is really a Father to you, also in an affectionately human sense, and lulls you with sweet ecstasies to conceal from you what would frighten you. Love Me more and more. I have led you into the secrecy of My early years. You now know everything about Mother. Love Me as daughter and sister in our destiny of victims. And love God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Spirit with perfect love. The bless-

ing of the Father, of the Son and of the Spirit passes through My hands, is scented with My motherly love for you and it descends and rests upon you. Be supernaturally happy. »

## 16. The Annunciation.

8<sup>th</sup> March 1944.

<sup>1</sup>What I see. Mary, a very young girl: She looks fifteen years 16. 1  
old, at the most. She is in a small rectangular room: a room most suitable for a girl. Along one of the longer walls there is a bed: a low bed, without bedstead, covered with thick mats or carpets, which appear to be laid on boards or cane-trellis, because they are very stiff and without any curve, as is usual with our beds. Against the other wall there is a kind of bookcase with an oil lamp, some rolls of parchment, some needlework carefully folded: it seems to be embroidery work.

Beside the bookcase, towards the door, which opens onto the kitchen garden and which is now covered by a curtain gently moved by a light breeze, there is the Virgin sitting on a low stool. She is spinning some linen which is as white as snow and as soft as silk. Her little hands, just a little darker than linen, are whirling the spindle very quickly. Her beautiful young face is slightly bent forward and She is smiling gently as if She were caressing or following some sweet thought.

There is a great silence in the little house and in the kitchen garden. There is a great peace both on Mary's face and in the surrounding place. There is peace and order. Everything is neat and tidy and the room, although very modest looking and very modestly furnished — it is almost as bare as a cell — has something austere and regal about it because of its cleanliness and the care with which everything is laid: the clothes on the bed, the rolls, the lamp, the copper pitcher near the lamp, with a bunch of branches in bloom in it. I do not know whether they are peach or pear branches. They are certainly branches of a fruit-tree, with pinkish white flowers.

<sup>2</sup>Mary begins to sing in a low voice, then She raises Her voice 16. 2  
slightly. But She does not sing loudly. Still, it is a voice vibrating in the little room and one can perceive the vibration of Her soul

in it. I do not understand the words as they are spoken in Hebrew. But as now and again She repeats «Jehovah» I realize that it is a sacred song, perhaps a psalm. Mary is probably remembering the songs of the Temple. And it must be a happy memory because She lays Her hands in Her lap, while still holding the yarn and the spindle, and lifts Her head leaning against the wall: Her face is beautifully flushed and Her eyes are lost behind... I wonder what sweet thought. Her eyes are shining with tears, which appear but do not overflow and they make Her eyes look larger. And yet those eyes are smiling, they are smiling at a thought they can see and by which Mary is abstracted from the earthly world. Mary's face, flushed and girded by the plaits She wears rolled up like a crown around Her head, seems a beautiful flower, as it emerges from Her plain white dress.

The song changes into a prayer: «Most High Lord God, do not delay any longer in sending Your Servant to bring peace to the world. Grant us the favourable time and the pure and prolific virgin for the coming of Your Christ. Father, Holy Father, grant Me, Your servant to offer My life for this purpose. Grant Me to die after seeing Your Light and Your Justice on earth and after knowing that our Redemption has been accomplished. O Holy Father, send the Promise of the Prophets to the earth. Send the Redeemer to Your maidservant, so that in the hour of My death, Your abode may be opened to Me, as its gates have already been opened by Your Christ for all those who have hoped in You. Come, come, O Spirit of the Lord. Come to the faithful who are expecting You. Come, Prince of Peace!... » Mary remains absorbed in this way...

16. 3 <sup>3</sup>The curtain moves fast, as if someone behind it ventilated it with something or shook it to draw it. And a pearl white light mixed with pure silver makes the slightly yellow walls clearer and makes the colours of the cloths brighter and Mary's raised face more spiritual. And in such light, while the curtain is still drawn on the mystery to be accomplished, the Archangel prostrates himself: the curtain no longer moves: it is hanging stiff against the doorposts like a wall separating the inside from the outside.

It must necessarily take a human appearance. But it is a transhuman appearance. Of what flesh is this beautiful and gleaming figure made? With what substance did God form it to make

it perceptible to the senses of the Virgin? Only God can possess such substances and use them so perfectly. It is a face, a body, eyes, a mouth, hair and hands like ours. But they are not our dull matter. It is a light that has taken the colour of flesh, of eyes, hair, lips, a light that moves and smiles, looks and speaks.

«Hail, Mary, full of Grace, Hail! » The voice is a sweet arpeggio as of pearls thrown on a precious metal plate. <sup>16.4</sup>

Mary is startled and lowers Her head. And She is even more startled when She sees the shining creature kneeling at about a metre from Her and looking at Her with infinite veneration, his hands crossed over his chest.

Mary jumps to Her feet and She squeezes against the wall. She turns pale and red alternately. Her face shows surprise and fear. She subconsciously presses Her hands against Her breast hiding them under Her large sleeves. She stoops, endeavouring to conceal Her body as much as possible. An attitude of gentle modesty.

«No. Do not fear. The Lord is with You! You are blessed amongst all women! »

But Mary continues to be afraid. Where has that extraordinary being come from? Is he a messenger of God or of the Deceiver?

«Do not fear, Mary! » repeats the Archangel. «I am Gabriel, the Angel of God. My Lord has sent me to You. Do not be afraid, because You have found grace in the eyes of God. And You will conceive and bear a Son and You will call Him “Jesus”: He will be great and will be called Son of the Most High (and such He will really be). And the Lord God will give Him the throne of His Ancestor David and He will rule over the House of Jacob forever, and His reign will have no end. Understand, o Holy Virgin loved by God, Daughter blessed by Him, called to be the Mother of His Son, what Son You will generate! »

«How can this come about, since I do not know man? Perhaps the Lord God will no longer accept the offer of His maidservant and does not want Me a Virgin for His love? »

«Not by deed of man You will be a mother, Mary. You are the Eternal Virgin, the Holy Virgin of God. The Holy Spirit will come upon You and the power of the Most High will cover You with its shadow. So the Child born of You will be called Holy and Son

of God. Our Lord God can do everything. Elizabeth, the barren one, in her old age has conceived a son who will be the Prophet of Your Son, and will prepare His ways. The Lord has removed her disgrace and her memory will remain amongst peoples together with Your name, as the name of her creature will be joined to the name of Your Holy Son, and until the end of centuries you will be called blessed, because of the Lord's Grace which has come to you both and particularly to You, by means of Whom Grace has come to all peoples. Elizabeth is in her sixth month and her burden lifts her to joy, and will lift her even more when she hears of Your joy. Nothing is impossible to the Lord, Mary, full of Grace. What shall I tell my Lord? Let no thought whatsoever disturb You. He will protect Your interests if You trust in Him. The world, Heaven, the Eternal Father are awaiting Your word! »

Mary crosses Her hands over Her breast and bowing down deeply, She says: «I am the handmaid of the Lord. Let what you have said be done to Me. »

The Angel shines out of joy. He kneels in adoration because he certainly sees the Spirit of God descend upon the Virgin bent down in assent, and he disappears without moving the curtain, but leaves it well drawn over the holy Mystery.

## **17. The Disobedience of Eve and the Obedience of Mary.**

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

17.1 <sup>1</sup>Jesus says:

«[... ].\*

Do we not read in Genesis\*\* that God made man the overlord of everything on the earth, that is everything except God and His angelical ministers? Do we not read that He made the woman the companion of man in his joy and his domination over all living beings? Do we not read that they were allowed to eat of everything with the exception of the tree of the knowledge of Good and Evil? Why? What is the meaning of the words “that he

\* [... ]. This sign will always indicate an omitted passage concerning a different subject. Such extracts can be found either in “The notebooks”, under the same date, or in different sections of this “work”.

\*\* Do we not read in Genesis: 1-3.

might rule"? And what is the meaning of the tree of the knowledge of Good and Evil? Have you ever asked these questions, you man, who ask so many useless ones and never ask your soul about heavenly truths? Your soul would tell you, if it were alive, because a soul in grace is held like a flower in the hands of your angel, and like a flower it is kissed by the sun and sprinkled with dew by the Holy Spirit, Who warms and illuminates it, sprays and decorates it with heavenly lights. How many truths your soul would tell you, if you only knew how to converse with it, if you loved your soul that makes you like God, Who is a spirit, as your soul is a spirit. What a great friend you would have if you loved your soul instead of hating it to the (extent of killing it; what a great and sublime friend with whom you could talk of celestial matters, since you men are so eager to talk and you ruin one another with friendships which, if they are not unworthy ones (as sometimes they are), they are almost always useless and they turn into a vain and damaging tumult of worldly words.

Did I not say\*: "If anyone loves Me he will keep My word, and My Father will love him, and we shall come to him and make Our home with him"? The soul in grace possesses love, and by possessing love it possesses God, that is the Father Who preserves it, the Son Who teaches it, the Spirit Who illuminates it. It therefore possesses Knowledge, Science, Wisdom, Light. Consider therefore what sublime conversations your soul could hold with you. Such conversations filled the silence of prisons, the silence of cells, the silence of hermitages, the silence of the rooms of holy sick people. Such conversations were the consolation of prisoners awaiting martyrdom, of cloistered monks and nuns searching for the Truth, of hermits longing for an advanced knowledge of God, of sick people in bearing, even more, in loving their crosses.

<sup>2</sup>If you knew how to question your soul, you would be told that the true, extensive meaning — as comprehensive as creation itself — of the words "that he might rule" is this: "That man might dominate *everything, that is his three layers*. The lower layer, *the animal one*. The middle layer, *the moral one*. The superior layer, *the spiritual one*. And all three of them are to be directed to one sole aim: to possess God". To possess Him by deserving Him

17. 2

\* say: *John 14: 23* (600. 27).

through a strict control which subdues all the power of one's *ego* and conveys it to one only purpose: to deserve to possess God. Your soul would tell you that God had forbidden the knowledge of good and evil, because He had already granted good to His creatures gratuitously, and He did not want you to know evil, because it is a sweet fruit to taste, but once its juice becomes part of your blood, it causes a fever that kills you and produces a parching thirst, so that the more one drinks of that false juice, the more thirsty one becomes.

17. 3     <sup>3</sup>You may object: "And why did He put it there?" Because evil is a force that originated by itself like certain monstrous diseases in the most wholesome body.

Lucifer was an angel, the most beautiful of all the angels, a perfect spirit, inferior only to God, and yet in his bright essence a vapour of pride arose and he did not scatter it. On the contrary, he condensed it by brooding over it. And Evil was born of this incubation. It existed before man. God had hurled him out of Paradise, the cursed incubator of Evil, who had desecrated Paradise. But he is the eternal incubator of Evil and as he can no longer soil Paradise, he has soiled the earth.

17. 4     <sup>4</sup>That metaphorical tree proves this truth. God had said to the man and the woman: "You know all the laws and the mysteries of creation. But do not infringe on My right of being the Creator of man. My love will suffice for the propagation of the human race and it will spread among you and will excite the new Adams of the race without any lust of the senses but with purely charitable pulsations. I have given you everything. I am only keeping for Myself this mystery of the formation of man".

17. 5     <sup>5</sup>Satan wanted to deprive man of this intellectual virginity and with his venomous tongue he blandished and caressed Eve's limbs and eyes, exciting reflections and a perspicacity which they did not have before, because malice had not yet intoxicated them.

She "*saw*". And seeing, she wanted to try. Her flesh was aroused. Oh! If she had called to God! If she had hurried to Him saying: "Father! I am sick. The Serpent has caressed me and I am upset". The Father would have purified and healed her with His breath, which could have infused new innocence into her as it had infused life. And it would have made her forget the snake's poison, even more it would have filled her with a disgust for the

Serpent, as it happens in those who bear an instinctive dislike for diseases of which they have just been cured. But Eve does not go to the Father. Eve goes back to the Serpent. The sensation is a sweet one for her. "Seeing that the fruit of the tree was good to eat and pleasing and agreeable to the eye, she took it and ate it".

And "*she understood*". Now Malice was inside her and was gnawing at her intestines. She saw with new eyes and heard with new ears the habits and voices of beasts. And she craved for them with insane greed.

<sup>6</sup>She began the sin by herself. She accomplished it with her companion. That is why a heavier sentence is laid on woman. Because of her, man has become rebellious towards God and has become acquainted with lewdness and death. Because of her, he was no longer capable of dominating his three reigns: *the reign of the spirit*, because he allowed the spirit to disobey God; *the moral reign*, because he allowed passions to master him; *the reign of the flesh*, because he lowered it down to the instinctive level of beasts. "The Serpent seduced me" says Eve. "The woman offered me the fruit and I ate of it" says Adam. And the triple greed has ruled the three dominions since then.

<sup>7</sup>Only Grace can relax the hold of this ruthless monster. And if Grace is alive, thoroughly alive, and kept more and more alive by the goodwill of a faithful son, it will succeed in strangling the monster and will no longer have anything to fear. It will not be afraid of internal tyrants, which are the flesh and passions; neither will it be afraid of external tyrants, these are the world and the mighty ones on the earth. It will dread neither persecutions nor death. It is as Paul the Apostle says\*: "I fear none of these things, neither do I care for my life more than I care for myself, provided I carry out the mission and the ministry the Lord Jesus gave me, and that was to bear witness to the Good News of God's Grace".

[... ]».

8<sup>th</sup> March 1944.

<sup>8</sup>Mary says:

«I obeyed in My joy, because when I understood the mission

\* Paul the Apostle says in: *Acts 20: 24*.



to which God called Me, I was full of joy, My heart opened like a closed lily and it shed that blood which was to become the soil for the Lord's Seed.

17.9 *°The joy of being a mother.*

I had consecrated Myself to God since My childhood, because the light of the Most High had shown Me the cause of evil in the world and, as far as it was in My power, I wanted to remove from Myself every trace of Satan.

I did not know I was pure. I could not think I was. That simple thought would have been presumption and pride, because, since I was born of human parents, it was not right for Me to think that I was the Chosen One to be the Faultless One. The Spirit of God had informed Me of the pain of the Father because of the corruption of Eve, who had lowered herself to the level of inferior creatures, whereas she was a creature of grace. It was My intention to soothe that pain by remaining unprofaned by human thoughts, wishes and contacts and thus restoring an angelical purity in My body. The palpitations of My heart were to be only for Him, and only for Him My whole being.

But if there was no passion of the flesh in Me, there was still the sacrifice of not being a mother. Also Eve had been granted by the Father Creator the gift of maternity, a maternity devoid of what now degrades it. The sweet and pure maternity without a sensual burden! I experienced it! Of how much did Eve divest herself by giving up such wealth! More than immortality. And do not think that I am exaggerating. My Jesus and I, His Mother, with Him, have experienced the languor of death. I, the sweet languor of a tired person who falls asleep, Jesus, the intense languor of who dies sentenced to death. So we also experienced death. But only I, the new Eve, experienced maternity without any kind of profanation, that I might tell the world how sweet was the destiny of woman called to be a mother without any bodily pain. And the desire of such pure maternity was possible and actually existed in the Virgin wholly devoted to God, because that maternity is the glory of woman.

If you consider in what high esteem the Israelites held a mother, you will realise even more what sacrifice I had made when I consecrated Myself to virginity. Now the Eternal Good Father granted Me, His servant, this gift, without divesting Me of the

purity I had wrapped Myself in to be a flower on His throne. And I rejoiced with the double joy of being the mother of a man and the Mother of God.

<sup>10</sup>*The joy of being the Woman by means of Whom peace was re-established between Heaven and earth.* 17. 10

Oh! What a joy to have desired this peace for the sake of God and of men and to know that it was coming to the world through Me, the poor handmaid of the Almighty! What a joy to say: “Men, do not cry any longer. I have in Me the secret that will make you happy. I cannot tell what it is because it is sealed in Me, in My heart, just as the Son is enclosed in My pure womb. But I am already bringing it to you, and the moment when you will see Him and hear His Holy name is getting nearer and nearer”.

<sup>11</sup>*The joy of having made God happy: the joy of the believer for his God made happy.* 17. 11

Oh! The joy of removing from God’s heart the bitterness of Eve’s disobedience, pride and disbelief!

My Jesus explained the fault with which the first Couple got stained. I redeemed that sin by going up the same levels that they had descended.

<sup>12</sup>Disobedience was the beginning of the downfall: “Do not eat and do not touch of that tree” said God. And man and woman did not respect that prohibition, although as kings of creation they were allowed to touch and eat of everything except of that tree, because God wanted them to be inferior only to angels.

The tree: the means to test their obedience. What does obedience to God’s commands imply? It implies all possible good, because God commands nothing but good. What is disobedience? It is evil, because it brings about a rebellious mental state in which Satan can be active.

Eve goes toward the tree, which, if avoided, would have caused her welfare, if approached, would cause her ruin. She goes there led by the childish curiosity of seeing what is special about it, and by a rashness that makes her consider God’s command a useless one since she is strong and pure, the queen of Eden, where everything is subject to her and nothing can hurt her. Her presumption is her ruin. Presumption is the yeast of pride.

At the tree she finds the Seducer, who sings his song of lies to her inexperience, to her beautiful virginal inexperience, to her

badly guarded inexperience. “You think there is evil here? No, there isn’t. God told you because He wants to keep you as slaves under His power. You think you are king and queen? You are not even as free as wild animals. Animals can love one another with true love. You cannot. Animals are granted the gift of being creators like God. Animals generate little ones and see their families grow as much as they like. You do not. You are denied this joy. Why make you man and woman if you have to live thus? Be gods. You do not know the joy of being two in one flesh, that creates a third one and many more. Do not believe God when He promised you the joy of posterity seeing your children forming new families, leaving their father and mother for their families. He has given you a sham life: real life is to know the laws of life. Then you will be like gods and will be able to say to God: ‘We are all equal’”.

And the allurements continued because there was no will to break it, on the contrary there was the will to continue it and to learn what did not belong to man. And the forbidden tree becomes really mortal for the human race because from its branches there hangs the fruit of bitter knowledge that comes from Satan. And the woman becomes a female and with the yeast of Satanic knowledge in her heart, she moves on to corrupt Adam. With their bodies and souls degraded and their morals corrupted, they became acquainted with sorrow and the death of both their souls deprived of Grace and of their bodies divested of immortality. And Eve’s wound engendered suffering, which will not subside until the last couple on earth are dead.

17. 13     <sup>13</sup>I went along the road of the two sinners, but in the opposite direction: *I obeyed*. I obeyed in every way. God inspired Me to be a virgin. *I obeyed*. When I loved virginity that made Me as pure as the first woman before she met Satan, God asked Me to get married. *I obeyed*, elevating marriage to the degree of purity intended by God when He created the First Parents. I was then convinced that My destiny was solitude in marriage and the contempt of people because of My holy sterility, when God asked Me to be a Mother. *I obeyed*. I believed that it was possible and that the word came from God, because I was filled with peace when I heard it. I did not think: “I deserved it”. I did not say: “Now the world will admire Me, because I am like God, creating the flesh

of God". No, I did not. I lowered Myself in My humbleness.

Joy gushed out of My heart like the stem of a rose. But it was soon decorated with sharp thorns and it was clenched in the tangle of sorrow, like branches enveloped by bindweeds. Sorrow for the pain of My spouse: it suffocated My joy. Sorrow for the pain of My Son: a thorn that pierced My joy.

Eve wanted pleasure, triumph, freedom. I accepted sorrow, humiliation, slavery. I gave up My peaceful life, the esteem of My spouse, My own freedom. I kept nothing for Myself. I became the maid of God in the flesh, in morals, in the spirit, relying on Him not only for the virginal conception, but also for the protection of My honour, for the consolation of My spouse, for the means suitable to elevate him also to the sublimation of marriage, so that we could restore man and woman to their lost dignity.

<sup>17. 14</sup> I embraced the will of the Lord for Myself, My spouse and My Creature. I said "Yes" for the whole three, as I was certain that God would not break His promise to assist Me in My sorrow of a spouse who realises she is considered guilty, and of a mother who knows she is generating a Son to deliver Him to sorrow.

I said "Yes" and nothing else. *That "Yes" cancelled Eve's "No" to God's command.* "Yes, My Lord, as You wish. I will know what You want Me to know. I will live as You want Me to live. I will rejoice if You wish so. I will suffer for what You want Me to suffer. Yes, forever, My Lord, from the moment Your ray made Me a Mother to the moment You called Me back to You. 'Yes', forever 'Yes'. All the good voices of the flesh, all the good passions of the spirit were under the weight of My perpetual 'Yes'. And above, on a diamond pedestal, there was My spirit, lacking wings to fly to You, but it was the master of the whole 'ego' subdued and made Your servant. Servant in joy, servant in sorrow. But smile, o God. And be happy. Guilt has been defeated. It has been removed and destroyed. It lies under My heel, it was washed in My tears and destroyed by My obedience. The new Tree will be born of My bosom and it will bear the Fruit that knows all the evil because It suffered it all in Itself and will give all the good. All men will be able to come to It and I shall be happy if they take of It, even if they do not remember that It was born of Me. Providing man is saved and God is loved, let it be done to His handmaid what is done to a clod of earth on which a tree is planted: a step to ascend".

17. 15     <sup>15</sup>Mary, we must always be steps so that other people may ascend to God. It does not matter if they tread on us, providing they are successful in reaching the Cross. It is the new tree that has the knowledge, of Good and Evil, because it tells man what is good and what is evil, so that he may choose and live, and at the same time it is a medicine that cures those who are intoxicated by the evil they wanted to taste. Let our hearts be under the feet of men, that the number of the redeemed may increase and the Blood of My Jesus not be shed fruitlessly. That is the destiny of the maids of God. But then we deserve to receive the holy Host in our hearts and to say at the foot of the Cross drenched with His Blood and our tears: “Here is, o Father, the immaculate Host which we offer to You for the salvation of the world. Look at us, Father, melted with It and give us Your blessing for Its infinite merits”.

And I give you My caresses. Rest now, My dear daughter. The Lord is with you. »

17. 16     <sup>16</sup>Jesus says:

«My Mother’s words should disperse all perplexity of thought also in the minds most confused and muddled by pseudo science.

[... ].

I said: “metaphorical tree”. Now I will say: “symbolic tree”. Perhaps you will understand better. Its symbol is clear: the inclination to good and to evil of the two children of God would be understood by their behaviour towards the tree. Like ‘aqua regia’ that tests gold and the scales of the goldsmith that weigh its carats, that tree, by God’s command, became a means of testing and it gave the measure of Adam’s and Eve’s symbolic metal purity.

17. 17     <sup>17</sup>I can already hear your objection: “Was the punishment not excessive and the means used to condemn them not childish? ”

Not so. Actual disobedience in you, who are their heirs, is not so grave as if it were in them. You have been redeemed by Me. But Satan’s poison is always ready to rise again, like certain diseases that never disappear completely in the blood. The First Parents possessed Grace without ever even nearing Disgrace. They were therefore stronger and more firmly supported by Grace that generated love and innocence. The gift given them by God was infinite. Much graver is therefore their fall notwithstanding that gift.

<sup>18</sup>Also the fruit that was offered and eaten was symbolic. It was the fruit of *an experience they wanted to have at Satan's instigation to break God's command*. I had not forbidden men love. I only wanted them to love each other without malice; as I loved them in My holiness, they were to love each other in the holiness of affections unsoiled by lewdness. 17. 18

<sup>19</sup>It must not be forgotten that Grace is light, and whoever possesses it knows what is good and useful to know. Mary, Full of Grace, knew everything, because Wisdom taught Her, Wisdom that is Grace, and She knew how to live in a holy way. Also Eve knew what was good for her to know. But not more, because it is useless to know what is not good. But she did not have faith in God's word, and was not faithful to her promise of obedience. She believed in Satan, she broke her promise, she wanted to know what was not good, she loved it without regret, she turned love into something corrupt and degraded, which I instead had permitted as something holy. A sullied angel, she wallowed in mud and litter, whereas she could have run happily amongst the flowers of the earthly Paradise and she could have seen her offspring flourish around her, like a plant that is covered with flowers without bending its leaves into the mire. 17. 19

<sup>20</sup>Do not be like the foolish children mentioned by Me in the Gospel\*; they heard other children sing and they plugged their ears, they heard them play the pipes and they did not dance, they heard them weep and they wanted to laugh. Do not be narrow-minded, do not be deniers. Accept the Light without malice and stubbornness, without irony and disbelief. Enough said about that. 17. 20

<sup>21</sup>To make you understand how grateful you must be to Him Who died to raise you to Heaven and to defeat Satan's concupiscence, I wanted to speak to you, in this period of preparation for Easter, of what was the first link of the chain by which the Word of the Father was dragged to death, the Divine Lamb to the slaughterhouse. I wanted to speak to you about it, because at present ninety per cent of you are like Eve intoxicated by Lucifer's breath and words, and you do not live, to love one another, but to glut yourselves with sensuality, you do not live for Heaven but for 17. 21

\* Gospel, *Matthew 11: 16-17-, Luke 7: 31-32* (266. 12).

filth, you are no longer creatures gifted with soul and reason, but dogs without soul and without reason. You have killed your souls and perverted your reason. I solemnly tell you that brutes surpass you in the honesty of their love. »

**18. Mary announces the maternity of Elizabeth to Joseph and entrusts God with the task of justifying Hers.**

25<sup>th</sup> March 1944.

- 18.1 <sup>1</sup>The little house of Nazareth appears to me with Mary in it. Mary, a young girl, as when the Angel of God appeared to Her. This simple sight fills my soul with the virginal perfume of the house. The scent still remains in the room where the Angel gently waved his golden wings. That divine perfume was all concentrated on Mary to make a mother of Her and it now emanates from Her.

It is evening, because shadows begin to invade the room into which so much heavenly light had descended.

Mary is kneeling near Her little bed and is praying with Her arms crossed over Her breast and Her face bowed down very low. She is still dressed as She was at the moment of the Annunciation. Everything is exactly as it was then. The flowery branch is in its vase, the furniture in the same position. Only the distaff and the spindle are now leaning in a corner, the former with its flax, the latter with its bright thread wrapped around it.

Mary stops praying and stands up, Her face is flushed as if it were lit up by a flame. Her lips are smiling, but Her eyes are shining with tears. She takes the oil lamp and lights it with a flint. She checks that everything is in good order in the room. She straightens up the blanket on the bed as it had been displaced. She adds some water to the vase containing the flowery branch and She places it outside, in the cool of the night. She then comes back in. She takes the folded embroidery from the bookcase and the lamp and goes out closing the door. She takes a few steps in the little kitchen garden, along the side of the house and then goes into the little room where I saw\* the parting goodbye

\* **I saw:** vision received previously. It is to be noted that M. V. did not “see” according to the flow of the narration. She wrote what she saw at the moment and then

of Jesus and Mary. I recognise it although some pieces of furniture which were there previously are now missing.

Mary disappears into another small adjoining room, taking the lamp with Her, and I am left alone in the company of the embroidery work laid on the corner of the table. I can hear Mary's light steps moving to and fro, She then makes a noise with water as if She were washing something. Then there is the noise of broken sticks and I understand that She is lighting the fire.

Then She comes back and goes into the little garden. She comes in once again with some apples and vegetables. She puts the apples on the table, on an engraved metal tray, possibly made of copper. She goes back into the kitchen, (the kitchen is definitely over there). Now the flames of the fireplace are merrily casting light through the open door into this room and make dancing shadows on the wall.

Some time goes by and Mary comes in with a small brown loaf and a bowl of hot milk. She sits down and dips some small slices of bread into the milk. She eats them slowly. Then leaving half of the bowl of milk, She goes into the kitchen and comes back with the vegetables on which She pours some oil and She eats them with the bread. She quenches Her thirst with the milk. She then takes an apple and eats it. The meal of a little girl.

Mary eats and thinks and She smiles at some inner thought. She looks up and all around the walls and seems to be telling them a secret. Now and again, She turns serious, almost sad. But soon Her smile is back on Her lips again.

<sup>2</sup>There is a knocking at the door. Mary gets up and opens it. Joseph comes in. They greet each other. Then Joseph sits on a stool in front of Mary, on the opposite side of the table. <sup>18.2</sup>

Joseph is a handsome man in the prime of life. He must be thirty-five years old at the most. His face is framed by his dark brown hair and a beard of the same colour and his eyes are very sweet and very dark, almost black. His forehead is large and smooth, his nose thin and slightly aquiline, his cheeks are roundish of a brown hue, but not olive-coloured, on the contrary they are rosy near the cheek-bones. He is not very tall, but he is strong and well built.

she was instructed by Jesus how to organize her "work". The vision mentioned here will be found in chapter 44.



Before sitting down he has taken off his mantle and it is the first I have seen of its kind, because it is a full circle. It is held close at the neck by a kind of hook and it has a hood. The colour is light brown and it seems to be made of a cloth of coarse water-proof wool. It looks like the mantle of a mountaineer suitable to shelter from inclement weather.

18. 3 <sup>3</sup>Also before sitting down he offers Mary two eggs and a bunch of grapes, somewhat withered, but well preserved. And he smiles saying: «The grapes were brought to me from Cana. I was given the eggs by a Centurion for some repair work I did to his cart. A wheel was broken and their carpenter is ill. They are freshly laid. He took them from the hen house. Drink them. They will do You good. »

«Tomorrow Joseph. I have just finished My meal. »

«But You can take the grapes. They are good, as sweet as honey. I carried them very carefully, so that they would not get ruined. Eat them. There are plenty more. I'll bring them tomorrow in a little basket. I couldn't this evening, because I came straight from the Centurion's house. »

«Well, then, you have not had any supper yet. »

«No, I haven't, but it does not matter. »

Mary gets up at once and goes into the kitchen and She comes back with some milk, some olives and cheese. «I have nothing else» She says. «Take an egg. »

But Joseph does not want it. The eggs are for Mary. He eats with relish his bread and the cheese and he drinks the luke warm milk. He then accepts an apple. And his supper is over.

Mary takes Her embroidery after cleaning the table and Joseph helps Her and he remains in the kitchen even when She comes back here. I can hear him putting things away. He pokes the fire because it is a cool evening. When he comes in, Mary thanks him.

18. 4 <sup>4</sup>They speak to each other. Joseph tells Her how he spent the day. He talks of his little nephews and he takes an interest in Mary's work and in Her flowers. He promises to bring Her some beautiful flowers which the Centurion has promised him. «They are flowers we haven't got here. They were brought from Rome. And he promised me some little plants. Now, when the moon is in the right quarter I will plant them for You. They have lovely

colours and a beautiful scent. I saw them last year, because they bloom in summer. They will scent the whole house for You. Then I will prune the trees when the moon is right. It is time. »

Mary smiles and thanks him. Then there is silence. Joseph looks at Mary's fair head bowed over Her embroidery. A look of angelical love. Certainly, if an angel were to love a woman with the love of a husband, he would look at her in this way.

<sup>5</sup>Then Mary, as if She were taking a sudden decision, lays the embroidery on Her lap and says: «I also have something to tell you. I never have anything to say, because you know how withdrawn I live. But today I have some news. I heard that our relative Elizabeth, Zacharias' wife, is about to have a child... »

Joseph opens his eyes wide and exclaims: «At her age? »

«At her age» replies Mary smiling. «The Lord can do everything, and now He is giving this joy to our relative. »

«How do you know? Is the news certain? »

«A messenger came. One who would not tell lies. I would like to go to Elizabeth's, to help her and tell her that I am rejoicing with her. If you will allow Me... »

«Mary, You are my lady and I Your servant. Whatever You do is well done. When would You like to go? »

«As soon as possible. But I shall be away for some months. »

«And I will count the days waiting for You. Go and don't worry. I will look after the house and Your little garden. You will find the flowers as beautiful as if You had taken care of them. But... wait. Before Passover I must go to Jerusalem to buy some things for my work. If You can wait for a few days, I will come with You as far as Jerusalem. I can't go any farther, because I must hurry back. But we can go there together. I will be happier if I know that You are not on the road by Yourself. When You want to come back, You can let me know and I will come and meet You. »

«You are so good, Joseph. May the Lord reward you with His blessings and keep sorrow away from you. I always pray to Him for that. »

<sup>6</sup>The chaste couple smile at each other angelically. There is silence again for a little while. <sup>18.6</sup>

Then Joseph gets up. He puts his mantle on and he covers his head with the hood. He says goodbye to Mary Who has also got up, and he goes out.

Mary looks at him going out and She sighs rather sadly. She then lifts Her eyes to Heaven. She is certainly praying. She closes the door carefully. She folds the embroidery. She goes into the kitchen, puts out or covers up the fire. She makes sure that everything is in order. She then takes the oil lamp and goes out closing the door. With Her hand She shields the feeble flame that flickers in the cool evening breeze... She enters Her room and prays once again.

The vision ends thus.

18. 7 <sup>7</sup>Mary says:

«My dear daughter, when I came back to the reality of earthly life after the ecstasy that had filled Me with inexpressible joy, My first thought was for Joseph: a thought as sharp as a rose thorn, that pierced My heart enraptured among the roses of Divine Love, Who had become My Spouse only a few moments before.

By this time I loved My holy and provident guardian. Since the time when by the will of God, manifested to Me by the word of the Priest, I was married to Joseph, I had the possibility of knowing and appreciating the holiness of that Just man. When I became united to him, My dismay at being an orphan disappeared and I no longer regretted the lost retreat of the Temple. He was as sweet as My deceased father. With him I felt as safe as with the Priest. All perplexity had disappeared, it had even been forgotten, so far it was from My virginal heart. I had in fact understood that there was no reason whatsoever for hesitation or fear with regard to Joseph. My virginity entrusted to Joseph was safer than a child in his mother's arms.

18. 8 <sup>8</sup>But now, how could I tell him that I was a Mother? I endeavoured to find suitable words to give him the news. A difficult task, as I did not want to boast of God's gift and on the other hand there was no way of justifying My maternity without saying: "The Lord has loved Me amongst all women and has made Me, His servant, His Bride". Neither did I wish to deceive him by concealing My condition from him.

And while I was praying, the Spirit of Whom I was full, said to Me: "Be silent. Entrust Me with the task of justifying You with Your spouse". When? How? I did not ask. I had always relied upon God, and I had always allowed Myself to be led by Him exactly

as a flower is led away by running water. The Eternal Father had never abandoned Me without His help. His hand had always supported, protected and guided Me so far. It would do so also now.

<sup>9</sup>O My daughter, how beautiful and comforting is faith in our Eternal Good God! He holds us in His arms as in a cradle, like a boat He steers us into the bright harbour of Goodness, He warms our hearts, comforts and nourishes us, He bestows rest and happiness, light and guidance on us. Reliance in God is everything, and God grants everything to those who trust in Him: He gives Himself. 18. 9

That evening I elevated to perfection My reliance as a creature. Now I was able to do so, because God was in Me. Before I had the confidence of a poor creature, such as I was: a mere nothing, even if I was so much loved as to be the Faultless One. But now I had a divine confidence, because God was Mine: My Spouse, My Son! Oh! What a joy! To be One with God. Not for My own glory, but to love Him with a total union and say to Him: “You, only You are in Me: please assist Me with Your Divine perfection in everything I do”.

If He had not said to Me: “Be silent!”, I would probably have dared say to Joseph, with My face bowed to the ground: “The Spirit has penetrated Me and now the Embryo of God is in Me”, and he would have believed Me, because he held Me in high esteem and because like those who never lie, he could not believe that others lied. Yes, to avoid hurting his feelings in the future, I would have overcome My reluctance to praise Myself. But I obeyed the divine command. And for months after that moment, I felt the first wound pierce My heart.

It was the first pain in My destiny of Co-Redeemer. I offered and suffered it to repair and to give you guidance for similar circumstances in life, when it is necessary to suffer in silence for an event that casts a bad light on you in relation to those who love you.

<sup>10</sup>Entrust God with the protection of your reputation and affections. If you deserve God’s protection with a holy life, you can proceed safely. Even if the whole world is against you, He will defend you with regard to those who love you and will cause the truth to be known. 18. 10

Now rest, My dear, and be more and more My dear daughter. »

## 19. Mary and Joseph towards Jerusalem.

27<sup>th</sup> March 1944.

19. 1 <sup>1</sup>I see their departure to go to St. Elizabeth's.

Joseph has come with two little donkeys to fetch Mary: one for himself, the other for Mary: one of the little animals has the usual saddle with a strange gadget attached to it. Later I gather that it is a kind of luggage-rack on which Joseph fastens a small wooden casket, a small trunk we would call it nowadays, which he brought for Mary's clothes, to prevent them from getting wet.

I hear Mary thank Joseph wholeheartedly for the provident gift, in which She packs what She takes out of a bundle She had made up previously.

19. 2 <sup>2</sup>They close the door of the house and start off. It is daybreak, for I can see the rosy dawn in the east. Nazareth is still asleep. The two early travellers meet only a shepherd who is pushing forward his sheep, which are trotting along, one against the other, jammed in close flock. They are all bleating. The little lambs with their shrill sharp voices bleat more than the others, and want their mothers' breasts even while moving. But the mothers are hurrying towards the pastures and with their louder beatings they urge the little ones to follow them.

Mary looks and smiles and since She has stopped to let the herd go by, She bends on the saddle and caresses the mild little beasts that pass near Her donkey. When the shepherd arrives carrying a newly-born little lamb in his arms and he stops to speak to Mary, She smiles and caresses the pinkish little face of the lamb, that is bleating desperately and She exclaims: «It's looking for its mother. Here is your mother. She won't leave you, of course she won't, little lamb.» In fact the ewe rubs herself against the shepherd, then stands up on her hind legs and licks the face of her little one.

The herd passes by making the noise of water drops falling on leaves. Behind it there is the dust raised by the trotting feet of the sheep and the patterns of their footprints on the dusty road.

Joseph and Mary take to the road again. Joseph is wearing his large mantle, Mary has on a kind of a striped shawl, because it is a very cool morning.

They are now in the country and they are proceeding one be-

side the other. They seldom speak. Joseph is thinking of his business, Mary is following Her own thoughts and in Her concentration She smiles at them. At times She looks around and smiles at the things She sees. Now and again She looks at Joseph and then an expression of sad seriousness darkens Her face; then She smiles again, still looking at Her provident spouse who speaks so little and when he does speak it is only to ask Her whether She is comfortable and whether She needs anything.

<sup>3</sup>By now there are many people on the road, particularly near and inside villages. But Mary and Joseph do not pay much attention to the people they meet. They proceed on their trotting donkeys, in the midst of the noise of the harness bells, and they stop only once in the shade of a thicket, to eat some bread and olives and to drink at a spring that runs down from a grotto. They stop later to take shelter from a sudden heavy downpour from a very dark cloud. 19. 3

They have taken cover under the mountain, against a protruding rock that protects them from most of the heavy rain. Joseph wants Mary to put on his big mantle, which is waterproof and he insists so much that Mary is obliged to yield to the insistence of Her spouse, who to reassure Her of his own immunity, covers his head and shoulders with a small grey blanket which was on the saddle. Probably the donkey's blanket. Now Mary looks like a little monk, with Her face framed by the hood and the mantle closed around Her neck and covering all Her body.

The shower slackens and turns into a tedious drizzling rain. Mary and Joseph start off again along a muddy road. But it is springtime and after a short while the sun makes the journey more comfortable. Also the two little donkeys are now trotting more happily along the road.

I do not see anything else because the vision ends here.

## **20. The departure from Jerusalem. The heavenly aspect of Mary. The importance of prayer for Mary and Joseph.**

28<sup>th</sup> March 1944.

<sup>4</sup>We are in Jerusalem. I know the town very well now, with its streets and gates. 20. 1

The first thing Mary and Joseph do is to go to the Temple. I recognise the stable where Joseph left his donkey on the day of Jesus' presentation in the Temple. Also now he leaves the two donkeys there, after feeding them, and then he goes with Mary to worship the Lord.

When they come out, they enter a house which apparently belongs to people they know. They take some refreshment there and Mary rests until Joseph comes back with a little old man. «This man is going Your way. You will not have to travel a long way by Yourself to get to Your relatives. You can trust him because I know him. »

20.2 <sup>2</sup>They get on their donkeys again and Joseph goes with Mary as far as the Gate (it is not the one they entered but a different one) and they part there. Mary proceeds with the little old man who is as chatty as Joseph was silent and takes an interest in many things. Mary answers him patiently. In front of the saddle She now has the little trunk which Joseph's donkey had carried earlier and She is no longer wearing the large mantle. Neither is she wearing the shawl, which is folded on the trunk, and She is really beautiful in Her dark blue dress and white veil that protects Her from the sun. How beautiful She is!

The old man must be somewhat deaf, because Mary, Who normally speaks in a very low voice, had to speak loudly to make Herself heard. And now he is tired. He has finished with all his questions and news and is dozing on the saddle, led by the donkey that is familiar with the road.

Mary takes advantage of this respite to collect Her thoughts and to pray. It must be a prayer that She sings in a low voice, looking at the blue sky, with Her arms crossed over Her breast, while Her face is bright and happy because of some internal emotion.

I see nothing else.

20.3 <sup>3</sup>And even now that the vision is interrupted, as it happened yesterday, I am left with Mother near me, visible to my internal sight so clearly that I can describe the light rosy hue of Her cheeks, not very chubby but gently soft, the bright red of Her little lips and Her clear blue eyes sweetly shining between Her dark-blond eyelashes.

I can tell you how Her hair, separated in half on the crown of

Her head, falls softly with three undulations on each side, as far down as to cover half of Her little rosy ears, and then disappears with its pale shiny gold behind the veil covering Her head (because I see Her with Her mantle over Her head, wearing a dress of heavenly silk and a dark mantle, as thin as a veil, of the same cloth as the dress).

I can tell you that Her dress is tight around Her neck by means of a sheathing inside which runs a cord, the ends of which form a knot in front at the base of Her neck. Likewise, Her dress is gathered at Her waist by a thicker cord, also of white silk, hanging down Her side with two tassels.

I can even tell you that Her dress, tight as it is at Her neck and waist, forms seven round soft folds on Her breast, the only ornament of Her very modest garment.

I can tell you of the chastity emanating from all of Her, from Her so delicate and harmonious forms, which make Her such an angelical woman.

<sup>4</sup>And the more I look at Her the more I suffer thinking of how much they made Her suffer and I wonder how they could have had no mercy on Her, so meek and kind, so delicate also in Her physical appearance. I look at Her and I can hear once again all the shouting on Calvary, also against Her, all the mockery and insults, all the curses shouted against Her because She was the Mother of the Convict. Now I see Her beautiful and tranquil. But Her present appearance does not cancel the memory of Her tragical face during those hours of agony, or that of Her desolate face in the house in Jerusalem, after Jesus' death. And I would like to be able to caress and kiss Her cheek, so delicately rosy and soft, to remove with my kiss that memory of sad tears, as She certainly remembers as I do. 20. 4

<sup>5</sup>You cannot believe how much peace it gives me to have Her near me. I think that to die seeing Her must be as sweet and even sweeter than the sweetest hour of one's lifetime. During the time that I did not see Her thus, all for myself, Her absence was a great sorrow to me, just like the absence of a mother. I now feel once again the ineffable joy which was my companion in December and early January. And I am happy, notwithstanding that the sight of the torture of the Passion casts a veil of grief on all my happiness. 20. 5



It is difficult to explain and make you understand what I feel and what has been happening since February the eleventh, when in the evening I saw Jesus suffer in His Passion. That sight has changed me completely. Whether I die now or in one hundred years' time, that vision will always be the same in intensity and consequences. Previously I used to think of the sorrows of Christ, now I live them, because one word, or a glance at an image is enough to make me suffer all over again what I suffered that evening and be horrified at those tortures; and I grieve over His desolate sufferings, and even if nothing reminds me of them, their remembrance tears my heart.

Mary is beginning to speak and I turn silent.

20. 6    <sup>6</sup>Mary says:

«I will not speak much, because You are very tired, My poor daughter. I only wish to draw your attention and the attention of readers to the constant habit of Joseph and Mine of giving priority to prayer. Tiredness, haste, worries, troubles never hindered our prayer, on the contrary they helped it. It was always the queen of our troubles, our relief, our light, our hope. If in sad moments it was a consolation, in happy ones it was a song. But it was always the constant friend of our souls. It detached us from the earth, from our exile, and it raised us up towards Heaven, our Fatherland.

Not only I, Who by now had God with Me and I had but to look at My bosom to worship the Holy of Holies, but also Joseph felt united to God when he prayed, because our prayers were a true adoration of our whole beings, which melted with God by worshipping Him and by being embraced by Him.

And please note that not even I, although I had the Eternal God in Me, not even I felt exempted from respectful homage to the Temple. The deepest holiness does not exempt anyone from feeling a mere nothing with regard to God and from converting such nothingness into an endless hosanna to God's glory, since He allows us to do so.

20. 7    <sup>7</sup>Are you weak, poor, faulty? Invoke the holiness of the Lord: "Holy, Holy, Holy!" Invoke the Blessed Holy One to assist you in your misery. He will come and instil His holiness into you. Are you holy and rich in merits in the eyes of God? Invoke the ho-

liness of the Lord just the same. It is infinite and will increase yours. The angels, who are superior to the weaknesses of mankind, do not cease singing their “Sanctus” not even for an instant, and their supernatural beauty increases with each invocation of the holiness of our God. Imitate the angels.

Never divest yourselves of the protection of prayer, which blunts the weapons of Satan, the malice of the world, the incentives of the flesh and mental pride. Never lay down this weapon, which causes Heaven to open and pour out Its graces and blessings.

The world needs a shower of prayers to be purified from the sins that draw punishments from God. And since only few people pray, those few must pray as if they were many. They must multiply their *living* prayers to make up the necessary amount to obtain graces. Prayers are living when they are flavoured with true love and sacrifice.

<sup>8</sup>My dear daughter, it is a good thing, pleasing to God and praiseworthy, that you should suffer because of the sufferings of My Jesus and Mine, in addition to your own. Your sympathetic love is so dear to Me. But do you want to kiss Me? Kiss the wounds of My Son. Dress them with the balm of your love. I suffered spiritually the pangs of the scourges, of the thorns and the torture of the nails and of the cross. And likewise I feel spiritually all the caresses given to my Jesus, as they are as many kisses given to Me. And then come. I am the Queen of Heaven. But I am always the Mother... » <sup>20. 8</sup>

And I am happy.

## **21. The arrival of Mary in Hebron and Her meeting with Elizabeth.**

1<sup>st</sup> April 1944.

<sup>1</sup>I am now in a mountainous place. They are not high mountains, neither are they just hills. There are ridges and creeks as we see in our Apennines in Tuscany and Umbria. The vegetation is thick and beautiful and there is plenty of fresh water that keeps the pastures green and the orchards fruitful: apple and fig-trees are mostly cultivated in the orchards and grapes near <sup>21. 1</sup>

the houses. It must be springtime because the grapes are rather big, about the size of vetch grains, and the apple-blossoms have already sprung and they look like so many little green pellets; on top of the fig branches the first fruits can be seen, still in the embryo stage, but already well formed. The meadows are real soft multicoloured carpets. Sheep are grazing or resting on them and they look like white spots on the emerald of the grass.

- 21.2 <sup>2</sup>Mary, on Her donkey, is climbing up a rather well kept road, probably the main road. She is climbing because the village is higher up and it looks quite tidy. My internal warner says to me: "This place is Hebron. " You spoke to me of Montana. I cannot help it. It is indicated to me with this name. I do not know whether Hebron is the whole area or only the village. That is what I hear and that is what I say.

Mary is now entering the village. It is evening. Some women on their doorsteps watch the arrival of the stranger and gossip with one another. Their eyes follow Her and they are not happy until they see Her stop in front of one of the prettiest houses, in the centre of the village, with a kitchen garden in the front, and a well cultivated orchard in the rear and around it. The orchard continues into a large meadow that rises and slopes according to the sinuosity of the mountain and ends in a wood of tall trees, beyond which I do not know what there is. The whole place is surrounded by a hedge of blackberries or wild roses. I cannot tell exactly which, because, if you remember, the flowers and leaves of these two thorny hedges are very much alike and until their branches bear fruit it is easy to confuse them. In front of the house, that is on the side that skirts the village, the place is enclosed by a small low white wall, on top of which there are rows of rose-bushes, at present without flowers, but already full of buds. In the centre there is an iron gate. It is easily understood that it is the house of a notable of the village and a well-to-do family, because everything shows comfort and great order, if not riches and pomp.

- 21.3 <sup>3</sup>Mary gets off the donkey and goes to the gate. She looks through the iron bars, but does not see anyone. She endeavours then to make Herself heard. A little old woman, who more curious than the others has followed Her, shows Her a strange gadget that is used as a bell. It consists of two pieces of metal balanced

on a kind of yoke, at the end of which there is a rope. When the rope is pulled, the two metal pieces strike each other and make the sound of a bell or gong.

Mary pulls the rope, but so gently, that there is only a faint tinkling, which no one hears. Then the little old woman, whose face is all nose and pointed-chin and whose tongue is worth ten put together, gets hold of the rope and pulls it several times with all her might. She makes enough noise to raise the dead! «That's how You do it, woman. Otherwise, how can they hear You? You know, Elizabeth is old and so is Zacharias. Now he is dumb as well as deaf. Also the two servants are old, don't You know? Have You ever been here before? Don't You know Zacharias? Are You... »

Mary is rescued from the deluge of information and questions by a little old man who suddenly appears panting. He must be a gardener or a farmer, for he is holding a hoe in his hand and there is a pruning knife tied to his belt. He opens the gate and Mary enters thanking the little woman but... leaving her recent question unanswered. What a disappointment for the curious soul!

As soon as She is inside Mary says: «I am Mary of Joachim and Anne, from Nazareth. I am your masters' cousin. »

<sup>21. 4</sup> The man bows down and welcomes Her, he then calls out in a loud voice: «Sarah! Sarah! » He opens the gate again to let in the donkey that had been left outside. Mary, in fact, to get rid of the persistent little woman, had slipped inside very quickly and the gardener just as quickly had closed the gate in the face of the gossip. And while taking the donkey in, he exclaims: «Oh! What a great happiness and what an upheaval to this household! Heaven has granted a child to the barren one, may the Most High be blessed! But seven months ago, Zacharias came back dumb from Jerusalem. He now makes himself understood by gestures or by writing. Perhaps You already know. My landlady has longed so much for You in this joy and this travail! She always spoke to Sarah about You and she would say: "If I only had little Mary with Me! I wish She were still in the Temple! I would send Zacharias to fetch Her. But now the Lord wanted Her married to Joseph of Nazareth. She is the only one who can comfort me in my pain and help me to pray to God, because She is so good. And they all miss Her in the Temple. On the last feast day, the last time I went

to Jerusalem with Zacharias to thank the Lord for the child He has given me, Her teachers said to me: ‘The Temple seems to be without the Cherubim of the Glory since Mary’s voice is no longer heard inside these walls’”» He then shouts again: «Sarah, Sarah! My wife is a little deaf. But come, please, I’ll show You the way. »

- 21.5 <sup>5</sup>Instead of Sarah, a fairly old woman appears at the top of the staircase on one side of the house. Her face is all wrinkles and her hair is very grey. It must have been very black at one time because her eyelashes and eyebrows are still very dark and also from the colour of her face one can tell that she was swarthy. Her present, very obvious pregnant condition, is a strange contradiction to her clear old age, notwithstanding her wide and loose dress. She looks down shading her eyes with her hand. As soon as she recognises Mary she raises her arms to the sky and utters an «Oh!» of joy and surprise. She then rushes, as fast as she can, towards Mary. Also Mary, who always moves very quietly, now runs, as swift as a little deer, and reaches the foot of the staircase at the same time as Elizabeth. And She embraces with great affection Her cousin who is crying with joy at seeing Her.

They remain embraced for an instant and then Elizabeth detaches herself exclaiming: «Ah!», an exclamation of mingled joy and sorrow and she places her hands on her enlarged abdomen. She bows her face and turns red and pale alternately. Mary and the servant hold out their hands to support her because she staggers, as if she were unwell.

But Elizabeth, after a moment of concentration, lifts her face which is now so bright that she looks much younger. She then looks at Mary with evident veneration as if she sees an angel, she bows in a deep salutation exclaiming: «You are blessed amongst all women! Blessed is the Fruit of Your womb! (She says exactly that: two clearly separate sentences). How did I deserve that the Mother of my Lord should come to me, Your servant? There, at the sound of Your voice, the child leaped out of joy in my womb and when I embraced You, the Spirit of the Lord whispered deepest truths to my heart. You are blessed, because You believed that it was possible for God even what does not appear possible to the human mind! You are blessed, because by Your faith You will accomplish the things the Lord predicted to You and the Prophets

foretold for our times! You are blessed for the Salvation You have brought to the house of Jacob! You are blessed for the Holiness You have brought to my son, whom I feel leaping with joy, like a happy little kid, in my womb, because he feels free from the burden of guilt, and is called to be the Predecessor, sanctified before Redemption by the Holy One Who is growing within You! »

Mary, with two tears that run down like two pearls from Her sparkling eyes to Her smiling lips, with Her face raised to heaven and also Her arms raised up, in the position that Her Jesus will often take on, exclaims\*: «My soul proclaims the greatness of the Lord» and She continues the canticle as it has been handed down to us. At the end, at the verse: «He has come to the help of Israel his servant etc. », she puts Her hands on Her breast, kneels down stooping to the ground, adoring God.

«The servant, who quite wisely had disappeared when he realised that Elizabeth was not really physically unwell, on the contrary, she was confiding her thoughts to Mary, is now coming back from the orchard with a solemn old man, whose hair and beard are completely white, and who greets Mary from a distance with great gestures and loud guttural sounds. 21. 6

«Zacharias is arriving,» says Elizabeth, touching the shoulder of Mary, engrossed in prayer. «My Zacharias is dumb. God has punished him because he did not believe. I will tell You later. But now I hope that God will forgive him, because You have come. You, full of Grace. »

Mary rises and goes to meet Zacharias. She stoops to the ground in front of him, kissing the hem of his white robe that reaches down to the ground. It is a very wide robe, held tight to the waist by a large embroidered braid.

Zacharias welcomes Mary by gestures and they both move towards Elizabeth. They all enter a room on the ground floor. It is a wide room, tastefully arranged, where they make Mary sit down and they offer Her some new milk — there is still froth it — and some small pieces of bread.

Elizabeth gives some orders to the maid servant, who has appeared at last, her hands still covered with flour and her hair whiter than usual because of the flour dust on it. Perhaps she was

\* exclaims: *Luke 1: 46-55.*

baking bread. She gives orders also to the male servant, whose name I hear is Samuel, and tells him to take Mary's trunk to a room which she indicates to him. She thus fulfils her duties of a landlady towards her guest.

In the meantime Mary is replying to the questions Zacharias is asking Her, writing them on a wax tablet with a style. From Her answers I understand that he is asking Her about Joseph and Her married life with him. I also understand that Zacharias has been denied all supernatural light about Mary's state and Her condition of Mother of the Messiah. Elizabeth goes near her husband and laying her hand on his shoulder, in a loving attitude, as if she were caressing him chastely, she says to him: "Also Mary is a mother. Rejoice over Her happiness." But she does not say anything else. She looks at Mary. And Mary looks at her but does not encourage her to say more and Elizabeth stays silent.

- 21.7 <sup>7</sup>A sweet, very sweet vision! It obliterates the horror of the sight of Judas' suicide.

Last night, before falling asleep, I saw Mary crying, bent over the unction stone, on the dead body of Our Redeemer. She was on His right-hand side, with Her back to the opening of the sepulchre grotto. The torches lit up Her face so that I could see Her poor face ravaged by sorrow and washed by tears. She would take Jesus' hand, caress it, warm it against her cheeks, kiss it, stretch its fingers out... kiss them one by one, those poor motionless fingers. Then She would caress His face, would bend down to kiss His open mouth, His half-open eyes, His wounded forehead. The reddish light of the torches made the wounds of the tortured body appear more real and rendered the cruelty of His torture and the realism of His death more true and authentic.

And I remained in contemplation until my mind was clear. When I came out of my drowsiness, I prayed and I lay down to go to sleep. Then the above vision began. But Mother said to me: «Don't move. Just look. You will write it tomorrow.» In my sleep I dreamt it all over again. When I woke up at 6.30 I saw what I had already seen both when I was awake and in my sleep. And I wrote while I was seeing. Then you came and I asked you if I could add the following. They are various sketches of Mary's stay in Zacharias' house.

## 22. The days in Hebron. The significance of Mary's goodness to Elizabeth.

2<sup>nd</sup> April 1944.

<sup>1</sup>It is morning. I see Mary sewing, sitting in the room on the ground floor. Elizabeth is going to and fro, busy with the house-work. And when she comes into Mary's room, she never fails to go and caress Her fair head, which looks even more fair against the rather dark walls and in the beautiful sun rays that enter through the door open onto the garden. 22. 1

Elizabeth bends down to look at Mary's work — the embroidery She had in Nazareth — and she praises its beauty.

«I have also some linen to spin, » says Mary.

«For your Child? »

«No. I had it already when I never thought... » Mary does not say anything else. But I understand: «...when I never thought I was to be the Mother of God. »

«But now You will have to use it for Him. Is it good? Fine? Children, You know, need very soft material. »

«I know. »

«I had begun... Late, because I wanted to be sure that it was not a deception of the Evil One. Although... I felt such a joy within me, that it could not possibly come from Satan. After... I suffered so much. I am old, Mary, really old, to be in this state. <sup>2</sup>I suffered so *much*. Don't You suffer... » 22. 2

«No. I don't. I have never been so well. »

«Of course. Quite right. You... there is no stain in You, as God chose You for His Mother. And that is why You are not subject to Eve's sufferings. The One You bear is holy. »

«I feel as if I had a wing in My heart and not a burden. I seem to have within Me all the flowers and all the birds that sing in springtime, and all the honey and all the sunshine... Oh! I am so happy! »

«Blessed Mary! Neither do I any longer feel burden, tiredness or pain, since I saw You. I seem to be new, young, freed from the miseries of woman's flesh. My child, after leaping happily at the sound of Your voice, is now quiet in his joy. And I seem to have him, in me, as in a living cradle, and I see him sleeping satisfied and happy, breathing like a little bird under the wing of



22.3 its mother... <sup>3</sup>I will now start working. He will no longer be a weight. I cannot see very well, but... »

«Never mind, Elizabeth. I will see to the spinning and weaving both for you and for your baby. I am quick and My sight is very good. »

«But you will have to see to Your... »

«Oh! There will be plenty time!... First I will take care of you, since you are going to have your baby very shortly, and later I will see to My Jesus. »

It is beyond human possibility to tell you how sweet are Mary's expressions and voice, how bright Her eyes are with sweet happy tears, and how She smiles in pronouncing that Name, looking at the clear blue sky. She seems to be enraptured simply saying: «Jesus».

Elizabeth exclaims: «What a beautiful name! The name of the Son of God, of Our Redeemer! »

«Oh! Elizabeth! » Mary becomes sad and She seizes the hands of Her relative who had laid them across her enlarged abdomen. «Tell Me, since you were illuminated by the Spirit of the Lord, when I came here, and you prophesied what the world does not know, tell Me: what will My Creature have to suffer to save the world? The Prophets... Oh! What do the Prophets say of the Saviour? Isaiah... Do you remember Isaiah? "He is the Man of sorrows. Through His wounds we are healed. He was pierced through for our faults, crushed for our sins. Yahweh has been pleased to crush Him with suffering. After being condemned He was lifted up..." What lifting is he referring to? They call Him the Lamb and I cannot help thinking of the lamb of the Passover, of the lamb of Moses, and I associate it with the serpent elevated by Moses on a cross. Elizabeth! ay... Elizabeth!... What will they do to My Creature? What will He have to suffer to save the world? » Mary is crying.

Elizabeth comforts Her. «Mary, don't cry. He is Your Son, but He is also the Son of God. God will see to His Son, and will look after You, His Mother. And if so many will be cruel to Him, so many will love Him. So many!... Forever and ever. The world will look at Your Son and will bless You with Him. They will bless You, for You are the Spring from which redemption gushes out. The destiny of Your Son! He will be raised to the rank of King

of the whole creation. Just think of that, Mary. King, because He will redeem the whole creation, and as such, He will be universal King. And He will be loved also in the world, in its lifetime. My son will precede Yours and will love Him. The angel told Zacharias. And he wrote it down for me... <sup>22.4</sup> «How painful it is to see him dumb, my Zacharias! But I hope that when the baby is born also the father will be freed from his punishment. Will You pray, too, since You are the Seat of the Power of God and the Cause of delight in the world. To obtain this grace I make my offers to the Lord, as best I can. I offer my creature: because it belongs to Him, as He lent it to His servant to grant her the joy of being called “mother”. It is the testimony of what God has done for me. I want his name to be “John”. Isn’t my son a grace? And didn’t God grant me it? »

«And God, I am sure, will grant you the grace. I will pray... with you. »

«I suffer so much seeing him dumb!... » Elizabeth is crying. «When he writes, as he can no longer speak to me, there seem to be mountains and oceans between me and my Zacharias. After so many years of sweet conversation, now there is nothing but silence from his mouth. And particularly now, when it would be so nice to talk about him who is about to come. I even refrain from speaking to avoid seeing him getting strained in his efforts to reply to me by gestures. I have cried so much! How much did I long for You! The people of the village watch, talk and criticise. Such is the world. But when one has a pain or a joy, one needs to be understood, not criticised. But now my life seems completely improved. I feel a joy in me since You came here. I feel that my test is about to end and that I shall soon be completely happy. I am right, am I not? I have resigned myself to everything. But if God would only forgive my husband! If I could only hear him pray once again! »

<sup>22.5</sup> Mary caresses and comforts her and in order to divert her attention, she invites her to take a little walk in the sunny garden.

They walk under a well cultivated pergola, as far as a little rustic tower, in the holes of which doves have nested.

Mary scatters the birdseed laughing, because the doves have rushed on Her, cooing loudly and flapping noisily, forming iridescent circles around Her. They alight on Her head, shoulders,

arms and on Her hands, stretching their rosy beaks to snatch the grains from Her hands, gracefully pecking the Virgin's rosy lips and Her teeth that shine in the sun. Mary takes the golden corn from a little sack and She laughs in the middle of that game of intrusive greed.

«How fond they are of You! » points out Elizabeth. «You have only been here a few days and they love You more than me, although I have always taken care of them. »

They continue walking until they reach an enclosure, at the end of the orchard, where there are about twenty goats with their little kids.

«Have you come back from the pasture? » Mary asks a little shepherd, caressing him.

«Yes, because my father said to me: "Go home, because it is going to rain shortly and there are some sheep about to lamb. Make sure they have dry grass and litter". There he is, he is coming. » And he points to the wood, whence a continual trembling bleating can be heard.

Mary caresses a little kid, as fair as a child, which rubs itself against Her, and together with Elizabeth She drinks some new milk that the little shepherd offers them.

Then the sheep arrive led by a shepherd as hairy as a bear. But he is obviously a good man because he is carrying a groaning sheep on his shoulders. He puts her down gently and explains: «She is about to lamb. She can only walk with difficulty. I put her on my shoulders and I hurried all the way to get here in time. » The sheep, still limping painfully, is led into the fold by the boy.

Mary is sitting on a stone and is playing with the little kids and the lambs, offering clover flowers to their pretty rosy little faces. A black and white kid puts its little hooves on Her shoulder and smells Her hair. «It is not bread, » says Mary laughing. «I will bring you some crumbs tomorrow. Be good, now. »

Once again cheerful, Elizabeth also laughs.

22. 6     6I see Mary Who is spinning very quickly under the pergola, where the grapes are growing bigger and bigger. Some time must have elapsed because the apples are beginning to redden on the trees and the bees are humming near the fig flowers already mature.

Elizabeth is now quite stout, and she is walking heavily. Mary looks at her carefully and lovingly. Also Mary's sides appear more round when She gets up to pick up the spindle which has fallen far away from Her. The expression on Her face has changed. It is more mature; before She was a girl, now She is a woman.

The women go into the house because it is now getting dark, and the lamps are lit in the room. While waiting for supper, Mary begins to weave.

«Do You never get tired? » asks Elizabeth, pointing to the loom.

«No, you can be sure of that. »

«I am exhausted by this heat. I have not suffered any longer, but now the weight is too heavy for my old kidneys. »

«Take courage. You will soon be free. How happy you will then be. <sup>7</sup>I am longing to be a mother. My Child! My Jesus! What <sup>22. 7</sup> will He be like? »

«As beautiful as You are, Mary. »

«Oh no! More beautiful! He is God. I am His maid. What I meant is, will He be fair or dark? Will His eyes be like a clear sky, or like the eyes of a mountain deer? I imagine Him more beautiful than a cherub, with golden curly hair, His eyes the same colour as the Sea of Galilee when the stars begin to peep on the horizon, His tiny little mouth as red as a pomegranate that bursts when it matures in the sun, and His cheeks as pink as this pale rose, with two little hands that could be contained in the hollow of a lily, they are so small and tiny, and two tiny feet that I can hold in the hollow of My hand, so soft and smooth, even more so than the petal of a flower. See. The idea I have of Him is taken from all the beautiful things that nature suggests to Me. And I can hear His voice. When He cries — because My Child will cry a little when He is hungry or sleepy, and it will always be a great pain for His Mummy Whose heart will be pierced every time She hears Him cry — when He cries, His voice will be like the bleating that now comes from a little lamb, only a few hours old, when it seeks its mother's breast, and her warm maternal fleece to sleep. When He laughs — and My heart in love with my Creature will then be full of Heaven, for I can be in love with Him, because He is My God, and it will not be against My consecrated virginity to love Him as a lover — His voice when He laughs will be like the

merry cooing of a happy little dove which is full and content in its cosy little nest. And I think of Him when He is taking His first steps... a little bird hopping on a flowery meadow. The meadow will be His Mother's heart, it will be laid under His tiny pink feet with all Her love, so that He may not tread on anything that may

22. 8 hurt Him. Oh, how I will love My Child! My Son! <sup>8</sup>Also Joseph will love Him. »

«But You will have to tell Joseph. »

Mary's face darkens, and She sighs. «Yes, I will have to tell him... I wish Heaven would tell him, because it is so difficult to tell. »

«Shall I tell him? We will ask him to come for John's circumcision... »

«No. I have entrusted God with the task of informing him of his happy destiny of putative father of the Son of God, and He will do so. The Spirit said to Me that evening: 'Be silent. Entrust Me with the task of justifying You'. And He will do so. God never lies. It is a great trial, but with the help of the Eternal Father, it will be overcome. No one must learn from My mouth what the goodness of the Lord has done. Certainly you are the exception, because the Spirit revealed it to you. »

«I have not mentioned it to anybody, not even to Zacharias who would have been very happy. He thinks you are a mother according to nature. »

«I know. And I decided that out of prudence. The secrets of God are holy. The angel of the Lord did not reveal My divine maternity to Zacharias. He could have done so, if God had wanted, because God knew that the time for the Incarnation of His Word in Me was already imminent. But God hid this joyful light from Zacharias, who rejected your late maternity as something impossible. I have complied with the will of God, as you have seen. You perceived the secret living in Me. He did not perceive anything. Until the screen of his incredulity does not fall before the power of God, he will be separated from supernatural lights. »

Elizabeth sighs and turns silent.

22. 9 <sup>9</sup>Zacharias comes in. He offers some parchment rolls to Mary. It is the hour of prayer before supper. Mary prays in a loud voice instead of Zacharias. Then they settle down at the table.

«When You are no longer with us, how we shall regret having

no longer anyone to pray for us, » says Elizabeth, looking at her dumb husband.

«You will pray then, Zacharias, » says Mary.

He shakes his head and writes: «I will never be able to pray again for other people. I became unworthy when I doubted of my God. »

«Zacharias, *you will pray*. God forgives. »

The old man wipes a tear and sighs.

After supper, Mary goes back to the loom.

«That's enough! » says Elizabeth. «You will become too tired.»

«Your time is approaching, Elizabeth. I want to prepare for your child clothes worthy of him who will precede the King of the House of David. »

Zacharias writes: «Of whom will He be born? And where? »

Mary replies: «Where the Prophets said, and of whom the Eternal Father will choose. Whatever our Most High Lord does, is well done. »

Zacharias writes: «Well, in Bethlehem then! In Judah. We shall go and worship Him, woman. And You will come to Bethlehem, too, with Joseph. »

And Mary, bowing Her head over the loom says: «I will come.»

The vision ends thus.

<sup>10</sup>Mary says:

22. 10

«The first charity towards our neighbours is to be exerted towards our neighbours. This must not seem a pun to you. There is charity towards God and charity towards our neighbours. Charity towards our neighbours comprises also charity towards ourselves. But if we love ourselves more than our neighbours, we are no longer charitable, we are selfish. Also in lawful matters, we must be so holy as to always give priority to the needs of our neighbour. Be sure, My children, that God provides for the generous by means of His power and His bounty.

<sup>11</sup>It was this certainty that led Me to Hebron to assist My relative in her condition. And to My eagerness for human help, God, giving beyond measure as He is wont, added an unforeseen gift of supernatural assistance. I went to give material help and God sanctified My good intention by sanctifying, through it, the fruit of Elizabeth's womb, and by means of that sanctification,

22. 11

by which the Baptist was presanctified, He relieved the physical pain of the elderly daughter of Eve, who had conceived at an unusual age.

Elizabeth, a woman of fearless faith and confident submission to God's will, deserved to understand the mystery that was enclosed within Me. The Spirit spoke to her through the bouncing in her womb. The Baptist pronounced his first speech, as the Announcer of the Word, through the veils and the diaphragms of veins and flesh that separated and united him at the same time to his holy mother.

Neither did I deny My prerogative of being the Mother of the Lord, because she was worthy of the information and the Light had revealed Itself to her. To deny it would have meant denying God the praise that it was just should be given to Him, the praise that I bore in Me, and which, since I could not tell anyone, I repeated to the grass, to the flowers, to the stars, to the sun, to the singing birds and the patient sheep, to the warbling waters, to the golden light that kissed Me descending from Heaven. But it is sweeter to pray together rather than say our prayers by ourselves. I would have liked all the world to know of My destiny, not for My own sake, but that they might join Me in praising My Lord.

Prudence forbade me to reveal the truth to Zacharias. That would have implied going beyond the work of God. And if I was His Spouse and Mother, I was still His servant, and I could not take the liberty of substituting Him and exceeding Him in a decree, simply because He had loved Me beyond measure.

Elizabeth in her holiness understood, and was silent. Because a holy person is always submissive and humble.

22. 12 <sup>12</sup>The gift of God must increase our goodness. The more we receive from Him, the more we must give. Because the more we receive, the more obvious it is that He is with us and within us. And the more He is with us and within us, the more we must endeavour to reach His perfection.

That is why I worked for Elizabeth, postponing My own work. I was not afraid that I would not have time. God is the master of time. He provides for those who hope in Him, also in normal things. Selfishness does not speed matters up, it delays them. Charity does not delay, it speeds up. Always bear that in mind.

<sup>13</sup>How much peace there was in Elizabeth's house! If I had not <sup>22. 13</sup> been worried about Joseph and... and my Child, Who was the Redeemer of the world, I would have been happy. But the cross was already casting its shadow on My life and I heard the voices of the Prophets like a knell...

My name was Mary. Bitterness was always mingled with the sweetness that God poured into My heart. And it increased more and more until the death of My Son. But when God calls us, Mary, to the destiny of victims for His glory, oh! it is sweet to be ground like corn in the millstone, to convert our pain into a bread that can strengthen the weak and make them capable of reaching Heaven!

Now, it is enough. You are tired and happy. Rest now with My blessing. »

### **23. The birth of John the Baptist. Every pain is appeased on Mary's bosom.**

3<sup>rd</sup> April 1944.

<sup>1</sup>This vision of peace descends from Heaven, amid the disgusting things the world now offers us, and I do not know how that can be, because I am like a little twig at the mercy of the wind in my continuous conflicts with human wickedness so discordant with what lives within me. <sup>23. 1</sup>

<sup>2</sup>We are still in Elizabeth's house. It is a beautiful summer evening, still clear in the last rays of the sun, and yet the sky is already decorated with a falcated moon that looks like a silver comma attached to a large deep blue cloth. <sup>23. 2</sup>

The rose-bushes let off strong perfume and the bees, like humming gold drops, are making their last flights in the quiet warm evening air. From the meadows, there is a strong smell of hay dried in the sun, it is almost like that of bread, of warm bread, just taken out of the oven. Perhaps it comes also from the many sheets hanging everywhere to dry, and which Sarah is now folding.

Mary is walking with Her cousin, linking arms with her. They go up and down very slowly, under the semi-dark pergola.

But Mary watches everything and, while taking care of Eliz-



abeth, She sees that Sarah is in difficulty folding a long sheet which she has taken off a hedge. «Sit down here, and wait for me», She says to her relative. And She goes to help the old servant, pulling the sheet to straighten it, and then folding it carefully. «They still smell of sun, they are warm», She says with a smile. And to make the old lady happy, She adds: «This sheet, after your bleaching, has become as beautiful as ever. You are the only one who knows how to do things so well. » Sarah goes away, overjoyed, with her load of scented sheets.

Mary goes back to Elizabeth and says: «Let us take a few more steps. They will do you good. » And as Elizabeth is tired, and does not wish to move, Mary says to her: «Let us go only to see if your doves are all in their nests, and if the water in their tub is clear. We shall then go back home. »

23. 3 <sup>3</sup>Doves must be the favourite pets of Elizabeth. When they are in front of the rustic tower where all the doves are gathered, Elizabeth is deeply moved; in fact the hens are in the nests and the cocks are in front of them, but neither of them move, instead they all start cooing loudly when they see the two women: a gentle form of greeting. Elizabeth is overcome by the weakness of her condition and by fears that make her cry. She expresses her fears to her cousin. «If I should die... what will happen to my poor little doves? You will not be staying here. If You were to remain in my house, it would not matter if I died. I have had the greatest joy a woman can possibly have. The joy which I was no longer expecting to have, and I cannot even complain of death with the Lord, because He has overwhelmed me with His benignity, may He be blessed for it. But there is Zacharias... and then there will be the child. An old man who would feel as though he were lost in a desert without his woman. And the other is so small, that he would be like a flower, condemned to die of cold because he is without his mother. Poor baby, without the caresses of his mother!... »

«But why are you so sad? God has given you the joy of being a mother, and He will not take it away from you when it is full. Little John will receive all the kisses of his mummy, and Zacharias all the attentions of his faithful wife until the very end of his long life. You are two branches of the same tree. One will not die, leaving the other alone. »

«You are good, and You comfort me. But I am so old to have a son. And now that I am about to have one, I am afraid. »

«Oh! No! Jesus is here. We must not be afraid where Jesus is. My Child relieved your pain, you said that yourself, when He was just a newly formed bud. Now that He is becoming more and more mature, and He already lives as My Creature — I can feel in My throat the beating of His little heart, and I feel as if a little nestling with a light pulsating heart were resting on My throat — He will remove all dangers from you. You must have faith. »

«I have. But if I should die... don't leave Zacharias straightaway. I know that You are concerned with Your own house. But please remain here a little longer to help my husband in his first days of sorrow. »

«I shall stay to take delight in your joy and in the joy of your husband, and I will leave you when you are strong and happy. But now be quiet, Elizabeth. Everything will be alright. Nothing will happen to your household while you are suffering. Zacharias will be served by the most loving maid, your flowers will be looked after, and your doves will be attended to, and you will find them all beautiful and happy to rejoice with, when their beloved mistress comes back. <sup>23. 4</sup>Let us go in now, because you are getting pale... »

«Yes, I think I am beginning to suffer again. Perhaps my time has come. Mary, pray for me. »

«I will support you with My prayer until your labour ends in joy. »

The two women slowly go back into the house. Elizabeth withdraws to her rooms. Mary, a capable and provident woman, gives the necessary instructions, prepares everything that may be necessary, and at the same time, She comforts Zacharias who is worried.

In the house that is sleepless that night, and where one can hear the unfamiliar voices of women called in to help, Mary is watchful like a lighthouse on a stormy night. The whole house rotates around Her, and She sees to everything, smiling sweetly. And She prays. When She is not called for this or that matter, She concentrates on prayer. She is now in the room where they always gather for their meals and to work.

Zacharias is with Her, and he sighs and walks up and down

uneasily. They have already prayed together. Then Mary has continued to pray. Even now that the old man, tired, has sat down on his big chair near the table, and is quiet and sleepy, She prays. And when She sees him sleeping with his head resting on his arms crossed on the table, She takes Her sandals off to make no noise and walks barefooted and, making less noise than a butterfly fluttering around the room, She takes Zacharias' mantle, and lays it on him so gently that he continues to sleep in the comfort of the woollen cloth that protects him from the cold air of the night that comes in, in gusts from the door, which is very often open. Then She starts praying again, and She prays more and more intensely, kneeling down, raising Her arms, when the painful cries of Elizabeth become louder.

23. 5 <sup>5</sup>Sarah comes in and invites Her to go out. Mary goes out barefooted into the garden. «My mistress wants You, » she says.

«I am coming. » And Mary walks along the house, goes upstairs... She looks like a white angel, wandering in the peaceful starry night. She goes into Elizabeth's room.

«Oh! Mary! Mary! What pain! I can't stand it any longer, Mary! How much pain one must suffer to be a mother! »

Mary caresses her lovingly, and kisses her.

«Mary! Mary! Let me put my hands on Your bosom! »

Mary takes the two wrinkled and swollen hands, and lays them on Her round abdomen, pressing them tightly with Her smooth, slender little hands. And She speaks in a low voice, now that they are alone: «Jesus is here, and He hears and sees you. Have faith, Elizabeth. His holy heart is beating more strongly because He is acting for your good. I can feel it throbbing as though I were holding it in My hands. And I understand the words that My Child says to Me. He is now saying: 'Tell the woman not to be afraid. Only a little more pain. And then, with the first rays of the sun, among the many roses awaiting the morning's rays to open out on their stems, her house will have the most beautiful rose, and it will be John, My Predecessor'. »

Elizabeth now also presses her face against Mary's bosom, and weeps gently.

Mary stands for some time in that position because the pain seems to ease giving a moments relief. And she beckons everybody to be quiet. She remains standing, beautiful and white in

the pale, faint light of an oil lamp, like an angel near a person who suffers. She is praying. I can see Her moving Her lips. But even if I did not see them move, I would understand that She is praying from the enraptured expression on Her face.

<sup>6</sup>Some time goes by, and Elizabeth is in labour once again. 23. 6  
Mary kisses her again, and goes out. She goes downstairs very quickly in the moonlight, and goes to see if the old man is still sleeping. He is sleeping, and moaning in his sleep. Mary makes a gesture of compassion, and starts to pray once again.

More time passes. The old man awakes from his sleep and lifts up his head, and he is confused, because he does not recollect why he is there. Then he remembers, makes a gesture, and utters a guttural exclamation. He then writes: «Is he not born yet?» Mary shakes Her head in denial. Zacharias writes: «How much pain! Oh my poor woman! Will she manage without dying?»

Mary takes the hand of the old man, and reassures him: «At dawn, in a short while, the baby will be born. Everything will be alright. Elizabeth is strong. How beautiful this day will be — it will soon be daybreak — how beautiful this day will be when the child sees the light! It will be the best day of your life! The Lord has kept aside great graces for you and your child is the announcer of them. »

Zacharias shakes his head sadly, and points to his dumb mouth. He would like to say many things, but cannot.

Mary understands, and replies: «The Lord will complete your joy. Believe in Him completely, hope in Him indefinitely, love Him totally. The Most High will grant you more than you dare hope for. He wants this total faith from you, to wash out your past mistrust. Say in your heart with me: ‘I believe’. Say it with every beat of your heart. The treasures of God are opened for those who believe in Him and in His powerful bounty. »

<sup>7</sup>The light begins to filter in through the partly open door. 23. 7  
Mary opens it. Dawn makes the dewy earth completely white. There is a strong smell of humid earth and grass, and the first chirping of the birds, calling one another from branch to branch, can be heard.

The old man and Mary move towards the door. They are pale because of the sleepless night, and the light at dawn makes them look even more pale. Mary puts on Her sandals, and goes to the

foot of the staircase and listens. A woman looks out, nods, and then goes back in. Nothing yet.

Mary goes into the room, and comes back with some warm milk which She gives to the old man. She goes to the doves, comes back, and disappears into the same room. Perhaps it is the kitchen. She moves around attentively. She looks as though She had slept the most perfect sleep, She is so quick and serene.

Zacharias is walking up and down the garden very nervously. Mary looks at him compassionately. She then goes again into the usual room, and kneeling near Her loom, She prays intensely, because the cries of Elizabeth are becoming sharper. She bows down to the ground imploring the Eternal Father. Zacharias comes back in, and seeing Her in this prostrate state, the poor old man cries. Mary gets up and takes him by the hand. She is so much younger than he is, but She looks as though She were the mother of the poor old desolate soul, and She consoles him.

23. 8 <sup>8</sup>They are standing thus, one beside the other, in the sun that makes the morning air rosy, and it is then that the joyful news reaches them: «He is born! He is born! It's a boy! Happy father! A boy as beautiful as a rose, as beautiful as the sun, as strong and good as his mother! Joy for you, father, blessed by the Lord Who gave you a son that you may offer him to the Temple! Glory to God, Who has granted posterity to this house! Blessed are you, and your son who was born to you! May his offspring perpetuate your name for centuries, from generation to generation, and may his descendants always be in union with the Eternal Lord. »

Mary blesses the Lord weeping for joy. Then the two receive the little one, who has been brought to the father, so that he may bless him. Zacharias does not go to Elizabeth. He receives the child, who is screaming desperately, but he does not go to his wife.

Mary instead goes, carrying with love the little one, who turns quiet, as soon as She takes him in Her arms. The woman who is following Her notices this, and she says to Elizabeth: «Woman, your child turned quiet immediately, when She took him. Look how peacefully he is sleeping, and only Heaven knows how restless and strong he is. But look now! He seems a little dove. »

Mary lays the creature near his mother and caresses her, tidying up her grey hair. «The rose is born», She whispers in a low voice, «and you are alive. Zacharias is happy. »

«Does he speak? »  
«Not yet. But hope in the Lord. Rest now. I am staying with you. »

⁹Mary says:

23. 9

«If My presence had sanctified the Baptist, it did not nullify for Elizabeth the sentence against Eve. ‘In pain you shall give birth to your children’ the Eternal Father had said.

Only I, because I was without stain, and I had not had any human copulation, was exempted from generating with pain. Sadness and pain are fruits of fault. I, Who was the Innocent One, had to know also sorrow and sadness, because I was the Redeemer. But I did not know the torture of generating. No. I did not know that torture.

But believe Me, daughter, that there never was, and never will be a torture of puerperity like Mine as the Martyr of a spiritual Maternity, which was accomplished on the hardest of beds, the bed of My cross, at the foot of the scaffold of My dying Son. Which mother is compelled to generate thus? To blend the torture of Her bowels which contract spasmodically because of the death rattle of Her dying Creature, with the torture which tears Her bowels apart in the strain of overcoming the horror of having to say: “I love you, come to Me, I am your Mother” to each murderer of Her Son, born of the most sublime love that Heaven ever saw, of the love of a God with a virgin, of the kiss of Fire, of the embrace of Light which became Flesh, and made the womb of a woman the Tabernacle of God?

“How much pain to be a mother! ” says Elizabeth. So much! But nothing when compared to Mine.

¹⁰“Let me press my hands on Your bosom”. Oh, if you always asked Me for that when you suffer! 23. 10

I am the Eternal Bearer of Jesus. He is in My womb, as you saw last year\*, like the Host in the monstrance. He who comes to Me, finds Him. He who leans on Me, touches Him. He who addresses Me, speaks to Him. I am His Robe. He is My Soul. My Son is united to His Mother more, much more now, than He was in the nine months that He was in My womb. And every pain is appeased,

\* you saw last year, 23<sup>rd</sup> June 1943 (“*The Notebooks. 1943*”).

every hope flourishes and every grace flows for those who come to Me and rest their heads against My bosom.

I pray for you. Remember that. The beatitude of being in Heaven, living in the ray of God, does not cause Me to forget My children who are suffering on the earth. And I pray. And all Heaven prays, because Heaven loves. Heaven is living charity. And Charity has mercy on you. But even if I were all by Myself, My prayer would be sufficient for the needs of those who hope in God. Because I never stop praying for you all, for the holy and the wicked, to give joy to the holy, to give repentance to the wicked that they might be saved.

Come, come, o children of My sorrow. I am waiting for you at the foot of the Cross to grant you graces. »

#### **24. The circumcision of John the Baptist. Mary is the Source of Grace for those accepting the Light.**

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

24. 1    <sup>1</sup>I see the house rejoicing. It is the day of the circumcision.

Mary has made sure that everything is beautiful and in good order. The rooms are bright with light, the most beautiful cloths, the nicest furnishings are shining everywhere. There are a lot of people. Mary moves agile amongst the various groups. She is very beautiful in Her most beautiful white dress.

Elizabeth, respected by everybody as a matron, is enjoying her feast most happily. The child is laid on her lap, sated with milk.

24. 2    <sup>2</sup>It is now the moment for the circumcision.

«We will call him Zacharias. You are old. It is only fair that the child be called after you, » say the men.

«Not at all! » exclaims Elizabeth. «His name is John. His name must be the witness of the power of God. »

«But has there ever been a John in our kinship? »

«It does not matter, his name is to be John. »

«What do you say, Zacharias? You want your name, don't you? »

Zacharias shakes his head in denial. He takes his tablet and writes: «His name is John. » And as soon as he finishes writing,

he adds, with his tongue now free: «because God has granted a great grace to me, his father, and to his mother, and to this new servant of His who will spend his life for the glory of the Lord, and will be called great forever in the world and in the eyes of God, because he will give converted hearts to the Most High Lord. The angel said so, and I did not believe. It but now I believe, and the Light is now in me. The Light is amongst us, but you do not see it. It is its destiny not to be seen, because the souls of men are encumbered and idle, but my son will see It, and will speak of It, and will turn to It the hearts of the just in Israel. Oh! Blessed are those who believe in It and will always believe in the Word of the Lord. And blessed be You, o Eternal Lord, God of Israel, because You have visited and redeemed Your people, and You have raised up for us a powerful Saviour in the house of Your servant David. As You promised by mouth of the holy Prophets from ancient times, that You would save us from our enemies and from the hands of all who hate us, to show Your mercy to our ancestors, and thus remember Your holy covenant. This is the oath You swore to our father Abraham; that You would grant us, free from fear, deliverance from the hands of our enemies, to serve You in Heaven and thrive in Your presence all our days» and he continues to the end\*.

The people present are most surprised at the name, at the miracle, at the words of Zacharias.

Elizabeth, who at the first words of Zacharias had uttered a cry of joy, is now weeping, embracing Mary, Who is caressing her happily.

<sup>3</sup>I do not see the circumcision. I only see them bring back John, <sup>24. 3</sup> who is screaming at the top of his voice. Not even his mother's breast can calm him down. He is kicking like a little colt. Then Mary takes him, and lulls him, and he turns quiet, and lies down peacefully.

«Now just look! » says Sarah. «He is quiet only when She picks him up! »

The people begin to go away slowly. In the room now there are only Mary, holding the baby in Her arms, and Elizabeth who is in a state of bliss.

\* to the end, Zacharias' prophecy in *Luke 1: 67-79*.



24. 4     <sup>4</sup>Zacharias comes in, and closes the door. He looks at Mary with his eyes full of tears. He wants to speak. Then he is silent. He moves forward. He kneels down in front of Mary. «Bless the poor servant of the Lord, » he says to Her. «Bless him, because You can do so, since You are carrying Him in Your womb. The word of the Lord was spoken to me when I admitted my error and I believed everything I had been told. I see You, and Your happy destiny. I adore the God of Jacob in You. You are my first Temple, where once again a priest, I can pray the Eternal Father again. You are blessed because You obtained grace for the world and You are now bringing the Saviour to it. Forgive Your servant if he did not see Your majesty before. When You came here, You brought us all the graces, because everywhere You go, o Full of Grace, God works His miracles, and holy are those walls which You enter, holy become the ears which listen to Your voice, and holy the flesh You touch. Holy the hearts, because You grant Grace, Mother of the Most High, Virgin of the Prophets, expected to bring the Saviour to the people of God. »

24. 5     <sup>5</sup>Mary smiles, full of humbleness and She speaks: «Praise be to the Lord. To Him only. From Him, not from Me, comes every grace. And He grants it to you, that you may love Him, and that it may help you to reach perfection in the following years to deserve His Kingdom that My Son will open to the Patriarchs, to the Prophets, to the just of the Lord. And since you can now pray before the Holy, please pray for the maidservant of the Most High, because to be Mother of the Son of God is blissful, to be Mother of the Redeemer must be a destiny of deepest sorrow. Pray for Me, because I feel My weight of sorrow increasing from hour to hour. And I shall have to bear it all My life. And even if I do not see the details, I feel that it will be heavier than if the whole world were placed on My shoulders of a woman, and I were to offer it to Heaven. I, I alone, poor woman! My Child! My Son! Ah! Your son no longer cries if I lull him. But shall I be able to lull Mine, to soothe His pain?... Pray for Me, priest of God. My heart shudders like a flower in a storm. I look at men, and I love them. But I see the Enemy appear behind their faces, and make them enemies of God, and of My Son Jesus... »

And the vision ends with the paleness of Mary and Her tears, that cause Her eyes to shine brightly.

<sup>6</sup>Mary says:

24. 6

«God forgives him who acknowledges his sin, repents and confesses it with a humble and sincere heart. He does not only forgive, He rewards. Oh! How good is My Lord to those who are humble and sincere! To those who believe in Him, and trust in Him!

<sup>7</sup>Clear your souls of what encumbers them and makes them lazy. Prepare your souls to receive the Light. As a light in darkness, It is a guide and a holy consolation. 24. 7

O holy friendship with God, beatitude of His faithful ones, wealth unequalled by anything else, he who possesses you is never alone, and never tastes the bitterness of despair. O holy friendship, you do not eradicate sorrow, because sorrow was the destiny of a God incarnate and can thus be the destiny of man. But you make this sorrow sweet in its bitterness, and you mix it with a light and a caress which relieve the cross with a celestial touch.

And when Divine Bounty grants you graces, make use of the gift received to give glory to God. Do not be like foolish people who turn a good thing into a harmful weapon, or like lavish persons who convert their wealth into misery.

<sup>8</sup>You give Me too much sorrow, My children, behind whose faces I see the Enemy appear, that is, he who hurls himself against My Jesus. Too much sorrow! I would like to be the Source of Grace for everybody. But too many among you do not want Grace. You ask for ‘graces’, but with a soul devoid of Grace. How can Grace succour you if you are Her enemies? 24. 8

<sup>9</sup>The great mystery of Good Friday is approaching. It is commemorated and celebrated in churches. But it is necessary to celebrate and commemorate it in your hearts, and to beat your breasts like those who were descending from Golgotha and say: ‘In truth, this Man was the Son of God, the Saviour’, and say: ‘Jesus, for the sake of Your Name, save us’, and say: ‘Father, forgive us’, and finally say: ‘I am not worthy, but if You forgive me and come to me, my soul will be healed, and I no longer want to commit sin, because I no longer wish to be ill and hateful to You’. 24. 9

Pray, children, with the words of My Son. Say to the Father for your enemies: ‘Father, forgive them’. Call the Father Who has withdrawn indignant at your errors: ‘Father, Father, why have You forsaken me? I am a sinner. But if You forsake me, I will per-

ish. Come back, Holy Father, that I may be saved'. Entrust your eternal good, your spirit, to the Only One Who can preserve it unhurt from the demons: 'Father, into Your hands I commit my spirit'. Oh! If with humbleness and love you surrender your spirit to God, He will lead it as a father leads his little one, neither will He allow anything to hurt your spirit.

Jesus, in His agony, prayed to teach you how to pray. I am reminding you of it in these days of His Passion.

24. 10 <sup>10</sup>And you, Mary, since you see My joy of a Mother and you are enraptured by it, consider and remember that I possessed God through an ever increasing sorrow. It descended into Me with the Seed of God and like a gigantic tree it has grown until it touched Heaven with its top, and hell with its roots, when I received on My lap the lifeless remains of the Flesh of My flesh, and I saw and counted His tortures, and I touched His torn Heart to consume My sorrow right until the last drop. »

## **25. Presentation of John the Baptist to the Temple. Mary's return. The Passion of Joseph.**

5<sup>th</sup> and 6<sup>th</sup> April 1944.

25. 1 <sup>1</sup>This is what I see the night between the Wednesday and Thursday of the Holy Week.

I see Zacharias, Elizabeth, Mary and Samuel getting off a comfortable waggon, to which Mary's little donkey is also tied. Mary is holding little John in Her arms and Samuel has a lamb and a basket with a pigeon in it. They get off at the usual stable, which must be the stopping place for all the pilgrims to the Temple, who leave their mounts there.

Mary calls to the owner and asks him whether anybody arrived from Nazareth the day before or early that morning. «Nobody, woman,» replies the little old man. Mary is surprised, but does not say anything else.

She gets Samuel to fix her little donkey, and then She joins the two elderly parents, and She explains Joseph's delay: «He must have been held up by something. But he will certainly come today. » She takes the child again from Elizabeth to whom She had handed him before, and they all set out for the Temple.

Zacharias is received with honour by the guards, and is <sup>25. 2</sup> greeted and congratulated by other priests. He is very handsome today, in his priestly robes and his joy of happy fatherhood. He looks like a patriarch. I think that Abraham must have been like him when he rejoiced offering Isaac to the Lord.

I see the ceremony of the presentation of the new Israelite and the purification of his mother. The ceremony is more stately than Mary's, because the priests celebrate it solemnly for the son of another priest. They all rush round the group of women and the child, and are happily engaged with them.

Also some curious people have come near and I can hear their comments. Since Mary is holding the child in Her arms while they move to the appointed place, the people think She is the mother.

But a woman says: «It's not possible. Can't you see that She is pregnant? The baby is only a few days old and she is already with child. »

«And yet, » points out another one «only She can be the mother. The other woman is old. She must be a relative. But she certainly cannot be the mother at her age. »

«Let us follow them, and we will see who is right. »

And their surprise becomes even greater when they see that it is Elizabeth who fulfils the purification rite: she offers the bleating lamb in holocaust and the pigeon for sin.

«She is the mother. Didn't I tell you? »

«No! »

«Yes. »

The people whisper, still incredulous. They whisper so much that a peremptory «Ssst! » comes from the group of priests present at the rite. They are silent for a moment, but start whispering even louder when Elizabeth, radiant with holy pride, takes the child and moves forward in the Temple to make the presentation to the Lord.

«It is she! »

«It's always the mother who makes the offering. »

«What miracle can this be? »

«What will that child be, who has been granted to that woman at such an old age? »

«What sign can it be? »

«Don't you know? » says one, who has just arrived panting. «It's the son of Zacharias, the priest of the house of Aaron, the one who became dumb when he was offering incense in the Sanctuary. »

«It's a mystery! A mystery! And now he speaks once again! The birth of his son has untied his tongue. »

«I wonder what spirit spoke to him and paralysed his tongue to accustom him to be silent about the secrets of God! »

«It is a mystery! What secret truth does Zacharias know? »

«Will his son be the Messiah expected by Israel? »

«He was born in Judaea. Not in Bethlehem and not of a virgin. He can't be the Messiah! »

«Who is he, then? »

But the answer remains in the silence of God and the people are left to their curiosity.

The ceremony is over. The priests are now joyfully paying compliments to the mother and her child. The only one who is hardly noticed, even avoided almost with disgust when they become aware of Her condition\*, is Mary.

25. 3 <sup>3</sup>After all the congratulations, most of them go out onto the road. Mary wants to go to the stable to see whether Joseph has arrived. He has not. Mary is disappointed and worried.

Elizabeth is anxious about Her. «We can stay until midday, then we must go, to be home before night. He is too young to be out at night. »

And Mary, calm and sad: «I will stay in one of the yards of the Temple. I will go to My teachers... I do not know. I will do something. »

Zacharias makes a proposal which is immediately accepted as a good solution: «Let us go to Zebedee's relatives. Joseph will certainly look for You there. If he should not come there, it will be quite easy for You to find someone who will accompany You to Galilee, because the fishermen from Gennesaret are continuously going to and coming from that house. »

They take the little donkey and go to Zebedee's relatives, who are the very same people with whom Joseph and Mary stayed four months before.

\* **Her condition**, according to the Law, a pregnant woman was impure.

The time passes quickly, but there is no sign of Joseph. Mary controls Her grief lulling the baby, but it is obvious that She is worried. Although it is so warm that everybody is perspiring, She has not taken off Her mantle, concerned as She is to conceal Her condition.

<sup>4</sup>At long last, Joseph is announced by a loud knocking at the door. Mary's face shines, cheerful again. 25. 4

Joseph greets Her, because She is the first to go and meet him and greet him reverently. «The Lord's blessing on you, Mary! »

«And on you, Joseph. And praised be the Lord that you have come! Here, Zacharias and Elizabeth were about to leave, to be at home before night. »

«Your messenger arrived in Nazareth, when I was at Cana, working there. I was told the other evening. And I left at once. But although I have travelled without stopping, I am late, because the donkey lost one of his shoes. Please forgive me. »

«I am to be forgiven by you, because I have been away from Nazareth for such a long time! But see, they were so happy to have Me with them, that I decided to please them up till now. »

«You have done well, Woman. Where is the baby? »

They enter the room where Elizabeth is giving milk to little John, before departing. Joseph congratulates the parents on the sturdiness of the child, who screams and kicks, as if they were thrashing him, because he has been taken away from his mother's breast to be shown to Joseph. They all laugh at his protests. Also Zebedee's relatives, who have come in with fresh fruit, milk and bread for everybody, and a large tray of fish, laugh and join in the conversation.

<sup>5</sup>Mary speaks very little. She is sitting quiet and silent in Her little corner, with Her hands on Her lap under Her mantle. Even when She drinks a cup of milk, and eats a bunch of golden grapes with a little bread, She speaks very little, and hardly moves. Her looks at Joseph are a mixture of pain and enquiry. 25. 5

He also looks at Her. And after some time, bending over Her shoulder, he asks Her: «Are You tired or are You not well? You look pale and sad. »

«I am sorry I have to part from little John. I am very fond of him. I held him on My heart only a few minutes after he was born... »

Joseph does not ask any more questions.

It is time for Zacharias to depart. The waggon stops at the door and they all go towards it. The two cousins embrace each other fondly. Mary kisses the baby many times before putting him in the lap of his mother, who is already sitting in the waggon. She then says goodbye to Zacharias, and asks him to bless Her. When kneeling before the priest, Her mantle slips off Her shoulders, and Her figure appears in the bright light of the summer afternoon. I do not know whether Joseph notices Her figure at this moment, because he is intent on saying goodbye to Elizabeth. The waggon leaves.

25. 6     «Joseph goes back into the house with Mary, Who sits down again in the dim corner. «If You do not mind travelling by night, I would suggest we leave at sunset. It is very warm during the day. The night instead is cool and quiet. I am saying that for You, because I don't want You to get sunstroke. It makes no difference to me to be in a scorching sun. But You... »

«As you wish, Joseph. I also think it is better to travel by night. »

«The house has been all tidied up. And the little orchard. The flowers are beautiful, as You will see. You are arriving just in time to see them all in bloom. The apple-tree, the fig-tree, the vines are laden with fruit as never seen before, and I had to put a support for the pomegranate, because its branches were so heavily laden with fruit already fully grown, something which has never been seen before at this time of the year. The olive-tree... You will have plenty of oil. It blossomed in a miraculous way, and not one flower was lost. All the flowers are now little olives. When they are mature, the tree will seem full of dark pearls. There isn't another orchard as beautiful in the whole of Nazareth. Also Your relatives are surprised. Alphaeus says it is a miracle. »

«Your hands have worked it! »

«Oh! no! Poor me! What can I have done? I took care of the trees and I gave some water to the flowers... Do You know? I built a fountain for You down at the end, near the grotto, and I put a large basin there. So You will not have to go out to get water. I brought the water down from the spring which is above Matthew's olive-grove. It is pure and plentiful. I brought a little stream down to You. I dug a small duct in the ground, I covered

it properly, and now the water comes down, singing like a harp. I was not happy that You should go to the village fountain, and then carry the jars full of water back home. »

«Thank you, Joseph. You are so good! »

Joseph and Mary are now silent, as if they are tired. Joseph is also dozing. Mary is praying.

<sup>7</sup>It is now evening. The host insists that they should eat something before leaving. Joseph, in fact, eats some bread and fish, while Mary takes only some milk and fruit. 25. 7

They then depart. They get on their donkeys. Joseph has fastened Mary's little trunk to his saddle, as he had done when coming to Jerusalem. And before She gets on Her donkey, he makes sure that Her saddle is properly fastened. I see that Joseph looks at Mary when she mounts Her saddle. But he does not say anything.

Their journey starts when the first stars begin to twinkle in the sky. They hurry to the town gates to reach them before they close. When they come out of Jerusalem, and they take the main road towards Galilee, the clear sky is already crowded with stars. There is solemn quietness in the country. One can hear only a few nightingales singing, and the beating of the hooves of the two donkeys on the hard road, baked by the sun.

<sup>8</sup>Mary says:

25. 8

«It is the eve of Maundy Thursday. Some people may think that this vision is out of place. But your grief of lover of My Jesus Crucified is in your heart and will remain there even if a sweet vision is shown to you. It is like the tepidity emanating from a flame, which is still fire but is no longer fire. The flame is fire, not its tepidity which comes from it. No beatific or peaceful vision will be able to remove that grief from your heart. And regard it as something precious, more precious than your own life. Because it is the greatest gift that God can grant a believer in His Son. Further, my vision is not discordant, in all its peace, with the commemorations of this week.

<sup>9</sup>Also My Joseph suffered his passion. It began in Jerusalem when he noticed My condition. And it lasted several days, exactly as it had happened to Jesus and to Me. Neither was it less painful for his soul. And only because of the holiness of My just spouse, 25. 9



it was contained in such a dignified and secret form, that it has been hardly noticed throughout centuries.

Oh! Our first Passion! Who can feel its intimate and silent intensity? Who can describe My pain when I realised that Heaven had not yet heard My prayer by revealing the mystery to Joseph?

I understood that he was not aware of it when I saw that he was respectful to Me as usual. If he had known that I bore in Me the Word of God, he would have adored that Word enclosed in My womb, with the acts of veneration which are due to God and which he would not have failed to accomplish, as I would not have refused to receive, not for My own sake, but for Him Who was within Me and that I bore, as the Ark of the Alliance carried the stone code and the vases of manna.

Who can measure My struggle against the dismay that endeavoured to overwhelm Me in order to convince Me that I had hoped in vain in the Lord? Oh! I think it was the furious rage of Satan! I perceived doubt rising behind My back, and stretching its icy claws to imprison My soul and prevent it from praying. Doubt is so dangerous and lethal to the spirit. It is lethal because it is the first agent of the deadly disease called 'despair', against which we must react with all our strength, so that our souls may not perish, and we may not lose God.

Who can truly tell Joseph's pain, his thoughts, the perturbation of his feelings? Like a little boat caught in a great storm, he was in a vortex of conflicting ideas, in a turmoil of reflections, of which one was more piercing and painful than the other. He was, to all appearances, a man betrayed by his wife. He saw his good reputation and the esteem of his world collapse around him; because of Her he saw scornful fingers pointed at him and felt pitied by the village people. Above all, he perceived that his love and esteem for Me had fallen, struck to death, before the evidence of a deed.

25. 10 <sup>10</sup>In this respect, his holiness shines brighter than Mine. And I give this witness with the affection of a spouse, because I want you to love My Joseph, this wise, prudent, patient and good man, who is not separated from the mystery of Redemption, on the contrary, he is closely connected to it, because he suffered for it, consuming himself in sorrow for it, saving your Saviour at the cost of his own sacrifice because of his holiness.

Had he not been so holy, he would have acted in a human way, denouncing Me as an adulteress so that I should be stoned, and the Son of My sin should perish with Me. If he had been less holy, God would not have granted him His light as guidance in his trial. But Joseph was holy. His pure spirit lived in God. His charity was ardent and strong. And out of charity he saved your Saviour for you, both when he refrained from accusing Me to the elders, and when he saved Jesus in Egypt, leaving everything with prompt obedience.

<sup>11</sup>The three days of Joseph's passion were short in number, but deep in intensity. And they were tremendous also for Me, those days of My first passion. Because I was aware of his suffering, which I could not alleviate, in fact I had to obey God's command Who had said to Me: 'Be silent!' 25. 11

And when, after we arrived in Nazareth, I saw him go away with a laconic goodbye, and bent as if he had aged in a short time, and I noticed that he no longer came to see Me in the evening as he used to do, then I tell you, My children, that My heart wept very bitterly. Closed in My house, all alone, in the house where everything reminded Me of the Annunciation and the Incarnation, and where everything reminded Me of Joseph, married to Me with spotless virginity, I had to fight despair and Satan's insinuation, and hope, hope, hope. And pray, pray, pray. And forgive, forgive, forgive Joseph's suspicion, his disturbance and just despair.

My children: you must hope, pray, forgive in order to obtain God's intervention in our favour. You must live your passions, because you deserved them with your sins. I can teach you how to overcome them and turn them into joy. Hope beyond measure. Pray with confidence. Forgive to be forgiven. God's forgiveness will be the peace you desire, My children.

<sup>12</sup>I will not say anything else for the time being. There will be silence until after the Easter triumph. It is Passion time. Have pity on your Redeemer. Listen to His cries, and count His wounds and tears. The former were suffered, the latter shed for you. Let every other vision disappear before that one that reminds you of the Redemption accomplished for you. » 25. 12

## **26. Joseph asks Mary for forgiveness. Faith, charity and humility to receive God.**

31<sup>st</sup> May 1944.

26. 1     <sup>1</sup>After fifty-three days Mother shows Herself again in this vision which She tells me to put in this book. I am filled with joy. Because to see Mary is to possess joy.

26. 2     <sup>2</sup>I see the little orchard in Nazareth. Mary is spinning in the shade of a very thick apple-tree overloaded with apples which are beginning to redden and are so rosy and round that they look like so many cheeks of children.

But Mary is not rosy at all. The beautiful colour that brightened Her cheeks at Hebron has disappeared. Her face is as pale as ivory, only Her lips are a curve of pale coral. Under Her lowered eyelashes there are two dark shadows and Her eyes are swollen as if She had cried. I cannot see Her eyes, because Her head is bowed, intent on Her work and even more on a thought which is obviously distressing Her, in fact I can hear Her sighing like a person sad at heart.

She is all dressed in white, in white linen, because it is very warm, despite the fact that the freshness, still intact, of the flowers leads me to believe that it is morning. Her head is uncovered, and the sun playing among the apple-tree leaves, which are stirred by a very gentle breeze, filters with its thin rays down to the dark brown earth of the flowerbeds and forms small circles of light on Her blond head, so that Her hair looks like pure gold.

There is no noise whatsoever from the house or from the neighbourhood. One can only hear the babbling of the tiny stream of water that runs down into the large basin at the bottom of the orchard.

26. 3     <sup>3</sup>Mary jolts at a loud firm knock at the door. She lays the distaff and spindle down and rises to go and open. Although Her dress is loose and wide it does not conceal the roundness of Her pelvis.

Joseph is standing in front of Her. Mary turns pale, also in Her lips. Her face is so white that it looks like a host. Mary looks at Joseph with sad enquiring eyes. Joseph looks at Her with imploring ones. They are both silent, looking at each other. Then Mary says: «At this time, Joseph? Is there anything you need?

What do you want to tell Me? Come in. »

Joseph enters and closes the door. He is still silent.

«Speak, Joseph. What is it you want from Me? »

«I want You to forgive me, » Joseph bends down as if he wanted to kneel down. But Mary, Who is always so reserved in touching him, seizes him resolutely by his shoulders and stops him.

Mary's face blushes and blanches in rapid succession, one moment it is all red and immediately afterwards it is as white as snow, as it was before. «You want Me to forgive you? I have nothing to forgive you, Joseph. I can but thank you once again for everything you have done here while I was away and for your love for Me. »

Joseph looks at Her, and I can see two large tears welling up in the cavity of his deep eyes, they remain there as if they were on the rim of a vase, and they then roll down on to his cheeks and his beard. «Forgive me, Mary. I mistrusted You. Now I know. I am not worthy of having such a treasure. I lacked in charity, I accused You in my heart, I accused You unfairly, because I did not ask You to tell me the truth. I sinned against God's law, because I did not love You as I loved myself... »

«Oh! no! You have not sinned! »

«Yes, I have, Mary. If I had been accused of such a crime, I would have defended myself. But You... I was not giving You the possibility of defending Yourself, because I was about to take a decision without questioning You. I have been unfair to You, because I offended You with my suspicion. Also a single suspicion is an offence, Mary. Who suspects does not know. And I did not know You as I should have done. But for the torment I suffered... three days of torture, forgive me, Mary. »

«I have nothing for which to forgive you. On the contrary, I ask you to forgive Me for the pain I caused you. »

«Oh! Yes, it was a great pain! What a torture! Look! I was told this morning that my temples are white haired and my face wrinkled. These past days have been more than ten years of my life! <sup>25. 4</sup>But why, Mary, have You been so humble as to conceal Your glory from me, Your spouse, and thus allow me to suspect You? »

Joseph is not on his knees, but he is bent so low that he is as good as kneeling down, and Mary lays Her tiny hand on his head and smiles. She seems to be absolving him. And She whispers:

«If I had not been humble in the most perfect manner, I would not have deserved to conceive the Expected One, Who is coming to pay for the sin of pride that ruined man. And then I obeyed... God had requested such obedience. It cost Me so much... because of you, because of the pain that you were to suffer. But I could but obey. I am the handmaiden of the Lord, and servants do not discuss the orders they receive. They fulfil them, Joseph, even if they cause bitter tears. »

Mary weeps quietly while speaking. So quietly that Joseph, bent down as he is, does not notice it until a tear falls on the floor. He then lifts his head and — it is the first time I see him do this — he presses Mary's little hands in his dark strong ones and he kisses the tips of the rosy slender fingers that protrude like fresh buds of a peach-tree from the circle formed by his own hands.

25. 5 «Now we shall have to arrange for... » Joseph does not say anything else, but he looks at Mary's body and She becomes purple and sits suddenly, to avoid Her figure being exposed to eyes watching Her. «We shall have to make haste. I will come here... We will complete the wedding... Next week. Is that alright? »

«Whatever you do is alright, Joseph. You are the head of the family, I am your servant. »

«No. I am Your servant. I am the happy servant of my Lord Who is growing in Your womb. You are blessed amongst all the women of Israel. This evening I will warn my relatives. And after... when I am here, we will work to prepare everything to receive... Oh! How can I receive God in my house? God... in my arms? I will die of joy!... I will never dare touch Him! I will never be able...! »

«You will be able, as I will, by the grace of God. »

«But You are... I am a poor man, the poorest of God's children!... »

«Jesus is coming to us, poor people, to make us rich in God, He is coming to us two, because we are the poorest and we admit it. Rejoice, Joseph. The House of David has the King long waited for and our home will become more splendid than Solomon's palace, because Heaven will be here and we shall share with God the secret of peace that men will be acquainted with later. He will grow among us, our arms will be the cradle for the Redeemer and our work will procure bread for Him... Oh! Joseph! We

shall hear the voice of God calling us ‘father and Mother! ’ Oh!... »

Mary cries with joy. Such happy tears! And Joseph, who is now kneeling at Her feet, is weeping with his head almost hidden in Mary’s wide dress, which falls in folds on to the plain floor of the room.

The vision ends here.

<sup>6</sup>Mary says:

25. 6

«No one must interpret My pallor erroneously. It was not caused by human fear. From a human point of view I should have expected to be stoned to death. But I was not afraid because of that. I was suffering because of Joseph’s pain. Neither was I upset by the thought that he might accuse Me. I was only sorry and afraid that he might be lacking in charity if he should insist in his accusation. That is why all My blood rushed to My heart when I saw him. It was the moment when even a just man might have offended Justice by offending charity. And I would have been extremely upset if a just man were to commit an error since he never erred.

<sup>7</sup>Had I not been humble to the very extreme limit, as I told Joseph, I would not have deserved to bear within Me Him Who was loving Himself, God, to the humiliation of being a man, in order to make reparation for the pride of the human race. 25. 7

<sup>8</sup>I have shown you that scene, which is not described by any of the Gospels, because I want to draw the excessively misguided attention of men to the conditions which are essential to please God and receive His continuous calls to your hearts. 25. 8

*Faith.* Joseph believed the heavenly messenger’s words unquestioningly. He wanted but to believe, because he was sincerely convinced that God is good and that since he had hoped in the Lord, the Lord would not have reserved for him the torture of being betrayed, disappointed and sneered at by his neighbours. He asked for nothing, but to believe in Me, because, being honest, it was painful for him to think that other people were not honest. He *lived* according to the Law and the Law says: ‘Love your neighbour as you love yourself’. We love ourselves so much that we think we are perfect even when we are not. Can we therefore not love our neighbour simply because we think he is faulty?

Unrestricted *Charity*. A charity that knows how to forgive,

that wants to forgive, and forgive in advance wholeheartedly excusing the imperfections of our neighbours. It is necessary to forgive immediately, accepting every extenuating circumstance.

*Humility*, as unrestricted as charity. You must admit that you can be faulty even in simple thoughts, and you must not be so proud as to refuse to say: 'I made a mistake', because such pride would be more harmful than the previous fault. Everybody makes mistakes, with the exception of God. Who can say: 'I am never wrong'? And there is a more difficult humility: the one that knows how to keep silent about God's wonderful things in us, when it is not necessary to proclaim them for His glory, so that we might not discourage our neighbour who has not received such special gifts from God. If He wants, oh! if He only wants, God reveals Himself in His servant! Elizabeth 'saw' Me for what I was, My spouse knew Me for what I was, when it was time for him to know.

25. 9     <sup>9</sup>Leave to the Lord the care of proclaiming you His servants. He is anxious to do so, because every creature that rises to a particular mission, is a new glory which is added to His infinite glory, and is a witness of what man is, as God wanted him to be: a lesser perfection that reflects its Author. Remain in shadow and silence, you who are beloved by Grace, so that you may hear the *only* words of 'life', that you may deserve to have on you and in you the Sun that shines eternally.

Oh! Most Blessed Light, God, joy of Your servants, do shine on those servants of Yours that they may exult in their humility, praising You, only You, because You disperse the proud but raise the humble, who love You, to the splendour of Your Kingdom. »

## **27. The census edict. Teachings on just love to the husband and on trust in God.**

4<sup>th</sup> June 1944.

27. 1     <sup>1</sup>I see the house in Nazareth once again: the little room where Mary usually takes Her meals. She is now working at a white piece of cloth. She lays Her work down to light a lamp, because it is getting dark, and She can no longer see well in the greenish light which comes in through the door half open on to the or-

chard. She closes the door, too.

Her abdomen is now very big. But She is still so beautiful. Her walk is always agile and all Her gestures are gentle. There is none of the heavy awkward movements which are generally noticed in a woman when she is about to give birth to her child. Only Her face has changed. Now She is «the woman». Before, at the time of the Annunciation, She was a young girl with the serene innocent face of a child. Afterwards, in Elizabeth's house, when the Baptist was born, Her face had become more refined and gracefully mature. Now it is the serene but sweetly majestic face of a woman who has reached her full perfection in maternity.

She no longer resembles the «Annunciation» of Florence, so dear to you, Father. When She was a girl, I saw the resemblance. Her face is now longer and thinner, Her eyes are more pensive and larger. In brief, it is like what Mary is now in Heaven. Because Her countenance and age are once again as they were when the Saviour was born.

Her youth is the eternal youth which not only has not known the corruption of death, but has not even experienced the withering of age. Time has not touched our Queen and Mother of the Lord Who created time; and if in Her torture at the time of Passion — a torture which had begun for Her a long time previously, I could say since Jesus began to evangelise — She looked old, such aging was like a veil cast over Her incorruptible person. In fact since the moment that She sees Jesus risen, She becomes once again the fresh perfect creature She was before such torture, as if by kissing His Most Holy Wounds She had drunk a balm of youth which cancels the action of time, and even more so, of sorrow. In fact even eight days ago, when I saw the descent of the Holy Spirit on Whitsunday, I saw that Mary was 'beautiful, most beautiful and all of a sudden looked younger' as I wrote and had written previously: 'She looks like a blue angel'. Angels do not grow old. They are eternally beautiful, because they reflect the eternal youth and the eternal presence of God.

The angelical youth of Mary, blue angel, is perfected now, but not in the secrecy of a room unknown to the world and with only one archangel as witness. It reaches the perfect age which She took with Her to Heaven and which She will keep forever in Her holy glorified body, when the Spirit adorns Her with the bridal



ring and crowns Her in the presence of everybody.

I wanted to make this digression because I thought that it was necessary. I will now revert to the description.

Mary, thus, is now really a «woman» full of dignity and grace. Also Her smile has gained in sweetness and majesty. How beautiful She is!

27. 2     <sup>2</sup>Joseph comes in. He seems to be coming from the village, because he comes in through the main door, not from the workshop. Mary lifts Her head and smiles at him. Also Joseph smiles. But his smile seems to be a forced one, as if he were worried. Mary looks at him inquisitively. She then gets up to take the mantle that Joseph is taking off and She folds it and lays it on a chest.

Joseph sits at the table. He rests one elbow on it and lays his head on one hand, while with the other hand, absentmindedly, he combs and ruffles his beard with alternate strokes.

«Is there anything worrying you? » asks Mary. «Can I help you? »

«You always comfort me, Mary. But this time, I have a *big* problem... that concerns You. »

«Me, Joseph. And what is it? »

«They have posted an edict on the synagogue door. It orders the census of all Palestinians. And everybody must go and register in his place of origin. We must go to Bethlehem... »

27. 3     <sup>3</sup>«Oh! » exclaims Mary, interrupting him and putting one hand on Her bosom.

«It's a shock, isn't it? And a sad one. I know! »

«No, Joseph. That's not it. I am thinking... I am thinking of the Holy Scriptures: Rachel, Benjamin's mother and Jacob's wife of whom the Star will be born: the Saviour. Rachel buried in Bethlehem, of which it is said\*: 'But you, Bethlehem, Ephrathah, the least of the clans of Judah, out of you will be born the Ruler'. The Ruler who was promised to the House of David. He will be born there... »

«Do You... do You think it is already the time?... Oh! What shall we do? » Joseph is completely dismayed. He looks at Mary with two pitiful eyes.

She realises this and smiles. But She smiles more at Herself

\* it is said: *Micah 5: 1.*

than at him. A smile that seems to say: «He is a man, a just man, but a man. And he sees as a man. He thinks as a man. Have pity on him, o soul of Mine, and guide him so that he may see as a spirit. » But Her kindness induces Her to reassure him. She is not untruthful. She simply diverts his anxiety. «I do not know, Joseph. My time is very close. But could the Lord not delay it to relieve you from this worry? He can do everything. Don't fear. »

«But the journey!... Think of the crowds. Shall we find good lodgings? Shall we be in time to come back? And if... if You are to become a Mother there, what will we do? We have no home there... We do not know anybody anymore. »

«Don't be afraid. Everything will be alright. God finds a shelter for the animal about to give birth. Do you think He will not find one for His Messiah? We trust in Him, don't we? We always trust in Him. The harder the trial, the more we trust. Like two children we put our hands in His fatherly ones. He is our guide. We rely entirely on Him. Consider how He has led us with love so far. A father, even the best of fathers, could not do it with greater care. We are His children and His servants. We fulfil His will. No harm can befall us. Also this edict is His will. What is Caesar after all? An instrument in the hands of God. Since the time when the Father decided to forgive man, He pre-arranged the events so that His Christ may be born in Bethlehem. Bethlehem, the smallest town in Judah, did not yet exist and its glory was already destined. And there... a powerful man has risen, very far from here, and he conquered us, and now he wants to know all his subjects, *now*, while the world is in peace... so that the glory of Bethlehem may be accomplished and the word of God may not be belied, — as it would be if the Messiah were to be born elsewhere. Oh! What is our small trouble if we consider the beauty of this moment of peace? Just think, Joseph: a period of time when there is no hatred in the world! Can there be a happier hour for the rising of the 'Star', the light of which is divine and its influence is redemption? Oh! Do not be afraid, Joseph. If the roads are not safe, if the crowds will make the journey a difficult one, the angels will defend and protect us. Not us: but their King. If we find no accomodation, their wings will be our tents. No mishap will befall us. It cannot: God is with us. »

<sup>4</sup>Joseph looks at Her and listens to Her, happily. The wrinkles 27. 4

on his forehead smooth away. He gets up, no longer tired or worried. He smiles. «You are blessed, Sun of my soul! You are blessed, because You see everything through the Grace of which You are full! Don't let us waste time, then. Because we must leave as soon as possible, and come back as soon as possible, because everything is ready here for the... for the... »

«For *our* Son, Joseph. He must be such in the eyes of the world, remember that. The Father has covered His coming with the veil of mystery and we must not lift that veil. Jesus will do it, when the time comes... »

The beauty of Mary's face, look, expression and voice, when She says «Jesus» cannot be described. It is already an ecstasy. And the vision ends on it.

27. 5 <sup>5</sup>Mary says:

«I will not add much more, because My words are already a lesson.

But I wish to draw the attention of wives to one point. Too many marriages break up through the fault of women, who do not possess that love, which is everything: kindness, pity and solace to their husbands. The physical suffering that lies heavy on women does not lie heavily on men. But all the moral worries: necessities of work, decisions to be taken, responsibilities before the established authorities and one's own family... oh! how many things weigh on man! And how much comfort he also needs! And yet, a woman's selfishness is such that she adds the weight of useless and sometimes unfair complaints to the burden of her tired, disheartened, worried husband. And all this because she is selfish. She does not love.

Love is not the satisfaction of one's senses and utility. To love is to satisfy him whom we love, beyond senses and utility, giving him the help he needs so that he may always be able to keep his wings open in the skies of hope and peace.

27. 6 <sup>6</sup>There is another point to which I wish to draw your attention. I have already spoken of it. But I wish to insist: trust in God.

Trust summarises the theological virtues. Those who trust have faith. Those who trust hope. Those who trust love. When we love, we hope, we believe in a person, we trust. Otherwise we do not. God deserves our trust. If we trust poor men who may fail,

why should we not trust God Who can never fail?

Trust is also humility. The proud man says: 'I will do it by myself. I do not trust him because he is an incapable man, a liar, an overbearing fellow...' The humble man says: 'I trust him. Why should I not? Why should I think that I am better than he is?' And more rightly he says of God: 'Why should I mistrust Him Who is so good? Why should I think that I can do it by myself?' God gives Himself to the humble, but withdraws from the proud.

Trust is also obedience. And God loves the obedient man. Obedience implies that we acknowledge ourselves as His children and we acknowledge God as our Father. And a father can but love when he is a real father. God is our real Father and a perfect Father.

<sup>7</sup>The third point I want you to consider. It is always based on trust. <sup>27.7</sup>

No event can happen unless God allows it. Are you powerful? You became so, because God permitted it. Are you a subject? You are such, because God permitted it. Endeavour, therefore, powerful one, not to turn your power to your own detriment. It would always be 'your detriment', even if at the beginning, it may appear detrimental to others. Because if God allows, He does not over-allow, and if you go beyond the mark He will strike you and crush you. Endeavour, therefore, o subject, to make of your condition a magnet that will draw the protection of Heaven upon you. And never curse anyone. Leave that to God's care. It is for Him, the Lord of all, to bless and curse His creatures.

Go in peace. »

## **28. The arrival in Bethlehem.**

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

<sup>1</sup>I see a main road which is very crowded. Little donkeys, <sup>28.1</sup> loaded with goods and chattels or with people, are going one way. Other little donkeys are going the opposite way. The people are spurring their mounts and those on foot are walking fast because it is cold.

The air is clear and dry. The sky is serene, but everywhere there is the sharp atmosphere common to winter days. The bar-

ren country seems vaster, the short grass in the pastures has been nipped by the winter winds; on the grazing ground, the sheep are looking for some grass and they are also looking for some sunshine, as the sun is rising very slowly. They are standing very close together one against the other, because they also are cold, and they bleat, lifting their heads and looking at the sun as if they were saying: «Come quick because it is cold! » The ground is undulating and its undulations are becoming clearer and clearer. It is a really hilly place. There are valleys and slopes covered with grass, and ridges. The road runs through the centre and goes south-east.

Mary is on a little grey donkey. She is wrapped in a heavy mantle. In front of the saddle there is the fitting already seen in Her journey to Hebron, and on it there is the little trunk with basic essentials.

Joseph is walking on the side holding the reins. «Are you tired? » he asks Her now and again.

Mary looks at him smiling and replies: «No, I am not. » The third time She adds: «You must be tired walking. »

«Oh! Me! It's nothing for me. I was only thinking that if I had found another donkey You would have been more comfortable, and we could have travelled faster. But I just could not find another one. Everybody needs a mount nowadays. But take heart. We shall soon be in Bethlehem. Ephrathah is beyond that mountain. »

They are both silent. The Virgin, when She does not speak, seems to concentrate on internal prayer. She smiles mildly at one of Her thoughts and if She looks at the crowd, She does not seem to see it for what it is: a man, a woman, an old man, a shepherd, a rich or a poor man, but only for what She sees.

«Are you cold? » asks Joseph when the wind starts blowing.

«No, thank you. »

But Joseph is not too happy. He touches Her feet, which are shod in sandals and are hanging down along the side of the donkey and can hardly be seen coming out from under Her long dress, and he must feel them cold, because he shakes his head and takes a blanket, which he has across his shoulders, and wraps Mary's legs in it and he spreads it also on Her lap, so that Her hands may be kept warm, being covered by the blanket and Her mantle.

<sup>2</sup>They meet a shepherd, who cuts across the road with his herd, moving from the grazing ground on the right-hand side of the road to the one of the left-hand side. Joseph bends down to say something to him. The shepherd nods in assent. Joseph takes the donkey and drags it behind the herd into the grazing ground. The shepherd pulls a coarse bowl out of his knapsack, he milks a big sheep with swollen udders and hands the bowl to Joseph who offers it to Mary. 28. 2

«May God bless you both,» exclaims Mary. «You for your love, and you for your kindness. I will pray for you. »

«Are you coming from far? »

«From Nazareth, » replies Joseph.

«And where are you going? »

«To Bethlehem. »

«A long journey for a woman in Her state. Is She your wife?»

«Yes, She is. »

«Have you got a place where to go? »

«No, we haven't. »

«That's bad! Bethlehem is overcrowded with people who have come from all over to register there, or are on their way to register elsewhere. I don't know whether you will find lodgings. Are you familiar with the place? »

«Not really. »

«Well... I will explain it to you... for Her... (and he points to Mary). Find the hotel, it will be full. But I will tell you just the same, to guide you. It's in the square, in the largest one. This main road will take you to it. You can't miss it. There is a fountain in front of it, it is a long and low building with a very big door. It will be full. But if you do not find room in the hotel, or in any of the houses, go round to the back of the hotel, towards the country. There are some stables in the mountain, which are used sometimes by merchants to keep their animals there, on their way to Jerusalem, when they don't find room in the hotel. They are stables, you know, in the mountain: they are damp and cold and there are no doors. But they are always a shelter, because your wife... She can't be left on the road. Perhaps you will find room there... and some hay to sleep on and for the donkey. And may God guide you. »

«And may God give you joy,» answers Mary. Joseph instead

replies: «Peace be with you. »

28. 3 <sup>3</sup>They take to the road again. A wider valley can be seen from the crest they have climbed over. In the valley, up and down the soft slopes surrounding it, there are many houses. It is Bethlehem.

«Here we are in David's land, Mary. Now You will be able to rest. You look so tired... »

«No. I was thinking... I think... » Mary gets hold of Joseph's hand and says to him with a blissful smile: «I really think that the time has come. »

«O Lord of mercy! What shall we do? »

«Don't be afraid, Joseph. Be steady. See how calm I am? »

«But You must be suffering a lot. »

«Oh! No. I am full of joy. Such a joy, so great, so beautiful, so uncontainable, that My heart is thumping and thumping and it is whispering to Me: 'He is coming! He is coming!' It says so at each beat. It is My Child knocking at My heart and saying: 'Mother, I am here and I am coming to give You the kiss of God'. Oh! What a joy, My dear Joseph! »

But Joseph is not joyful. He is thinking of the urgent need to find a shelter and he quickens his pace. He goes from door to door asking for a room. Nothing. They are all full. They reach the hotel. Even the rustic porches surrounding the large inner yard are full of campers.

Joseph leaves Mary on the donkey inside the yard and he goes out looking in other houses. He comes back thoroughly disheartened. He has not found anything. The fast winter twilight is beginning to spread its shadows. Joseph implores the hotel-keeper. He implores also some of the travellers. He points out that they are all healthy men, that there is a woman about to give birth to a child. He begs them to have mercy. Nothing.

There is a rich Pharisee who looks at them with obvious contempt and when Mary goes near him, he steps aside as if he had been approached by a leper. Joseph looks at him and his face blushes with disdain. Mary lays Her hand on his wrist to calm him and says: «Don't insist. Let us go. God will provide. »

28. 4 <sup>4</sup>They go out and they follow the wall of the hotel. They turn into a little street that runs between the hotel and some poor houses. They then turn behind the hotel. They look for the sta-

bles. At last, here are some grottos, a kind of cellar, I would say, rather than stables, because they are so low and damp. The best have already been taken. Joseph is utterly disheartened.

«Ehi! Galilean! » an old man shouts. «Down there, at the end, under those ruins, there is a den. Perhaps there is nobody in it yet. »

They hurry to the «den». It is really a den. Among the ruins of an old building there is a hole, beyond which there is a grotto, an excavation in the mountain, rather than a grotto. It seems to consist of the foundations of the old building, with the roof formed by rubble supported by coarse tree trunks.

There is hardly any light, and to see better Joseph pulls out tinder and flint and he lights a little lamp that he takes out of the knapsack he is carrying across his shoulders. He goes in and is greeted by a bellow. «Come in, Mary. It is empty. There is only an ox. » Joseph smiles. «It's better than nothing!... »

<sup>5</sup>Mary dismounts from Her donkey and goes in.

28. 5

Joseph has hung the little lamp on a nail of one of the supporting trunks. They see the vault covered with cobwebs, the soil — stamped ramshackle earth, with holes, rubbish, excrement — the soil is strewn with straw. In the rear, an ox turns its head round and looks with its large quiet eyes while some hay is hanging from its lips. There is a rough seat and two big stones in a corner near a loop-hole. The black remains in that corner is a clear sign that a fire is normally lit there.

Mary goes near the ox. She is cold. She puts Her hands on its neck to feel its warmth. The ox bellows but does not stir. It seems to understand. Also when Joseph pushes it aside to take a large quantity of hay from the manger and make a bed for Mary, the ox remains calm and quiet. The manger is a double one: that is, there is one out of which the ox eats, and above it there is a kind of shelf, with some spare hay, which Joseph pulls down. The ox makes room also for the little donkey that, tired and hungry as it is, starts eating at once.

Joseph discovers also a battered bucket, turned upside down. He goes out, because he saw a little stream outside, and he comes back with some water for the little donkey. He then finds a bunch of twigs in a corner and he tries to sweep the floor with it. He next spreads the hay and makes a bed with it near the ox, in the



most sheltered and dry corner. But he realizes that the poor hay is damp, and he sighs. He then lights a fire, and with the patience of job, he dries the hay, a handful at a time, holding it near the fire.

Mary is sitting on the stool, She is tired, She watches and smiles. The hay is now ready. Mary sits down more comfortably on the soft hay, with Her back leaning against one of the tree trunks. Joseph completes... the furnishings by hanging his mantle as a curtain on the hole that serves as a door. It is a makeshift protection. He then offers some bread and cheese to the Virgin, and he gives Her some water out of a flask.

«Sleep now,» he says. «I will sit up and watch that the fire does not go out. There is some wood, fortunately, let us hope that it will burn and last. Thus I will be able to save the oil of the lamp. »

Mary lies down obediently. Joseph covers Her with Her own mantle and with the blanket that She had around Her feet earlier.

«But you... you will be cold. »

«No, Mary. I'll be near the fire. Try and rest now. Things will be better tomorrow. »

Mary closes Her eyes without insisting. Joseph creeps into his little corner, sits on the stool, with some dry twigs near him. They are very few. I do not think they will last long.

They are placed as follows: Mary is on the right hand side, with Her back to the... door, half hidden by the tree trunk and the ox which has lain down on the litter. Joseph is on the left side, towards the door, and since he is facing the fire, his back is turned towards Mary. But he turns round now and again to look at Her, and he sees She is lying quietly, as if She were sleeping. He breaks the little sticks as quietly as possible and throws them one at a time onto the little fire, so that it may not go out and may give some light and yet make the wood last longer. There is only the dim light of the fire: at times bright at times very faint. The lamp in fact has been put out and in the half light only the whiteness of the ox and of Joseph's hands and face can be seen. All the rest is a confused mass in the dull dim light.

28.6      6«There is no dictation, » says Mary. «The vision speaks for itself. It is for you to understand the lesson of charity, humility and purity emanating from it. Rest. Rest watching, as I used to keep watch waiting for Jesus. He will come to bring you His peace. »

## 29. The birth of Jesus. The divine maternity of Mary: redemption of Eve's sin.

6<sup>th</sup> June 1944.

<sup>29. 1</sup> I still see the inside of the poor stony shelter, where Mary and Joseph have found refuge, sharing the lot of some animals.

The little fire is dozing together with its guardian. Mary lifts Her head slowly from Her bed and looks around. She sees that Joseph's head is bowed over his chest, as if he were meditating, and She thinks that his good intention to remain awake has been overcome by tiredness. She smiles lovingly and making less noise than a butterfly alighting on a rose, She sits up and then goes on Her knees. She prays with a blissful smile on Her face. She prays with Her arms stretched out, almost in the shape of a cross, with the palms of Her hands facing up and forward, and She never seems to tire in that position. She then prostrates Herself with Her face on the hay, in an even more ardent prayer. A long prayer.

Joseph stirs. He notices that the fire is almost out and the stable almost dark. He throws a handful of very slender heath on to the fire and the flames are revived, he then adds some thicker twigs and finally some sticks, because the cold is really biting: the cold of a serene winter night that comes into the ruins from everywhere. Poor Joseph must be frozen sitting as he is near the door, if we can call a door the hole where Joseph's mantle serves as a curtain, He warms his hands near the fire, then He takes his sandals off and warms his feet. When the fire is blazing gaily and its light is steady, he turns around. But he does not see anything, not even Mary's white veil that formed a clear line on the dark hay. He gets up and slowly moves towards Her pallet.

«Are You not sleeping, Mary?» he asks.

He asks Her three times until She turns round and replies: «I am praying.»

«Is there anything you need?»

«No, Joseph.»

«Try and sleep a little. At least try and rest.»

«I will try. But I don't get tired praying.»

«God be with You, Mary.»

«And with you, Joseph.»

Mary resumes Her position. Joseph to avoid falling asleep, goes on his knees near the fire and prays. He prays with his hands pressed against his face. He removes them now and again to feed the fire and then he resumes his ardent prayer. Apart from the noise of the crackling sticks and the noise made now and again by the donkey stamping its hooves on the ground, no other sound is heard.

29. 2      <sup>2</sup>A thin ray of moonlight creeps in through a crack in the vault and it seems like a blade of unearthly silver looking for Mary. It stretches in length as the moon climbs higher in the sky and at last reaches Her. It is now on Her head, where it forms a halo of pure light.

Mary lifts Her head, as if She had a celestial call, and She gets up and goes onto Her knees again. Oh! How beautiful it is here now! She raises Her head, and Her face shines in the white moonlight and becomes transfigured by a supernatural smile. What does She see? What does She hear? What does She feel? She is the only one who can tell what She saw, heard and felt in the refugent hour of Her Maternity. I can only see that the light around Her is increasing more and more. It seems to come down from Heaven, to arise from the poor things around Her, above all it seems to originate from Herself.

Her deep blue dress now seems of a pale myosotis blue, and Her hands and face are becoming clear blue as if they were placed under the glare of a huge pale sapphire. This hue is spreading more and more on the things around Her, it covers them, purifies them and brightens everything. It reminds me, although it is somewhat softer, of the hue I see in the vision of holy Paradise, and also of the colour I saw in the visit of the Wise Men.

The light is given off more and more intensely from Mary's body, it absorbs the moonlight. She seems to be drawing to Herself all the light that can descend from Heaven. She is now the Depositary of the Light. She is to give this Light to the world. And this blissful, uncontainable, immeasurable, eternal, divine Light which is about to be given, is heralded by a dawn, a morning star, a chorus of atoms of Light that increase continuously like a tide, and rise more and more like incense, and descend like a large stream and stretch out like veils...

The vault, full of crevices, of cobwebs, of protruding rub-

ble balanced by a miracle of physics, the dark, smoky repellent vault, now seems like the ceiling of a royal hall. Each boulder is a block of silver, each crack an opal flash, each cobweb a most precious canopy interwoven with silver and diamonds. A huge green lizard, hibernating between two stones, seems like an emerald jewel forgotten there by a queen: and a bunch of hibernating bats is like a precious onyx chandelier. The hay from the upper manger is no longer grass blades: it is pure silver wires quivering in the air with the grace of loose hair.

The dark wood of the lower manger is a block of burnished silver. The walls are covered with a brocade in which the white silk disappears under the pearly embroidery of the relief, and the soil... what is the soil now? It is a crystal lit up by a white light. Its protrusions are like roses thrown in homage of the soil; the holes are precious cups from which perfumes and scents are to arise.

<sup>3</sup>And the light increases more and more. It is now unbearable to the eye. And the Virgin disappears in so much light, as if She had been absorbed by an incandescent curtain... and the Mother emerges. 29. 3

Yes. When the light becomes endurable once again to my eyes, I see Mary with the new-born Son in Her arms. A little Baby, rosy and plump, bustling with His little hands as big as rose buds and kicking with His tiny feet that could be contained in the hollow of the heart of a rose: and is crying with a thin trembling voice, just like a new-born little lamb, opening His pretty little mouth that resembles a wild strawberry, and showing a tiny tongue that trembles against the rosy roof of His mouth. And He moves His little head that is so blond that it seems without any hair, a little round head that His Mummy holds in the hollow of Her hand, while She looks at Her Baby and adores Him weeping and smiling at the same time, and She bends down to kiss Him not on His innocent head, but on the centre of His chest, where underneath there is His little heart beating for us... where one day there will be the Wound. And His Mother is doctoring that wound in advance, with Her immaculate kiss.

The ox, woken up by the dazzling light, gets up with a great noise of hooves and bellows, the donkey turns its head round and brays. It is the light that rouses them but I love to think that they wanted to greet their Creator, both for themselves and on behalf

of all the animals.

29. 4 <sup>4</sup>Also Joseph, who almost enraptured, was praying so ardently as to be isolated from what was around him, now rouses and he sees a strange light filter through the fingers of his hands pressed against his face. He removes his hands, lifts his head and turns round. The ox, standing as it is, hides Mary. But She calls him: «Joseph, come. »

Joseph rushes. And when he sees, he stops, struck by reverence, and he is about to fall on his knees where he is. But Mary insists: «Come, Joseph» and She leans on the hay with Her left hand and, holding the Child close to Her heart with Her right one, She gets up and moves towards Joseph, who is walking embarrassed, because of a conflict in him between his desire to go and his fear of being irreverent.

They meet at the foot of the straw bed and they look at each other, weeping blissfully.

«Come, let us offer Jesus to the Father,» says Mary. And while Joseph kneels down, She stands up between two trunks supporting the vault, She lifts up Her Creature in Her arms and says: «Here I am. On His behalf, O God, I speak these words to You: here I am to do Your will. And I, Mary, and My spouse, Joseph, with Him. Here are Your servants, O Lord. May Your will always be done by us, in every hour, in every event, for Your glory and Your love. »

Then Mary bends down and says: «Here, Joseph, take Him», and offers him the Child.

«What! I?... Me?... Oh, no! I am not worthy! » Joseph is utterly dumbfounded at the idea of having to touch God.

But Mary insists smiling: «You are well worthy. No one is more worthy than you are, and that is why the Most High chose you. Take Him, Joseph, and hold Him while I look for the linen.»

Joseph, blushing almost purple, stretches his arms out and takes the Baby, Who is screaming because of the cold and when he has Him in his arms, he no longer persists in the intention of holding Him far from himself, out of respect, but he presses Him to his heart and bursts into tears exclaiming: «Oh! Lord! My God! » And he bends down to kiss His tiny feet and feels them cold. He then sits on the ground, and holds Him close to his chest and with his brown tunic and his hands he tries to cover Him,

and warm Him, defending Him from the bitterly cold wind of the night. He would like to go near the fire, but there is a cold draft coming in from the door. It is better to stay where he is. No, it is better to go between the two animals which serve as a protection against the air and give out warmth. Thus, he goes between the ox and the donkey, with his back to the door, bending over the New-Born to form with his body a shelter, the two sides of which are a grey head with long ears, and a huge white muzzle with a steaming nose and two gentle soft eyes.

<sup>29. 5</sup> Mary has opened the trunk and has pulled out the linen and swaddling clothes. She has been near the fire warming them. She now moves towards Joseph and wraps the Baby with the warm linen and then with Her veil to protect His little head. «Where shall we put Him now? » She asks.

Joseph looks around, thinking... «Wait,» he says. «Let us move the animals and their hay over here, we will then pull down that hay up there and arrange it in here. The wood on the side will protect Him from the air, the hay will serve as a pillow and the ox will warm Him a little with its breath. The ox is better than the donkey. It is more patient and quiet. » And he bustles about, while Mary is lulling the Baby, holding Him close to Her heart, and laying Her cheek on His tiny head to warm it.

Joseph makes the fire, without economy this time, to have a good blaze, and he warms the hay and as it dries, he keeps it near his chest, so that it will not get cold. Then, when he has gathered enough to make a little mattress for the Child, he goes to the manger and sorts it out as if it were a cradle. «It is ready, » he says. «Now we need a blanket, because the hay stings, and also to cover Him. »

«Take My mantle, » says Mary.

«You will be cold. »

«Oh! It does not matter! The blanket is too coarse. The mantle is soft and warm. I am not cold at all. Don't let Him suffer any longer! »

Joseph takes the wide mantle of soft dark blue wool, he double folds it and lays it on the hay, leaving a strip hanging out of the manger. The first bed for the Saviour is ready.

And the Mother, with Her sweet, graceful gait, moves to the manger, lays Him in it, and covers Him with the strip of Her

mantle. She arranges it also around His bare head, almost completely covered by the hay, from which it is protected only by Mary's thin veil. Only His little face, the size of a man's fist, is left uncovered. Mary and Joseph, bending over the manger, are blissfully happy watching Him sleep His first sleep, because the warmth of the clothes and of the hay has appeased His crying, and made Him sleepy.

29. 6     <sup>6</sup>Mary says:

«I promised you that He would come to bring you His peace. Do you remember the peace you enjoyed at Christmas! When you saw Me with My Child? Then it was your time of peace. Now it is your time of pain. But you know by now. It is by means of pain that we achieve peace and every grace for ourselves and our neighbours. Jesus-Man became Jesus-God again, after the tremendous suffering of His Passion. He became Peace, once more. Peace from Heaven, from where He had come and from where He now pours out His peace for those who love Him in the world. But in the hours of His Passion, He, Peace of the world, was deprived of that peace. He would not have suffered if He had had it. And He had to suffer: and to suffer excruciatingly, to the very end.

29. 7     <sup>7</sup>I, Mary, redeemed woman by means of My divine Maternity. But that was only the beginning of woman's redemption. By refusing a human marriage in accordance with My vow of virginity, I had rejected all lustful satisfactions, thus deserving grace from God. But it was not yet sufficient, because Eve's sin was a four branched tree: pride, avarice, gluttony and lust. And all four were to be cut off, before making the roots of the tree sterile.

29. 8     <sup>8</sup>*By deeply humiliating Myself, I defeated pride.*

I abased Myself before everybody. I am not referring to My humility towards God. Such humility is due to the Most High by every creature. Even His Word had it. It was necessary for Me, a woman, to have it. But have you ever considered what humiliation I had to suffer from men, without defending Myself in any way? Even Joseph, who was a just man, had accused Me in his heart. The others, who were not just, had committed a sin of murmuring with regards to My condition, and the rumour of their words had come like a bitter wave to break up against My humanity. And they were the first of the infinite humiliations I

was to suffer in My life as Mother of Jesus and of mankind. Humiliations of poverty, of a refugee, humiliations for reproaches of relatives and friends who, being unaware of the truth, judged Me a weak woman with regard to My behaviour as a Mother towards Jesus, when He was a young man, humiliations during the three years of His public life, cruel humiliations in the hour of Calvary, humiliation in having to admit that I could not afford to buy a place and the perfumes for the burial of my Son.

<sup>9</sup>*I overcame the avarice of the First Parents renouncing My Creature before the time.* <sup>29. 9</sup>

A mother never renounces her creature unless she is forced to. Whether her heart is asked to renounce her creature by her country or by the love of a spouse or even by God Himself, she will resent and struggle against the separation. It is natural. A son grows in our womb and the tie that links him to us can never be completely broken. Even if the umbilical cord is cut, there is a nerve that always remains: it departs from the mother's heart and is grafted into the son's heart: it is a spiritual nerve, more lively and sensitive than a physical one. And a mother feels it stretching even to exceedingly severe pangs if the love of God or of a creature or the need of the country take her son away from her. And it breaks, tearing her heart, if death snatches her son from her.

And I renounced My Son from the very moment I had Him. I gave Him to God. I gave Him to you. I deprived Myself of the Fruit of My womb to make amends for Eve's theft of God's fruit.

<sup>10</sup>*I defeated gluttony, both of knowledge and of enjoyment, by agreeing to know only what God wanted Me to know, without asking Myself or Him more than what I was told. I believed unquestioningly. I overcame the innate personal delight of enjoyment because I denied Myself every sensual pleasure. I confined flesh, the instrument of Satan, together with Satan, under My heel and made of them a step to rise towards Heaven. Heaven! My aim. Where God was. My only hunger. A hunger which is not gluttony, but a necessity blessed by God, Who wants us to crave for Him.* <sup>29. 10</sup>

<sup>11</sup>*I defeated lust, which is gluttony carried to the extreme of greed. Because every unrestrained vice leads to a bigger vice. And Eve's gluttony, which was already blameworthy, led her to lust. It was no longer enough for her to enjoy pleasure by her-* <sup>29. 11</sup>



self. She wanted to take her crime to a refined intensity and thus she became acquainted with lust and was a mistress of lust for her companion. I reversed the terms and instead of descending I have always ascended. Instead of causing other people to descend, I have always attracted them towards Heaven: of My honest companion, I made an angel.

Now that I possessed God and His infinite wealth with Him, I hastened to denude Myself of it saying: 'Here I am: may Your will be done for Him and by Him'. He is chaste who not only chastises his flesh but also his affections and his thoughts. I had to be the Chaste One in order to annul the One who had been Unchaste in her flesh, her heart and her mind. And I never abandoned My reservedness, not even by saying of My Son: 'He is Mine, I want Him', since He belonged only to Me on earth, as He belonged only to God in Heaven.

29. 12 <sup>12</sup>And yet all this was not sufficient to achieve for woman the peace lost by Eve. I obtained that for you at the foot of the Cross: when I saw Him dying, Whom you saw being born. When I felt My bowels being torn apart by the cry of My dying Creature, I became void of all femininity. I was no longer flesh, but an angel. Mary, the Virgin Spouse of the Spirit, died that moment. The Mother of Grace remained, Who gave you the Grace She generated from Her torture. The female reconsecrated 'woman' by me on Christmas night, achieved at the foot of the Cross the means to become a creature of Heaven.

This I did for you, depriving Myself of all satisfactions, even of holy ones. And whereas you had been reduced by Eve to females not superior to the mates of animals, I made of you, if you only wish so, saints of God. I ascended for you. As I had done for Joseph, I lifted you higher up. The rock of Calvary is My Mount of Olives. From there I took My leap to carry to Heaven the re-sanctified soul of woman together with My flesh, now glorified because it had borne the Word of God and had destroyed in Me the very last trace of Eve. It had destroyed the last root of that tree with four poisonous branches, a root stuck in the sensuality that had dragged mankind to fall and that will go on biting at your intestines until the end of time and to the last woman. From there, where I now shine in the ray of Love, I call you and I show you the Medicine to control yourselves: the Grace of My Lord and

the Blood of My Son.

<sup>13</sup>And you, My voice, rest your soul in the light of this dawn <sup>29. 13</sup> of Jesus, to gain strength for the future crucifixions which will not be spared you, because we want you here and one comes here through pain, because we want you here and the higher one comes the more one has suffered to obtain Grace for the world.

Go in peace. I am with you. »

### **30. The adoration of the shepherds, the first worshippers of the Word Who had become God.**

7<sup>th</sup> June 1944. Eve of Corpus Christi.

[... ]

<sup>1</sup>Later I see a very wide country. The moon is at its zenith and <sup>30. 1</sup> it is sailing smoothly in a sky crowded with stars. They look like diamond studs fixed to a huge canopy of dark blue velvet and the moon is smiling in the middle of them with her big white face, from which streams of light descend and make the earth white. The barren trees seem taller and darker against so white a ground, whereas the low walls, which rise here and there on the boundaries, look as white as milk and a little house far away seems like a block of Carrara marble.

On my right I see a place enclosed by a thorn-bush hedge on two sides and by a low rugged wall on the other two. The wall supports a kind of low wide shed, which inside the enclosure is built in masonry and part in wood, as if in the summer the wooden part should be removed and the shed should become a porch. From the enclosure intermittent short bleatings can be heard now and again. It must be the little sheep which dream or perhaps sense that it is almost daybreak because of the very bright moonlight. The brightness is intense to an excessive degree and it is increasing more and more as if the planet were coming near the earth or were sparkling because of a mysterious fire.

<sup>2</sup>A shepherd looks out of the door, and lifting one arm to his <sup>30. 2</sup> forehead to shield his eyes, he looks up. It seems unlikely that one should protect one's eyes from moonlight. But the moonlight in this case is so bright that it blinds people, particularly those who come out from a dark enclosure. Everything is calm. But the

bright moonlight is surprising.

The shepherd calls his companions. They all come to the door: a group of hairy men of various ages. Some are just teenagers, some are already white haired. They comment on the strange event and the younger ones are afraid. One in particular, a boy about twelve years old, starts crying, and the older shepherds jeer at him.

«What are you afraid of, you fool? » the oldest man says to him. «Can't you see that the air is very quiet? Have you never seen clear moonlight? You have always been tied to your mother's apron strings, haven't you? But there are many things for you to see! Once, I had gone as far as the Lebanon mountains, even farther. High up. I was young, and walking was a pleasure. And I was also rich, then... one night I saw such a bright light that I thought Elijah was about to come back in his chariot of fire. And an old man — he was the old man then — said to me: A great adventure is about to take place in the world'. It was for us a misadventure, because the Roman soldiers came. Oh! Many things you will see, if you live... long enough. »

<sup>30. 3</sup> <sup>3</sup>But the little shepherd is no longer listening to him. He looks as if he is no longer frightened, because he leaves the threshold and steals from behind the shoulders of a brawny herdsman, behind whom he had previously sought shelter, and goes out onto the grassy fold in front of the shed. He looks up and walks about like a sleep-walker or one hypnotised by something that compellingly attracts him. At one point he shouts: «Oh! » and remains petrified with his arms slightly stretched out.

His friends look at one another dumbfounded.

«But what is the matter with the fool? » says one.

«I will send him back to his mother tomorrow. I don't want mad people as guardians of the sheep, » says another.

And the old man who had spoken earlier says: «Let us go and see before we judge him. Call also the others who are sleeping and bring your sticks. It might be a wild animal or some robber... »

They go in, they call the other shepherds and they come out with torches and clubs. They join the boy.

«There, there, » he whispers smiling. «Above the tree, look at that light. It seems to be walking along the ray of the moon. There it is, it is coming near. How beautiful it is! »

«I can only see a rather brighter light. »

«So can I. »

«So can I, » say the others.

«No. I see something like a body, » says one whom I recognise to be the shepherd who gave the milk to Mary.

«It is... it is an angel, » shouts the boy. «Here he is, he is coming down, he is coming near... Down! On your knees before the angel of God! »

A long and venerable «Oh! » comes from the group of shepherds, who fall down face to the ground and the older they are, the more they appear to be crushed by the refulgent apparition. The young ones are on their knees, looking at the angel who is coming nearer and nearer, and then he stops mid-air above the enclosure wall, waving his large wings, a pearly brightness in the white moonlight surrounding him.

«Do not fear. I am not bringing you misfortune. I announce a great joy for the people of Israel and for all the people of the world. » The angelic voice is the harmony of a harp and of singing nightingales.

«Today, in the City of David, the Saviour has been born.» In saying so, the angel spreads out his wings wider and wider, moving them as a sign of overwhelming joy, and a stream of golden sparks and precious stones seem to fall from them: a real rainbow creating a triumphal arch above the poor shed.

«... the Saviour, Who is Christ.» The angel shines with a brighter light. His two wings, now motionless, pointed upright towards the sky like two still sails on the sapphire of the sea, seem like two bright flames ascending to Heaven.

«... Christ, the Lord!» The angel gathers his sparkling wings and covers himself with them as if they were a coat of diamonds on a dress of pearls, he bows down in adoration, with his arms crossed over his heart, while his head bent down as it is, disappears in the shade of the tops of the folded wings. Only an oblong bright motionless shape can be seen for a few moments.

But now he stirs. He spreads out his wings, lifts his head, bright with a heavenly smile, and says: «You will recognise Him from the following signs: in a poor stable, behind Bethlehem, you will find a baby in swaddling clothes, in a manger for animals, because no roof was found for the Messiah in the city of David.»

The angel becomes serious, almost sad, in saying that.

30. 4 <sup>4</sup>But from the Heavens many angels — oh! how many! — come down, all like him, a ladder of angels descending and rejoicing and dimming the moonlight with their heavenly brightness. They all gather round the announcing angel, fluttering their wings, exhaling perfumes, playing notes in which the most beautiful voices of creation find a recollection, but elevated to uniform perfection. If painting is the expression of matter to become light, here melody is the expression of music to give men a hint of the beauty of God. To hear this melody is to know Paradise, where everything is harmony of love which emanates from God to make the blessed souls happy, and then from them returns to God to say to Him: «We love You! »

The angelical «Glory» spreads throughout the quiet country in wider and wider circles and the bright light with it. And the birds join their singing to greet the early light, and the sheep add their bleatings for the early sun. But, as previously in the grotto for the ox and the donkey, I love to believe that the animals are greeting their Creator, Who has come down among them to love them both as a Man and as God.

The singing slowly fades away, as well as the light, and the angels ascend to Heaven...

30. 5 <sup>5</sup>...The shepherds come back to reality.

«Did you hear? »

«Shall we go and see? »

«And what about the animals? »

«Oh! Nothing will happen to them! We are going to obey God's word!... »

«But where shall we go? »

«Didn't he say that He was born today? And that they did not find lodgings in Bethlehem? » It's the shepherd who gave the milk, who is speaking now. «Come with me, I know where He is. I saw the woman and I felt sorry for Her. I told them where to go, for Her sake, because I thought they might not find lodgings, and I gave the man some milk for Her. She is so young and beautiful, and She must be as good and kind as the angel who spoke to us. Come. Let us go and get some milk, cheese, lambs and tanned hides. They must be very poor... and I wonder how cold He must be Whose name I dare not mention! And imagine! I spoke to the

Mother as I would have spoken to a poor wife!... »

They go into the shed and they come out shortly afterwards, some with little flasks of milk, some with little nets interwoven with matureed containing small whole round cheeses, some with baskets, each containing a little bleating lamb and some with tanned hides.

«I am taking them a sheep. She lambed a month ago. Her milk is very good. It will be useful if the woman should have no milk. She seemed a young girl to me and so pale! A jasmine face in moonlight,» says the shepherd who gave the milk. And he leads them.

«They set out in the moonlight aided by their torches, after closing the shed and the enclosure. They go along country paths, among thorn-bush hedges stripped by winter. 30.6

They go round Bethlehem. They reach the stable not the way Mary came, but from the opposite direction, so that they do not pass in front of the better stables, instead they find this one first. They go near the entrance.

«Go in! »

«I wouldn't dare! »

«You go in! »

«No. »

«At least have a look. »

«You, Levi, who saw the angel first, obviously because you are better than we are, look in. » Before they said he was mad.... but now it suits them if he dare what they do not.

The boy hesitates, but then he makes up his mind. He goes near the hole, pulls the mantle a little to one side, looks... and remains enraptured.

«What can you see? » they ask him anxiously in low voices.

«I can see a beautiful young woman and a man bending over a manger and I can hear... I can hear a little baby crying, and the woman is speaking to Him in a voice... oh! what a voice! »

«What is She saying? »

«She is saying: 'Jesus, little one! Jesus, love of Your Mummy! Don't cry, little Son'. She is saying: 'Oh! If I could only say to You: «Take some milk, little one». But I have not got any yet'. She says: 'You are so cold, My love! And the hay is stinging You! How painful it is for Your Mummy to hear You crying so, without being

able to help You! ' She says: 'Sleep, soul of Mine! Because it breaks My heart to hear You crying and see Your tears! ' and She kisses Him, and She must be warming His little feet with Her hands, because She is bent with Her arms in the manger. »

«Call Her! Let them hear you. »

«I won't. You should call Her, because you brought us here and you know Her! »

The shepherd opens his mouth, but he only utters a faint moaning noise.

30.7 <sup>7</sup>Joseph turns round and comes to the door. «Who are you? »

«Shepherds. We brought you some food and some wool. We have come to worship the Saviour. »

«Come in. »

They go in, and the stable becomes brighter because of the light of the torches. The older men push the young ones in front of them.

Mary turns round and smiles. «Come,» She says. «Come!», and She invites them with Her hand and Her smile, and She takes the boy who saw the angel and She draws him to Herself, against the manger. And the boy looks, and is happy.

The others, invited also by Joseph, move forward with their gifts and they place them at Mary's feet with few deep-felt words. They then look at the Baby Who is weeping a little and they smile moved and happy.

And one of them, somewhat bolder than the rest, says: «Mother, take this wool. It's soft and clean. I prepared it for my child who is about to be born. But I offer it to You. Lay your Son in this wool. It will be soft and warm. » And he offers the sheep hide, a beautiful hide, well covered with soft white wool.

Mary lifts Jesus, and puts it around Him. And She shows Him to the shepherds, who, kneeling on the hay on the ground, look at Him ecstatically!

One of the boldest says: «He should be given a mouthful of milk, better still, some water and honey. But we have no honey. We give it to little babies. I have seven children, and I know... »

«There is some milk here. Take it, Woman. »

«But it is cold. It should be warm. Where is Elias? He has the sheep. »

Elias must be the shepherd who gave the milk. But he is not

there. He remained outside and is looking from the hole, but he cannot be seen in the dark night.

«Who led you here? »

«An angel told us to come, and Elias showed us the way. But where is he now? »

The sheep declares his presence with a bleat.

«Come in. You are wanted. »

He enters with his sheep, embarrassed because they all look at him.

«It's you! » says Joseph, who recognises him, and Mary smiles at him saying: «You are good. »

They milk the sheep and with the hem of a piece of linen dipped into the warm creamy milk, Mary moistens the lips of the Baby Who sucks the sweet cream. They all smile, and even more so, when Jesus falls asleep in the warmth of the wool, with the little bit of linen still between His lips.

<sup>8</sup>«But You can't stay here. It's cold and damp. And... there is <sup>30. 8</sup> too strong a smell of animals. It's not good... it's not good for the Saviour. »

«I know, » replies Mary with a deep sigh. «But there is no room for us in Bethlehem. »

«Take heart, Woman. We will look for a house for You. »

«I will tell my mistress, » says Elias. «She is good. She will receive You, even if she had to give You her own room. As soon as it, is daylight, I will tell her. Her house is full of people. But she will find room for You. »

«For My Child, at least. Joseph and I can lie on the floor. But for the Little One... »

«Don't worry, Woman. I will see to it. And we will tell many people what we were told. You will lack nothing. For the time being, take what our poverty can give You. We are shepherds... »

«We are poor, too. And we cannot reward you, » says Joseph.

«Oh! We don't want it. Even if You could afford it, we would not want it. The Lord has already rewarded us. He promised peace to everybody. The angels said: 'Peace to men of goodwill'. But He has already given it to us, because the angel said that this Child is the Saviour, Who is Christ, the Lord. We are poor and ignorant, but we know that the Prophets say that the Saviour will be the Prince of Peace. And he told us to come and adore Him.



That is why He gave us His peace. Glory be to God in the Most High Heaven and glory to His Christ here, and You are blessed, Woman, Who gave birth to Him: You are holy, because You deserved to bear Him! Give us orders as our Queen, because we will be happy to serve You. What can we do for You? »

«You can love My Son, and always cherish the same thoughts as you have now. »

«But what about You? Is there anything You wish? Have You no relatives whom You would like to inform that He has been born? »

«Yes, I have them. But they are far away. They are at Hebron...»

«I will go, » says Elias. «Who are they? »

«Zacharias, the priest, and My cousin Elizabeth. »

«Zacharias? Oh! I know him well. In summer I go up those mountains because the pastures are rich and beautiful, and I am a friend of his shepherd. When I know you are settled, I will go to Zacharias. »

«Thank you, Elias. »

«You need not thank me. It is a great honour for me, a poor shepherd, to go and speak to the priest and say to him: ‘The Saviour has been born’. »

«No. You must say to him: ‘Your cousin, Mary of Nazareth, has said that Jesus has been born, and that you should come to Bethlehem’. »

«I will say that. »

30. 9 «May God reward you. <sup>9</sup>I will remember you, Elias, and every one of you. »

«Will You tell Your Baby about us? »

«I certainly will. »

«I am Elias. »

«And I am Levi. »

«And I am Samuel. »

«And I Jonah. »

«And I Isaac. »

«And I Tobias. »

«And I Jonathan. »

«And I Daniel. »

«And I Simeon. »

«My name is John. »  
 «I am Joseph and my brother Benjamin, we are twins. »  
 «I will remember your names. »  
 «We must go... But we will come back... And we will bring others to worship Him. »  
 «How can we go back to the sheep-fold, leaving the Child? »  
 «Glory be to God Who has shown Him to us! »  
 «Will You let us kiss His dress? » asks Levi, with an angelic smile.

And Mary lifts Jesus slowly, and sitting on the hay, wraps the tiny little feet in linen, and offers them to be kissed. And the shepherds bow down to the ground and kiss the tiny feet, veiled by the linen. Those with a beard clean it first; almost everyone is crying, and when they have to go, they walk out backwards, leaving their hearts there...

The vision ends in this way, with Mary sitting on the straw with the Child on Her lap and Joseph who, leaning with his elbow on the manger, looks and adores.

<sup>10</sup>Jesus says:

30. 10

«I will speak today. You are very tired, but have a little more patience.

It is the eve of Corpus Christi. I could speak to you about the Eucharist and the saints who became apostles of Its cult, as I spoke to you of the saints who were apostles of the Sacred Heart. But I want to speak to you of something else and of a class of worshippers of My Body who are the forerunners of Its cult. That is: the shepherds. They were the first worshippers of My Body of the Word, Who had become Man.

Once I told you and also My Church says this, the Holy Innocents are the protomartyrs of Christ. Now I tell you that the shepherds are the first worshippers of the Body of God. And they have all the qualifications to be the worshippers of My Body, o Eucharistic souls.

*Firm faith:* they believe the angel promptly and unquestioningly.

*Generosity:* they give all their wealth to their Lord.

*Humility:* they approach people, who from the human point of view, are poorer than they, and they do so with a modest attitude

that does not humiliate them, and they profess themselves their servants.

*Desire:* what they are unable to offer, they endeavour to obtain by means of charitable work.

*Prompt obedience:* Mary wishes to inform Zacharias and Elias goes at once. He does not postpone the matter.

*Love finally:* they suffer in departing from the grotto and you say: 'They leave their hearts there'. And you are right.

But should the same not happen with My Sacrament?

30. 11 <sup>11</sup>And there is another point, and it is entirely for you: note to whom the angel reveals himself first and who deserves to hear Mary's love effusions. Levi: the boy.

God shows Himself to those who have a child's soul and He shows them also His mysteries and allows them to hear His divine words and Mary's. And those with a child's soul have also Levi's holy daring and they say: 'Let us kiss Jesus' dress'. They say that to Mary. Because it is always Mary Who gives you Jesus. She is the Bearer of the Eucharist. She is the Living Pyx.

He who goes to Mary, finds Me. He who asks Her for Me receives Me from Her. When a creature says to Mary: 'Give me Your Jesus that I may love Him', My Mother's smile causes Heaven's colours to change into a more lively brightness because of its greater delight.

Say, therefore, to Her: 'Let me kiss Jesus' dress, let me kiss His wounds'. And dare even more: 'Let me rest my head on Your Jesus' Heart, that I may delight in It'.

Come. And rest. Like Jesus in His cradle, between Jesus and Mary. »

### **31. Zacharias' visit. The holiness of Joseph and the obedience to the priests.**

8<sup>th</sup> June 1944.

31. 1 <sup>1</sup>I see the big room where I have already seen the meeting of the Magi with Jesus and their adoration. I understand that I am in the hospitable house where the Holy Family has been received. And I see Zacharias' arrival. Elizabeth is not there.

The landlady runs out into the lobby to meet the arriving

guest and she shows him to a door. She knocks, and then withdraws discreetly.

Joseph opens the door, and he utters a cry of joy when he sees Zacharias. He takes him into a little room, as small as a corridor. «Mary is suckling the Child. She will not be long. Sit down, you must be tired. » And he makes room for his guest on his couch, and sits beside him.

I hear Joseph asking after little John and Zacharias replies: «He is growing as strong as a little colt. But he is teething now and he is suffering a little. That is why we did not want to bring him. It is very cold, and that is why Elizabeth did not come either. She could not leave him without milk. She was very upset, but the season is so rigorous! »

«It is rigorous indeed, » replies Joseph.

«The man you sent me told me that you were homeless when He was born. You must have suffered a lot. »

«Yes, quite a lot. But our fears were greater than our discomfort. We were afraid the Child's health might be injured. And we had to stay there for the first days. We lacked nothing, for ourselves, because the shepherds gave the good news to the people of Bethlehem, and many of them brought us gifts. But we had no house, not even a decent room, a bed... and Jesus cried so much, particularly at night, because the wind was blowing in from all directions. I used to light a little fire. Only a little one, because the smoke made Jesus cough... and it was still cold in any case. Two animals do not give out much heat, especially when the cold air comes in from all directions! We had no warm water to wash Him, nor dry clothes to change Him. Yes, He suffered quite a lot! And Mary suffered seeing Him suffer. I suffered.. so you can imagine His Mother's anguish! She fed Him with milk and tears, milk and love... Now here it is much better. I had made such a comfortable cradle for Him and Mary had fitted it with a soft little mattress. But it is in Nazareth! Ah! If He were born there, it would have been different! »

«But Christ was to be born in Bethlehem. It was prophesied.»

<sup>2</sup>Mary comes in, She heard their voices. She is all dressed in white wool. She has taken off the dark dress She was wearing during the journey and in the grotto, and She is all white, as I have seen Her dressed before. She is not wearing anything on <sup>31. 2</sup>

Her head, and She is holding Jesus in Her arms: He is sleeping, sated with milk, in His pure white swaddling clothes.

Zacharias stands up reverently and bows down in veneration. He then goes nearer, and looks at Jesus with the greatest respect. He bends down, not so much to see Him better, as to pay Him homage. Mary offers the Child to him, and Zacharias takes Him with such adoration that he seems to be holding up a monstrance. It is in fact the Host that he takes in his hands, the Host already offered and that will be sacrificed after being given to men as a nourishment of love and redemption. Zacharias hands Jesus back to Mary.

31. 3     <sup>3</sup>They all sit down, and Zacharias explains once again to Mary the reason why Elizabeth has not come and how upset she was. «During the past months she has prepared some linen for Your blessed Son. I have brought them to You. They are downstairs in the waggon. »

He rises and goes out, then comes back with a large parcel and a smaller one. Joseph relieves him of the heavier one and Zacharias starts pulling his gifts from both of them: a soft handwoven woollen blanket, some linen and little dresses. Then from the other one, some honey, some snow-white flour, butter, apples for Mary and bread baked by Elizabeth and many more little things which are a token of the motherly love of the grateful cousin for the young Mother.

«Please tell Elizabeth that I am very grateful to her, as I am grateful to you, too. I would have been so happy to see her, but I understand the situation. And I would also have loved to see little John... »

«But You will see him in spring. We will come and see You. »

«Nazareth is too far away, » remarks Joseph.

31. 4     <sup>4</sup>«Nazareth? But you must stay here. The Messiah must grow up in Bethlehem. It is David's town. The Most High, through Caesar's will, brought Him to the town in David's land, the holy land of Judaea. Why take Him to Nazareth? You know in what opinion the Jews hold the Nazarenes. This Child is to be in future years the Saviour of His people. The capital town must not scorn its King because He comes from a despised land. You know as well as I do how captious the Sanhedrin is and how disdainful its three main castes are... And then, here, near me, I will be

able to help you somehow, and put everything I have, not so much in the way of material things, but of moral gifts, at the service of this New-Born Baby. And when He is old enough to understand, I will be very happy to be His teacher, as I will be for my own son, so that later, when He is grown up, He will bless me. We must consider that He is destined for great things and, consequently, He must be in a position to present Himself to the world with all the necessary means to win His game. He will certainly possess Wisdom. But also the simple fact that He was educated by a priest, will make Him more accepted by the difficult Pharisees and Scribes and will render His mission easier. »

<sup>5</sup>Mary looks at Joseph, and Joseph looks at Mary. Above the rosy innocent head of the Child, sleeping unaware of it all, there is a silent exchange of questions. And they are questions full of sadness. Mary is thinking of Her little house, Joseph is concerned about his work. Here, where only a few days ago they were completely unknown, they must start from scratch. Here they have none of the dear things they left at home, and which they had prepared with so much love for the Child. <sup>31. 5</sup>

And Mary says so: «How can we do that? We have left everything there. Joseph had worked so hard for My Jesus, without sparing labour or money. He worked at night, so that during the day he could work for other people and thus earn enough to buy the best wood, the softest wool, the finest linen, and prepare everything for Jesus. He built beehives, and he even worked as a mason to make certain modifications in the house, so that the cradle could be placed in My room and remain there until Jesus had grown up and the cradle could then be replaced by a bed, because Jesus will stay with Me until He is an adolescent. »

«Joseph can go and get what you left there. »

«And where will we put it? You know, Zacharias, that we are poor. We have only our work and our home. And they both enable us to live without starving. But here... perhaps we will find some work. But we shall always have the problem of a house. This good woman cannot give us hospitality forever. And I cannot sacrifice Joseph more than he has already sacrificed himself for My sake! »

«Oh! Me! It's nothing for me! I am concerned with Mary's grief. Her grief in not living in Her own house... »

Two big tears well from Mary's eyes.

«I think that house must be as dear to Her as Paradise, because of the mystery which was accomplished in it. I speak little, but I understand a lot. If it wasn't for that, I would not be upset. I will work twice as much, that's all. I am young and strong enough to work twice as much as I used to and see to everything. And if Mary does not suffer too much... and if you say that we must do so... well, here I am. I will do whatever you think is best. Provided that it will help Jesus. »

«It will certainly help. Think it over, and you will see the reasons. »

«It is also said that the Messiah will be called Nazarene... » objects Mary.

«True. But at least, until He is grown up, let Him grow up in Judaea. The Prophet says: And you, Bethlehem Ephrathah, will be the greatest, because out of you will come the Saviour'. He does not speak of Nazareth. Perhaps that title was given to Him for some reason unknown to us. But this is *His* land. »

«You say so, you, priest, and we... we listen to you with sad hearts, and we believe you. But how painful it is!... When shall I see that house where I became a Mother? » Mary is weeping, silently. And I understand Her grief. Oh! I do understand.

The vision ends with Mary's weeping.

31. 6    «Mary then says:

«I know that you understand. But you will see Me crying more bitterly.

For the time being, I want to relieve your spirit by showing you Joseph's holiness. He was a man, that is, he had no other help for his spirit, except his holiness. I had all the gifts of God, in My condition of Immaculate. I did not know I was such. But the gifts were active in My soul, and gave Me spiritual strength. But he was not immaculate. Humanity was in him with all its heavy weight and he had to rise towards perfection with all that burden, at the cost of continuous efforts of all his powers to reach perfection and be agreeable to God.

Oh! My holy spouse! Holy in everything, even in the most humble things in life. Holy for his angelical chastity. Holy for his human honesty. Holy for his patience, his activity, for his constant serenity, for his modesty, for everything.

His holiness shines also in this event. A priest says to him: 'You ought to settle here' and he replies, fully aware of the greater hardships he would have to face: 'It is nothing for Me. I am concerned with Mary's grief. If it was not for that, I would not be upset. Provided that it will help Jesus'. Jesus, Mary: his angelical loves. My holy spouse loved nothing else on earth. And he sacrificed himself to that love.

They elected him protector of Christian families, of workers and many other categories. But he should be appointed protector not only of dying people, of married couples, of workmen, but also of those consecrated to God. Who, of all the people in the world consecrated to the service of God, has consecrated himself as he did, to the service of his God, accepting everything, foregoing everything, bearing everything, fulfilling everything with quickness, with a cheerful mind, a constant humour? There is no one like him.

<sup>7</sup>«And I wish to draw your attention to another point, or rather two points. 31. 7

Zacharias is a priest. Joseph is not. But you must note how he, who is not a priest, has a more heavenly soul than the priest. Zacharias thinks in a human way, and in a human way he expounds the Scriptures because he allows himself to be led by his good human sense, and it is not the first time he does so. And he was punished for it. But he relapses, although less gravely. With regard to John's birth he said: 'How can that happen, if I am old, and my wife is barren?' Now he says: 'To smooth His way, Christ is to be brought up here.' And with that subtle root of pride that persists also in the best people, he thinks that *he* can be useful to Jesus. Not useful in the sense that Joseph wanted to be, by serving Him, but by teaching Him... God forgave him, because of his good intention. But did the 'Master' need teachers?

I endeavoured to make him see the truth of the prophecies. But he felt he was more learned than I was and made use of such feeling in his own way. I could have insisted and outdone him. But — this is the other point I wanted to draw your attention to — I respected the priest because of his dignity, not because of his knowledge.

<sup>8</sup>In general, a priest is always enlightened by God. I said: 'in general'. He is enlightened when he is a real priest. It is not his 31. 8



robe that consecrates him: it is his soul. To judge whether one is a real priest, one must consider what comes out of his soul. As My Jesus said, the things that sanctify or contaminate come out from the soul, and they characterise the whole behaviour of a person. So, when one is a *real* priest, he is generally inspired by God. We must have a supernatural charity and pray for the others, who are not such.

But My Son has already placed you at the service of this redemption, so I will say no more. Be happy to suffer, so that the number of real priests may increase. And rely peacefully on the word of him who guides you. And believe and obey his advice.

31. 9 <sup>9</sup>Obedience always saves you, even if the advice given to you is not completely perfect.

As you know, we obeyed. And we were right to do so. It is true that Herod confined the slaughter of the children to Bethlehem and its surroundings. But could Satan not have spread and propagated such hatred much farther and wider and have induced all the mighty ones in Palestine to commit a similar crime in order to kill the future King of the Jews? He could have done that and it would have happened in Christ's early days, when the repeated miracles had drawn the attention of both the crowds and of those in power. If such an event had taken place, how could we have crossed the whole of Palestine, to go from Nazareth to Egypt, the hospitable land for persecuted Jews, and make such a journey with a little child, and while persecution was raging? It was easier to flee from Bethlehem, even if the flight was equally painful.

31. 10 <sup>10</sup>Obedience always saves you. Remember that. <sup>10</sup>And respect for a priest is always a sign of a Christian education. Woe to those priests who lose their apostolic ardour! Also Jesus said that. But woe also to those who think that they are right in despising them! Because they consecrate and hand out the True Bread that descends from Heaven. And that contact makes them holy, just like a sacred chalice, even if they are not totally holy. They will answer to God for it. You must consider them as such and not worry about anything else. You must not be more strict than your Lord Jesus, Who, at their command, leaves Heaven and descends to be raised by their hands. You must learn from Him. And if they are blind, if they are deaf, if their souls are paralysed and their thoughts are unsound, if they are lepers full of faults in strong

contrast with their mission, if they are like corpses in sepulchres, then call Jesus that He may heal them and revive them.

Call Him with your prayers, and your suffering, o victim souls. To save a soul is to predestine one's own soul to Heaven. But to save the soul of a priest is to save a large number of souls, because every holy priest is a net that drags souls to God. And to save a priest, that is to sanctify: re-sanctify, is to create this mystical net. Each prey is a light to be added to your eternal crown.

Go in peace. »

### **32. Presentation of Jesus in the Temple. The virtue of Simeon and the prophecy of Anna.**

1<sup>st</sup> February 1944.

<sup>1</sup>I see a couple of people departing from a very modest house. 32. 1  
A very young mother comes down an outside staircase holding in her arms a child wrapped in a white cloth.

I recognise our Mother. She is always the same: pale and blonde, agile and so kind in Her behaviour. She is dressed in white, with a pale blue mantle and a white veil on Her head. She is carrying Her Child so carefully.

Joseph is waiting for Her at the foot of the steps with a little grey donkey. Joseph is dressed entirely in light brown: both his tunic and his mantle are the same colour. He looks at Mary and smiles at Her. When Mary arrives near the little donkey, Joseph places the animal's bridle on his left arm, he takes for a moment the Child, Who is sleeping peacefully, and thus allows Mary to sit more comfortably on the donkey's saddle. He then hands Jesus back to Her and they set off.

Joseph is walking beside Mary, holding the bridle all the time and ensuring that the donkey goes straight ahead without stumbling. Mary is holding Jesus in Her lap, and lest He might feel cold, She spreads the edge of Her mantle over Him. Joseph and Mary speak very little but they often smile at each other.

The road, which is not a model road, winds along a country made barren by the season of the year. Only a few other travellers meet them on the road or overtake them.

<sup>2</sup>Then I see some houses and the walls around a town. They go 32. 2

in through a gate and start walking on the ground which is all broken up, and very irregular. Progress is now much more difficult, both because the traffic causes the donkey to stop very often and because the holes, where stones are missing, make the poor animal jerk continuously and thus Mary and the Child are also disturbed.

The road is not flat. It is uphill, although very slightly. It is a narrow road running between high houses with small narrow low doors and only a few windows on the road. High above, the sky can be seen peeping with many thin blue strips between the houses, or rather between the terraces. Down in the street there are many people and much shouting. They meet other people on foot or riding donkeys or leading loaded donkeys and a crowd following a cumbersome camel caravan. At a certain moment, a patrol of Roman legionaries passes by with a great noise of hooves and arms and they disappear beyond an arch built across a narrow stony road.

Joseph turns left along a wider and more pleasant road. I can see the embattled town walls, with which I am already familiar, at the end of the street.

Mary dismounts from the little donkey near a gate where there is a kind of stall for other donkeys. I say «stall» because it is a kind of shed, or better still, a kind of shed spread with straw; there are also some poles with rings to which the animals are tied.

Joseph gives some coins to a little man who has gone up to him and with them he buys some hay and he draws a pail of water from a rustic well in the corner. He then feeds the donkey. He joins Mary and they both enter the enclosure of the Temple.

<sup>32. 3</sup> <sup>3</sup>At first they turn their steps towards an arcade where the merchants are, to whom Jesus later will give a good lashing: the vendors of lambs and doves and the money-changers. Joseph buys two little white pigeons. He does not change any money: he obviously has what is required.

They then make for a side door, with eight steps, as all the doors seem to have, because the centre of the Temple is raised above the surrounding ground. The door opens into a great hall like the doors of our houses in towns, to give you an idea, on this one. is larger and more ornate. In the hall there are two

kinds of altars on the right and on the left, that is two rectangular constructions, the purpose of which I do not understand at first. They are like low basins, because the internal part is lower than the external rim, which is a few centimetres higher.

A priest approaches them, I do not know whether he was called by Joseph or whether he did so of his own accord. Mary offers Her two little pigeons and since I know their fate, I turn my eyes elsewhere. I look at the decorations of the very heavy portal, of the ceiling and of the hall. But I get the impression, by a side glance, that the priest sprays Mary with some water. It must be water, because I do not see any stains on Her dress. Then Mary, Who had given the priest a handful of coins together with the two pigeons (I had forgotten to mention that), goes into the real Temple, in the company of the priest.

I am watching everything. It is a most ornate place. Sculptured angels' heads, palms and decorations adorn the columns, the walls and the ceiling. Light comes in through strange long narrow windows, obviously without panes, cut diagonally compared to the walls. I suppose the idea is to keep the rain out.

<sup>4</sup>Mary moves forward to a certain point. She then stops. A few metres from Her, there are more steps on top of which there is a kind of altar, beyond which there is another construction. 32. 4

I now realise that I thought I was in the Temple, instead I was in the part surrounding the real Temple, that is the Holy, beyond which no one can proceed, apparently, except the priests. What I therefore thought was the Temple, is but an enclosed vestibule, which on three sides encircles the Temple, in which the Tabernacle is enclosed. I do not know whether I have made myself understood. But I am neither an architect nor an engineer.

Mary offers the Child, Who has woken up and is turning His innocent eyes towards the priest, with the astonished look of infants a few days old. The priest takes Him in his arms and raises Him, with arms fully stretched out, towards the Temple, standing against the kind of altar placed on top of the steps. The rite is over. The Child is handed back to His Mother and the priest goes away.

<sup>5</sup>There is a group of onlookers. Amongst them a little old man, bent with age and limping, makes his way leaning on a stick. He must be very old, I would say over eighty. He goes near Mary and 32. 5

asks Her to give him the Child for one moment. Mary satisfies him, smiling.

Simeon, whom I always thought belonged to the sacerdotal class, and is instead a simple believer, at least according to his garments, takes the Child and kisses Him. Jesus smiles at him with the typical smile of sucklings. He seems to watch him inquisitively, because the old man is crying and laughing at the same time and his tears form a sparkling embroidery running along his wrinkles and beading his long white beard, towards which Jesus stretches His little hands. He is Jesus, but still a child, and whatever moves in front of Him, draws His attention so that He wants to get hold of it to see what it is. Mary and Joseph smile and so do all the others who praise the beauty of the Child.

I hear the words\* of the holy old man and I see the astonished gaze of Joseph, the deeply moved look of Mary as well as the glances of the little crowd, partly surprised and moved, partly laughing at the words of the old man. Amongst the latter there are some bearded and conceited members of the Sanhedrin, who shake their heads giving Simeon an ironic pitying look. They must think he is mad due to his old age.

32. 6 «Mary's smile fades into paleness when Simeon mentions sorrow. Although She *knows*, that word pierces Her soul. She goes closer to Joseph, to be comforted, She presses Her Child to Her breast passionately and like a thirsty soul, She takes in the words of Anna of Phanuel\*\*, who being a woman, has mercy on Her suffering and promises Her that the Eternal Father will soothe the hour of sorrow with a supernatural strength. «Woman, He Who gave a Saviour to His people, will not lack the power to send His angel to console Your tears. The great women of Israel never lacked the help of the Lord and You are far greater than Judith and Jael. Our God will give You a heart of the most pure gold to withstand the storm of sorrow, so that You will be the greatest woman in Creation: the Mother. And You, Child, remember me in the hour of Your mission. »

And the vision ends here.

\* the words: *Luke 2: 25-35.*

\*\* Anna of Phanuel: *Luke 2: 36-38.*

2<sup>nd</sup> February 1944.

<sup>7</sup>Jesus says:

32.7

«Two teachings, applicable to everybody, derive from the description given by you.

*The former:* truth is not revealed to a priest engrossed in rites, but absent with his spirit, it is instead revealed to a simple believer.

The priest, always in contact with Divinity, devoted to what concerns God and to everything that is above the flesh, should have realised at once who the Child was Who was being offered that morning in the Temple. But it was necessary for him to have a living spirit, in order to realise it. A mere robe covering a drowsy spirit, if not a dead spirit, was not sufficient.

The Spirit of God can thunder if It wants, and rouse like a thunderbolt and shake like an earthquake the dullest spirit. It can. But generally, as It is an orderly Spirit, as God is Order in each Person and way of acting, It inspires and speaks, not where there is sufficient merit to deserve its effusion — in which case Its effusions would be most rare and not even you would know their light — but where It sees the ‘goodwill’ to deserve such effusion.

How is such will exerted? With a life devoted, as far as possible, entirely to God: in faith, obedience, purity, charity, generosity and in prayer. Not in practices: in prayer. There is less difference between night and day than there is between practices, and prayer. The latter is communion of the spirit with God, from which you emerge with fresh strength and a decision to belong more and more to God. The former are common habit exerted for various purposes, which are always selfish, and they leave you exactly as you were, on the contrary, they aggravate your burden with the faults of falsehood and sluggishness.

<sup>8</sup>Simeon had such goodwill. He had not been spared troubles and trials in his life. But he had not lost his goodwill. Age and misfortunes had not impaired or shaken his faith in the Lord and in His promises, neither did his goodwill to be more and more worthy of God tire or falter. And God sent Him the ray of the Spirit to guide him to the Temple, that he might see the Light that had come to the world, before his eyes of a faithful servant closed to the light of the sun, awaiting to be reopened to the Sun of God glowing in the Heavens, which I had reopened when I as-

32.8

cended after my Martyrdom.

‘Prompted by the Holy Spirit’ says the Gospel. Oh! If men only knew what a perfect Friend the Holy Spirit is! What Guide, what Teacher! If they only loved and invoked Him, this love of the Most Holy Trinity, this Light of Light, this Fire of Fire, this Intelligence, this Wisdom! How much more they would know of what is necessary to know!

Look, Mary; listen, My children. Simeon waited all his long life before ‘seeing the Light’ and before knowing that God’s promise was fulfilled. But he never doubted. He never said to himself: ‘It is useless to persevere in hoping and praying’. He just persevered. And he deserved ‘to see’ what neither the priest nor the proud and dull members of the Sanhedrin saw: the Son of God, the Messiah, the Saviour in the flesh of a Child Who warmed him and smiled at him. He received the smile of God from the lips of a Child, his first reward for an honest and pious life.

32. 9 <sup>9</sup>*The other lesson:* the words of Anna. She too, a prophetess, saw in Me, a new-born Baby, the Messiah. And this is quite natural, considering her prophetic prerogative. But listen to what she says to My Mother, moved by faith and charity. And use her words as a light for your souls that quiver in these days of darkness and in this Feast of Light. ‘He who gave a Saviour will not lack the power to send His angel to console Your tears’.

Consider that God gave Himself to obliterate Satan’s work in your souls. And will He not be able *now* to defeat the satans that torture you? Will He not be able to wipe your tears routing these satans and sending you once again the peace of His Christ? Why do you not ask Him with faith? A real overbearing faith, a faith before which the rigour of God, indignant at your many faults, may turn into a smile and He may grant you His forgiveness, which is relief, and His blessing which will be a rainbow in this world submerged in a deluge of blood which you wanted yourselves.

Remember: the Father, after punishing men with the storm, said to Himself and to His Patriarch: ‘Never again will I curse the earth because of man, because his heart contrives evil from his infancy. Never again will I strike down every living thing as I have done’. And He has been faithful to His word. He has not

sent a storm again. But how many times have you said to yourselves and to God: 'If we are spared *this* time, if You save us, we shall never make wars again, never again', and after, you have always made more terrifying ones? How many times, o false men, who have no respect either for God or for your own word? And yet God would help you once again, only if the large mass of the faithful would invoke Him with faith and ardent love.

Lay your worries at the feet of God: you who are too few to counterbalance the many who keep God's rigour alive, you who have remained devoted to Him, notwithstanding the dreadful times which are increasing from day to day. He will send you His angel, as He sent the Saviour to the world. Do not be afraid. Be united to the Cross. It has always defeated the snares of the demon, who with the cruelties of men and the sadness of life endeavours to drive to desperation, that is, to separation from God, the hearts he cannot conquer in any other way. »

### 33. The lullaby of the Virgin.

28<sup>th</sup> November 1944.

[...]

<sup>1</sup>This morning I had a very gentle awakening. I was still dozing when I heard the most pure voice I have ever heard sing a slow lullaby very sweetly. The song was so slow and archaic that it sounded like a Christmas pastoral. I followed the melody and the voice, enjoying them more and more until I awoke completely. I then fully understood what was taking place, and I said: «Hail, Mary, full of Grace!» because it was Mother singing. And She raised Her voice after saying to me: «I greet you, too. Come and be happy! »

And I saw Her... in the house in Bethlehem, in Her room, intent on lulling Jesus to sleep. In the room, there were Mary's loom and some needlework. I think Mary had stopped working to give the Child suck and change His swaddling bands, — I should say His clothes, because He was already a few months old. I would say six, or eight months at the most. Perhaps Mary was thinking of resuming Her work after the Child had fallen asleep.

It was evening. The sun was setting and there were many



small golden clouds in the clear sky. Some herds were going back to their folds, browsing on the last grass of a flowery meadow and bleating with their heads uplifted.

The Child was about to fall asleep. He seemed a little restless, as if He had teething trouble, or some other minor pain of childhood.

33. 2 <sup>2</sup>I wrote the song on a piece of paper as best as I could, in the dim light of a very early morning, and I will now copy it.

«Little golden clouds — seem the herds of the Lord  
On the meadow full of flowers — another herd is watching.  
But if I had all the herds — that exist in the world,  
The lambkin dearest to Me — You would always be.  
Sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep,  
Cry no more...

Many glittering stars — are twinkling in the sky.  
May Your sweet gentle eyes — shed no more tears.  
Your eyes of sapphire — are the stars of My heart.  
Your tears make Me cry — oh! cry no more.  
Sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep,  
Cry no more...

All the sparkling angels — that ere in Heaven,  
Form a wreath around You, innocent Child - enraptured by Your face.  
But You're crying for Your Mummy — Mummy, Mummy, Mum.  
To sing Your lullaby — lulla, lulla, lu.  
Sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep,  
Cry no more...

The sky will soon be pink — and dawn will soon be back,  
And Mummy had no rest — to ensure You do not cry.  
“Mamma” when awake You'll call Me — “Son” I will reply.  
A kiss of love and life — I'll give you with My breast.  
Sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep,  
Cry no more...

You do need Your Mummy — also if You dream of Heaven.  
Come, do come! Under My veil — I will make You sleep.

My breast is Your pillow—Your cradle My arms,  
Do not fear, My dear — I'm here with You...  
Sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep,  
Cry no more...

I'll always be with You — You're the life of My heart...  
He is sleeping... like a flower — Resting on My breast...  
He is sleeping... Be quiet! — His Father perhaps He sees,  
And the sight wipes the tears — Of my sweet Jesus.  
He Sleeps, sleeps, sleeps, sleeps,  
And He cries no more... »

<sup>33. 3</sup>It is impossible to describe the graceful charm of the scene. It is only a mother lulling Her little one. But she is *that* Mother, and He is *that* Little One! You can therefore imagine what gracefulness, what love, what purity, what Paradise is in this little, great, sweet scene, the memory of which makes me so happy and is confirmed by the melody I continuously sing, so that you may also hear it. But I do not have the most pure silvery voice of Mary, the virginal voice of the Virgin!... And I will sound like a broken organ. It does not matter. I will do my best. What a beautiful pastoral it would be, to be sung round the Crib at Christmas!

Mary at first rocked the wooden cradle very slowly. Afterwards, when She saw that Jesus was not calming down, She took Him in Her arms, sitting near the open window, with the cradle beside Her and swinging lightly to the rhythm of the song, She repeated the lullaby twice, until Jesus closed His little eyes, He turned His head round on to His Mother's breast and fell asleep thus, His little face resting on the cosy warmth of His Mother's breast, one hand on Her breast near His rosy cheek, the other one relaxed on Her lap. Mary's veil shaded Her Holy Creature.

Then Mary got up most carefully and laid Jesus in the cradle, She covered Him with small linens, She spread a veil to protect Him from flies and the fresh air, and She remained contemplating Her sleeping Treasure. She held one hand over Her heart, while the other was leaning on the cradle, ready to rock it if necessary, and She smiled happily, slightly bent while darkness and silence were falling on the earth and were invading Her little virginal room.

What peace! What beauty! I am so happy!

33. 4 <sup>4</sup>It is not a grand vision and it may be considered quite useless, if compared with the other visions, as it does not reveal anything special. I know. But it is a real grace to me and I consider it such, because it makes my spirit placid, pure, loving, as if it were created again by Mother's hands. I think that you will like it as well, in that sense. We are «little children». Better thus! Jesus likes us. Let the others, who are learned and complicated, think what they like and let them say that we are «childish». We do not mind, do we?

### 34. The visit of the Magi.

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

34. 1 <sup>1</sup>My internal voice warns me:

«Call the contemplations you are about to receive and I will tell you, 'The Gospels of faith', because they will clarify for you and other people the power of faith and of its fruits and will confirm you in the faith in God. »

34. 2 <sup>2</sup>I see Bethlehem, small and white, gathered like a brood of chickens under the stars. Two main streets divide the town crosswise: one coming from beyond the town, and it is the main road that continues on the other side, the other road runs across the town, from one side to the other, but does not proceed further. There are other small streets dividing the town into many sections, without the slightest resemblance to a road layout as we know it, but suited to both the ground, on various levels, and to the various houses built here and there, according to the characteristics of the ground and the whims of the builder. Some run to the right, others to the left, some at a corner with the road skirting them, which consequently seems like a ribbon unwinding tortuously instead of being a straight one running from one end to the other without any diversion. Now and again there is a little square serving either for a market, or a fountain, or because, due to the total lack of a building layout, there is a small piece of sloping ground, not suitable for any structure.

The place where I seem to be standing, appears to be exact-

ly one of those irregular little squares. It should be square, or at least rectangular. It is instead so strange a kind of trapezium that it looks like an obtuse angled triangle with a blunted tip. On the longest side: the base of the triangle, there is a low wide building, the widest in the village. Outside, there is a smooth, bare, high wall, with only two doors, which at present are closed. Inside instead, in the large square, there are many windows on the first floor; while underneath there are arcades surrounding yards strewn with straw and rubble, with drinking troughs for horses and other animals. Attached to the rustic pillars, there are rings to which the animals are tied, and on one side there is a large shed to shelter herds and mounts. I realise that it is the Inn of Bethlehem.

On the other two equal sides there are several houses, some large, some small, some with a little orchard, some without, because in some cases the front of the house looks onto the square, in others, it is in the rear of the house facing the square. On the narrow side, facing the caravanserai, there is only one little house, with an outside staircase, which reaches the first floor and leads into its rooms. All the rooms are closed because it is night. There is nobody in the streets, as it is so late.

<sup>34. 3</sup>I notice that the night light is increasing, it descends from a sky crowded with stars, which are so beautiful in the eastern sky: they are so bright and large and seemingly so near that it is possible to reach them and touch those flowers sparkling in the velvet of the vault of Heaven. I raise my eyes to see the source of the increasing light. A star, of such an unusual size that the moon seems small in comparison, is moving forward in the sky of Bethlehem. And all the others seem to vanish and make room for it, as maidservants do when their queen passes by: its brightness is such that it outshines them all. From the sphere, which looks like a huge pale sapphire lit up internally by a sun, a trail departs in which blond topazes, green emeralds, opalescent opals, blood-red flashes of rubies and gentle sparklings of amethysts mingle with the prevailing pale sapphire. All the precious stones on earth are in the trail that sweeps the sky with a fast and undulating movement as if it were alive. But the prevailing colour is the one emanating from the globe of the star: the heavenly pale sapphire hue which comes down and makes the houses, the

streets, the ground of Bethlehem, the Saviour's cradle, look like blue silver. It is no longer the poor town, which by our standards is smaller than a country village. It is a fantastic town of a fairy tale, all in silver. And the water of the fountains and of the vessels is liquid diamond.

And with a brighter radiation of light the star stops over the little house on the narrowest side of the square. Neither the people dwelling in it, nor the people in Bethlehem see it, because they are all asleep in their closed houses, but the star accelerates its shining pulsations and the trail vibrates and wavers faster and faster drawing a kind of semicircle in the sky. And the sky lights up because of the net of stars drawn by the trail, a net full of precious jewels which shine and colour all the other stars with the most graceful hues, as if they were communicating their own joy to them.

The little house is transfigured by the liquid fire of gems. The roof of the small terrace, the dark stone steps, the little door, are like a block of pure silver sprayed with diamond and pearl dust. No royal palace on earth has ever had or ever will have a staircase like this one, built to be used by angels and by a Mother Who is the Mother of God. The little feet of the Immaculate Virgin can alight on that white splendour, the little feet which are destined to rest on the steps of God's throne. But the Virgin does not know. She is awake near her Son's cradle and is praying. There are splendours in Her soul which outdo the splendour with which the star is decorating material things.

34. 4     <sup>4</sup>From the main road a cavalcade is approaching. Harnessed horses are led by hand, dromedaries and camels bear riders or are carrying loads. Their hooves make the sound of water that rustles and breaks against the stones of a torrent. When they reach the square, they all stop. The cavalcade, lit up by the star, is a fantasy of splendour. The harnesses of the most rich mounts, the clothes of the riders, their faces, their baggage, everything shines and the light of the star increases the splendour of metals, leathers, silks, gems, coats. Eyes are radiant and mouths smiling because another splendour shines in their hearts: the splendour of a supernatural joy.

While the servants move towards the caravanserai with the animals, three members of the caravan dismount from their

mounts, which a servant takes away at once, and they walk towards the house. And they prostrate themselves, touching the ground with their foreheads, to kiss the soil. They are three powerful individuals as is quite obvious from their very rich attire.

One of them, of a very dark complexion, who dismounts from a camel, wraps himself in a sciamma\* of pure bright silk, held tight to his waist by a precious girdle, from which a dagger or sword hangs with a jewel-studded hilt. Of the other two, who dismount from two splendid horses, one is wearing a beautiful striped robe, the dominant colour of which is yellow, fashioned like a long domino with hood and cordon, which looks like a piece of gold filigree owing to the very rich golden embroidery. The third one is wearing a silk shirt puffing out of long large trousers, narrow at the ankles. He is wrapped in a very fine shawl which resembles a flowery garden, so bright are the flowers decorating it. On his head he has a turban held by a little chain covered with diamond settings.

After venerating the house where the Saviour is, they rise and go towards the caravanserai where the servants have knocked and had the door opened.

<sup>5</sup>And the vision ends here. It starts again, three hours later, <sup>34.5</sup> with the scene of the Magi adoring Jesus.

It is daytime now. The sun is shining in the afternoon sky. One of the servants of the three Magi crosses the square and climbs the steps of the little house. He goes in. He comes out and goes back to the hotel.

The three Magi come out, each followed by his own servant. They cross the square. The occasional passers-by turn round to look at the stately individuals who are walking very slowly and solemnly. A full quarter of an hour has elapsed since the servant came out and thus the inhabitants of the little house have had time to prepare to receive the guests.

The Magi are even more richly dressed than the night before. Their silks shine, the gems sparkle, a big bunch of precious feathers, covered with even more precious chips, quivers and shines on the head of the Wise Man wearing the turban.

One of the servants is carrying an inlaid coffer, the metal re-

\* **sciamma**: ethiopian garment.

inforcements of which are all engraved with gold; the second servant is holding a beautifully wrought chalice covered with a pure gold lid which is even more finely finished; the third servant has a kind of wide low amphora, also in gold, the cover of which is shaped like a pyramid at the top of which there is a diamond. The gifts appear to be heavy, because the servants are carrying them with some effort, especially the one with the coffer.

The Magi climb the steps and go in. They enter a room that extends from the road to the back of the house. The little kitchen garden at the back can be seen through a window which is open to the sun. There are doors in the other two walls, and the owners, that is a man, a woman and some boys and younger children cast sidelong glances through them.

<sup>34. 6</sup> Mary is sitting with the Child in Her lap and Joseph is standing near Her. But She also gets up and bows when She sees the Magi entering. She is all dressed in white. She is so beautiful in Her plain white dress which covers Her from Her neck down to Her feet, from Her shoulders to Her slender wrists. She is so beautiful with Her head crowned with Her blond plaits, Her face more rosy due to the emotion, with Her eyes smiling so sweetly while Her mouth gives a greeting: «May God be with you», that the three Magi stop for a moment, completely astonished. They then proceed and prostrate themselves at Her feet. And they ask Her to sit down.

They do not sit down, although She asks them to do so. They remain kneeling, relaxing on their heels. Behind them, also on their knees, are the three servants. They are immediately after the threshold. They have placed the three gifts they were carrying in front of the Magi, and now they are waiting.

The three Wise Men contemplate the Child, Who I think must be nine to twelve months old, He is so lively and strong. He is sitting on His Mother's lap and smiles and prattles with a shrill voice like a little bird. He is all dressed in white like His Mother, with tiny sandals on His little feet. His dress is a very simple one: a small tunic, from which His restless feet protrude, and His plump little hands which would like to get hold of everything, and above all, a most beautiful little face in which two dark blue eyes shine, and a pretty mouth with dimples at the sides shows its first tiny teeth when it smiles. His pretty little curls are so bright

and soft that they seem gold dust.

<sup>7</sup>The oldest of the Magi speaks on behalf of them all. He explains to Mary that one night the previous December, they saw a new star of an unusual brightness appear in the sky. The maps of the sky had never shown or mentioned such a star. Its name was unknown because it had no name. Born out of the bosom of God, it had flourished to tell men a blessed truth, a secret of God. But men had not paid any attention to it, because their souls were steeped in mud. They did not lift their eyes to God neither could they read the words that He writes with stars of fire in the vault of Heaven. May He be blessed forever.

They had seen it and had striven to understand its meaning. They were happy to give up the little sleep they usually granted themselves and forgetting even their food, they devoted themselves entirely to studying the zodiac. And the conjunctions of the stars, the time, the season, the calculation of the hours passed and of the astronomic combinations had told them the name and the secret of the star. Its name: «Messiah». Its secret: «The Messiah had come to our world». And they had set out to worship Him. Each of them unknown to the others. Over mountains, across deserts, along valleys and rivers, travelling by night they had come towards Palestine, because the star was moving in that direction. For each of them, from three different points on the earth, it was going in that direction. And then they met beyond the Dead Sea. God's will had gathered them there, and they then proceeded together, understanding one another, despite the fact that each spoke his own language: by a miracle of the Eternal Father they were able to understand and speak the language of each country.

They had gone together to Jerusalem, because the Messiah was to be the King of Jerusalem, the King of the Jews. But over the sky of that city, the star had concealed itself and they felt their hearts breaking with pain and had examined themselves to understand whether they had failed to deserve God. But when their consciences reassured them, they had turned to king Herod and had asked him in which royal palace the King of the Jews was born because they had come to adore Him. And the king had gathered the chief priests and the scribes and had asked them where the Messiah might be born. And they had replied: «In Bethlehem, in Judah. »



And they had come towards Bethlehem and as soon as they left the Holy City, the star had reappeared to them, and the night before their arrival in Bethlehem its brightness had increased; the whole sky was ablaze. Then the star had stopped above this house engulfing all the light of the other stars in its ray. And they had understood that the Divine New-Born Baby was there. And now they were worshipping Him, offering their gifts, and above all, their hearts, which never cease thanking God for the grace granted to them; neither would they ever stop loving His Son Whose holy human body they had now seen. Later they intended to go back to king Herod, because he also wanted to adore Him.

34. 8      8«In the meantime, here is the gold which befits a king to possess, here is the incense which befits a God, and here, Mother, here is the myrrh because Your Child is a Man as well as God and He will experience the bitterness of the flesh and of human life as well as the inevitable law of death. Our souls, full as they are of love, would prefer not to utter those words and we would rather think that His flesh is also eternal as His Spirit. But, Woman, if our writings and above all our souls are right, He is Your Son, the Saviour, the Christ of God and consequently, to save the world, He will have to take upon Himself the evil of the world, of which one of the punishments is death. This myrrh is for that hour. That His holy flesh may not be subject to the rot of putrefaction, but may preserve its integrity until its resurrection. And on account of this gift, may He remember us and save His servants by allowing them to enter His Kingdom. In the meantime that we may be sanctified, will You, Mother, trust Your Little One to our love. That His heavenly blessing may descend upon us, while we kiss His feet. »

Mary, Who has overcome the fright caused by the words of the Wise Man, and has hidden with a smile the sadness of the doleful allusion, offers the Child. She lays Him in the arms of the oldest one, who kisses Him and receives His caress, and he then hands Him over to the other two.

Jesus smiles and plays with the little chains and fringes of the robes of the three Magi and He looks curiously at the open coffer, full of a yellow sparkling substance, and He smiles at the rainbow produced by the sun shining on the brilliant top of the lid of the myrrh.

<sup>9</sup>They then hand the Child back to Mary and they stand up. 34.9  
Mary also gets up. They bow to one another, after the youngest has given an order to the servant, who goes out. The three Men carry on speaking for a little while. They cannot make up their minds to depart from the house. Tears shine in their eyes. At last they move towards the door, accompanied by Mary and Joseph.

The Child wanted to get down and give His hand to the oldest of the three, and He walks thus, held by His hands by Mary and the Wise Man, both of whom bend down to steady Him. Jesus walks with a hesitant step, like all children, and He laughs stamping His little feet on the strip of the floor lit up by the sun.

When they reach the threshold — we must not forget that the room is as long as the house — the Magi take leave kneeling down once again kissing Jesus' feet. Mary, bending down over the Child, takes His hand and guides it, in a blessing gesture over the head of each Wise Man. It is already a sign of the cross\*, traced by Jesus' little fingers, guided by Mary.

The three Men go down the steps. The caravan is already there waiting for them. The horses' studs shine in the setting sun. People have gathered in the little square watching the unusual sight.

Jesus laughs clapping His hands. His Mother has lifted Him up on the wide parapet of the landing and is holding Him against Her breast with an arm so that He does not fall. Joseph has gone down with the Magi and is holding the stirrup to each of them while they mount their horses and the camel.

Servants and masters are now all on horseback. The starting command is given. The three Men bow down as low as the necks of their mounts in a final gesture of homage. Joseph bows down. Also Mary bows and then She guides Jesus' hand again in a gesture of goodbye and blessing.

<sup>10</sup>Jesus says:

34. 10

«And now what shall I tell you, o souls who feel your faith is dying? Those Wise Men from the East had nothing to assure them of the truth. Nothing supernatural. All they had was an astronomic calculation and their own considerations made perfect

\* **a sign of the cross**, M. V. specifies - in a note - to be the TAU: the cross-shaped letter of the greek alphabet with which the saved were marked on the forehead. As in *Ezekiel 9: 4-6*.

by a strictly honest life. And yet they had faith. Faith in everything: in science, in their own conscience, in God's goodness.

Science made them believe in the sign of the new star, which could only be 'the one' expected by mankind for centuries: the Messiah. Because of their consciences they had faith in the voices of their consciences, which heard heavenly 'voices' saying to them: 'That is the star announcing the advent of the Messiah'. Because of God's goodness they believed that God would not deceive them, and since their intention was good, He would help them in every way to reach their aim.

And they were successful. Among so many people fond of studying signs, they were the only ones who understood that sign, because only their souls were anxious to know the words of God for an honest purpose, the main care of which was to praise and honour God immediately.

34. 11 <sup>11</sup>They did not seek any personal advantage. On the contrary, they have to face hardships and meet expenses but they do not ask for any human reward. They only ask God to remember them and save them for eternal life.

As they have no desire for any future human rewards, so they have no human worry, when they decide on their journey. You would have had hundreds of problems: 'How will I be able to make such a long journey in countries and among peoples speaking different languages? Will they believe me or will they put me in prison as a spy? What help will they give me to cross deserts, rivers and mountains? And the heat? And the winds of the highlands? And the malarial fever along stagnant marshes? And the floods and heavy rains? And the different food? And the different languages? And... and... and...' That is your way of thinking. But they do not think like that. With sincere, holy daring they say: 'You, o God, can read our hearts and You see the purpose we are aiming at. We trust to Your hands. Grant us the superhuman joy of adoring Your Second Person, Who has become Flesh to save the world'.

That is all. And they set out from the far away Indies\*. From the Mongolian chains of mountains which are the dominion of eagles and vultures, where God speaks with roars of winds and

\* **away Indies:** *Jesus then tells me that when He says the Indies, He means southern Asia where Turkey, Afghanistan and Persia are located in our geography.*

torrents and writes words of mystery on the immense pages of glaciers. From the land where the Nile rises and then flows with its green blue waters to the azure heart of the Mediterranean, neither mountains, nor woods, nor sands, dry oceans more dangerous than the seas, can stop them from proceeding. And the star shines upon them at night, preventing them from sleeping. When one seeks God, natural habits must yield to superhuman considerations and necessities.

The star guides them from the north, the east and the south, and by a miracle of God, it proceeds for the three of them towards one point. And by another miracle of God, after many miles it gathers them at that point and by a further miracle, it anticipates the Pentecost Wisdom, bestowing on them the gift of understanding and making themselves understood, as it happens in Paradise, where only one language is spoken: God's.

<sup>12</sup>They are dismayed only for one moment, when the star disappears and since they are humble, because they are *really great*, they do not think it is due to the wickedness of other people, as the corrupted people of Jerusalem did not deserve to see the star of God. But they think they had failed to deserve God themselves and they examine themselves with trepidation and contrition ready to beg forgiveness. 34. 12

But their consciences reassure them. Their souls were accustomed to meditation and each of them had a most sensitive conscience, refined by constant attention, and by sharp introspection, which made of their interior a mirror from which even the slightest faults of daily actions are reflected. Their conscience has become their teacher, a voice that warns and cries not at the least error, but at the least inclination towards errors, at everything human, at the satisfaction of one's '*ego*'. Consequently, when they place themselves before that teacher and that severe clean mirror, they know that it will not lie. It reassures them and gives them heart.

'Oh! How sweet it is to feel that there is nothing against God in us! To feel that He is kindly looking at the soul of His faithful son and blesses him. Faith, trust, hope, strength and patience are increased by such a feeling. The storm is raging just now. But it will pass, because God loves me and He knows that I love Him and He will not fail to help me again'. That is how those speak

who enjoy the peace that comes from an upright conscience, that is the queen of every action of theirs.

34. 13 <sup>13</sup>I said that they were ‘humble because they were really great.’ What happens, instead, in your lives? There a man is never humble not because he is great, but because he is more domineering and makes himself mighty by means of his arrogance and because of your silly idolatry. There are some wretched men who, simply because they are the butlers of some overbearing fellow, or ushers in some office, or officials in some small village, that is, servants of those who employed them, put on the airs of demi-gods. And they arouse pity!...

The three Wise Men were really great. Firstly, because of their supernatural virtues, secondly because of their science, last because of their wealth. But they feel that they are nothing: dust on the dust of the earth, in comparison with the Most High God, Who with a smile creates the worlds and scatters them like grains of corn to satisfy the eyes of the angels with the jewels of the stars.

They feel they are a mere nothing as compared to the Most High God Who created the planet on which they live and He made it most varied. An Infinite Sculptor of boundless works, with a touch of His thumb, He placed a ring of hills here, the bone structure of mountain ridges and peaks there, like vertebrae of the earth, of this enormous body, the veins of which are the rivers, its basins the lakes, its hearts the oceans, its dresses the forests, its veils the clouds, its decorations the crystal glaciers, its gems the turquoises and the emeralds, the opals and the beryls of all the waters that sing, with the woods and the winds, the great chorus of praise to their Lord.

But they feel they are nothing with regard to their wisdom as compared to the Most High God, from Whom their wisdom comes and Who gave them more powerful eyes than those two pupils by means of which they see things: the eyes of their souls, which know how to read in things the word not written by human hands, but engraved by God’s thought.

And they feel they are nothing with regard to their wealth: an atom as compared to the wealth of the Owner of the universe, Who scatters metals and gems in the stars and planets and grants supernatural, unexhausted riches to the hearts of those who love Him.

<sup>14</sup>And when they arrive before the poor house, in the poorest <sup>34. 14</sup> town in Judah, they do not shake their heads saying: ‘Impossible’, but they bend their backs, their knees, and above all their hearts and they adore. There, behind that poor wall, there is God. The God they have always invoked, but never had the least hope of seeing. And they invoke Him for the welfare of all mankind, and ‘their’ eternal welfare. Oh! that was their only wish. To see Him, know Him, possess Him in the life where there are no more dawns and sunsets!

He is there, behind that poor wall. Will His heart of a Child, which is still the heart of a God, perceive those three hearts, which prostrated in the dust of the road are crying: ‘Holy, Holy, Holy, Blessed the Lord Our God. Glory to Him in the Highest Heaven and peace to His servants. Glory, glory, glory and blessings.’?

They are wondering with loving tremor. And during the whole night and the following morning they prepare with the most ardent prayer their souls for the communion with the Child-God.

They do not go to that altar, which is the virginal lap holding the Divine Host, with their souls full of human worries, as you do. They forget to eat and to sleep, and if they wear the most beautiful robes, it is not for human ostentation, but to honour the King of kings. In royal palaces the dignitaries wear the most beautiful clothes. And should the Magi not go to that King in their best garments? Which greater opportunity is there for them?

Oh! In their far away countries, many a time they had to adorn themselves for men like themselves. To welcome and honour them. It is only fair, therefore, that they should prostrate purples and jewels, silks and precious feathers at the feet of the Supreme King. It is fair to put at His sweet little feet the fibres of the earth, the gems of the earth, the feathers of the earth, the metals of the earth — they are all His work — so that all these things of the earth may adore their Creator. And they would be happy if the Little Creature should order them to lie down on the ground and become a living carpet for His little baby steps, and if He trampled on them, since He left the stars to come down to them, who are but dust.

<sup>15</sup>They were humble, generous and obedient to the ‘voices’ <sup>34. 15</sup> from Above. They tell them to take gifts to the New-Born King.

And they take gifts. They do not say: 'He is rich and does not need them. He is God and will not die'. They obey. And they are the first to help the Saviour in His poverty. How useful that gold will be for Him Who is about to be a fugitive! How meaningful that myrrh is for Him Who will soon be killed! How pious that incense is for Him Who will have to smell the stench of human lewdness raging round His infinite purity!

They were humble, generous, obedient and respectful to one another. Virtues always generate other virtues. From the virtues directed to God, derive the virtues regarding our neighbours. Respect, which is charity. The oldest is entrusted with the task of speaking on behalf of them all, he is the first to receive the Saviour's kiss and to hold Him by His little hand. The others will be able to see Him again. He will not, because he is old and the day for his return to God is not far away. He will see Christ after His heart-rending death and will follow Him, together with the other blessed souls, in His return to Heaven. But he will never see Him again in this world. May, therefore, the warmth of His little hand entrusted to his wrinkled one, be a viaticum for him.

There is no envy in the others. On the contrary, their veneration for the old Wise Man increases. He certainly deserved more than they did, and for a longer period of time. The God-Infant knows. The Word of the Father does not speak yet, but every action of His is a word. And may His innocent word be blessed, because it designated him as His favourite.

34. 16 <sup>16</sup>But, My dear children, there are two more lessons in this vision.

The behaviour of Joseph who knows how to keep 'his' place. He is present as the guardian of Purity and Holiness. But not as the usurper of their rights. It is Mary with Jesus who receives the homage and the words. Joseph rejoices because of Her and does not grieve because he is a secondary figure. Joseph is a just man: *he is the Just Man*. And he is always just. Also at the present moment. The fumes of the feast do not go to his head. He remains humble and just.

He is happy for the gifts. Not for himself, but because he thinks that with them he will be able to make his Spouse's and the sweet Child's lives more comfortable. There is no greed in Joseph. He is a workman and will continue to work. But he is anx-

ious that 'They', his two loves, should be comfortable. Neither he nor the Magi know that those gifts will be needed for an escape and a life in exile, when riches vanish like clouds scattered by winds, as well as for their return to their country, where they have lost everything, customers and household furnishings, and where only the walls of their house have been saved, protected as they were by God, because there He was united to the Virgin and became Flesh.

Joseph is humble, in fact, although he is the guardian of God and of the Mother of God and Spouse of the Most High, he holds the stirrups of these vassals of God. He is a poor carpenter, because sustained human pressures have deprived David's heirs of their royal wealth. But he is always the offspring of a king, and has the manners of a king. Also of him it must be said: 'He was humble, because he was really great'.

<sup>17</sup>A last, kind, important lesson.

34. 17

It is Mary who takes the hand of Jesus, Who does not yet know how to bless, and She guides it in the holy gesture.

It is always Mary who takes Jesus' hand and guides it. Even now. Now Jesus knows how to bless. But sometimes His pierced hand falls down tired and disheartened, because He knows that it is useless to bless. You destroy My blessing. It falls also indignant, because you curse Me. It is Mary then Who removes the disdain from My hand with Her kisses. Oh! the kiss of My Mother! Who can resist that kiss? And then, with Her slender, but lovingly irresistible fingers, She takes My wrist and forces Me to bless.

I cannot reject My Mother, but you must go to Her, and make Her your Advocate. She is My Queen, before being yours, and Her love for you makes such allowances that no one can possibly imagine or understand. And even without any word, but only with Her tears, and the memory of My Cross, the sign of which She makes Me trace in the air, She pleads your cause and exhorts Me: 'You are the Saviour. Therefore save'.

<sup>18</sup>That is, My dear children, the 'Gospel of faith' in the vision of the scene of the Magi. Meditate on it and imitate it. For your own good. »

34. 18



### 35. The flight into Egypt.

9<sup>th</sup> June 1944.

35. 1     <sup>1</sup>My spirit sees the following scene.

It is night. Joseph is sleeping in his little bed in his very small room: the peaceful sleep of a man after a hard day's honest and diligent work.

I can see him in the dark room, because a thin ray of moon-light filters in through the window shutters left ajar, either because Joseph is too warm in the little room or because he wants to be woken by the early rays of light at daybreak and get up at once. He is lying on one side and is smiling at some vision he sees in his dream.

But his smile turns into an expression of anxiety. He is now sighing deeply as if he had a nightmare and he awakes with a start. He sits up on his bed, rubs his eyes and looks around. He looks at the little window where the feeble light comes in. It is the dead of night but he grasps his robe, which is lying at the bottom of the bed, and still sitting on the bed he pulls it on over the white short-sleeved tunic he is wearing next to his skin. He pulls the blanket away, puts his feet on the floor and looks for his sandals. He puts them on and ties them. He stands up and goes towards the door facing his bed, not the one at the side of his bed leading into the large room where the Magi were received.

He knocks very gently, a very soft knocking with the tips of his fingers. He must have heard a voice asking him to enter because he opens the door carefully and sets it ajar without making any noise. Before going to the door he has lit a small single flame oil lamp, and lights his way with it. He goes in. The room is a little larger than his own, and there is a low bed in it, near a cradle, with a night lamp in a corner, the flickering flame of which seems like a little star with a soft golden light that allows one to see without disturbing anyone sleeping.

35. 2     <sup>2</sup>But Mary is not sleeping. She is kneeling near the cradle in Her light coloured dress and is praying, watching Jesus Who is sleeping peacefully. Jesus is the same age as I saw Him in the vision of the Magi: a Child about one year old, beautiful, rosy and fair haired. He is sleeping with His curly head sunk in the pillow and a clenched fist under His chin.

«Are You not sleeping? » Joseph asks Her in a low surprised voice. «Why not? Is Jesus not well? »

«Oh, no! He is alright. I am praying. Later I will sleep. Why have you come, Joseph? » Mary speaks, kneeling on the same spot.

Joseph speaks in a very low voice so as not to awaken the Child, but it is an excited voice. «We must go away from here at once. *It must be at once.* Prepare the coffer and a sack with everything You can put in them. I'll prepare the rest, I'll take as much as I can... We will flee at dawn. I would go even sooner but I must speak to the landlady... »

«But why this flight? »

«I will tell You later. It's because of Jesus. An angel said to me: 'Take the Child and His Mother and escape to Egypt.' Don't waste any time. I'm going to prepare what I can. »

<sup>35. 3</sup>There is no need to tell Mary not to waste time. As soon as She heard Joseph mention an angel, Jesus and flight, She understood that Her Creature was in danger and She jumped to Her feet, Her face whiter than wax, holding one hand against Her heart, completely distressed. And She began to move about, quick and agile, laying the clothes in the coffer and in a large sack which She placed on Her bed still untouched. Although She is disheartened, She does not lose Her head: She acts quickly but orderly. Now and again, when passing near the cradle, She looks at the Child Who is sleeping calmly.

«Do you need help?» Joseph asks now and again, peeping into the room through the door ajar.

«No, thank you, » replies Mary every time.

Only when Her sack is full, and it is obviously very heavy, She calls Joseph to help Her to close it and take it off the bed. But Joseph does not want any help, he prefers to do it himself, and he takes the long sack into his little room.

«Shall I also take the woollen blankets? » asks Mary.

«Take as much as You can. We will lose the rest. Do take as much as You can. Things will be useful because... because we will have to stay away for a long time, Mary!...» Joseph is very sad in saying so. And one can easily imagine how Mary feels. She folds Her blankets and Joseph's, sighing deeply. Joseph ties the blankets with a rope and while doing so, he says: «We shall leave the quilts and the mats. Even if I take three donkeys I cannot

overload them. We will have a long and uncomfortable journey, partly in the mountains and in the desert. Cover Jesus well. The nights will be cold both up in the mountains and in the desert. I have taken the gifts of the Magi because they will be very useful down there. I am going to spend all the money I have to buy two donkeys. We cannot send them back, so I will have to buy them. I'll go now, without awaiting dawn. I know where to find them. You finish preparing everything. » And he goes out.

Mary gathers a few more things, then, after looking at Jesus, She goes out and comes back with some little dresses which appear to be still damp: perhaps they were washed the day before. She folds them, wraps them up in a cloth, and adds them to the other things. There is nothing else.

She looks around and in a corner She sees one of Jesus' toys: a little sheep carved in wood. She picks it up sobbing, and kisses it. On the wood there are traces of Jesus' little teeth and the ears of the little sheep are all nibbled. Mary caresses the thing without any value, a plain piece of light wood, which, however, is of great value to Her, because it tells Her of Joseph's love for Jesus and speaks to Her of Her Child. She adds it to the other things placed on the closed coffer.

35. 4 ¶Now there is really nothing else. Except Jesus in the little cradle. Mary thinks She should prepare the Child. She goes to the cradle and shakes it a little to wake up the Baby. But He whimpers a little, turns round and continues to sleep. Mary pats His curls gently. Jesus opens His little mouth yawning. Mary bends down and kisses His cheek. Jesus wakes up completely. He opens His eyes, sees His Mother and smiles and stretches His little hands towards Her breast.

«Yes, love of Your Mummy. Yes, Your milk. Before the usual time... But You are always ready to suck Your Mummy's breast, My little holy Lamb! »

Jesus laughs and plays, kicking His little feet out of the blankets, moving His arms happily in a typical childish style, so beautiful to see. He pushes His feet against His Mummy's stomach, He arches His back leaning His fair head on Her breast, and then throws Himself back and laughs, holding with His hands the laces that tie Mary's dress to Her neck, endeavouring to open it. He looks most beautiful in His little linen shirt,

plump and as rosy as a flower.

Mary bends down and in that position, looking over the cradle, as if in protection, She smiles and cries at the same time, while the Child prattles, uttering words which are not the words of all little children; among them the word «Mummy» is repeated very clearly. He looks at Her, surprised to see Her crying. He stretches one little hand towards the shiny traces of tears and it gets wet while patting Her face. And, very gracefully, He leans once again on His Mother's breast, He clings to it and pats it with His hand.

Mary kisses His hair, picks Him up in Her arms, sits down and dresses Him. His little woollen dress has now been put on Him and His sandals have been tied on His feet. She nurses Him and Jesus avidly sucks His Mother's good milk, and when He feels that only a little is coming from Her right breast, He looks for the left one, laughing while doing so and looking up at His Mother. Then He falls asleep again on Her breast, His rosy round little cheek resting against Her white round breast.

Mary rises very slowly and lays Him on the quilt on Her bed. She covers Him with Her mantle, She goes back to the cradle and folds its little blankets. She wonders whether She ought to take the little mattress as well. It's so small. It can be taken. She puts it, together with the pillow, near the other things already on the coffer. And She cries over the empty cradle, poor Mother, persecuted in Her Little Creature.

<sup>5</sup>Joseph comes back. «Are you ready? Is Jesus ready? Have You taken His blankets and His little bed? We can't take His cradle, but He must have at least His little mattress: poor Baby, Whose death they are seeking! »

«Joseph! » shouts Mary, while She grasps his arm.

«Yes, Mary, *His death*. Herod wants Him dead... because he is afraid of Him, that filthy beast, because of his human kingdom he is afraid of this innocent Child. I do not know what he will do when he realises that He has escaped. But we shall be far away by that time. I don't think he will revenge himself by seeking Him as far as Galilee. It would be very difficult for him to find out that we are Galileans, least of all that we are from Nazareth and *who we are* exactly. Unless Satan helps him to thank him for being his faithful servant. But... if that should happen... God

will help us just the same. Don't cry, Mary. To see You crying is a greater pain for me than having to go into exile. »

«Forgive Me, Joseph. I am not crying for Myself, or for the few things I am losing. I am crying for you... You have already had to sacrifice yourself so much! And now once again you will have no customers, no home. How much I am costing you, Joseph! ».

«How much? No, Mary. You do not cost me. You comfort me. Always. Don't worry about the future. We have the gifts of the Magi. They will help us for the first days. Later I will find some work. A good clever workman will always make his way. You have seen what happened here. I haven't got enough time for all the work I have. »

«I know. But who will relieve your homesickness for your native land? »

«And what about You? Who will relieve Your longing for Your home which is so dear to You? »

«Jesus. Having Him, I have what I had there. »

«And I, having Jesus, have my native land, in which I had hope up to some months ago. I have my God. You can see that I lose nothing of what is dear to me above all things. The only important thing is to save Jesus, and then we have *everything*. Even if we should never see this sky again, or this country or the even dearer country of Galilee, we shall always have everything, because we shall have Him. <sup>35. 6</sup> 'Come, Mary, it is starting to dawn. It is time to say goodbye to our hostess and load our things. Everything will be alright. »

Mary gets up obediently. She puts on Her mantle while Joseph makes up a last parcel and goes out with it.

Mary lifts the Child gently, wraps Him in a shawl and clasps Him to Her heart. She looks at the walls that have given Her hospitality for some months and She touches them caressingly with one hand. Happy house, that deserved to be loved and blessed by Mary!

She goes out. She goes through Joseph's little room, into the large room. The landlady, in tears, kisses Her goodbye and, lifting the edge of the shawl, she kisses the forehead of the Child Who is sleeping calmly. They go down the outside steps.

The first light of dawn enables them to see faintly. In the dim light, three little donkeys can be seen. The strongest is loaded

with the goods and chattels. The other two are saddled. Joseph is busy fastening the coffer and bundles on the pack-saddle of the first one. I can see his carpenter's tools tied in a bundle on top of the sack.

After more tears and goodbyes, Mary mounts the little donkey, while the landlady is holding Jesus in her arms, and kissing Him once again. She then hands Him back to Mary. Joseph, too, mounts after tying his donkey to the one loaded with the goods, in order to be free to hold the reins of Mary's donkey.

The flight begins while Bethlehem, still dreaming of the phantasmagoric scene of the Magi, is sleeping peacefully, unaware of what is impending over it.

And the vision ends thus.

<sup>7</sup>Jesus says:

35. 7

«And also this series of visions ends in this way. With the permission of “the exacting doctors” we have been showing you the scenes which preceded, accompanied and followed My coming. And we did so, not for their own sake, as they are well known, although they have been distorted by elements superimposed throughout the centuries, always as a consequence of the mentality of men, who in order to give greater praise to God — and are therefore forgiven — make unreal what would be so lovely to leave real. Such way of seeing things in their reality does not diminish My Humanity or Mary's, neither does it offend My Divinity or the Majesty of the Father or the Love of the Most Holy Trinity. On the contrary, the merits of My Mother and My perfect humility shine brightly and so does the omnipotent kindness of the Eternal Lord. But we have shown you these scenes in order to be able to apply the supernatural meaning deriving from them to you and to other people and give it to you as a rule of life.

The Decalogue is the Law; and My Gospel is the Doctrine that makes the Law clearer for you and more loving to follow. The Law and My Doctrine would be sufficient to make saints of men.

But you are so hampered by your humanity — it really overwhelms your souls too much — that you cannot follow My ways and you fall; or you stop disheartened. You go on saying to yourselves and to those who would like to assist you, quoting the examples of the Gospel for you: ‘But Jesus, but Mary, but Joseph

(and so on for all the saints) were not like us. They were strong, they were immediately comforted in their sorrow, also in the little sorrow which they experienced, they did not feel passion. They were already beings out of this world’.

35. 8 <sup>8</sup>That little sorrow! They did not feel passion!

Sorrow has been our faithful friend and it had all the most varied forms and names.

Passion... do not use a word wrongly, by calling passion the vices which mislead you. Be honest and call them ‘vices’, and capital ones in addition. It is not true that we did not know them. We had eyes to see and ears to hear, and Satan caused those vices to dance in front of us and around us, showing them to us with their heap of filth in action, or tempting us with his insinuations. But, since we firmly wanted to please God, his filth and insinuations, instead of achieving the purpose intended by Satan, obtained the very opposite. And the more he worked, the more we took shelter in the light of God, disgusted as we were with the muddy darkness he showed to the eyes of our bodies and of our souls.

But we did not ignore passions *in our* hearts, in their philosophical setting. We loved our country, and in our country we loved our little Nazareth above every other town in Palestine. We were fond of our house, of our relatives and friends. Why should we not? We did not become slaves to our feelings because *nothing* is to be our master except God. But our feelings were made good companions.

My Mother uttered a cry of joy when, after about four years, She went back to Nazareth and entered Her house, and kissed the walls where Her ‘yes’ had opened Her bosom to receive the Son of God. Joseph joyfully greeted his relatives and his little nephews, who had grown in numbers and in years, and he rejoiced when he saw that his fellow citizens remembered him and they sought him because of his ability. I Myself appreciated friendship and because of Judas’ betrayal, I suffered as for a moral crucifixion. And why not? Neither My Mother nor Joseph ever placed more love for their home or their relatives before the will of God.

35. 9 <sup>9</sup>And I never spared a word, if it was to be said, capable of drawing upon Me the hatred of the Jews and the animosity of Judas. I knew, and I could have brought it about, that some money would be sufficient to subject him to Me. But not to Me, a Re-

deemer: to Me, a rich man. I had multiplied the loaves of bread and if I wanted, I could multiply money as well. But I did not come for human satisfactions. Least of all to the ones I had called. I had preached sacrifice, detachment, a pure life, humble positions. What kind of a Master would I have been and what Just man, if I had given money to one of them for his mental and physical satisfaction, only because that was the means to keep him?

Those who make themselves 'small' are great in My Kingdom. Those who wish to be 'great' in the eyes of the world are not suitable to reign in My Kingdom. They are straw for the beds of the demons. Because the greatness of the world is the antithesis of the Law of God.

The world calls 'great' those who, by means which almost are always illicit, know how to get the best positions and to do so, they use their neighbour as a stool on which they then climb, crushing him. The world calls 'great' those who know how to kill in order to reign, and they kill materially or morally, and they usurp positions and countries and fatten themselves, bleeding both individuals and communities. The world often calls 'great' criminals. No. 'Greatness' is not to be found in criminality. It is in goodness, in honesty, in love, in justice. You can see which poisonous fruit your 'great ones' offer you, fruit which they have picked in the wicked devilish garden inside them!

<sup>10</sup>I only wish to speak about the last vision, and omit the rest, <sup>35. 10</sup> because in any case, it is useless, as the world does *not want* to hear the truth concerning it. The last vision clarifies a detail quoted twice in the Gospel by Matthew, a sentence which is repeated twice: 'Get up, take the Child and *His Mother* with you, and escape into Egypt'; 'Get up, take the Child and *His Mother* with you and go back to the land of Israel'. And you saw that Mary was by Herself in Her room with the Child.

Mary's virginity after Her delivery and Joseph's chastity have been strongly denied by those who being putrid mud themselves, are not prepared to admit that one like them can be as pure and clear as light. They are wretched people whose souls are so corrupted and their minds so prostituted to the flesh, that they are incapable of thinking that one like them can respect a woman seeing in her not her flesh but her soul, neither can they elevate themselves to live in a supernatural atmosphere, craving not for



what is flesh, but only for what is God.

Well, I wish to tell those deniers of the most beautiful things, those worms incapable of becoming butterflies, those reptiles covered with the slavery of their own lewdness, incapable of understanding the beauty of a lily, I wish to tell them that Mary *was and remained a virgin*, and that *only* Her soul was married to Joseph, exactly as Her spirit was united *only* to the Spirit of God by Whose deed She conceived Her Only Son: I, Jesus Christ, the Only Begotten Son of the Father and of Mary.

This is not a tradition embellished afterwards, out of loving respect for the Blessed Virgin Who was My Mother. It is the truth and has been known since early times.

Matthew was not born after centuries. He was a contemporary of Mary. Matthew was not a poor ignorant man brought up in a forest and likely to believe any idle story. He was a clerk in the taxation office, as you would say nowadays, he was an excise man, as we said then. He could see, hear, understand, and distinguish truth from lies. Matthew did not hear things reported by third parties. He heard them directly from Mary's lips to Whom he turned for information, prompted by his love for his Master and for the truth.

I do not believe that those repudiators of Mary's inviolability will dare think that She may have lied. My own relatives could have given Her the lie, had there been other children: James, Judas, Simon and Joseph were disciples together with Matthew. Therefore Matthew could have easily compared their versions, had there been more than one. But Matthew does not say: 'Get up and take your wife'. He says: 'Take His Mother'. Before he says: 'A virgin betrothed to Joseph'; 'Joseph Her spouse'.

35. 11 <sup>11</sup>Neither those repudiators of Purity should tell Me that it was a way of speaking particular to the Jews, as if to say 'wife' was a disgrace. No, deniers of Purity. At the very beginning of the Bible we read: 'And he will join himself to *his wife*'. She is called 'companion' up to the moment of the sensual consummation of the marriage, and afterwards she is called 'wife' in various circumstances and in different chapters. And these are the expressions referred to the wives of the sons of Adam. And so Sarah is called the 'wife' of Abraham: 'Sarah your *wife*'. And: 'Take your *wife* and your two daughters' is said of Lot. And in the book of Ruth

states: ‘The Moabitess, the *wife* of Mahalon’. And the first book of the Kings says: ‘Elkanah had two *wives*’. And further on: ‘Elkanah then had intercourse with his *wife* Hannah’; and again: ‘Eli blessed Elkanah and his *wife*’. And again the Book of the Kings says: ‘Bathsheba, the *wife* of Uriah the Hittite, became the *wife* of David and bore him a son’. And what do you read in the blue book of Tobias, what the Church sings to you at your wedding, to advise you to be holy in your marriage? You read: ‘Now when Tobias arrived with his *wife* and his son...’; and again: ‘Tobias succeeded in escaping with his son and with his *wife*’.

And in the Gospels, that is in times contemporary with Christ, when therefore they wrote in a modern style of language, as compared to the ancient kind, and therefore no error of transcription could be suspected, Matthew wrote in Chapter 22: ‘...and the first, after marrying his *wife* died and left his *wife* to his brother’. And Mark in Chapter 10: ‘The man who divorces his *wife*...’. And Luke called Elizabeth the *wife* of Zacharias for four times running, and in the eighth Chapter of his Gospel he says: ‘Johanna, the *wife* of Chuza’.

As you can see, this name was not a word banished by those who walked in the ways of the Lord, it was not an impure word not worthy of being uttered and least of all written when there was a mention of God and of His wonderful work. And the angel, saying: ‘The Child and His Mother’, proves to you that Mary was His real Mother. But She was *not* a wife of Joseph. She remained forever: ‘*The virgin betrothed to Joseph*’.

And this is the last teaching of the vision. And it is a halo which shines on the heads of Mary and Joseph. The Inviolat Virgin. The just and chaste man. The two lilies amongst whom I grew up, receiving only the perfume of purity.

<sup>35. 12</sup>  
<sup>12</sup>I could speak to you, little John\*, about Mary’s grief at being torn away from Her house and Her fatherland. But there is no need for words. You understand and you die of grief. Give Me your sorrow. That is all I want. It is greater than anything else you could give Me. It is Friday today, Mary. Think of *My* grief and of My Mother’s on Golgotha in order to be able to bear your cross.

Our peace and love remain with you. »

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\* little John, the most recurring name given to M. V. Its explanation is in 70. 8/9; 638. 2.

### 36. The Holy Family in Egypt. A lesson for families.

25<sup>th</sup> January 1944 (at midnight).

36. 1 <sup>1</sup>The sweet vision of the Holy Family. The place is in Egypt. I have no doubt because I see the desert and a pyramid.

I see a small house with a single floor, a ground floor, completely white. A poor house of *very poor* people. The walls are just plastered and whitewashed. There are two doors, one near the other, leading into the *only two* rooms of the house which, for the time being, I do not enter. The little house is in the middle of a small piece of sandy ground, enclosed by a fence of canes fixed into the ground, a very weak protection against thieves; it can only be used as a protection against cats or stray dogs. On the other hand, who would think of stealing where it is quite visible that there is not even the shadow of riches?

The little piece of ground, enclosed by the cane hedge, has been patiently cultivated as a little garden, notwithstanding that the earth is arid and poor. In order to make the hedge a little thicker and less scanty, they have grown some creepers which appear to be modest convolvuli, only on one side there is a shrub of jasmine in full bloom and a bush of common roses. In the kitchen garden I see some very modest vegetables in the centre under a tall plant which I do not recognise and which gives some shade to the arid ground and to the little house. A little black and white goat is tied to the plant and it is browsing on the leaves of some branches thrown on the ground.

36. 2 <sup>2</sup>And nearby on a mat on the ground there is the Child Jesus. I think He must be two years old, or two and a half at the very most. He is playing with some little pieces of carved wood, which look like little sheep or little horses, and with some clear wood shavings, less curly than His golden curls. With His little plump hands He is trying to put those wooden necklaces onto the necks of His little animals.

He is quiet and smiling. Very beautiful. His little head is a mass of very thick little golden curls, His skin is clear and slightly rosy, His eyes are live and bright, of a deep blue colour. The expression of course, is different, but I recognise the colour of the eyes of my Jesus: two beautiful dark sapphires.

He is wearing a kind of long white shirt which must certainly be His tunic, with short sleeves. At present He has nothing on His feet. His tiny sandals are on the mat and they, too, are being used as a toy by the Child, Who is placing His little animals on the mat, and then pulls the sandal by the strap as if it were a little cart. The sandals are very simple: a sole and two straps one of which coming from the tip and the other from the heel of the sole. The one coming from the tip then splits at a certain point and one piece passes through the eyelet of the strap from the heel, then goes round and is tied with the other piece, forming thus a ring at the ankle.

<sup>3</sup>A little farther away, sitting also in the shade of the tree, <sup>36. 3</sup> there is Our Lady. She is weaving at a rustic loom and watching the Child. I can see Her white slender hands moving backwards and forwards throwing the shuttle on the weft while Her foot, shod in a sandal, is moving the pedal. She is wearing a tunic the colour of mallow flowers: a rosy violet like certain amethysts. She is not wearing anything on her head, and so I can see that Her hair is parted, forming two simple plaits which gather at the nape of Her neck. Her sleeves are long and rather narrow. She has no other ornament except Her beauty and Her most sweet expression. The colour of Her face, of Her hair and Her eyes, the form of Her face are always the same every time I see Her. She looks very young now. She looks about twenty years old.

At one point She gets up, and bends over the Child, puts His sandals back on again and ties them carefully. She then pats Him and kisses His little head and His beautiful eyes. The Child prattles and She answers. But I do not understand the words. She then goes back to Her loom; She covers the fabric and the weft with a piece of cloth, picks up the stool on which She was sitting and takes it into the house. The Child follows Her with His eyes without troubling Her when She leaves Him alone.

Obviously Her work is finished, and it is almost evening. In fact, the sun is setting on the barren sand, and a huge fire invades the whole sky behind the far away pyramid.

Mary comes back. She takes Jesus by the hand and lifts Him from His mat. The Child obeys without any resistance. While His Mother picks up His toys and the mat and takes them into the house, He toddles on His well shaped little legs towards the little

goat and throws His little arms around her neck. The little goat bleats and rubs her head on Jesus' shoulder.

Mary comes back. She is now wearing a long veil on Her head and is carrying an amphora in Her hand. She takes Jesus by the hand and they both start walking, turning round the little house towards the other side.

I follow them admiring the gracefulness of the picture. Our Lady adjusts Her step to the Child's, and the Child toddles and trips along beside Her. I can see His rosy heels moving up and down, with the typical grace of children's steps, on the sand of the little path. I notice that His little tunic does not reach down to His feet, but only to half His calf. It is very clean and simple and it is held tight to His waist by a little white cord.

I see that on the front of the house the hedge is broken by a rustic gate, which Mary opens to go out onto the road. It is a poor road at the end of a town or a village, whatever it may be, where it ends up with the country that here is formed of sand and some other houses, as poor as this one, with some scanty kitchen gardens.

I do not see anybody. Mary looks towards the centre of the town not towards the country, as if She were waiting for someone; She then moves towards a vessel or well, whatever it may be, which is some ten metres further up, and on which some palm trees form a shady circle. Over there some green can be seen on the ground.

36. 4 <sup>4</sup>I can now see a man coming along the road; he is not very tall, but is well built. I recognise Joseph, who is smiling. He looks younger than when I saw him in the vision\* of Paradise. He may be forty years old at the most. His hair and beard are thick and black, his skin is rather tanned, his eyes are dark. An honest pleasant face, inspiring confidence.

When he sees Jesus and Mary, he quickens his step. On his left shoulder he has a kind of saw and a kind of plane, and he is holding in his hand other tools of his trade, not exactly like the ones we use now, but almost similar. He is probably coming back after working in somebody's house. He is wearing a tunic the colour of which is between hazel and dark brown; it is not very long — it

\* vision: 10<sup>th</sup> January 1944 in "*The Notebooks. 1944*".

reaches a good bit up from his ankles — and its sleeves are short. I think he is wearing a leather belt at his waist. It is the proper tunic of a workman. On his feet he has sandals tied at his ankles.

Mary smiles and the Child utters cries of joy and He stretches out the hand which is free. When the three meet, Joseph bends down and offers the Child a fruit which I think is an apple, by its colour and shape. He then stretches his arms and the Child leaves His Mother and cuddles in the arms of Joseph, bending His little head into the cavity of Joseph's neck; he kisses Him, and is kissed by Him. A scene full of loving grace.

I almost forgot to say that Mary had promptly taken Joseph's work tools, to leave him free to embrace the Child.

Then Joseph, who had crouched down to the ground to be at the same level as Jesus, stands up, takes his tools with his left hand and holds little Jesus tight to his strong chest with his right arm. And he moves towards the house, while Mary goes to the fountain to fill Her amphora.

After entering the enclosure of the house, Joseph puts the Child down, takes Mary's loom into the house, and then he milks the goat. Jesus watches all these activities carefully and in particular the closing of the little goat in a little closet in one side of the house.

It is now getting dark. I can see the red of the sunset becoming violet on the sands which seem to be trembling because of the heat. The pyramid looks darker.

Joseph goes into the house, into a room which must be his workshop, the kitchen, the dining room all in one. The other room is obviously the bedroom. But I do not go in there. The fire is lit in a low fireplace. There is a carpenter's bench, a small table, some stools, some shelves with two oil lamps and some kitchenware on them. In a corner, there is Mary's loom. And a great deal of order and cleanliness. A very poor dwelling, but very clean.

And this is a remark I wish to make: in all the visions concerning the human life of Jesus I have noticed that both He and Mary, as well as Joseph and John, are *always* tidy and clean both in their garments and their bodies. They wear modest and simple garments, but they are so clean that they look like gentlemen in them.

<sup>5</sup>Mary comes back with the amphora and the door is closed <sup>36. 5</sup>

on the rapidly growing dusk. The room is illuminated by a lamp that Joseph has lit and placed on his bench, where he now starts working on some little boards, while Mary is preparing supper. The fire, too, illuminates the room. Jesus, with His little hands leaning on the bench and His little head turned upwards, is watching what Joseph is doing.

They then sit down at the table after saying their prayers. Obviously they do not bless themselves with the sign of the cross, but they pray. It is Joseph who says the prayers, and Mary answers. I do not understand anything at all. It must be a psalm. But it is said in a language entirely unknown to me.

They then sit down at the table. The lamp is now on the table. Mary is holding Jesus in Her lap and makes Him drink some of the goat's milk, into which She dips some small slices of bread that She has cut off a little round loaf. The crust of the loaf, as well as the inside, is very dark, it looks like rye bread or bread made with barley. It certainly contains a lot of bran, judging by its colour. In the meantime Joseph eats some bread and cheese, a small slice of cheese and a lot of bread. Then Mary sits Jesus on a little stool near Her and brings some cooked vegetables to the table — they appear to be boiled and dressed as we use them nowadays — and She also eats some of them after Joseph has helped himself. Jesus is nibbling happily at His apple, and He smiles displaying His little white teeth. Their supper ends with some olives or dates. I cannot tell exactly which because they appear to be too light to be olives and too hard to be dates. There is no wine. The supper of poor people.

But there is so much peace in this room that not even the sight of the most solemn royal palace could give me as much. And how much harmony!

36. 6   <sup>6</sup>Jesus does not speak this evening. He does not explain the scene. He has taught me with the gift of His vision and that is enough. May He be always and equally blessed.

26<sup>th</sup> January 1944.

36. 7   <sup>7</sup>Jesus says:

«The things you see teach you and others the lesson. It is a lesson of humility, resignation and good harmony. A lesson given as an example to all Christian families, and particularly to the

Christian families in this particularly sorrowful age.

<sup>8</sup>You have seen a poor house. And what is more saddening, a <sup>36. 8</sup> poor house in a foreign country.

Many people, only because they are fairly good Catholics who pray and receive Me in the Holy Eucharist, and they pray and receive Me for 'their' needs, not for the needs of their souls and for the Glory of God — because only seldom those who pray are not selfish — many people would expect to have a prosperous, happy, easy material life, well-protected even from the least pain.

Joseph and Mary had Me, True God, as their Son, yet they did not even have the meagre satisfaction of being poor in their own country, where they were known, where at least there was their 'own' little house and the problem of a dwelling did not add a harassing thought to their many problems, in the country where, as they were known, it was easier for them to find work and provide for the needs of their lives. They are two refugees just because they had Me. A different climate, a different country, so sad in comparison with the sweet countryside of Galilee, a different language, different habits, living amongst people who did not know them, and who generally distrusted refugees and people they did not know.

They are deprived of those comfortable and dear pieces of furniture of 'their' little house, of so many humble and necessary things they had there, and which did not seem to be so necessary, whereas here, in the void that surrounds them, seem even beautiful like the luxurious things that make the houses of rich people so charming. And they felt nostalgia both for their country and for their home, they worried about the poor things they had left behind, about the little kitchen garden where probably no one would take care of their vines and their figs, and the other useful plants. And they had to provide everyday as well as for food clothes, fire, and for Me, a Child, Whom they could not feed with the same food they took themselves. And they were sad at heart: because of their homesickness, because of the uncertainty of the future, and the lack of trust of people who are reluctant, particularly at first, to accept the offer of work of two unknown people.

And yet, as you have seen yourself, that house is pervaded with serenity, smiles, harmony, and by mutual consent they endeavour to make it more beautiful, even in its scanty little kitchen gar-



den, that it may be more like the more comfortable one they had to leave behind. They have only one thought: that the land may be less hostile and less unpleasant for Me, since I come from God. It is the love of believers and relatives which reveals itself in many ways: from the little goat they purchased with many hours of extra work, to the little toys carved in scraps of wood, to the fruit purchased only for Me, while they denied themselves a morsel of food.

O beloved father of mine on the earth, how loved you have been by God, by God the Father in the Most High Heavens, by God the Son, Who became the Saviour on the earth!

In that house there is no quick temper, no sulkiness, no grim faces, neither is there any reproach against each other, and least of all against the God Who has not loaded them with material wealth. Joseph does not reproach Mary as being the cause of his discomfort, neither does Mary reproach Joseph because he is incapable of procuring greater worldly goods. They love each other in a holy way, that is all. And therefore they do not worry about their own comfort, but only about the comfort of their consort. True love is not selfish. And true love is always chaste, even if it is not perfect in chastity as the love of the two virgin spouses. Chastity united with charity yields a suite of other virtues and therefore two people who love each other chastely become perfect.

The love of Mary and Joseph was perfect. Therefore it was an incentive to every other virtue and in particular to charity towards God, blessed every hour, notwithstanding His holy will is painful for the flesh and the heart, blessed because, above the flesh and above the heart, the spirit was more lively and stronger in the two saints, and they exalted the Lord with gratitude because they had been chosen as guardians of His Eternal Son.

36. 9 <sup>9</sup>In that house they prayed. You pray too little in your homes, nowadays. The sun rises and sets, you start your work, and you sit at the table without a thought for the Lord, Who has allowed you to see a new day, and then to live and see a new night, Who has blessed your work and has made it the means for you to purchase the food, the fire, the clothes, the house which are so necessary for your human lives. Whatever comes from Good God is 'good'. Even if it is poor and meagre, love gives it flavour and

body, the love that allows you to see, in the Eternal Creator, the Father Who loves you.

In that house there is frugality and it would be there even if there was plenty of money. They eat to live. They do not eat to satisfy their gluttony, with the insatiability of gluttons and the whims of epicures who fill themselves to the extent of being sick and squander fortunes on expensive food, without giving one thought to those who are without or with little food, without considering that if they were moderate, many people could be relieved of the pangs of hunger.

In that house they love work, and they would love it even if there was plenty of money, because the working man obeys the command of God and frees himself from vice, which like tenacious ivy clutches and suffocates idle people, who are like immovable rocks. Food is good, rest is serene, hearts are happy, when you have worked well and you enjoy the resting time between one job and the next one. Neither in the houses nor in the minds of those who love work, can various vices arise. And, in its absence, love, esteem, mutual respect prosper and tender children grow in a pure atmosphere and they thus become the origin of future holy families.

Humility reigns in that house. What a lesson of humility for the proud. Mary, from a human point of view, had a thousand reasons to be proud and to be adored by Her spouse. Many women are proud only because they are a little better educated, or of nobler birth, or of a wealthier family than their husbands. Mary is the Spouse and the Mother of God, and yet She serves — and does not expect to be served — Her consort, and She is full of love for him. Joseph is the head of the family, judged by God so worthy of being the head of a family, as to be entrusted by God with the guardianship of the Word Incarnate and the Spouse of the Eternal Spirit. And yet he is anxious to relieve Mary of Her work, and he takes care of the most humble jobs in the house so that Mary may not get tired, not only, but whenever he can he does his best to please Her and make Her house more comfortable and Her little garden more beautiful.

In that house order is respected: supernatural, moral, material. God is the Supreme Head and He is worshipped and loved: *supernatural order*. Joseph is the head of the family and he is

loved, respected and obeyed: *moral order*. The house is a gift of God as well as the clothes and the furnishings. The Providence of God is shown in everything, of God Who supplied wool to sheep, feathers to birds, grass to meadows, hay to animals, grains and branches to birds, Who weaves the dress of the lily of the valley. The house, the dresses, the furnishings are accepted with gratitude, blessing the divine hand that supplies them, looking after them with respect as gifts of the Lord, without any bad humour because they are poor, without ill use, without abusing Divine Providence: *material order*.

36. 10 <sup>10</sup>You did not understand the words they exchanged in the dialect of Nazareth, neither did you understand the words of the prayer. But the things you saw are a great lesson. Meditate on it, you all who now suffer so much because you failed in so many things towards God, also in those things in which the holy Spouses never failed, the Spouses who were my Mother and father.

And you, rejoice remembering little Jesus, smile thinking of His little steps of a child. In a short time you will see Him walking under the Cross. And then it will be a vision of tears. »

### **37. The first working lesson given to the Child Jesus.**

21<sup>st</sup> March 1944.

37. 1 <sup>1</sup>I see my little Jesus appear as sweet as a ray of sun on a rainy day; He is a little child about five years old, completely blond and very beautiful in His simple blue dress which reaches down to half His well-shaped calves.

He is playing with some earth in the little kitchen garden. He makes little heaps with it and on top He plants little branches as if He were making a miniature forest, with little stones He builds little roads and then He would like to build a little lake at the foot of His tiny hills. He therefore takes the bottom part of an old pot and fills it up to its brim and then adds water with a pitcher that He dips into a vessel, which is certainly used either for washing purposes or to water the little garden. But the only result is that He wets His dress, particularly its sleeves. The water runs out of

the chipped pot which is probably also cracked and... the lake dries up.

Joseph appears at the door and for some time he stands very quietly watching the work of the Child and smiles. It is a sight, indeed, that makes one smile happily. Then, to prevent Jesus from getting wetter, he calls Him. Jesus turns round smiling, and when He sees Joseph, He runs towards him with His little arms stretched out. Joseph with the edge of his short working tunic dries the little hands which are soiled and wet, and kisses them. And then there is a sweet conversation between the two.

Jesus explains His work and His game and the difficulties He had. He wanted to make a lake like the lake of Gennesaret. (I therefore suppose that they have either spoken to Him about it or they had taken Him to see it.) He wanted to make a little one for His own pleasure. This was Tiberias, there was Magdala, over there Capernaum. This was the road that led to Nazareth going through Cana. He wanted to launch some little boats in the lake, these leaves are boats, and He wanted to go over to the other shore. But the water runs away...

Joseph watches and takes an interest as if it were a very serious matter. He then suggests to make a small lake, the following day, but not with an old cracked pot, but with a small wooden basin well coated with pitch and stucco, in which Jesus would be able to launch small real wooden boats which Joseph would teach Him how to make. <sup>2</sup>Just then, he was bringing Him some <sup>37.2</sup> small working tools suitable for Him, that He might learn to use them, without any fatigue.

«So I will be able to help you! » Jesus says, smiling.

«So You will help me, and You will become a clever carpenter. Come and see them. »

And they go into the workshop. Joseph shows Him a small hammer, a tiny saw, some very small screwdrivers, a plane suitable for a doll, which are all lying on the bench of a budding carpenter: a bench suitable for little Jesus' size.

«See, to saw, You must put this piece of wood like that. You then take the saw like that, and making sure that You do not catch Your fingers, You start sawing. Try... »

And the lesson begins. And Jesus, blushing with the effort and pressing His lips together, saws the piece of wood carefully and

then planes it, and although it is not perfectly straight, He thinks it is nice. Joseph praises Him and with patience and love teaches Him how to work.

37. 3 <sup>3</sup>Mary comes back. She had certainly gone out, and She looks in at the door. Joseph and Jesus do not see Her because She is behind them. Mother smiles seeing how zealously Jesus is working with the plane and how loving Joseph is in teaching Him.

But Jesus must have perceived Her smile. He turns round, sees His Mother and runs towards Her, showing Her the little piece of wood not yet finished. Mary admires it, and She bends down to kiss Jesus. She tidies up His ruffled curls, wipes the perspiration on His hot face, and listens with loving attention to Jesus, Who promises to make Her a little stool so that She will be more comfortable when working.

Joseph standing near the tiny bench, with one hand resting on his side, looks and smiles.

I was therefore present at the first work lesson of my Jesus. And all the peace of this holy Family is within me.

37. 4 <sup>4</sup>Jesus says:

«I have consoled you, My dear soul, with a vision of My childhood, which was happy in its poverty, because it was surrounded by the love of two saints, the greatest the world ever had.

37. 5 <sup>5</sup>They say that Joseph was My foster-father. Oh! If, being a man, he could not feed Me with milk, as My Mother Mary did, he worked very hard indeed, to give Me bread and comfort and he had the loving kindness of a real mother. From him I learned — and never had a pupil a kinder teacher — I learned everything that makes a man of a child, and a man who is to earn his own bread.

If My intelligence, that of the Son of God was perfect, you must consider and believe that I did not want to deviate from the attributes and attainments of My own age group ostentatiously. Therefore, by lowering My divine intellectual perfection to that of a human intellectual perfection, I submitted Myself to having a man as My teacher, and to the need of a teacher. If I learned quickly and willingly, that does not deprive Me of the merit of submitting Myself to man, neither does it deprive the just man of the merit of being the person who nourished My young mind

with the ideas which are necessary to life.

Not even now that I am in Heaven can I forget the happy hours I spent beside Joseph, who, as if he were playing with Me, guided Me to the point of being capable of working. And when I look at My putative father, I see once again the little kitchen garden and the smoky workshop, and I still appear to see Mother peep in with Her beautiful smile which turned the place into Paradise and made us so happy.

<sup>6</sup>How much families should learn from the perfection of this couple who loved each other as nobody else ever loved! 37. 6

Joseph was the head of the family, and as such, his authority was undisputed and indisputable: before it the Spouse and Mother of God bent reverently and the Son of God submitted Himself willingly. Whatever Joseph decided to do, was well done: there were no discussions, no obstinacy, no oppositions. His word was our little law. And yet, how much humility there was in him! There never was any abuse of power, or any decision against reason only because he was the head of the family. His Spouse was his sweet adviser. And if in Her deep humility She considered Herself the servant of Her consort, he drew from Her wisdom of Full of Grace light to guide him in all events.

And I grew like a flower protected by vigorous trees, between those two loves that interlaced above Me, to protect Me, and love Me.

No. As long as I was able to ignore the world because of My age, I did not regret being absent from Paradise. God the Father and the Holy Spirit were not absent, because Mary was full of Them. And the angels dwelled there, because nothing drove them away from that house. And one of them, I might say, had become flesh and was Joseph, an angelical soul freed from the burden of the flesh, intent only on serving God and His cause and loving Him as the seraphim love Him. Joseph's look! It was as placid and pure as the brightness of a star unaware of worldly cupiscence. It was our peace, and our strength.

<sup>7</sup>Many think that I did not suffer as a human being when the holy glance of the guardian of our home was extinguished by death. If I was God, and as such I was aware of the happy destiny of Joseph, and consequently I was not sorry for his death, because after a short time in Limbo, I was going to open Heaven 37. 7

to him, as a Man I cried bitterly in the house now empty and deprived of his presence. I cried over My dead friend, and should I not have cried over My holy friend, on whose chest I had slept when I was a little boy, and from whom I had received so much love in so many years?

37. 8 <sup>8</sup>Finally I would like to draw the attention of parents to how Joseph made a clever workman of Me, without any help of pedagogical learning. As soon as I was old enough to handle tools, he did not let Me lead a life of idleness, but he made Me work and he made use of My love for Mary as the means to spur Me to work. I was to make useful things for Mother. That is how he inculcated the respect which every son should have for his mother and the teaching for the future carpenter was based on that respectful and loving incentive.

Where are now the families in which the little ones are taught to love work as a means of pleasing their parents? Children, nowadays, are the tyrants of the house. They grow hard, indifferent, ill-mannered towards their parents. They consider their parents as their servants, their slaves. They do not love their parents and they are scarcely loved by them. The reason is that, while you allow your children to become objectionable, overbearing fellows, you become detached from them with shameful indifference.

They are everybody's children, except yours, o parents of the twentieth century. They are the children of the nurse, of the governess, of the boarding schools, if you are rich people. They belong to their companions, they are the children of the streets, of the schools, if you are poor. But they are not yours. You, mothers, give birth to them and that is all. And you, fathers, do exactly the same. But a son is not only flesh. He has a mind, a heart, a soul. Believe Me, no one is more entitled and more obliged than a father and a mother to form that mind, that heart, that soul.

37. 9 <sup>9</sup>A family is necessary: it exists and must exist. There is no theory or progress capable of destroying this truth without causing ruin. A shattered family can but yield men and women who in the future will be more perverted, and will cause greater and greater ruin. And I tell you most solemnly that it would be better if there were no more marriages and no more children on the earth, rather than have families less united than the tribes of monkeys, families which are not schools of virtue, of work, of

love, of religion, but a babel in which everyone lives on his own like disengaged gears, which end up by breaking.

Broken families. You break up the most holy way of social living and you see and suffer the consequences. You may continue thus, if you so wish. But do not complain if this world is becoming a deeper and deeper hell, a dwelling place of monsters who devour families and nations. You want it. Let it be so. »

### **38. Mary, the teacher of Jesus, Judas and James.**

29<sup>th</sup> October 1944.

<sup>1</sup>Jesus says:

38. 1

«Come, little John, and see. Held by My hand which will lead you, go back to the years of My childhood. And what you see *will have* to be included in the Gospel of My boyhood, where I *want* also the vision of the Family's stay in Egypt to be put. You will put them in this order: the Family in Egypt, then the first working lesson given to the Child Jesus, then this one which you are about to describe, the scene of My coming of age (promised to-day\*, 25<sup>th</sup> November), lastly the vision of Jesus among the doctors in the Temple at His twelfth Feast of Passover. What you are now going to see is not without a reason. On the contrary it enlightens details of My early years and relationship among relatives. And it is a present for you, in the feast of My Regality, as you feel the peace of the house in Nazareth being transfused into you whenever you see it. Write. »

<sup>2</sup>I see the room where they usually eat their meals and where Mary works at Her loom or needlework. The room is near Joseph's workshop and I can hear the sound of his working. Here instead there is silence. Mary is sewing some strips of wool which She has certainly woven Herself; they are about a metre and a half wide and twice as long and I think they will be used to make a mantle for Joseph. 38. 2

From the door which opens onto the kitchen garden, ruffled hedges of little daisies can be seen; their colour is violet

\* **promised today:** it will be found at the beginning of next chapter.



blue and they are normally called «Maries: or «starry Sky.» I do not know their botanical name. They are in full bloom and consequently it must be autumn. But the green is still thick and beautiful on the plants and from two beehives leaning against a sunny wall, bees are flying in the bright sunshine buzzing and dancing, going from a fig-tree to the vines, and then to a pomegranate-tree full of its round fruits, some of which have already burst from excessive growth and show the strings of juicy rubies, lined up inside the green-red casket divided into yellow sections.

38. 3 <sup>3</sup>Jesus is playing under the trees with two children who are about His own age. They have curly hair, but they are not blond. One, on the contrary, is very dark: a little head of a little black lamb which makes the skin of his little round face look even whiter, and two most beautiful large, wide open blue violet eyes. The other is less curly and his hair is dark brown, his eyes are brown and his complexion darker, but with a pinkish hue on his cheeks. Jesus' little blond head looks like a blaze of light. They are playing in perfect harmony with some little carts on which there are... various articles: leaves, little stones, wood shavings, little pieces of wood. They must be playing at shops, and Jesus is the one who buys things for His Mummy, to Whom He takes now one thing, then another one. Mary accepts all the purchases with a smile.

Then the game changes. One of the two children proposes: «Let us play at the Exodus from Egypt. Jesus will be Moses, I will be Aaron, and you... Mary. »

«But I am a boy! »

«It does not matter. It's just the same. You are Mary, and you shall dance before the golden calf, and the golden calf is that beehive over there. »

«I'm not going to dance. I am a man and I do not want to be a woman. I am a faithful believer and I am not going to dance before an idol. »

Jesus interrupts them: «Don't let us play that part. Let us play this other one: when Joshua is elected Moses' successor. So there will be no terrible sin of idolatry and Judas will be happy to be a man and My successor. Are you happy? »

«Yes I am, Jesus. But then You will have to die, because Moses

dies afterwards. But I do not want You to die; You have always been so fond of me. »

«Everybody dies... but before dying I shall bless Israel, and since you are the only ones here, I shall bless the whole of Israel in you. »

They agree. Then there is an argument: whether the people of Israel, after so much travelling, still had the same carts they had when leaving Egypt. There is a difference of opinion.

They ask Mary. «Mummy, I say that the Israelites still had the carts. James says they didn't. Judas does not know who is right. Do you know? »

«Yes, My Son. The nomadic people still had their carts. They repaired them when they stopped to rest. The weaker people travelled in them together with the foodstuffs, and the many things which were necessary for so many people were loaded in- to them. With the exception of the Ark, which was carried by hand, everything else was on the carts.» The question is now solved.

<sup>38. 4</sup> The children go down to the bottom of the orchard and from there, singing psalms, they come towards the house. Jesus is in front and He is singing some psalms in His gentle silvery voice. Behind Him, there come Judas and James holding a little cart which has been elevated to the rank of Tabernacle. But since they have also to play the part of the people, in addition to Aaron's and Joshua's, with their belts they have tied other miniature carts to their feet, and thus they proceed very seriously as if they were real actors.

They cover the whole length of the pergola, they pass in front of the door of Mary's room and Jesus says: «Mummy, hail the Ark when it passes by. » Mary stands up smiling, and She bows to Her Son Who passes by, radiant in the bright sunshine.

Then Jesus clammers up the side of the mountain that forms the boundary of the house, or rather of the garden; He stands up straight on top of the little grotto, and speaks to... Israel. He repeats the orders and the promises of God, He appoints Joshua as the leader, calls him, and then Judas in his turn climbs up the cliff. He encourages and blesses him. He then asks for a... tablet (it is a large fig leaf) and He writes the canticle and reads it. It is not quite complete, but contains a large part of it, and He seems

to be reading it from the leaf. He then dismisses Joshua who embraces Him crying, and He then climbs further up, right up to the edge of the cliff. And from there He blesses the whole of Israel, that is the two who are prostrated on the ground, He then lies down on the short grass, closes His eyes and... dies.

38. 5 <sup>5</sup>Mary, who has been watching from the doorstep smiling, when She sees Him lying still on the ground shouts: «Jesus, Jesus! Get up! Don't lie down like that! Your Mummy does not want to see You dead! »

Jesus gets up smiling, runs towards Her, and kisses Her. Also James and Judas come. They also receive Mary's caresses.

«How can Jesus remember that canticle which is so long and difficult and all those blessings? » asks James.

Mary smiles and answers: «His memory is very good and He pays a lot of attention when I read. »

«I too, at school, pay attention. But then I get sleepy with all the hubbub... shall I never learn then? »

«You will learn, be good. »

38. 6 <sup>5</sup>There is a knock at the door. Joseph walks quickly across the orchard and the room and opens it.

«Peace to you, Alphaeus and Mary! »

«And peace and blessings to you. »

It is Joseph's brother with his wife. A rustic cart, drawn by a strong donkey, is outside in the street.

«Did you have a good trip? »

«Very good. And the children? »

«They are in the garden with Mary. »

But the children have already come to greet their mother. Also Mary comes, holding Jesus by the hand. The two sisters-in-law kiss each other.

«Have they been good? »

«Very good, and very dear. Are the relatives all well? »

«Yes they all are. They send You their regards, and they have sent You many presents from Cana. Grapes, apples, cheese, eggs, honey. And... Joseph? I have found just what you wanted for Jesus. It is on the cart, in the round basket. » Alphaeus' wife smiles. She bends over Jesus Who is looking at her with His eyes wide open, she kisses Him on those two strips of blue and says: «Do you know what I have for you? Guess. »

Jesus thinks, but He cannot guess. I doubt whether He does it deliberately, to give Joseph the joy of giving Him a surprise. Joseph in fact comes in, carrying a large round basket. He lays it down on the floor in front of Jesus, unties the rope which is holding the lid on, he lifts it... and a little white sheep, a real flock of foam, appears sleeping in the very clean hay.

Jesus utters an «Oh! » of surprise and happiness and He is about to rush towards the little animal, but then He turns round and runs to Joseph, who is still bent down as before, He embraces him, and kisses him, thanking him.

The two little cousins look with admiration at the little creature, which is now awake and is lifting its little rosy head bleating, looking for its mother. They take it out of the basket, they offer it a handful of clover. It browses while looking around with its mild eyes.

Jesus continues saying, «For me! For me! Thank you, father! »  
«Do you like it so much! »

«Oh! Very much! White, clean... a little lamb... Oh! » and He throws His little arms round the sheep's neck, He lays His blond head on its little head and remains thus, happy.

«I brought two, also for you, » says Alphaeus to his sons. «But they are dark. You are not quite so tidy as Jesus and your sheep would always be untidy, if they were white. They will be your herd, you will keep them together and so you will no longer be loitering in the streets, you two little rascals, throwing stones at each other. »

The children run to the cart and look at the other two little animals, which are more black than white.

Jesus has stayed behind with His sheep. He takes it into the garden, gives it water to drink and the little pet follows Him as if it had known Him forever. Jesus beckons it. He calls it «Snow» and the little lamb replies bleating happily.

The guests are sitting at the table and Mary offers them bread, olives and cheese. She also puts a jug on the table with cider or water sweetened with honey, I do not know exactly which, I see that it is a very pale colour.

They speak while the children are playing with the three little animals that Jesus wanted to gather together so that He can give water and a name also to the others. «Yours, Judas, will be called

‘Star’ because it has that mark on its forehead. And the name of yours will be ‘Flame’ because it has the blazing colours of certain withering heathers. »

«Agreed. »

The elder people are talking and Alphaeus says: «I hope I have solved the matter of the boys’ quarrels. I got the idea from your request, Joseph. I said to myself: ‘My brother wants a little sheep for Jesus, that He may have something to play with. I will get two, also for those naughty boys, to keep them quiet a little, and avoid continuous arguments with other parents with regard to bruised heads and skinned knees. What with the school and <sup>38.7</sup> what with the sheep, I will manage to keep them quiet’. <sup>7</sup>But this year You also will have to send Jesus to school. It is time. »

«I will never send Jesus to school, » says Mary resolutely. It is most unusual to hear Her talk in this way and above all to hear Her talk before Joseph.

«Why? The Child must learn to be ready in good time to pass His exam when He comes of age... »

«The Child will be ready. But He will not go to school. That is quite definite. »

«You will be the only woman in Israel to do that. »

«I will be the only one. But that is what I am going to do. Isn’t that right, Joseph? »

«Yes, that’s correct. There is no need for Jesus to go to school. Mary was brought up in the Temple, and She knows the Law as well as any doctor. She will be His Teacher. That’s what I want, too. »

«You are spoiling the Boy. »

«You cannot say that. He is the best boy in Nazareth. Have you ever heard Him cry, or be naughty, or be disobedient, or lack respect? »

«No. That’s true. But He will do all that if You continue to spoil Him. »

«You do not necessarily spoil your children just because you keep them at home. To keep them at home implies loving them with good common sense and wholeheartedly. And that is how we love our Jesus, and since Mary is better educated than a teacher, She will be Jesus’ Teacher. »

«And when Your Jesus is a Man, He will be like a silly little

woman frightened even of flies. »

«He will not. Mary is a strong woman, and She will give Him a manly education. I am not a coward, and I can give Him manlike examples. Jesus is a creature without any physical or moral faults. He will grow, therefore, upright and strong, both in His body and in His spirit. You can be sure of that, Alphaeus. He will not be a disgrace to the family. In any case, that is what I have decided, and that is all. »

«Perhaps Mary has decided, and you... »

«And if it were so? Is it not fair that two, who love each other, should have the same thoughts and the same wishes, so that each may accept the wishes of the other as if they were his own? If Mary should wish silly things, I would say to Her: 'No'. But She is asking for something which is full of wisdom, and I agree, and I make it my own. We love each other, we do as we did the first day, and we shall go on doing so as long as we live. Is that right, Mary? »

«Yes, Joseph. And let us hope it will never happen, but when one should die without the other, we will still go on loving each other. »

Joseph pats Mary on the head as if She were a young daughter and She looks at him with Her serene loving eyes.

<sup>8</sup>Her sister-in-law interferes: «You are quite right. I wish I <sup>38. 8</sup> could teach! Our children at school learn evil and good. At home they only learn what is good. But I do not know whether... if Mary... »

«What is it you want, My dear sister-in-law? Speak freely. You know that I love you and I am happy when I can do something that pleases you. »

«I was thinking... James and Judas are only a little older than Jesus. They are already going to school... for what they have learned!... Jesus instead already knows the Law so well... I would like... eh, I mean, if I asked You to take them as well, when You teach Jesus? I think they would behave better and be better educated. After all, they are cousins, and it is only fair that they should love one another like brothers. Oh! I would be so happy! »

«If Joseph wants, and your husband agrees, I am quite willing. It is the same to speak to one as to speak to three. And it is a joy to go through the whole Bible. Let them come. »

The three children, who have come in very quietly, are listening and are awaiting the final decision.

«They will drive You to despair, Mary,» says Alphaeus.

«No! They are always good with Me. You will be good if I teach you, will you not? »

The two boys move near Mary, one on Her left side, the other on Her right, they place their arms around Her shoulders, they lean their little heads on Her shoulders, and they promise *all* the good in the world.

«Let them try, Alphaeus, and let Me try. I am sure you will not be dissatisfied with the test. They can come every day from the sixth hour until evening. It will be enough, believe Me. I know how to teach without tiring them. You must keep their attention and let them relax at the same time. You must understand them, love them, and be loved by them, if you wish to get good results. And you will love Me, will you not? »

Two big kisses are the answer.

«See? »

«I see. I can only say: ‘Thank You’. And what will Jesus say, when He sees His Mummy busy with others? What do you say, Jesus? »

«I say: ‘Happy are those who listen to Her and build their dwelling near Hers’. As for Wisdom, happy are those who are My Mother’s friends, and I am happy that those whom I love are Her friends. »

«But who puts such words on the lips of the Child? » Alphaeus asks, astonished.

«Nobody, brother. Nobody in this world».

The vision ends here.

38.9 <sup>9</sup>Jesus says:

«And Mary was My teacher and the teacher of James and Judas. That is why we loved one another like brothers, not only because of our relationship, but for our science and the fact that we had grown up together, like three shoots supported by one pole only: My Mother. There was no other doctor in Israel like My sweet Mother. Seat of Wisdom, and of true Wisdom, She taught us for the world, and for Heaven. I say: ‘*She taught us*’ because I was Her pupil just like My cousins. And the ‘seal’ was kept on

the secret of God against Satan's investigations, and it was safe-guarded by the appearance of a normal life.

Did you enjoy this sweet scene? Now be in peace. Jesus is with you. »

### **39. Preparations for the coming of age of Jesus and departure from Nazareth.**

25<sup>th</sup> November 1944.

[...]

<sup>1</sup>I have received a promise from Him. I was saying to Him: <sup>39. 1</sup> «Jesus, I would like to see the ceremony of Your coming of age! » And He replied: «I will give it to you as soon as we can be 'ourselves' without upsetting the mystery. And you will put it after the scene of My Mother, My teacher and the teacher of Judas and James, shown to you recently (29<sup>th</sup> October). You will put it between this one and the Dispute in the Temple. »

[...]

19<sup>th</sup> December 1944.

<sup>2</sup>I see Mary bending over a tub, or rather a terracotta container, in which She stirs something that steams in the cool clear air which fills the kitchen garden in Nazareth. <sup>39. 2</sup>

It must be the depth of winter, because, with the exception of the olive-trees, all the plants and trees are bare and look like skeletons. High above, the sky is very clear and there is a beautiful sunshine. But it does not mitigate the bitterly cold wind that shakes the bare boughs and the little green-grey branches of the olive-trees.

Our Lady is wearing a heavy dark-brown dress, which is so dark that it is almost black, and She has tied in front of it a rough piece of cloth, like an apron, to protect it. She takes out of the vessel the stick with which She was stirring its contents and I can see some beautiful ruby-red drops dripping from it. Mary looks at them, She wets Her finger with them, checks the colour against Her apron and seems satisfied.

She goes into the house and then comes out with a lot of skeins of snow-white wool. She dips them patiently and carefully into



the tub, one by one.

<sup>39. 3</sup> <sup>3</sup>While She is busy doing that, Her sister-in-law, Mary of Alphaeus, comes in through Joseph's workshop. They greet each other, and start conversing.

«Is it coming all right?» asks Mary of Alphaeus.

«I hope so.»

«That Gentile lady assured me that it is exactly the colour, and that is exactly how they do it in Rome. She gave it to me only because of You, because of the embroidery work You did for her. She said that not even in Rome is there anyone who can embroider so well. You must have become blind doing it...»

Mary smiles and shakes Her head as if to say: «It was a mere trifle!»

Her sister-in-law looks at the last skeins of wool, before handing them over to Mary. «How beautifully You have spun them! They are so thin and smooth that they look like hair. You do everything so well. And You are so quick! Will these last ones be of a lighter colour?»

«Yes, they are for the tunic. The mantle is darker.»

The two women work together at the tub. They then pull out the skeins of a beautiful purple colour and they run quickly to dip them into the ice-cold water that fills the little vessel under the thin spring of water that tumbles babbling softly. They rinse them over and over again, then they lay the skeins on canes which they fasten to the branches of the trees.

«They will dry very well and rapidly in this wind,» says Her sister-in-law.

«Let us go to Joseph. There is a fire in there. You must be frozen,» says Our Blessed Lady. «It was very kind of you to help Me. I did it very quickly and without working so much. I am very grateful to you.»

«Oh! Mary! What would I not do for You! To be near You is a great joy. And then... all this work is for Jesus. And He is such a dear, Your Son!... I will feel that He is also my Son, if I help You with His feast when He comes of age.»

The two women go into the workshop, which is full of the smell of planed wood, as is usual in carpenters' workshops.

<sup>39. 4</sup> <sup>4</sup>And the vision comes to a halt... to start again with Jesus, Who is now twelve years old, setting out for Jerusalem.

He looks most handsome, and has grown so well that He looks like a younger brother of His very young Mother. He already reaches up to Her shoulders with His blond curly head, His hair is no longer short as in the first years of His life, but long down to His ears, and looks like a small golden helmet fully wrought in bright curls.

He is dressed in red: a beautiful light ruby-red. A long tunic hangs down to His ankles so that only His sandal clad feet can be seen. His tunic is loose, with long wide sleeves. Round His neck, at the end of His sleeves, at the hems, there is a Greek fret woven colour on colour, and it is very beautiful...

(When copying the vision, wait for the remainder which will be in a new copy-book).

20<sup>th</sup> December 1944.

I see Jesus with His Mother going into the dining room (let us call it so), in Nazareth.

Jesus is a handsome young boy, twelve years old, tall, well built, strong but not fat. He looks older than His years, because of His complexion. He is already tall, in fact He reaches up to the shoulders of His Mother. His face is the rosy round face of a child and later, in His youth and then in His manhood, it will get thinner and thinner and it will become colourless, the colour of some very delicate alabasters with a hue of yellowish pink.

Also His eyes are still the eyes of a child. They are large, wide open when looking, with a sparkle of joy lost in the seriousness of His glance. *Later* they will not be so wide open... His eyelashes will cover half of them to conceal the excessive wickedness which is in the world, from the Pure and Holy One. Only when working miracles they will be open and bright, even brighter than now... to cast out demons and death, to heal diseases and sins. And they will no longer have that sparkle of happiness mingled with seriousness... death and sin will be more and more present and close, and with them the knowledge, also the human knowledge of the uselessness of His sacrifice, because of the unwillingness and aversion of man. Only in the rarest moments of joy, when He is with faithful believers and particularly with pure people, mostly children, will His holy mild kind eyes shine again with happiness.

But now He is at home with His Mother, in front of Him there is Saint Joseph who is smiling lovingly, and there are His little cousins who admire Him, and His aunt Mary of Alphaeus who is patting Him... He is happy. My Jesus needs love to be happy. And in this moment He has it.

He is dressed in a loose woollen tunic which is a light ruby red colour. It is soft, perfectly woven in its compact thinness. Round the neck, in the front, at the ends of the long wide sleeves and at the bottom of the tunic which hangs down to the ground, so that only His feet can be seen, there is a Greek fret which is not embroidered, but woven in a darker colour into the ruby of the tunic. He is wearing new sandals which appear to be very well made, they are not just the usual soles tied to the feet by means of straps of leather. His tunic must be the work of His Mother because Her sister-in-law admires and praises it.

His lovely blond hair is already somewhat darker than when He was a little boy, with auburn reflections in the curls ending under His ears. They are no longer the soft graceful curls of His childhood. It is not yet the wavy long hair of His manhood, reaching down to His shoulders, ending there in a soft, big curl. But it already resembles more the latter in its colour and style.

39. 5 <sup>5</sup>«Here is our Son,» says Mary lifting Her right hand which is holding Jesus' left one. She seems to be introducing Him to everybody and confirming the paternity of the Just man who is smiling. And She adds: «Bless Him, Joseph, before leaving for Jerusalem. There was no ritual blessing for His first step in life, because it was not necessary for Him to go to school. But now that He is going to the Temple to be proclaimed of age, please bless Him. And bless Me with Him. Your blessing... » (Mary sobs softly) «will fortify Him and give Me strength, to detach Myself a little more from Him... »

«Mary, Jesus will always be Yours. The formality will not affect our mutual relationship. Neither will I contend with You for this Son, so dear to us. No one deserves, as You do, to guide Him in life, o my Holy Spouse. »

Mary bends down and takes Joseph's hand and kisses it. She is the respectful, loving spouse of Her consort!

Joseph receives the sign of respect and love with dignity, he then lifts the hand which She has kissed and lays it on the head of

his Spouse and says to Her: «Yes. I bless You, o Blessed One, and I bless Jesus with You. Come to me, my only joys, my honour and essence of my life.» Joseph is solemn. With his arms stretched out and the palms of his hands turned down above the two heads which are bent down, both equally blond and holy, he pronounces his blessing: «May the Lord look upon You and bless You. May He have mercy on You and give You peace. May the Lord give You His blessing. » And then he says: «And now let us go. The hour is favourable for the journey. »

<sup>39. 6</sup> Mary takes a wide dark brown mantle and She drapes it on the body of Her Son. How She caresses Him in doing so!

They go out, they close up the house. They set off. Other pilgrims are going in the same direction. Outside the village the women separate from the men. The children go where they like. Jesus stays with His Mother.

The pilgrims go along through the country which is so beautiful in the happiest springtime, and they sing psalms most of the time. The meadows are fresh and the crops are fresh, and the leaves on the trees have just begun to bloom. You can hear men singing in the fields along the roads and birds singing their songs of love among the branches of the trees. Clear streams reflect like mirrors the flowers on the banks, while little lambs are jumping about near their mothers... Peace and happiness under the loveliest April sky.

The vision ends in this way.

#### **40. Jesus' examination in the Temple at the age of twelve.**

21<sup>st</sup> December 1944.

<sup>40. 1</sup> The Temple on a feast day. People going in and coming out of the enclosure gates, crossing yards, halls and porches, disappearing in this or that building on the various floors, which form the bulk of the Temple.

Also the group of Jesus' family go in singing psalms in low voices. All the men are in front, the women come behind. Other people have joined them, perhaps from Nazareth, perhaps their friends in Jerusalem. I do not know.

Joseph, after worshipping the Most High with all the others at the point, obviously, where men were allowed to do so, (the women stopped on a lower landing), parts from the rest and with his Son goes back through some yards, he then moves to one side and enters a vast room which looks like a synagogue. I do not know why. Were there synagogues also in the Temple? He speaks to a Levite and the latter disappears behind a striped curtain, then he comes back with some elder priests, I think they are priests, they are certainly masters in the knowledge of the Law, and they are therefore appointed to examine the believers.

40. 2     <sup>2</sup>Joseph introduces Jesus. First of all, they both bow down deeply to the ten doctors, who have sat down with dignity on low wooden stools. «Here, » he says, «this in my Son. Three months and twelve days ago He reached the age which the Law prescribes to come of age. And I want Him to comply with the prescriptions of Israel. I would ask you to note that His constitution proves that He is no longer in His childhood or minor age. And I ask you to examine Him kindly and fairly, to judge that what I here, His father, have stated, is the truth. I have prepared Him for this hour and for this dignity of son of the Law. He knows the precepts, the traditions, the decisions, the customs of the fringes and the phylacteries, He knows how to say the daily prayers and blessings. Therefore, since He knows the Law in Itself and in its three branches of Halascia, Midrasc and Aggada, He can behave as a man. Therefore I wish to be free from the responsibilities of His actions and of His sins. From now on, He must be subject to the precepts and He must pay the penalty for His failures towards them. Examine Him. »

40. 3     «We will. <sup>3</sup>Come forward, Child. What is Your name? »

«Jesus of Joseph, from Nazareth. »

«A Nazarene... can You therefore read? »

«Yes, rabbi, I can read the words which are written and those which are construed in the words themselves.»

«What do you mean? »

«I mean that I also understand the meaning of the allegory or of the symbol which is hidden under the appearance, as a pearl does not appear but it is inside an ugly closed shell.»

«A clever answer and a very wise one. We seldom hear that on the lips of adults; in a child, and a Nazarene in addition!... »

The attention of the ten has been awakened. Their eyes do not miss for an instant the beautiful blond Child, Who is looking at them sure of Himself, without boldness, but also without fear.

«You honour Your master, who, certainly, was deeply learned.»

«The Wisdom of God was gathered in his just heart. »

«But listen to that! You are a happy man, father of such a Son! »

Joseph, who is at the end of the room, smiles and bows down.

4They give Jesus three different rolls saying: «Read the one closed with the golden ribbon. » 40. 4

Jesus opens the roll and reads. It is the Decalogue. But after the first few words, one of the judges takes the roll from Him saying: «Go on by heart. » Jesus continues so sure of Himself, that He seems to be reading. Every time He mentions the Lord, He bows down deeply.

«Who taught You that? Why do You do that? »

«Because that Name is holy and it is to be pronounced with a sign of internal and external respect. Subjects bow down to their king, who is king only for a short time and he is dust. To the King of kings, the Most High Lord of Israel, Who is present even if He is only visible to the spirit, shall not every creature bow down since every creature depends on Him with eternal subjection? »

«Very clever! Man: we advise you to have your Son educated either by Hillel or Gamaliel. He is a Nazarene... but His answers give us hope that He will become a new great doctor. »

«My Son is of age. He will decide according to His own will. If His decision is an honest one, I will not oppose it. »

5«Listen, Child. You said: ‘Remember to sanctify feast days. Not only for yourself, but also for your son and your daughter, your servant and your maidservant, even for your horse it is said that they must not work on Sabbaths’. Now tell me: if a hen lays an egg on a Sabbath or a sheep lambs on a Sabbath, will it be legal to use the fruit of its womb, or will it be considered as an opprobrium? » 40. 5

«I know that many rabbis, Shammai is the last of them and is still alive, say that an egg laid on a Sabbath is against the precept. But I think that there is a difference between man and animals or whoever fulfils a natural act, such as giving birth. If I compel a horse to work I am responsible for its sin, because I

force it to work with a whip. But if a hen lays an egg which has matured in its ovary or a sheep lambs a little one on a Sabbath, because it is ready to be born, no, such a deed is not a sin, neither is the egg laid or the lamb born on a Sabbath a sin in the eyes of God. »

«But why, if every kind of work is a sin on Sabbaths? »

«Because to conceive and give birth correspond to the will of the Creator and comply with the laws which He gave to every creature. Now, the hen does nothing but obey the law according to which after so many hours of growth an egg is complete and ready to be laid, and the sheep also obeys the laws laid by Him Who created everything, according to which laws twice a year when springtime is on the meadows in bloom, and when the trees in the forest lose their leaves and men muffle themselves up because of the intense cold, sheep should mate so that later they may give milk, meat and nourishing cheese in the opposite seasons of the year, that is in the months when the toil for the crops is harder or the bleakness is more painful because of frostbite. If therefore a sheep, when its time is up, gives birth to a little lamb, oh! the little lamb can certainly be sacred also on an altar, because it is the fruit of the obedience to the Creator. »

40. 6    6«I would not examine Him any further. His wisdom is greater than the wisdom of grown up people and is really surprising.»

«No. He said that He is capable of understanding also the symbols. Let us hear Him».

«First, let Him say a psalm, the blessings and the prayers. »

«Also the precepts. »

«Yes. Repeat the Midrasciot. »

Jesus repeats a long litany of «Don't do this... don't do that...» without any hesitation. If we were still obliged to keep all those limitations, rebels as we are, I am sure that no one would be saved...

«That is enough. Open the roll with the green ribbon. »

Jesus opens it, and He is about to read.

«Further on, yes, further on. »

Jesus obeys.

«That is enough. Now read and explain it, if You think there is a symbol.»

«In the Holy Word it is seldom missing. It is we who cannot see

and apply it. I read: Fourth Book of the Kings\*, Chapter twenty-two, Verse ten: ‘Then Shaphan, the secretary, informed the king saying: «Hilkiah, the High Priest, has given me a book», and Shaphan read it aloud in the king’s presence. On hearing the contents of the Law of God, the king tore his garments, and gave the following...’»

«Read after all the names. »

«“...the following order: ‘Go and enquire of the Lord for me and for the people and for all Judah about what is written in this book that has been found. Great is the Lord’s wrath that burns against us because our ancestors did not obey the words of this book, they did not act in accordance with all that is written in it’ ... ”.»

«That is enough. This happened many centuries ago. Which symbol do You find in an event of ancient history? »

«I find that time cannot be related to what is eternal. And God is eternal and our soul is eternal, and the relation between God and our soul is also eternal. Therefore the thing that gave rise to a punishment then, is the same thing that gives rise to punishment now, and the effects of the fault are the same. »

«That is? »

«Israel is no longer acquainted with the Wisdom, which comes from God. It is to Him, and not to poor men, that we must apply for light, and it is not possible to have light if there is no justice and loyalty to God. That is why men sin, and God, in His anger, punishes them. »

«We are no longer acquainted? But what are You saying, Child? And the six hundred and thirteen precepts? »

«The precepts exist, but they are mere words. We know them but we do not practise them. That is why *we are not acquainted* with them. This is the symbol: every man, in every period of time, must consult the Lord to know His will and comply with it to avoid drawing His anger on himself. »

<sup>7</sup>«The Child is perfect. Not even the trap of the tricky question <sup>40.7</sup> has upset Him in His reply. Let us take Him to the real synagogue.»

They go into a larger and more splendid room. The first thing they do there is to shorten His hair. His big curls are picked up by Joseph. They then tighten His red tunic with a long band turned

\* **Fourth Book of the Kings:** corresponding, in the New Vulgate, to *Second Kings* 22: 13.



several times round His waist, they tie some little strips to His forehead, arm and mantle. They fix them on with some sort of studs. They then sing psalms, and Joseph praises the Lord with a long prayer invoking all blessings on his Son.

The ceremony is over. Jesus goes out with Joseph. They go back to where they came from, they join their male relatives, they buy and offer a lamb; then, with the slaughtered victim, they reach the women.

Mary kisses Her Jesus. It seems She has not seen Him for years. She looks at Him, now that He is more manly in His clothes and in the style of His hair, She pats Him...

They go out and it all ends here.

#### **41. The dispute of Jesus in the Temple with the doctors. The agony of His Mother and the reply of Her Son.**

28<sup>th</sup> January 1944.

41. 1 <sup>1</sup>I see Jesus. He is an adolescent. He is dressed in a tunic which I think is made of white linen, and it reaches down to His feet. Over it, He is wearing a pale red rectangular piece of cloth. He is bare headed, His long hair reaches half way down His ears and it is somewhat darker in hue than when I saw Him as a child. He is a strong boy and very tall for His age, which is still relatively young, as is obvious from His countenance.

He looks at me smiling and stretches His hands towards me. But His smile is already like the one I see in Him when He is a Man: mild but rather serious. He is by Himself. I do not see anything else for the time being. He is leaning against a low wall on a minor road which is all uphill and downhill, littered with stones and has a ditch in the middle which in bad weather must turn into a rivulet. But at present it is dry because the day is lovely.

I also seem to be going near the low wall and I look around and down, as Jesus is doing. I see a group of houses irregular in formation. Some of the houses are tall, others are low, and they are scattered in all directions. They look like a handful of little white stones thrown down on dark soil: the comparison is poor, but a good one. The streets and the lanes are like veins in all that whiteness. Here and there I see some plants protruding from the

walls. Many are in bloom while others are already covered with new leaves. It must be springtime.

On my left, there is a massive structure distributed, on three sets of terraces covered with buildings and towers and yards and porches. In the centre, the highest most solemn and rich building rises with its round domes, which shine in the sun as if they were covered with copper or gold. It is all enclosed by an embattled wall, the merlons of which are like those of a stronghold. A tower higher than the others, built over a rather narrow climbing road, commands a clear view of the huge building. It looks like a stern sentry.

Jesus stares at the place. He then turns round, leans back once again against the wall, as He had done before and looks at a hillock which is in front of the building, a hillock crowded with houses at its base, while the rest of it is bare. I see that a street ends over there in an arch, beyond which there is nothing but a road paved with square stones, which are loose and uneven. They are not too large, not like the stones of the Roman consular roads: they resemble the classic stones of the old pavements in Viareggio (I do not know whether there are any still left) but they are not joined together. A really rough road. Jesus' face becomes so serious that I look at the hillock endeavouring to find the cause of His sadness. But I do not see anything special. It is a bare hillock and nothing else. Instead I lose Jesus because when I turn around, He is no longer there. And I fall asleep with that vision.

<sup>2</sup>...When I awake with its memory in my heart, after I have <sup>41. 2</sup> recovered some of my strength and my mind is at peace, because they are all asleep, I find myself in a place which I have never seen before. There are yards and fountains and porches and houses, or rather pavilions, because they look more like pavilions than houses. There is a large crowd of people dressed in the ancient style of the Jews, and there is a lot of bawling. When I look around I realise I am inside the large building which Jesus was looking at, because I see the embattled wall surrounding it, the tower watching over it and the imposing building that rises in the centre, and around which there are beautiful and large porches, where many people are intent on activities.

I understand that I am in the enclosure of the Temple in Jerusalem. I see Pharisees in long flowing dresses, priests dressed

in linen and wearing precious plates at the top of their chests and on their foreheads and with other sparkling points here and there on their varied robes, which are very wide and white, tied to their waists by precious belts. There are also others with fewer decorations, but they must still belong to the sacerdotal caste and are surrounded by younger disciples. I realise that they are the doctors of the Law.

41. <sup>3</sup> <sup>3</sup>Among all these people I am lost, because I do not know why or what I am doing there. I go near a group of doctors where they have just started a theological dispute. Many people do the same.

Amongst the «doctors» there is a group headed by one whose name is Gamaliel and by another old and almost blind man who is supporting Gamaliel in the dispute. This man, whose name I hear is Hillel (I am writing it with an «h» because I hear an aspiration at the beginning of the name) seems to be a teacher or relative of Gamaliel, because the latter treats him with familiarity and respect at the same time. Gamaliel's group is more broad-minded, whereas another group, and it is more numerous, is led by one whose name is Shammai, and is noticeable for its conservative, resentful intolerance the Gospel has clarified so well.

Gamaliel, surrounded by a compact group of disciples, is speaking of the coming of the Messiah, and founding his observations on Daniel's prophecy, he states that the Messiah must have already been born, because the seventy prophesied weeks, from the time the decree of the reconstruction of the Temple was issued, expired some ten years before. Shammai opposes him stating that, if it is true that the Temple has been rebuilt, it is also true that the slavery of Israel has increased and the peace, which He Whom the prophets called «Prince of Peace» was to bring, is quite far from being in the world and in particular is far from Jerusalem. The town is in fact oppressed by an enemy who is so bold as to exert his domination inside the enclosure of the Temple, dominated by the Antonia Tower, full of Roman legionaries, ready to put down with their swords any riot that may break out for the independence of the country.

The dispute, full of captious objections, is dragged on endlessly. All the doctors show off their learning, not so much to beat their opponents as to display themselves to the admiration of the listeners. Their aims are quite obvious.

<sup>4</sup>From the close group of the believers the clear voice of a boy <sup>41. 4</sup> is heard: «Gamaliel is right. »

There is a stir in the crowd and in the group of doctors. They look for the interrupter. But it is not necessary to search for him, because he does not hide. He makes his way through the crowd and goes near the group of the «rabbis». I recognise my Jesus adolescent. He is sure of Himself and open-hearted, His eyes are sparkling with intelligence.

«Who are You? », they ask Him.

«I am a son of Israel, who has come to fulfil what the Law prescribes. »

His bold and frank reply is appreciated and it gains Him smiles of approval and favour. They take an interest in the young Israelite.

«What is Your name? »

«Jesus of Nazareth. »

The feeling of benevolence fades away in Shammai's group. But Gamaliel, more benignly, continues his conversation with Hillel. It is indeed Gamaliel who with respect suggests to the old man: «Ask the boy something. »

«On what do You base Your certainty? » asks Hillel.

(I will now put the names in front of the replies for the sake of brevity and clarity. )

*Jesus:* «On the prophecy which cannot be wrong about the time and the signs which took place at the time it came true. It is true that Caesar dominates us, but the world and Palestine were in such peace when the seventy weeks expired, that it was possible for Caesar to order the census in his dominions. Had there been wars in the Empire and riots in Palestine, he would not have been able to do so. Just as that time was completed, so the other period of sixty-two weeks plus one from the completion of the Temple is also being completed, so that the Messiah may be anointed and the remainder of the prophecy may come true for the people who did not want Him. Can you doubt that? Do you not remember the star that was seen by the Wise Men from the East, which stopped over the sky in Bethlehem of Judah and that the prophecies and the visions, from Jacob onwards, indicate that place as the one destined as the birthplace of the Messiah, son of the son of Jacob's son, through David who was from Bethle-

hem? Do you not remember Balaam? A Star will be born of Jacob'. The Wise Men from the East, whose purity and faith opened their eyes and ears, saw the Star and understood its Name: 'Messiah', and they came to worship the Light that had descended into the world. »

41. 5 <sup>5</sup>*Shammai*, glaring at Him: «Do you mean that the Messiah was born in Bethlehem-Ephrathah at the time of the Star? »

*Jesus*: «I do. »

*Shammai*: «Then he no longer exists. Don't you know, Child, that Herod had all the born of woman, from one day up to the age of two years, slaughtered in Bethlehem and surroundings? You, Who are so wise in the Scriptures, must also know this: 'A voice is heard in Ramah... it is Rachel weeping for her children'. The valleys and the hills in Bethlehem, which gathered the tears of the dying Rachel, were left full of tears, and the mothers have wept again on their slaughtered children. Amongst them, there certainly was the Mother of the Messiah. »

*Jesus*: «You are wrong, old man. The weeping of Rachel turned into a hosanna, because there, where she gave birth to 'the son of her sorrow', the new Rachel has given the world the Benjamin of the Heavenly Father, the Son of His right hand, Him Who is destined to gather the people of God under His sceptre and free it from the most dreadful slavery. »

*Shammai*: «How can that be, if He was killed? »

*Jesus*: «Have you not read about Elijah? He was carried off by the chariot of fire. And could the Lord God not have saved his Emmanuel so that He might be the Messiah of his people? He, Who parted the sea in front of Moses, that Israel might walk on dry ground towards its land, could He not have sent His angels to save His Son, His Christ, from the ferocity of man? I solemnly tell you: *the Christ is alive and is amongst you, and when His hour comes, He will show Himself in His power.*» Jesus, in saying these words, which I have underlined, has a sharp sound in His voice which fills the air. His eyes are brighter than ever, and with the gesture of command and promise He stretches out His right arm and hand and lowers them as if He were swearing. He is a boy, but is as solemn as a man.

41. 6 <sup>6</sup>*Hillel*: «Child, who taught you these words? »

*Jesus*: «The Spirit of God. I have no human teacher. This is the

Word of the Lord Who speaks to you through My lips. »

*Hillel:* «Come near us that I may see You, Child, and my hope may be revived by Your faith and my soul enlightened by the brightness of Yours. »

And they make Jesus sit on a high stool between Gamaliel and Hillel and they give Him some rolls to read and explain. It is a proper examination. The people throng and listen.

*Jesus* reads in His clear voice: «Be consoled, my people. Speak to the heart of Jerusalem and call to her that her time of service is ended... A voice cries in the wilderness: 'Prepare a way for the Lord... then the glory of the Lord shall be revealed... »'

*Shammai:* «See that, Nazarene. It refers here to an ended slavery, but never before have we been slaves as we are now. And there is the mention of a precursor. Where is he? You are talking nonsense. »

*Jesus:* «I tell you that the admonition of the Precursor should be addressed to you more than anyone else. To you and those like you. Otherwise you will not see the glory of the Lord, neither will you understand the word of God because meanness, pride and falsehood will prevent you from seeing and hearing. »

*Shammai:* «How dare You speak to a master like that? »

*Jesus:* «I speak thus. And thus I shall speak until My death, because above Me there are the interests of the Lord and the love for Truth of which I am the Son. And I add, rabbi, that the slavery of which the Prophet speaks, and of which I am speaking, is not the one you think, neither is the royalty the one you consider. On the contrary, by the merits of the Messiah, man will be made free from the slavery of Evil, which separates him from God, and the sign of Christ will be on the spirits, freed from every yoke and made subjects of the eternal kingdom. All the nations will bend their heads, o household of David, before the Shoot born of you and which will grow into a tree that covers the whole world and rises up to Heaven. And in Heaven and on the earth every mouth will praise His Name and bend its knee before the Anointed of God, the Prince of Peace, the Leader, before Him Who by giving Himself will fill with joy and nourishment every disheartened and famishing soul, before the Holy One Who will establish an alliance between Heaven and earth. Not like the Covenant made with the Elders of Israel when God led them out of Egypt, treat-

ing them still as servants, but infusing a heavenly paternity into the souls of men with the Grace instilled once again by the merits of the Redeemer, through Whom all good people will know the Lord and the Sanctuary of God will no longer be demolished and destroyed. »

*Shammai:* «Do not blaspheme, Child! Remember Daniel. He states that after the death of Christ, the Temple and the Town will be destroyed by a people and a leader who will come from afar. And You declare that the sanctuary of God will no longer be demolished! Respect the Prophets! »

*Jesus:* «I solemnly tell you that there is Someone Who is above the Prophets, and you do not know Him and you will not know Him because you do not want to. And I tell you that what I said is true. The true Sanctuary will not be subject to death. But like its Sanctifier it will rise to eternal life and at the end of the world it will live in Heaven. »

41.7 *Hillel:* «Listen to me, Child. Haggai says: ‘...The One Expected by the nations will come... great then shall be the glory of this house, and of *this last one* more than of the previous one’. Does he perhaps refer to the Sanctuary of which You are speaking? »

*Jesus:* «Yes, master. That is what he means. Your honesty leads you towards the Light and I tell you: when the sacrifice of Christ is accomplished, you shall have peace because you are an Israelite without wickedness. »

*Gamaliel:* «Tell me, Jesus. How can the peace of which the Prophets speak be hoped for, if destruction is going to come to these people by war? Speak and enlighten me as well. »

*Jesus:* «Do you not remember, master, what those said who were present on the night of Christ’s birth? That the angels sang: ‘Peace to men of goodwill’ but these people are not of goodwill and will not have peace. They will not acknowledge their King, the Just Man, the Saviour, because they expect Him to be a king with human power, whereas He is the King of the spirit. They will not love Him, because they will not like what Christ preaches. Christ will not defeat their enemies with their chariots and their horses, He will instead defeat the enemies of the soul, who endeavour to imprison in hell the heart of man which was created for the Lord. And this is not the victory Israel is expecting from Him. Your King will come, Jerusalem, riding a ‘don-

key and a colt', that is, the just people of Israel and the Gentiles. But I tell you, that the colt will be more faithful to Him and will follow Him preceding the donkey and will grow in the ways of Truth and Life. Because of its evil will, Israel will lose its peace and suffer for centuries and will cause its King to suffer and will make Him the King of sorrow of Whom Isaiah speaks. »

<sup>8</sup>*Shammai*: «Your mouth tastes of milk and blasphemy at the same time, Nazarene. Tell me: where is the Precursor? When will we have him? » 41. 8

*Jesus*: «He is. Does not Malachi say: 'Here I am going to send My messenger to prepare the way before Me; and the Lord you are seeking will suddenly enter His Temple, and the angel of the Covenant Whom you are longing for'? Therefore the Precursor immediately precedes Christ. He already is, as Christ is. If years should elapse between him who prepares the ways for the Lord and Christ, all the ways would become obstructed and twisted again. God knows and arranges beforehand that the Precursor should precede the Master by *one hour only*. When you see this Precursor, you will be able to say: 'The mission of Christ is beginning'. And I say to you: Christ will open many eyes and many ears when He comes this way. But He will not open yours or those of people like you, because you will be putting to death Him Who is bringing you Life. But when the Redeemer sits on His throne and on His altar, higher up than this Temple, higher than the Tabernacle enclosed in the Holy of the Holies, higher up than the Glory supported by the Cherubim, maledictions for the deicides and life for the Gentiles will flow from His thousands and thousands of wounds, because He, o master who are unaware of it, is not, I repeat, is not the king of a human kingdom, but of a spiritual Kingdom and His subjects will be only those who for His sake will learn to regenerate in the spirit and, like Jonah, after being born, will learn to be born again, on other shores: 'The shores of God', by means of a spiritual regeneration which will take place through Christ, Who will give humanity true Life. »

<sup>9</sup>*Shammai* and his followers: «This Nazarene is Satan! » 41. 9

*Hillel* and his followers: «No. This child is a Prophet of God. Stay with me, Child. My old age will transfuse what I know into Your knowledge and You will be Master of the people of God.»

*Jesus*: «I solemnly tell you that if there were many like you,



salvation would come to Israel. But My hour has not come. Voices from Heaven speak to Me and in solitude I must gather them until My hour comes. Then with My lips and My blood I will speak to Jerusalem, and the destiny of Prophets stoned and killed by her, will also be My destiny. But above My life there is the Lord God, to Whom I submit Myself as a faithful servant, to make of Myself a stool for His glory, waiting that He will make the world a stool at the feet of Christ. Wait for Me in *My* hour. *These stones shall hear My voice again and vibrate hearing My last word.* Blessed are those who in that voice will have heard God and believed in Him because of it. To them Christ will give that kingdom which your selfishness imagines to be a human one, whereas it is a heavenly one and therefore I say: 'Here is Your servant, Lord, Who has come do to Your will. Let it be consummated, because I am eager to fulfil it'. »

And here, with the vision of Jesus with His face burning with spiritual ardour and raised to Heaven, His arms stretched out, standing upright in the midst of the astonished doctors, the vision ends.

(and it is 3: 30 on the 29th)

29<sup>th</sup> January 1944.

41. 10 <sup>10</sup>I have here two things to tell you and which will certainly be of interest to you. I had decided to write them as soon as I came out of my sopor. But as there is something more urgent, I will write them later.

[... ]

What I wanted to tell you at the beginning is this.

Today you were asking me how I had been able to find out the names of Hillel, Gamaliel and of Shammai.

It is the voice that I call «the second voice» which tells me these things. A voice even less audible than Jesus' and the voices of other people who dictate. These are voices, I have told you and I repeat it, which my spiritual hearing perceives as being *identical to human voices*. I hear them as kind or angry voices, strong or weak, joyful or sad, as if one spoke very close to me. The «second voice», instead, is like a light, an intuition that speaks in my spirit. «*In*» not «*to*» *my spirit*. It is an indication.

So, while I was approaching the group of the disputant par-

ties and I did not know who was the illustrious personage who was disputing so heatedly beside an old man, this internal ‘something’ said to me: ‘Gamaliel - Hillel’. Yes. First Gamaliel and then Hillel. I have no doubt about it. While I was wondering who they were, the internal monitor pointed out the third unpleasant individual to me, just as Gamaliel was calling him by name. And I was thus able to learn who was the man with the pharisaic appearance.

[•••]

22<sup>nd</sup> February 1944.

[...]

<sup>11</sup>Jesus says:

41. 11

[•••]

«Let us go back, far back. Let us go back to the Temple where I, a twelve year old boy, am disputing. Or rather, let us go back to the roads which take one to Jerusalem and from Jerusalem to the Temple.

See Mary’s distress when She realised, after the groups of men and women had gathered together, that I was not with Joseph.

She does not reproach Her spouse bitterly. Every woman would have done that. You do so for much less, forgetting that man is still the head of the family. But the pain that appears on Mary’s face pierces Joseph’s heart more than any bitter reproach. Mary does not give vent to dramatic outbursts. You do so for much less because you love to be noticed and pitied. But Her repressed sorrow is so obvious: She starts trembling, Her face turns pale, Her eyes are wide open and thus She arouses pity more than any outburst of tears and cries.

She is no longer tired or hungry. And yet the journey was a long one and She has not taken any food for so many hours! But She leaves everything: the bed She was preparing and the food which was ready to be handed out. And She goes back. It is night, it is dark. It does not matter. Every step takes Her back to Jerusalem. She stops the caravans and pilgrims and questions them. Joseph follows Her and helps Her. A long day’s walk back to Jerusalem and then the feverish search in town.

Where, where can Her Jesus be? And by God’s provision for

many hours She will not know where to look for Me. To look for a child in the Temple does not make sense. What could a child be doing in the Temple? At the most, if he had got lost in town and his little steps had brought him back there, he would have cried for his mother and thus would have attracted the attention of people and of the priests, who would have taken the necessary steps to find the parents by means of announcements left at the gates. But there was no announcement. No one in town knew anything of this Child. Beautiful? Blond? Strong? There are so many like that! It is too little to enable anyone to say: 'I saw Him. He was there or there?'

41. 12 <sup>12</sup>Then, after three days, the symbol of three other days of future anguish, Mary, exhausted, enters the Temple, walks along the yards and the halls. Nothing. She runs, the poor Mother, whenever She hears the voice of a child. Even the bleating of the lambs give Her the impression that She hears Her Creature weeping and looking for Her. But Jesus is not weeping. He is teaching. All of a sudden, from beyond the barrier of a large group of people, She hears His voice saying: 'These stones will vibrate...' She endeavours to make Her way through the crowd, and succeeds after much effort. There is Her Son, standing in the midst of the doctors with His arms stretched out.

Mary is the Prudent Virgin. But this time anxiety overcomes prudence. It is a hurricane that demolishes everything. She runs to Her Son, embraces Him, lifting Him off the stool and putting Him down on the ground and She exclaims: 'Oh! Why have You done this to us? For three days we have been looking for You. Your Mummy is dying with pain, Son. Your father is exhausted with fatigue. Why, Jesus?'

You do not ask 'why' of Him Who knows. 'Why' He behaved in a certain way. You do not ask those with a vocation 'why' they leave everything to follow the voice of God. I was Wisdom and I knew. I was 'called' to a mission and I was fulfilling it. Above the earthly father and mother there is God, the Divine Father. His interests are above ours, His affections are superior to everything else. And I tell My Mother.

I finish teaching the doctors with the lesson to Mary, the Queen of doctors. And She has never forgotten it. The sun began to shine again in Her heart now that She had Me, humble and obedient, beside Her, but My words are deeply rooted in Her mind. There will

be much sunshine and many clouds will gather in the sky during the next twenty-one years I will still be on the earth. And great joys and many tears will alternate in Her heart during the next twenty-one years. But never again will She ask: ‘My Son, why have You done this to us?’

Oh, insolent men, learn your lesson.

<sup>13</sup>I directed and enlightened the vision, because you, little John, <sup>41. 13</sup> are not able to do anything further.

[... ]»

#### **42. The death of Joseph. Jesus is the peace of those who suffer and of those who die.**

5<sup>th</sup> February 1944, 1: 30 p. m.

<sup>1</sup>This vision appears to me *imperiously*, while I am busy cor- <sup>42. 1</sup>recting the copy-book, and precisely the dictation on pseudo-re- ligions of present days. I will write it as I see it.

I see the inside of a carpenter’s workshop. It looks as if two of the walls are formed by rocks, as if the builders had taken advantage of natural grottos converting them into rooms of a house. Here the northern and western walls are indeed the rocky ones, whereas the other two walls, the southern and eastern ones, are plastered, just like ours.

On the northern side, in the recess of the rock, they have built a rustic fireplace, on which there is a little pot with some paint or glue, I do not know exactly which. The wall there is so black that it seems to be covered with tar, because of the firewood that has been burnt there for many years. A hole in the wall, with a big large tile on top of it, takes the place of a chimney to let out the smoke. But it must have performed its duty very badly, because the other walls have also been blackened by the smoke, and even now there is a smoky mist all over the room.

<sup>2</sup>Jesus is working at a large carpentry bench. He is planing <sup>42. 2</sup> some boards which He then rests against the wall behind Him. He then takes a kind of stool, clamped on two sides by a vice, He frees it from the vice, and He looks to see whether the job is per- fect, He examines it from every angle, He then goes to the chim- ney, takes the little pot and stirs the contents with a little stick or

brush, I am not sure; I can only see the part protruding from the pot and which is like a little stick.

Jesus is wearing a rather short tunic, the colour of which is dark hazelnut: the sleeves are rolled up to His elbows, and He is wearing a kind of apron on which He wipes His fingers after touching the little pot.

He is by Himself. He works diligently, but peacefully. No abrupt or impatient movement. He is precise and constant in His work. Nothing annoys Him: neither a knot in the wood which will not be planed, nor a screwdriver (I think it is a screwdriver) which falls twice from the bench, nor the smoke floating in the room which must irritate His eyes.

Now and again He raises His head and looks towards the southern wall, where there is a closed door, and He listens. At one point He opens a door which is on the eastern side and opens onto the road, and He looks out. I can see a small portion of the dusty little road. He seems to be waiting for someone. He then goes back to His work. He is not sad, but very serious. He closes the door again and goes back to work.

<sup>42. 3</sup> <sup>3</sup>While He is busy making something, which I think is part of a wheel, His Mother comes in. She comes in by the southern door. She rushes towards Jesus. She is dressed in dark blue and is bareheaded. Her simple tunic is held tight at Her waist by a cord of the same colour. She is worried when She calls Her Son, and leans with both Her hands on His arm in an attitude of prayer and sorrow. Jesus caresses Her, passing His arm over Her shoulder and comforts Her. He leaves His work, takes His apron off and goes out with Her.

I suppose you would like to know the exact words they said. Very few were spoken by Mary: «Oh! Jesus! Come, come. He is very ill!» They are uttered with trembling lips and tears shining in Her reddened and tired eyes. Jesus says only: «Mother!», but that word means everything.

They go into the adjoining room, full of bright sunshine coming from a door open onto the little kitchen garden, which is also full of light and green, and where doves are fluttering around, near the clothes hanging out to dry and blowing in the wind. The room is poor but tidy. There is a low bed, covered with small mattresses, (I say mattresses because they are thick and soft things,

but the bed is not like ours). Leaning on it, on many cushions, is Joseph. He is dying. It is obvious from the livid paleness of his face, his lifeless eyes, his panting chest, and the total relaxation of all his body.

<sup>4</sup>Mary goes to his left side, takes his wrinkled hand now livid <sup>42. 4</sup> near its nails, rubs it, caresses it, kisses it, She dries with a small piece of cloth the perspiration that forms shiny lines at his temples; She wipes a glassy tear in the corner of his eye; She moistens his lips with a piece of linen dipped into a liquid which I think is white wine.

Jesus goes to his right side. He quickly and carefully lifts the body which has sunk, He straightens him onto the cushions which He then adjusts together with Mary. He caresses the forehead of the dying man and endeavours to encourage him.

Mary is weeping softly, without any noise, but She is weeping. Her large tears run down Her pale cheeks, right down to Her dark blue dress, and they look like bright sapphires.

Joseph recovers somewhat and stares at Jesus, he takes His hand as if he wanted to say something and also to receive strength, for the last trial, from the divine contact. Jesus bends over that hand and kisses it. Joseph smiles. He then turns around and with his eyes he looks for Mary and smiles also at Her. Mary kneels down near the bed endeavouring to smile. But She does not succeed and She bends Her head. Joseph lays his hand on Her head with a chaste caress that looks like a blessing.

Only the fluttering and cooing of the doves, the rustling of the leaves, the warbling of the water can be heard outside, and the breathing of the dying man in the room.

Jesus goes around the bed, takes a stool and makes Mary sit on it, once again calling Her simply: «Mother». He then goes back to His place and takes Joseph's hand into His own once again. The scene is so real that I can't help crying because of Mary's pain.

<sup>5</sup>Then Jesus bending over the dying man, whispers a psalm\*. I <sup>42. 5</sup> know it is a psalm, but just now I cannot tell which one. It begins thus:

«Look after me, o Lord, because I hoped in You...

In favour of his friends who live on his earth he has accom-

\* psalm: 16; 84; 85; 91; 112; 132.

plished all my wishes in a wonderful way...

I will bless the Lord Who is my advisor.

The Lord is always before me. He is on my right-hand side that I may not fall.

Therefore my heart exults and my tongue rejoices and also my body will rest in hope.

Because You will not abandon my soul in the dwelling place of the dead, neither will You allow Your friend to see corruption.

You will reveal the path of light to me and will fill me with joy showing me Your face'. »

Joseph cheers up a little and with a more lively look he smiles at Jesus and presses His fingers.

Jesus replies to the smile with a smile of His own and to the pressure on His fingers with a caress. And still bending over His putative father, He goes on softly:

«How I love your Tabernacles, o Lord.

My soul yearns and pines for the courts of the Lord.

Also the sparrow has found a home and the little dove a nest for its young. I am longing for your Altars, Lord.

Happy are those who live in Your house... happy is the man who finds his strength in You. He inspired into his heart the ascents from the valley of tears to the chosen place.

O Lord hear my prayer...

O God, turn Your eyes and look at the face of Your Anointed... »

Joseph, sobbing, looks at Jesus and makes an effort to speak as if to bless Him. But he cannot. He obviously understands, but he is impeded in his speech. But he is happy and looks at his Jesus with liveliness and trust.

«Oh! Lord», goes on Jesus. «You have favoured Your own country, You brought back the captives of Jacob...

Show us, o Lord, Your mercy and bring us back Your Saviour.

I want to listen to what the Lord is saying to me. He will certainly speak of peace to His people for His friends and for those who convert their hearts to Him.

Yes, His saving help is near... and the glory will live in our country. Love and loyalty have now met, righteousness and peace have now embraced. Loyalty reaches up from the earth and righteousness leans down from Heaven.

Yes, the Lord Himself bestows happiness and our soil gives its harvest. Righteousness will always precede Him and will leave its footprints on the path’.

You have seen that hour, father and you have worked for it. You have co-operated in the formation of this hour and the Lord will reward you for it. I am telling you, » adds Jesus, wiping a tear of joy which slowly runs down Joseph’s cheek.

He then resumes:

«‘O Lord, remember David and all his kindness.

How he swore to the Lord: I will not enter my house, nor climb into the bed of my rest, nor allow my eyes to sleep, nor give rest to my eyelids, nor peace to my temples until I have found a place for the Lord, a home for the God of Jacob...

Rise, o Lord and come to Your resting place, You and Your Ark of holiness (Mary understands, and She bursts into tears).

May Your priests vest in virtue and Your devote shout for joy.

For the sake of Your servant David, do not deprive us of the face of Your Anointed.

The Lord swore to David and will remain true to His word: “I will put on your throne the fruit of your womb”.

The Lord has chosen His home...

I will make a horn sprout for David, I will prepare a lamp for My Anointed’.

‘Thank you, My father on My behalf and on behalf of My <sup>42. 6</sup> Mother. You have been a Just father to Me and the Eternal Father chose you as the guardian of His Christ and of His Ark. You have been the lamp lit for Him and for the Fruit of the holy womb you have had a loving heart. Go in peace, father. Your Widow will not be helpless. God has arranged that She must not be alone. Go peacefully to your rest. I tell You. »

Mary is crying with Her face bent down on the blankets (they look like mantles) stretched on Joseph’s body, which is now getting cold. Jesus hastens to comfort him because he is breathing with great difficulty and his eyes are growing dim once again.

«‘Happy is the man who fears the Lord and joyfully keeps His commandments...

His righteousness will last forever.

For the upright He shines like a lamp in the dark, He is merciful, tender-hearted, virtuous...



The just man will be remembered forever. His justice is eternal and his power will rise and become a glory...'

You, father, will have that glory. I will soon come to take you, with the Patriarchs who have preceded you, to the glory which is waiting for you. May your spirit rejoice in My word.

'He who lives in the shelter of the Most High, lives under the protection of the God of Heaven'.

You live there, o father.

'He rescued me from the snares of fowlers and from rough words.

He will cover you with His wings and under His feathers you will find shelter.

His truth will protect you like a shield and you need not fear the terrors of night...

No evil will come near you because He ordered His angels to guard you wherever you go.

They will carry you with their hands so that you may not hurt your foot against stones.

You will tread on lions and adders, you will trample on savage lions and dragons.

Because you have hoped in the Lord, He says to you, o father, that He will free you and protect you.

Because you have lifted your voice to Him, He will hear you, He will be with you in your last affliction, He will glorify you after this life, showing you His Salvation even now'. And in future life, He will let you enter, because of the Saviour Who is now comforting you and Who very soon, oh! I repeat it, He will come very soon and hold you in His divine embrace and take you, at the head of all the Patriarchs, where the dwelling place has been prepared for the Just man of God who was My blessed father.

Go before Me and tell the Patriarchs that the Saviour is in the world and the Kingdom of Heaven will soon be opened to them. Go, father. May My blessing accompany you. »

<sup>42. 7</sup> Jesus has raised His voice to reach the heart of Joseph, who is sinking into the mists of death. His end is near. He is panting very painfully. Mary caresses him, Jesus sits on the edge of the little bed, embraces him and draws to Himself the dying man, who collapses, and passes away peacefully.

The scene is full of a solemn peace. Jesus lays the Patriarch

down again and embraces Mary, Who at the last moment, broken-hearted, had gone near Jesus.

<sup>8</sup>Jesus says:

42. 8

«I exhort all wives who are tortured by pain, to imitate Mary in Her widowhood: to be united to Jesus.

Those who think that Mary's heart did not suffer any afflictions are mistaken. *My Mother did suffer*. Let that be known. She suffered in a *holy way*, because everything in Her was holy, *but She suffered bitterly*.

Those who think that Mary did not love Joseph deeply, only because he was the spouse of Her soul and not of Her flesh, are also mistaken. Mary did love Joseph deeply, and She devoted thirty years of faithful life to him. Joseph was Her father, Her spouse, Her brother, Her friend, Her protector.

Now She felt as lonely as the shoot of a vine when the tree to which it is tied is cut down. It was as if Her house had been struck by thunder. It was splitting. Before it was a unit in which the members supported one another. Now the main wall was missing and that was the first blow to the Family and a sign of the impending parting of Her beloved Jesus.

The will of the Eternal Father Who had asked Her to be a spouse and a Mother, was now imposing upon Her widowhood and separation from Her Creature. But Mary utters, shedding tears one of Her most sublime remarks: 'Yes. Yes, Lord, let it be done to Me according to Your word'. And to have enough strength for that hour, She drew close to Me.

Mary was always united to God in the gravest hours of Her life: in the Temple, when She was asked to marry, at Nazareth when She was called to Maternity, again at Nazareth when shedding the tears of a widow, at Nazareth in the dreadful separation of Her Son, on Calvary in the torture of seeing Me dying.

<sup>9</sup>Learn, you who are crying. Learn, you who are dying. Learn, <sup>42. 9</sup> you who are living to die. Endeavour to deserve the words I said to Joseph. They will be your peace in the struggle of death. Learn, you who are dying, to deserve to have Jesus near you, comforting you. And if you have not deserved it, dare just the same, and call Me near you. I will come. With My hands full of graces and consolation, My Heart full of forgiveness and love, My lips full of

words of absolution and encouragement.

Death loses its bitterness if it takes place between My arms. Believe Me. I cannot abolish death, but I can make it sweet for those who die trusting in Me.

Christ, on *His Cross*, said on behalf of you all: ‘Father\*, into Your hands I commit My spirit’. He said that *in His* agony, thinking of your agonies, your terrors, your errors, your fears, your desire for forgiveness. He said it with His Heart pierced by extreme torture, before being pierced by the lance, a torture that was more spiritual than physical, so that the agonies of those who die thinking of Him might be relieved by the Lord and their spirits might pass from death to eternal Life, from sorrow to joy, forever.

42. 10     <sup>10</sup>This, My little John, is your lesson for today. Be good and do not be afraid. My peace will always flow into you, through My words and through contemplation. Come. Just think that you are Joseph who has Jesus’ chest as a cushion, and Mary as a nurse. Rest between us, like a child in his cradle. »

### 43. Conclusion to the hidden life.

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

43. 1     <sup>1</sup>Mary says:

«Before handing in these notebooks, I wish to add My blessing.

Now, only if you wish so, with a little patience, you can have a complete collection of the private life of My Jesus. From the Annunciation to the moment that He leaves Nazareth to start His public life, you have not only the dictations, but also the illustration of the facts that accompanied the family life of Jesus.

43. 2     The infancy, childhood, adolescence and youth of my Son are only briefly mentioned in the vast picture of His life as described in the Gospels. There He is the Master. Here He is the Man. He is the God Who humiliates Himself for the sake of man. <sup>2</sup>And He works miracles also in the humbleness of a common life. He works them in Me, because I feel that My soul reaches perfection by the contact with My Son Who is growing in My womb. He

\* **Father**, *Luke 23: 46* (609. 22).

works them in the house of Zacharias by sanctifying the Baptist, by helping the labour of Elizabeth and by giving speech and faith back to Zacharias. He works them in Joseph opening his spirit to the light of such a sublime truth which he could not understand by himself, although he was just. <sup>3</sup>And after Me, Joseph is the most blessed by this shower of divine gifts. <sup>43. 3</sup>

Consider how much progress he makes, I mean spiritual progress, from the moment he comes into My house to the moment of the flight into Egypt. At the beginning he was but a just man of his times. Then by successive steps, he becomes the just man of Christian times. He acquires faith in Christ and he relies so securely on that faith that from the sentence he pronounced at the beginning of the journey from Nazareth to Bethlehem: 'What shall we do?', a sentence which reveals the whole man with his human fears and his human worries, he passes on to hope. In the grotto, before the birth, he says: 'It will be better tomorrow'. Jesus, Who is approaching already, fortifies him with this hope that is one of the most magnificent gifts of God. And from this hope, when he is sanctified by the contact with Jesus, he moves onto daring. He always wanted to be guided by Me because of the venerable respect he felt for Me. Now he deals with both spiritual and material matters, and as head of the Family, he decides when there is a decision to be taken. Not only, but in the painful hour of our flight, after those months of union with the Divine Son had filled him with holiness, it is he who comforts My affliction and says to Me: 'Even if we should have nothing else, we shall always have everything, because we shall have Him'.

<sup>4</sup>My Jesus works His miracles of grace in the shepherds. The Angel goes where the shepherd is, whom a fleeting meeting with Me predisposes to Grace and leads him to Grace that he may be saved by It for eternal life. <sup>43. 4</sup>

He works them wherever He passes, both when in exile and when He came back to His little country in Nazareth. Because wherever He was, holiness spread out like oil on a linen fabric and the perfume of flowers in the air, and whoever was affected, if he was not a demon, became eager for holiness. Wherever this eagerness is, there is the root of eternal life, because he who *wants* to be good will reach goodness and goodness leads to the Kingdom of God.

43. 5     <sup>5</sup>You have now the holy Humanity of My Son, seen through details which reflect different moments, from the beginning to the end. And if Father M. deems it useful, he can collect the various episodes into a unit in an orderly way, without any gap.

We could have given you everything in one lot. But Providence decided that it was better so. For your sake, My dear soul. With every dictation we have given you the medicine for the wounds which were to be inflicted on you. We gave it to you in advance, in order to prepare you. During a hailstorm nothing seems capable of protecting you. But it is not so. Humanity, which is sleeping buried under spiritual waters, is made to surface by the storm, which brings to the surface also the gems of a supernatural doctrine. Those gems had fallen into your hearts and are just waiting for the storm so that they may appear on the surface again and say to you: ‘We are here as well. Do not forget us’.

Further, My dear soul, this procedure was not only the design of Providence, it was also based on kindness. In your present dejection, how could you have watched certain visions and listened to certain dictations? They would have wounded you to the extent of making you unable to carry out your mission of ‘mouthpiece’. So we gave them first, avoiding to break your heart, because we are kind, and we used visions and words suitable to your sufferings, so that your grief would not grow into torture. Because we are not cruel, Mary. And we always act so that you may receive solace from us, not dismay and increased sorrow. All we need is that you trust us. It is enough if you say with Joseph: ‘If Jesus is left with me, I have everything’ and we will come with heavenly gifts to comfort your spirits.

43. 6     <sup>6</sup>I do not promise you human gifts or human comfort. I promise you the same consolations as Joseph had: supernatural ones. Because, everybody should know, the gifts of the Wise Men, in the dire necessities of poor refugees, vanished as fast as lightning when we purchased a home and the bare essential household implements necessary for life, and the food which is also essential for life and could be procured only out of that source of income, until such time as we found work.

Jewish communities have always helped one another. But the community gathered in Egypt was formed almost exclusively of persecuted refugees, who therefore were almost as poor as we, who

had come to join them. And a little share of that wealth, which we were anxious to keep for our Jesus when adult, and we had spared out of the expenses for settling in Egypt, was most useful for our return and *just sufficient* to reorganise our house and the workshop in Nazareth upon our return. Because times change, but human greed is always the same and it takes advantage of other people's necessities to suck its part in the most exorbitant way.

No. The fact that we had Jesus with us did not procure us any material wealth. Many amongst you expect that, when they are hardly united to Jesus. They forget what He said\*: 'Set your hearts on things of the spirit'. All the rest is unnecessary. God provides also food. For men as well as for birds. Because He knows that you need food while your flesh is the tabernacle of your soul. But first of all ask for His grace. First of all ask for things for your spirit. The rest will be given to you in addition.

All Joseph had from his union with Jesus, from a human point of view, were worries, fatigue, persecutions, starvation. He had nothing else. But as he aimed only at Jesus, all this was turned into spiritual peace and supernatural joy. I would like to take you to the point where My Spouse was when he said: 'Even if we should have nothing else, we shall always have everything, because we have Jesus'.

<sup>7</sup>I know, your heart is broken. I know, your mind is becoming <sup>43. 7</sup>obscured. I know, your life is wasting away. But, Mary!... Do you belong to Jesus? Do you want to belong to Him? Where, how did Jesus die? My dear child, weep, but persevere bravely. Martyrdom does not consist of the form of torture, but in the constancy with which the martyr endures it. Thus death from a weapon is martyrdom and likewise moral grief is martyrdom, if it is suffered for the same purpose. You are suffering for My Son's sake. Whatever you do for your brothers is still love for Jesus Who wants them to be saved. Thus your suffering is martyrdom. Persevere in it. Do not wish to do anything by yourself. The pressure of pain is too severe and thus it is not possible for you to have sufficient strength to be your own guide and control your human nature preventing it from weeping: all you need do is to let grief torture you without rebelling against it. It is enough for you to say to Jesus: 'Help me!' What

\* **He said**, in *Matthew 6: 33* (173. 7); *Luke 12: 31* (276. 8).

you cannot do, He will do in you. Remain in Him, always in Him. *Do not wish* to come out of Him. If you do not want, you will not come out and even if your sorrow is so deep as to prevent you from seeing where you are, you will always be in Jesus.

I bless you. Say with Me: 'Glory to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit'. Let it always be your cry, until you will repeat it in Heaven. May the grace of the Lord always be with you. »

# The first year of Public Life of Jesus.

## 44. Farewell to His Mother and departure from Nazareth.

9<sup>th</sup> February 1944, 9: 30 a. m.  
(begun during Holy Communion)

<sup>1</sup>I see the interior of the house in Nazareth: a room which looks <sup>44. 1</sup> like a dining room, where the members of the Family take their meals and rest during the day. It is a very small room with a plain rectangular table near a chest, which is set against one of the walls. The chest also serves as a seat. Near the other walls there is a loom and a stool, and there are two more stools with a kind of bookcase on top of which there are oil lamps and other objects. A door is open onto the kitchen garden. It must be almost evening, because only some faint sun-rays are visible in the upper foliage of a tall tree, which is beginning to grow verdant in its first leaves.

Jesus is sitting at the table. He is eating and Mary is serving Him, coming and going from a little door, which leads into the room where there is a fireplace, the light of which can be seen through the half- open door.

Two or three times Jesus tells Mary to sit down... and to eat with Him. But She does not want to, She shakes Her head, smiling sadly. After serving some boiled vegetables as a first course, She brings in some roasted fish and then some rather soft cheese, like fresh cheese, round shaped, like the stones which can be seen in the beds of torrents, and some small dark olives. Some small, flat round loaves of bread - about the size of a plate - are already on the table. The bread is rather dark brown as if the bran had not been removed from the flour. In front of Jesus there is an amphora with water, and a goblet. He is eating in silence, looking at His Mother sadly but lovingly.

It is very obvious that Mary is sad at heart. She comes and goes, purely to occupy Herself. Although it is still daylight, She



lights a lamp and puts it near Jesus, and while stretching out Her arm doing so, She subtly caresses Her Son's head. She then opens a nut-brown haversack, which I think is made of pure hand-woven wool, and therefore water-resistant, She searches inside it, goes out into the little kitchen garden, walks to the far end, where there is a kind of storeroom. She comes out with some rather withered apples which have certainly been preserved from the previous summer, and She puts them into the haversack. She then takes a loaf of bread and a piece of cheese and puts them also into the haversack, although Jesus remarks that He does not want them, as there is already enough food in the satchel.

Mary then comes once again near the table, at the shorter side, on Jesus' left hand, and looks at Him eating. She looks at Him with love and adoration. Her face is paler than usual and seems aged by pain; Her eyes are ringed and thus seem bigger, an indication of tears already shed. They also seem clearer than normal, as if they were washed by the tears welling up within, ready to stream down Her face: two sorrowful tired eyes.

44. 2     <sup>2</sup>Jesus, Who is eating slowly, evidently against His will, only to please His Mother, and is more pensive than usual, lifts His head and looks at Her. Their eyes meet and He notices that Hers are full of tears, and lowers His head to leave Her free to weep. He only takes Her slender hand which She is resting on the edge of the table. He takes it in His own left hand, lifts it to His cheek, rests His cheek on it and then rubs it against His face to feel the caress of the poor trembling little hand, which He kisses on its back with so much love and respect.

I see Mary taking Her free hand, Her left one, to Her mouth, as if to stifle a sob, and She then wipes with Her fingers a big tear, which has fallen from Her eye and is streaming down Her face.

Jesus carries on eating and Mary goes out quickly into the kitchen garden, where it is now almost dark, and She disappears. Jesus leans His left elbow on the table, rests His forehead on His hand, absorbed in thought. He stops eating.

He then listens and gets up. He also goes out into the kitchen garden, and after looking around, He moves towards the right-hand side of the house, and through an opening in the rocky wall, He goes into what I recognise as the carpenter's workshop. It is now very tidy, without any boards or shavings lying about, and

also the fire is out. There is the large work bench, all the tools are laid aside, and there is nothing else.

Mary is weeping, bent over the bench. She looks like a child. Her head is resting on Her folded left arm and She is crying silently, but very grievously. Jesus enters quietly and approaches Her so softly, that She realises He is there only when He lays His hand on Her lowered head, calling Her «Mother! »: in His voice there is the sound of a gentle loving reproach.

Mary lifts Her head and looks at Jesus through a veil of tears, and with both hands joined She leans on His right arm. Jesus wipes Her face with the hem of His large sleeve and then He embraces Her, clasping Her to His heart and kissing Her forehead. Jesus is majestic, He looks more manly than ever, whilst Mary looks more like a little girl, except for Her sorrow-stricken face.

«Come, Mother» Jesus says to Her, and holding Her close to Himself with His right arm, He walks into the kitchen garden, where they sit down on a bench against the wall of the house. The kitchen garden is now silent and dark, apart from the moonlight and the light coming from the house. The night is serene.

<sup>3</sup>Jesus is speaking to Mary. At first I do not understand the words which are just whispered, and Mary nods Her head in assent. Then I hear: «And get Your relatives to come. Don't stay here alone. I will be happier, Mother, and You know how I need peace of mind to fulfil My mission. You will not lack My love. I will come quite often and I will inform You in case I cannot come home when I am back in Galilee. Then You will come to Me, Mother. This hour was to come. It began when the Angel appeared to You; it is now striking, and we must live it, Mother, must we not? After we have overcome the trial, we shall have peace and joy. First, we must cross this desert as our Ancestors did, before entering the Promised Land. But the Lord God will help us as He helped them. And He will grant us His help as a spiritual manna to nourish our souls in the difficult moment of the trial. Let us say the Our Father together...» Jesus and Mary stand up and they look up to Heaven: two living victims shining in the darkness. 44. 3

Jesus, slowly but with a clear voice, says the Lord's Prayer, Stressing the words. He emphasizes the words: «Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done» spacing the two sentences from the oth-

ers. He prays with His arms stretched out, not exactly crosswise, but as priests do when they say: «The Lord be with you». Mary's hands are joined.

44. 4 <sup>4</sup>They then go back into the house, and Jesus, Whom I have never seen drink wine, pours some white wine into a goblet from an amphora on the bookcase and He puts it on the table. He then takes Mary by Her hand and makes Her sit beside Him and drink some of the wine, into which He dips a small slice of bread, which He gives Her to eat. His insistence is such that Mary yields. Jesus drinks the remaining wine. He then clasps His Mother to His side and holds Her thus close to His heart. Neither Jesus nor Mary was lying down as was customary in rich banquets in those times, but they were sitting at the table as we do. They are both silent, waiting. Mary caresses Jesus' right hand and His knees, Jesus pats Mary's arm and Her head.

44. 5 <sup>5</sup>Then Jesus rises, and so does Mary. They embrace and kiss each other very fondly and repeatedly. They always seem to be on the point of separating and parting, but each time Mary embraces Her Creature over and over again. She is Our Lady, but She is still a mother, a mother who must part from Her Son, and is fully aware of the final destination of His departure. Do not tell me that Mary did not suffer! Before I had some slight misgivings, now I do not believe it at all.

Jesus takes His dark blue mantle, puts it on His shoulders, and pulls the hood on to His head. He arranges His haversack across His back, in order to be free when walking. Mary helps Him, and She delays endlessly in sorting His tunic, mantle and hood, caressing Him in the meantime.

Jesus goes towards the door, after making a sign of blessing in the room. Mary follows Him and at the open door they kiss each other once again.

44. 6 <sup>6</sup>The road is silent and solitary, white in the moonlight. Jesus starts walking away. He turns round twice to look at His Mother, Who is leaning against the doorpost, paler than the moon's rays, Her eyes sparkling with silent tears. Jesus moves farther and farther away along the narrow white road. Mary is still weeping against the doorpost. Then Jesus disappears round a bend of the road.

His Evangelical journey, which will end on Golgotha, has just

begun. Mary goes into the house shedding tears and closes the door. She also has started Her journey which will take Her to Golgotha. And for us...

<sup>7</sup>Jesus says:

44. 7

«This is the *fourth* sorrow of Mary, Mother of God. The *first* was the presentation in the Temple; the *second*, the flight into Egypt; the *third*, the death of Joseph; the *fourth*, My separation from Her.

As I knew the desire of your spiritual Father, yesterday evening I told you that I will hasten the description of “*our*” sorrows, so that they may be known. But, as you see, some of My Mother’s had already been illustrated. I explained the flight before the Presentation, because it was necessary to do so on that day. I know. You understand and you will explain the reason to the Father verbally.

<sup>8</sup>I have planned to alternate your contemplations and My consequent clarifications with true and proper dictations to comfort you and your spirit, granting you the beatitude of seeing, and also because in this way the difference in style between your composition and Mine will be obvious.

44. 8

Furthermore, with so many books dealing with Me and which after so many revisions, changes and fineries have become unreal, I want to give those who believe in Me a vision brought back to the truth of My mortal days. I am not diminished thereby, on the contrary I am made greater in My humbleness, which becomes substantial nourishment for you, to teach you to be humble and like Me, as I was a man like you and in My human life I bore the perfection of a God. I was to be your Model, and models must always be perfect.

In the contemplations I will not keep a chronological order corresponding to that of the Gospels. I will select the points which I find more useful on that day for you or for other people, following My own line of teaching and goodness.

<sup>9</sup>The lesson of the contemplation of My separation is addressed especially to those parents and children that God will call upon to renounce one another for the sake of a greater love. It also applies to all those who have to face a painful renouncement.

44. 9

How many such sorrowful situations you find in your lives!

They are thorns on the earth and they pierce your hearts, I know. But for those who accept them with resignation - mind, I am not saying “for those who wish them and accept them with joy”, which is already perfection; I am saying: “with resignation” - they become eternal roses. But only few people resign themselves to accepting them. Like restive little donkeys, you kick back against the Father’s will, and you jib, and you even try at times to hit good God with spiritual kicks and bites, that is, with rebellion and blasphemy.

44. <sup>10</sup> <sup>10</sup>And do not say: “I had but this good thing and God took it away. I had but this affection and God took it away! ”. Also Mary, a gentle woman, with perfect love, (because in the Virgin Full of Grace also affections and sensations were perfect), also Mary had but *one* good thing, and *one* love on the earth: Her Son. The only thing left to Her. Her parents had died a long time before. Joseph had died some years earlier. Only I was left to love Her and make Her feel She was not alone. Her relatives, because of Me, of Whose divine origin they were not aware, were somewhat hostile to Her, because they considered Her a mother incapable of imposing Herself on Her Son, Who did not behave according to good common sense and turned down marriage proposals which could bring prestige to the family, as well as material help.

Her relatives reasoned according to common sense, to human sense — you call it good sense, but it is only human sense, that is selfishness — and they would have liked My life to comply with their habits. After all, they were always afraid that one day they might get into trouble because of Me, as I had already dared express certain ideas which they considered too idealistic and thought they might irritate the Synagogue. Hebrew history was full of teachings on the fate of Prophets. The Prophet’s mission was not an easy one, and often brought about death for the prophet and trouble for his kinsfolk. And there was always the fear that one day they might have to take care of My Mother.

They were therefore irritated by the fact that She did not oppose Me in anything, on the contrary, She seemed to be in perpetual adoration in front of Her Son. This conflict was to increase in the three years of My public life when it culminated with open reproaches every time they met Me in the midst of crowds and were ashamed of what they considered My mania for vexing the

powerful classes. And they reproached Me and My poor Mother!

<sup>11</sup>Mary was aware of the moods of Her relatives and was able <sup>44. 11</sup> to foresee their future tempers — they were not all like James, Judas and Simon or their mother Mary of Clopas — but although She knew what Her destiny was going to be during the three years of My public life, and was aware of *Her* destiny and *Mine* at the end of the three years, She did not fight back, as you do. She cried. And which mother would not have cried because of the separation from a son who loved her as I loved Mine, or because of the prospect of long days devoid of My presence in a solitary house, or because of the dreary outlook of a Son doomed to butt against the malice of guilty people who took vengeance for their guilt by offending the Blameless One to the extent of killing Him?

She cried because She was the Co-Redeemer, and because She was the Mother of mankind who were being born once again to God. And She had to cry for all the mothers who are not able to turn their motherly sorrows into a crown of eternal glory.

How many mothers there are in the world from whose arms death snatches their creatures! How many mothers there are whose sons are torn away from their sides by a supernatural will! As the Mother of all Christians, Mary cried for all Her daughters, and in Her sorrow of a bereft Mother, She cried for all Her sisters. And She cried for all Her sons, who, born of woman, were to become apostles of God or martyrs for God's sake, because of their loyalty to God or because of man's cruelty.

<sup>12</sup>My Blood and My Mother's tears are the mixture that fortifies <sup>44. 12</sup> those destined to a heroic fate, obliterates their imperfections and the sins they committed because of their weakness and, in addition to martyrdom, in whatever way suffered, it grants them the peace of God and then the glory of Heaven, if they suffered for God.

The missionary fathers find that mixture to be a flame that warms them in the regions covered with perpetual snow, and they find it to be a dew when the sun is scorching. Mary's tears originate from Her charity, and they gush out from Her heart of a lily. They therefore possess the fire of virginal Charity, the Spouse of Love, and the scented freshness of virginal Purity, like the drops of water which gather in the chalice of a lily on a dewy night.

Our mixture is found by those consecrated in the desert of a well understood monastic life: it is a desert because it only lives in communion with God, whilst all other affections fade away and become pure supernatural charity: towards relatives, friends, superiors and inferiors.

It is found by those consecrated to God in the world, in the world that neither understands nor loves them, a desert also for them, as they live in it as if they were alone, so much are they misunderstood and mocked for My sake.

Our mixture is found by My dear “victims”, because Mary is the first victim for Jesus’ love, and with Her hands of a Mother and a Doctor, She gives Her followers Her tears which refreshen and urge to a greater sacrifice.

Holy tears of My Mother!

44. 13 <sup>13</sup>Mary prays. She does not object to praying because God had given Her sorrows. Remember that. She prays together with Jesus: She prays the Father: Ours and yours.

The first “Our Father” was said in the kitchen garden in Nazareth to console Mary’s pain, to offer “*our*” wills to the Eternal Father, when a period of greater and greater sacrifices was about to begin for us, culminating with the sacrifice of My life and My Mother’s acceptance of the death of Her Son.

And although we had nothing for which the Father should forgive us, just out of humbleness, we, the Faultless Ones, begged the Father’s pardon so that we might proceed worthily in our mission, after being forgiven and absolved of even a sigh. Because we wanted to teach you that the more you are in the grace of God, the more your mission is blessed and fruitful. We also wanted to teach you to respect God and be humble. Before God the Father, although a perfect Man and a perfect Woman, we felt we were nothing and we begged forgiveness. Exactly as we asked for our “daily bread”.

Which was *our* bread? Oh! Not the bread made by the pure hands of Mary and baked in our little oven, for which I had so often prepared bundles of sticks and brushwood. Also that bread is necessary while man is on the earth. But “*our*” daily bread was to fulfil, day by day, our part of the mission: we begged God to grant us that everyday, because to fulfil the mission that God gives us is the joy of “*our*” day, isn’t it, My little John? You also

say that a day is lost, as if it did not exist, if the Lord's bounty gives you a day without your mission of sorrow.

<sup>14</sup>Mary prays together with Jesus. It is Jesus Who justifies you, My children. It is I Who makes your prayers fruitful and agreeable to the Father. I said\*: "Anything you ask for from the Father, He will grant in My name", and the Church enhances her prayers saying: "Through Jesus Christ Our Lord". 44. 14

When you pray, be always united to Me. I will pray for you in a loud voice, drowning your human voices with My voice of Man-God. I will take your prayers in My pierced hands and I will raise them to the Father. They will thus become victims of infinite value. My voice, mingled with yours, will rise like a filial kiss to the Father and the purple of My wounds will make your prayers valuable ones. Be in Me if you want to have the Father in you, with you, for you.

<sup>15</sup>You ended the narration saying: "And for us..." and you intended to say: "for us who are so ungrateful to those Two Who have climbed Calvary for us". You were quite right in writing those words. Add them every time I show you one of our sorrows. Let them be like the church bell that rings and calls men to meditate and repent. 44. 15

It is enough now. Rest. May peace be with you. »

#### **45. Preaching of John the Baptist and the Baptism of Jesus. The divine manifestation.**

[...]

3<sup>th</sup> February 1944, in the evening.

<sup>1</sup>I see a bare, flat country, without any villages or vegetation. There are no cultivated fields, but a few odd plants are growing here and there in clusters, like vegetable families, where the deep soil is less parched. Imagine that the arid waste land is on my right-hand side, *with my back turned to the north*, and the harsh area stretches southwards. 45. 1

On my left instead, I can see a river with very low banks, flowing slowly from *north to south*. The very slow flowing water

\* I said, in *John 16: 23* (600. 26. 35).



leads me to believe that there are no falls in the level of the riverbed and that it flows in such a flat country as to form a depression. *The movement of the water is just enough to avoid the formation of marshes. The river is so shallow that the bottom can be seen I would say the water is a metre deep, or a metre and a half, at the most. It is as wide as the river Arno in the S. Miniato-Empoli area: about twenty metres. However, I am not good at estimating.* And yet its colour is blue with a light green hue near the banks, where on the humid soil, there is a strip of thick green vegetation, very pleasant to look at: the sight of the stony, sandy bleakness of the ground lying before it, is instead, a very monotonous one indeed.

The internal voice, which I told you I hear and tells me what I must take note of and know, is now warning me that I am looking at the Jordan valley. I call it a valley, because that is the name used to indicate the place where a river flows, but here it is incorrect to call it so, because a valley presumes the presence of mountains, but I do not see any mountains in the neighbourhood. In any case, I am near the Jordan, and the waste land on my right is the desert of Judah.

If it is correct to call a desert a place where there are no houses or man's works, it is not so according to our idea of a desert. There are none of the undulating sands of the desert, as we understand it, but only bare ground strewn with stones and rubble, like alluvial grounds after a flood. There are hills in the distance.

And yet, near the Jordan there is great peace, something special and unusual, as one often feels on the shores of lake Trasimeno. It is a place that seems to be full of memories of angels' flights and celestial voices. I cannot describe exactly what I feel. But I feel that I am in a place that communicates with my soul.

45.2 <sup>2</sup>While I am watching these things, I notice that the right bank of the Jordan (according to my position) is becoming crowded with people. There are many men dressed in different fashions. Some seem ordinary people, some rich, and there are some who appear to be Pharisees, because their tunics are adorned with fringes and braids.

In the midst of them, standing on a rock, there is a man whom I recognise at once to be the Baptist, although it is the first time I

see him. He is speaking to the crowds, and I can assure you that his sermon is not a sweet one. Jesus called\* James and John «the sons of thunder». Well then, what should we call this impetuous orator? John the Baptist deserves the names of thunderbolt, avalanche, earthquake, so impetuous and severe he is in his speech and gestures.

He is announcing the Messiah and exhorting the people to prepare their hearts for His coming, eradicating all obstructions and rectifying their thoughts. But it is a violent and harsh speech. The Precursor does not possess the light hand Jesus used to cure the wounds of hearts. He is a doctor who lays the wound bare, scrutinises it and cuts it mercilessly.

<sup>3</sup>While I am listening — I am not repeating the words, because <sup>45. 3</sup> they are related\*\* by the Evangelists, but here they are amplified in impetuosity — I see my Jesus proceeding along a path, which is at the edge of the grassy shady strip coasting the Jordan. *This rustic road (it is more a path than a road) seems to have been opened by the caravans and the people who throughout years and centuries passed along it to reach a point where it is easy to wade, because the water is very shallow. The path continues on the other side of the river and disappears from sight in the green strip of the other bank.*

Jesus is alone. He is walking slowly, coming forward, behind the Baptist. He approaches noiselessly and listens to the thundering voice of the Penitent of the desert, as if He also were one of the many who came to John to be baptised and purified for, the coming of the Messiah. There is nothing to distinguish Jesus from the others. His clothes are those of common people, but He has the appearance and handsomeness of a gentleman. There is no divine sign discriminating Him from the crowd.

But it would appear that John perceives a special spirituality emanate from Him. He turns around, and at once identifies the source of the emanation. He descends impulsively from the rocky pulpit and moves quickly towards Jesus, Who has stopped a few yards away from the crowd and is leaning against the trunk of a tree.

<sup>4</sup>Jesus and John stare at each other for a moment: Jesus, with <sup>45. 4</sup>

\* Jesus called, in *Mark 3: 17*(330. 3 and 575. 8).

\*\* related, in: *Matthew 3: 1-12* | *Mark 1: 1-8*; *Luke 3: 3-18*; *John 1: 19-34*.

His very sweet blue eyes; John with his very severe black flashing ones. Seen from nearby, one is the antithesis of the other. They are both tall — their only resemblance — for all the rest, they differ immensely. Jesus is fair haired. His hair is long and tidy, His face is white ivory, His eyes blue, His garment simple, but majestic. John is hairy: his straight, black hair falls unevenly onto his shoulders, his sparse dark beard covers his face almost completely, but his cheeks, hollowed by fasting, are still noticeable, his feverish eyes are black, his complexion is dark, tanned by the sun and weather-beaten, his body is covered with hairs, he is half-naked in his *camel-hair garment, which is tied to his waist by a leather belt* and covers his trunk, reaching down to his thin sides, whilst his right side is uncovered and bare, completely weather-beaten. They look like a savage and an angel, seen close together.

John, after scrutinising Him with his piercing eyes, exclaims: «Here is the Lamb of God. How is it that my Lord comes to me? »

Jesus replies calmly: «To fulfil the penitential rite. »

«Never, my Lord. I must come to You to be sanctified, and You are coming to me? »

And Jesus, laying His hand on the head of John, who had bowed down in front of Him, replies: «Let it be done as I wish, that all justice may be fulfilled and your rite may become the beginning of a higher mystery and men may be informed that the Victim is in the world. »

45. 5 <sup>5</sup>John looks at Him with his eyes sweetened by tears and precedes Jesus towards the bank of the river. Jesus takes off His mantle and tunic, and is left with loin cloth. He then descends into the water, where there is John, who baptises Him, *pouring on His head some water taken from the river by means of a cup, tied to his belt. It looks like a shell or a half pumpkin dried and emptied.*

Jesus is really the Lamb. A Lamb in the whiteness of His flesh, in the modesty of His gestures, in the meekness of His appearance.

While Jesus climbs onto the bank and after putting on His clothes concentrates on praying, John points Him out to the crowd and testifies that he recognised Him by the sign that the

Spirit of God had shown him as an infallible means to identify the Redeemer.

But I am enraptured in watching Jesus pray, and I can only see His bright figure against the green of the river bank.

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

6Jesus says:

45. 6

«John did not need any sign for himself. His soul, which had been presanctified in his mother's womb, possessed that penetration of supernatural intelligence which all men would have had, if Adam had not sinned.

If man had persevered in grace, innocence and loyalty to his Creator, he would have seen God through external appearance. Genesis states that God used to speak to the innocent man in an informal way, and that man did not faint hearing His voice, neither was he deceived in discerning it. Such was the destiny of man: to see and understand God exactly as a son does his father. Then man sinned and he no longer dared look at God, he was no longer able to see and understand God. *And now he is less and less able to do so.*

But John, My cousin John, had been purified from fault when the Full of Grace lovingly embraced Elizabeth who, after being barren, had become pregnant. The little child had leapt out of joy in her womb because he felt the scales of sin falling from his soul, as a scab falls off a wound when the latter is healed. The Holy Spirit, Who had made Mary the Mother of the Saviour, started His mission of salvation on that child about to be born, through Mary, the living Tabernacle of Incarnate Salvation: the child was destined to be united to Me not so much by his blood, as by the mission by which we were like the lips that express a word. John was the lips, I the Word. He was the Precursor both in the Gospel and in martyrdom; I, by means of My divine perfection, made perfect both the Gospel which John had started, and martyrdom, suffered to defend the Law of God.

John did not need any sign. But a sign was necessary for the darkness of spirit of other people. On what would John base his statement, but on an undeniable proof evident to the eyes and ears of backward and dull listeners?

7Neither did I need to be baptised. But the wisdom of the Lord

45. 7

had chosen that moment and way for our meeting. And leading John out of his cave in the desert and Me from My home, He united us in that hour to open the Heavens above Me and He descended Himself, a divine Dove, on Him Who was to baptise men with that Dove, and His announcement was heard descending from Heaven, more powerful than the angel's, because it came from My Father: "This is My beloved Son, in Whom I am very pleased". So that man should have no excuse or doubt in following or not following Me.

45. 8 <sup>8</sup>The manifestations of Christ have been numerous. The first, after His Birth, was the Magi's, the second was in the Temple, the third on the banks of the Jordan. Then there was an endless number of them, which I will let you know, because My miracles are manifestations of My divine nature, down to the last ones: My Resurrection and Ascension into Heaven.

My fatherland was full of My manifestations. Like seed scattered to the four winds, they took place in every social condition and place in life: to shepherds, powerful people, scholars, sceptical men, sinners, priests, rulers, children, soldiers, Jews and Gentiles.

And they take place even now. But, as in the past, the world does not accept. It does not accept the present manifestations and forgets the past ones. Well, I will not give up. I will repeat Myself to save you and to persuade you to have faith in Me.

45. 9 <sup>9</sup>Do you know, Mary, what you are doing? Or rather, what I am doing, in *showing you* the Gospel? Making a stronger attempt to bring men to Me. You yearned for it with your fervent prayers. I will no longer confine Myself to words. They tire men and detach them. It is a fault, but it is so. I will have recourse to visions, also of My Gospel, and I will explain them to make them more attractive and clear.

I give you the comfort of seeing them. I give everybody the possibility of wishing to know Me. And if it is of no avail, and like cruel children they should throw away the gift without understanding its value, you will be left with My present, and they with My indignation. I shall be able once again to repeat the old reproach: "We played for you and you would not dance; we sang laments and you would not weep".

But it does not matter. Let them, the inconvertible ones, heap

burning coals on their heads and let us turn to the little sheep seeking to become acquainted with their Shepherd. It is I, and you are the staff leading them to Me. »

<sup>10</sup>As you can see, I have hastened to add these details which, <sup>45. 10</sup> being trifling matters, had escaped my notice, and were wanted by you. [...].

#### **46. Jesus tempted by Satan in the desert. How to overcome temptations.**

24<sup>th</sup> February 1944. Thursday following Ash Wednesday.

<sup>1</sup>I see the solitary land which I already saw on my left-hand <sup>46. 1</sup> side in the vision of Jesus' baptism in the Jordan. But I must be some way inside the desert, because I neither see the beautiful, blue, slow flowing river, nor the green strips of vegetation which coast its banks and are nourished by its waters. There is nothing here but solitude, stones and such a parched earth that it has become a yellowish dust, raised now and again by the wind in small swirls, which are so hot and dry that they seem like the breath of a feverish mouth. And they are very troublesome because of the dust penetrating nostrils and throats. There are a very few small thorny bushes, strangely surviving in so much desolation. They look like small forelocks of surviving hair on a bald head. Above, there is a merciless blue sky; below, arid land; around, stones and silence. That is what I see as far as nature is concerned.

<sup>2</sup>Leaning against a huge piece of overhanging rock which, <sup>46. 2</sup> because of its shape, forms a kind of a grotto, there is Jesus sitting on a stone that has been taken into the cave. That is how He protects Himself from the scorching sun. And my internal adviser informs me that the stone, on which He is now sitting, is also His kneeling-stool and pillow, when He takes a few hours rest, enveloped in His mantle, under a starry sky in the chill air of the night. Near Him there is the haversack which I saw Him take before departing from Nazareth. It is all He has. And from the way it is folded, I realise it has been emptied of the little food Mary had put into it.

Jesus is very thin and pale. He is sitting with His elbows resting on His knees, His forearms forward, His hands joined and His fingers interlaced. He is meditating. Now and again He looks up and around, then looks at the sun, almost perpendicular in the blue sky. Now and again, particularly after looking around and at the sun, He closes His eyes and leans on the rock sheltering Him, as if He were seized by dizziness.



46. 3 <sup>3</sup>I see Satan's ugly face appear. He does not show himself in the features we imagine him: horns, tail etc. He looks like a bedouin enveloped in his robe and in a large mantle that resembles a domino. He is wearing a turban on his head and its white flaps fall along his cheeks, down to his shoulders protecting them. Thus only a very small dark triangle of his face can be seen, with thin, sinuous lips, very black hollow eyes, full of magnetic flashes. Two eyes that penetrate and read into the bottom of your heart, but in which you can read nothing, or one word only: mystery. The very opposite of Jesus' eyes, also so magnetic and fascinating, which read in your heart, but in which you can also read that in His heart there is love and bounty for you. Jesus' eyes caress your soul. Satan's are like a double dagger that stabs and burns you.

46. 4 <sup>4</sup>He approaches Jesus: «Are you alone? »

Jesus looks at him, but does not reply.

«How did You happen to be here? Did You get lost? »

Jesus looks at him again and is silent.

«If I had water in my flask, I would give You some. But I have none myself. My horse died, and I am now going on foot to the ford. I will get a drink there and I will find someone who will give me some bread. I know the road. Come with me. I'll take You there. »

Jesus does not even look at him.

«You are not answering? Do You know that if You stay here, You will die? The wind is already beginning to blow. There will be a storm. Come. »

Jesus clenches His hands in silent prayer.

«Ah! It is You, then? I have been looking for You for such a long time! And I have been watching You for so long. Since You were baptised. Are You calling the Eternal? He is far away. You are

now on the earth, in the midst of men. And I reign over men. And yet, I feel sorry for You, and I want to help You, because You are so good, and You have come to sacrifice Yourself for nothing. Men will hate You because of Your goodness. They understand nothing but gold, food and pleasure. Sacrifice, sorrow, obedience are words more arid for them than the land around us here. They are more arid than this dust. Only snakes can hide here, waiting to bite, and jackals waiting to tear to pieces. Come with me. It is not worthwhile suffering for them. I know them better than You do. »

Satan has sat down in front of Jesus and he scrutinises Him with his dreadful eyes and smiles at Him with his snakelike mouth. Jesus is always silent and is praying mentally.

<sup>5</sup>«You don't trust me. You are wrong. I am the wisdom of the earth. I can be Your teacher and show You how to triumph. See, the important thing is to triumph. Then, once we have imposed ourselves and we have enchanted the world, then we can take them wherever we want. But first, we must be as they wish us to be. Like them. We must allure them, making them believe that we admire them and follow their thoughts. <sup>46. 5</sup>

You are young and handsome. Start with a woman. One must always start from her. I made a mistake inducing her to be disobedient. I should have advised her differently. I would have turned her into a better instrument, and I would have beaten God. I was in a hurry. But You! I will teach You, because one day I looked at You with angelical joy and a fraction of that love is still left in me, but You must listen to me, and make use of my experience. Find yourself a woman. Where you do not succeed, she will. You are the new Adam: You must have Your Eve.

In any case, how can You understand and heal the diseases of the senses, if You do not know what they are? Don't You know that is where the seed is, from which the tree of greediness and arrogance sprouts? Why do men want to reign? Why do they want to be rich and powerful? To possess woman. She is like a lark. She will be attracted only by something sparkling. Gold and power are the two sides of the mirror that draw woman, and are the causes of evil in the world. Look: in a thousand different crimes, there are at least nine hundred that take root in the lust of possessing a woman or in the passion of a woman, burning with a desire that man has not yet satisfied, or can no longer satisfy. Go



to a woman if You want to know what life is. And only then You will be able to cure and heal the diseases of mankind.

Women, You know, are beautiful! There is nothing nicer in the world. Man has brains and strength. But woman! Her thought is a perfume, her touch is the caress of flowers, her grace is like wine, pleasant to drink, her weakness is like a handful of silk, or the curl of a child in a man's hand, her caress is a strength which is poured over our own strength, and inflames it. Sorrow, fatigue, worries are forgotten when we lie near a woman, and she is in our arms like a bunch of flowers.

46. 6 <sup>6</sup>But what a fool I am! You are hungry and I am talking to You of women. Your energy is exhausted. That is why that fragrance of the earth, that flower of creation, the fruit that gives and excites love, seems without any value to You. But look at these stones. How round and smooth they look, gilded by the setting sun! Don't they look like loaves? Since You are the Son of God, all You have to say is: "I want" and they will become sweet-smelling bread, just like the loaves housewives are now taking out of their ovens, for the supper of their families. And these arid acacias, if You only wish so, will they not be filled with sweet fruit and dates as sweet as honey? Eat Your fill, Son of God. You are the Master of the earth. The earth is bowing down to put itself at Your feet and appease Your hunger.

Don't You see that You are turning pale and unsteady at the mention of bread. Poor Jesus! Are You so weak that You cannot even perform a miracle? Shall I perform it for You? I am not Your equal, but I can do something. I will do without any strength for a whole year, I will gather it altogether, but I want to serve You because You are good, and I always remember that You are my God, even if now I have forfeited calling You so. Help me with Your prayers, that I may... »

«Be quiet! "Man does not live on bread alone, but on every word that comes from the mouth of God". »

The devil starts with anger. He grinds his teeth and clenches his fists. But he controls himself and turns his grinding into a smile.

46. 7 <sup>7</sup>I understand. You are above the necessities of the earth and You are disgusted at making use of me. I deserved it. <sup>7</sup>But come, then, and see what there is in the House of God. You will see how

even priests do not refuse to come to a compromise between the spirit and the flesh. After all, they are men and not angels. Work a spiritual miracle. I will take You up to the pinnacle of the Temple and You will undergo a transfiguration and become most handsome. You will then call the cohorts of angels and will tell them to form a footrest for Your feet with their interlaced wings, and to let You down, thus, into the main yard. So that people may see You, and remember that God exists. One must show oneself now and again, because man's memory is so weak, especially with regard to spiritual matters. You can imagine how happy the angels will be in forming a protection for Your feet and a ladder for You to descend! »

«It is said: "You must not put the Lord your God to the test".»

«You understand that Your apparition would not change anything and the Temple would continue to be a market full of corruption. Your divine wisdom is aware that the hearts of the ministers of the Temple are nests of vipers that tear and are torn to pieces for the sake of prevailing. They are subdued only by human power.

«Well, then, come. Adore me. I will give You the earth. Alexander, Cyrus, Caesar, all the great rulers, past or present, will be like the leaders of miserable caravans as compared with You, as You shall have the kingdoms of the world under Your sceptre. And with the kingdoms, all the wealth, all the beautiful things on earth, women, horses, armies and temples. You will be able to raise Your Sign everywhere when You are the King of kings and the Lord of the world. You will then be obeyed and respected both by the people and by the priesthood. All classes will honour and serve You, because You will be the Powerful One, the Only One, the Lord. <sup>46.8</sup>

Adore me for one moment only! Appease this thirst of mine for being worshipped! It ruined me, but it is still left in me, and I am parched by it. The flames of hell are like a fresh morning breeze as compared to this fierce ardour burning inside me. It is my hell, this thirst. One moment, one moment only, Christ. You are so good! One moment of joy for the eternally Tortured One! Let me feel, what it is like to be god, and I will be a devoted, obedient servant for all Your life and all Your enterprises. One instant, one instant only, and I will no longer torture You! »

And Satan falls on his knees, imploring.

46. 9 <sup>9</sup>Jesus, instead, stands up. He has lost weight because of the long days of fast, and He now looks taller. His face is terribly severe and strong. His eyes are two burning sapphires. His voice is like thunder: it reverberates in the cave of the huge stone, and spreads over the stony, desolate plain when He cries: «Go away, Satan. It is written: “You must worship the Lord your God, and serve Him alone”. »

Satan, with a cry of fearful torture and indescribable hatred, springs to his feet, a dreadful sight in his furious, smoky figure. And he disappears with a last cursing yell.

46. 10 <sup>10</sup>Jesus is tired, and sits down, leaning back with His head resting on the stone. He looks exhausted. He is perspiring. But angels come to blow gently with their wings in the closeness of the cave, thus purifying and refreshing the air. Jesus opens His eyes, and smiles. I do not see Him eat. I would say that He is nourished by the aroma of Paradise and is reinvigorated by it.

The sun has set in the west. He takes His empty haversack and in the company of the angels who, flying above His head emit a mild light while it is getting dark very rapidly, He starts walking eastwards, or rather north-eastwards. He has resumed His usual expression, His step is steady. The only remaining sign of His long fast is a more ascetic look on His pale, thin face and in His eyes, enraptured in a joy which does not belong to this world.

46. 11 <sup>11</sup>Jesus says:

«Yesterday you had no strength, which is My will, and you were, therefore, half-alive. I let your body rest and I made you fast the only way which is burdensome to you: depriving you of My word. Poor Mary! You kept Ash Wednesday. You tasted an ashen flavour in everything because you were without your Master. I did not let you perceive Me, but I was there.

This morning, as our anxiety is mutual, when you were half asleep, I whispered to you: “Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi, dona nobis pacem” and I made you repeat it many times and I repeated it to you many times. You thought that I was going to speak about that. No. First there is the subject which I showed you and upon which I will comment for you. Then this evening I will illustrate this other one.

<sup>12</sup>As you have seen kindness is always Satan's disguise when he presents himself. He looks like an ordinary person. If souls are careful, and above all, if they are in spiritual contact with God, they perceive the warning that makes them cautious and prepares them to fight the devil's snares. But if souls are distracted, separated from God by an overwhelming sensuality, and are not assisted by prayer, which joins them to God and pours strength into the hearts of men, then they seldom perceive the snares hidden under the innocent appearance and they fall into the trap. It is then very difficult for them to free themselves. <sup>46. 12</sup>

<sup>13</sup>The two most common means adopted by Satan to conquer souls are *sensuality* and *gluttony*. He always starts from material things. Once he has dismantled and subdued the material side, he attacks the spiritual part. <sup>46. 13</sup>

First *the morals*: thoughts with their pride and greed; then *the spirit*, obliterating not only its love — which no longer exists when man replaces divine love with other human loves — but also the fear of God. Then man surrenders his body and soul to Satan, only for the sake of enjoying what he wants, and enjoying it more and more.

<sup>14</sup>You saw how I behaved. Silence and prayer. *Silence*. Because if Satan performs his work of a seducer and comes close to us, we must put up with the situation without any foolish impatience or cowardly fears. We must react with resolution to his presence, and with *prayer* to his allurements. <sup>46. 14</sup>

It is useless to debate with Satan. He would win, because he is strong in his dialectics. Only God can beat him. And so you must have recourse to God, that He may speak for you, through you. You must show Satan that Name and that Sign, not so much written on paper or engraved on wood, but written and engraved in your hearts. My Name, My Sign. You should answer back to Satan, using the word of God\*, only when he insinuates that he is like God. He cannot bear that.

<sup>15</sup>Then after the struggle, there comes victory and the angels serve and defend the winner from Satan's hatred. They restore him with celestial dews, with the Grace that they pour with full <sup>46.15</sup>

\* word of God: which Jesus has taken from *Deuteronomy 6: 13. 16; 8: 3.*

hands into the heart of the faithful son, with a blessing that caresses his soul.

One must be determined to defeat Satan, and have faith in God, and in His help. Faith in the power of prayer, and in the Lord's bounty. Then Satan can do no harm.

Go in peace. This evening I will gladden you with the remainder. »

### **47. The meeting with John and James.**

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

47. 1 <sup>1</sup>I see Jesus walking along the green strip of vegetation that borders the Jordan. He has gone back to the same place where He was baptised. He is near the ford that apparently was well known and commonly used to cross to the other bank towards Perea. But the place, which was so crowded before, is now deserted. There are only a few travellers going on foot, or riding donkeys or horses.

Jesus does not seem to be aware of them. He proceeds along His way, northwards, absorbed in His thoughts. When He reaches the ford, He meets a group of men of different ages, who are discussing animatedly, and then they part, some southwards, some northwards.

47. 2 Amongst those going northwards, I see John and James. <sup>2</sup>John is the first to see Jesus, and he points Him out to his brother and companions. They talk a little amongst themselves, and then John starts walking quickly to reach Jesus. James follows him, walking a little slower. The others do not show any interest. They walk slowly while discussing.

When John is near Jesus, about two or three metres behind Him, he shouts: «Lamb of God Who takes away the sins of the world! »

Jesus turns around and looks at him. There are now only a few steps between them. They look at each other: Jesus with His serious, scrutinising look, John with his pure eyes smiling in his beautiful, youthful face, that looks like the face of a girl. He is about twenty years old, and on his rosy cheeks there is only the sign of a blond down, like a golden veil.

«Whom are you looking for? » asks Jesus.

«For You, Master. »

«How do you know I am a Master? »

«The Baptist told me. »

«Well then, why do you call Me Lamb? »

«Because I heard him call You so one day, when You were passing by, just over a month ago. »

«What do you want from Me? »

«I want You to tell us words of eternal life and to comfort us.»

«But who are you? »

«I am John of Zebedee, and this is James, my brother. We are from Galilee, and we are fishermen. But we are also disciples of John. He spoke words of life to us and we listened to him, because we want to follow God and deserve His forgiveness doing penance and thus prepare our hearts for the coming of the Messiah. You are the Messiah. John said so, because he saw the sign of the Dove descending on You. He said to us: “Here is the Lamb of God”. I say to you: Lamb of God Who takes away the sins of the world, give us peace, because we no longer have anyone who may guide us, and our souls are upset. »

«Where is John? »

«Herod has taken him. He is in prison, at Machaerus. The most faithful amongst his disciples have tried to free him. But it is not possible. We are coming from there. <sup>3</sup>Let us come with You, <sup>47. 3</sup> Master. Show us where You live. »

«Come. But do you know what you are asking for? He who follows Me will have to leave everything: his home, his relatives, his way of thinking, also his life. I will make you My disciples and My friends, if you wish so. But I have neither wealth nor protection. I am poor, and I shall be even poorer, to the extent of not having a place where I may rest My head and I will be persecuted by My enemies, even more than a lost sheep is pursued by wolves. My doctrine is even more rigid than John’s, because it forbids also resentment. And My doctrine is concerned not so much with external matters, as it is with the soul. You must be re-born if you want to be My disciples. Are you willing to do that? »

«Yes, Master. Only You have words that can give us light. They descend upon us, and where there was darkness and desolation

because we had no guide, they shed light and sunshine. »  
«Come, then. Let us go. I will teach you on our way. »

47. 4     <sup>4</sup>Jesus says:

«The crowd that met Me was a large one. But only one recognised Me. He, whose soul, mind and flesh were pure and free from all lewdness.

I insist on the value of purity. Chastity is always the source of clear ideas. Virginity refines and then preserves intellectual and emotional sensitiveness, elevating it to such a perfection that only a virgin can experience.

47. 5     <sup>5</sup>There are many ways of being a virgin. By compulsion, and this applies particularly to women, when no one ever proposed to them. The same should apply to men. But it does not. And that is bad, because only heads of families, with unhealthy minds and often diseased bodies, can be born of youth soiled with lust before time.

There is wanted virginity, that is the virginity of those who consecrate themselves to the Lord with the ardour of their souls. A beautiful virginity! A sacrifice pleasing to God! But they do not all persist in their purity like lilies which stand upright on their stalks, looking towards Heaven, unaware of the mud on the ground, open to the kisses of God's sun and His dews.

Many are faithful only in a material way. But they are unfaithful in their thoughts, which regret and wish for what they sacrificed. They are virgins only by half. If their flesh is intact, their hearts are not. Their hearts ferment, boil, exhale fumes of sensuality, the more refined and reprovéd, the more it is the invention of a mind that caresses, nourishes and continually enlarges the images of satisfactions, illicit even for those who are free, more than illicit for those consecrated to God.

Then you have the hypocrisy of the vow. Its appearance is there, its essence is not. And I tell you that between those who come to Me with their lilies broken by the brutality of a tyrant, and those who come with their lilies materially intact, but covered with the slaver of a sensuality they have caressed and cultivated to fill their hours of solitude, I will call "virgins" the former, and "non virgins" the latter. I will give the former the crown of virgins and a double crown of martyrs, because of their flesh

which has been wounded and of their hearts which have been ulcerated by a *mutilation they did not want*.

<sup>6</sup>The value of purity is such that, as you have seen, the first thing Satan was anxious about, was to deceive Me about impurity. He Knows very well that sensual sins dismantle the soul and make it an easy prey to other sins. Satan's efforts aimed at this capital point, in order to defeat Me. 47. 6

Bread, hunger, are the material forms for the allegory of appetite, *of the appetites* that Satan takes advantage of for his own purpose. The food he offered Me to make Me fall intoxicated at his feet is quite a different thing! Greed would have followed, then avarice, power, idolatry, blasphemy and the abjuration of the divine Law. But that was the first step to catch Me. Exactly as he did to injure Adam.

<sup>7</sup>The world sneers at pure people. Those who are guilty of lewdness strike them. John the Baptist is the victim of the lust of an obscene couple. But if there is still some light in the world, this is due to the pure of the world. They are the servants of God, they understand God and repeat God's words. I said\*: "Happy the pure in heart, they shall see God". Also in this world: since the fumes of sensuality do not perturb their hearts, they "see" God, they hear Him, they follow Him and they show Him to other people. 47. 7

<sup>8</sup>John of Zebedee is a pure soul. He is the Pure One amongst My disciples. A soul as beautiful as a flower in an angelical body! He calls Me with the words of his first master and asks Me to give him peace. But he already has peace in his heart because of his purity, and I loved him because of his purity, to which I entrusted My teachings, My secrets, and the most dear Creature I had. 47. 8

He was My first disciple, who loved Me from the very first instant he saw Me. His soul had melted with Mine from the day he saw Me passing near the Jordan and he saw the Baptist pointing to Me. Even if he had not found Me later, when I came back from the desert, he would have looked for Me until he found Me, because who is pure, is humble and anxious to be taught in the science of God, and like the water that flows to the sea, he goes towards those he knows to be masters in the celestial doctrine. »

\* I said: *Matthew 5: 8* (170. 5. 11).



47. 9    ?Jesus also says:

«I did not want you to speak about the sensual temptation of your Jesus. Even if your internal voice had made you understand Satan's motive in attracting Me towards sensuality, I preferred to speak of it Myself. Think no more about it. It was necessary to mention it. Go on now. Leave Satan's flower on its sands. Follow Jesus as John did. You will be walking among thorns, but as roses you will find the drops of blood of Him Who shed them for you, to defeat the flesh in you too.

47. 10    <sup>10</sup>I will forestall a remark as well. In his Gospel, John mentioning his meeting with Me says\*: "And the following day". It would therefore appear that the Baptist pointed Me out the day after My baptism and that John and James followed Me at once. But that conflicts with what the other Evangelists said about the forty days spent in the desert. But you should read as follows: "(John having already been arrested), *one day, later*, the two disciples of John the Baptist, the ones to whom he had pointed Me out saying: 'Here is the Lamb of God', on seeing Me again, called Me and followed Me". After I had come back from the desert.

And we went back together to the shores of the lake of Galilee, where I had taken shelter to begin evangelising from there, and the two - after being with Me during the whole journey and then for one day in the hospitable house of a friend of My relatives - spoke of Me to the other fishermen. But it was the initiative of John, whose will to do penance had made his soul, already so limpid owing to his purity, a masterpiece of pellucidity in which the Truth was clearly reflected, bestowing on him also the holy daring of the pure and generous, who are never afraid of stepping forward, wherever they see that there is God, and truth and doctrine and the way of God. How much I loved him for that simple, heroic feature of his! »

\* says; *John 1: 35*.

## **48. John and James tell Peter of their meeting with the Messiah.**

12<sup>th</sup> October 1944.

<sup>1</sup>A most clear dawn over the Lake of Galilee. The sky and the water sparkle with rosy flashes, not very different from the mild ones shining on the walls of the little orchards of the lake-village, where fruit-trees, with their unkempt, luxuriant foliage, seem to rise from the orchards and peep at the little lanes, bending over them. 48. 1

The village is beginning to awaken: women start going to the fountain or to the washing place, while fishermen unload the baskets of fish, or haggle over prices, in very loud voices, with merchants who have come from other villages, while others carry the fish to their houses. I call it a village, though not a small one. It is a rather modest place, at least what I see of it, but it is quite large and spreads mostly along the lake.

<sup>2</sup>John comes out of a little street and goes quickly towards the lake. James follows him, but much more calmly. John looks at the boats that are already on the shore, but cannot see the one he is looking for. He sees it while it is still about one hundred yards from the beach, manoeuvring to enter the harbour, and holding his hands at the sides of his mouth, he shouts at the top of his voice, a long «Oh-e! », which must be their usual call. When he sees that they have heard him, he gesticulates with both his arms, obviously meaning: «Come, come. » 48. 2

The men in the boat, not knowing what is the matter, lay on the oars and the boat moves faster than it did with the sail, which they have struck, probably to gain time. When they are about ten metres from the shore, John does not wait any longer. He takes off his mantle and his long tunic, and throws them on the shore, takes off his sandals, lifts his undertunic and holds it with one hand almost against his groin, then goes into the water to meet the boat arriving.

«Why did you two not come? » asks Andrew. Peter, sulkily, does not say a word.

«And why did you not come with me and James? » John replies to Andrew.

«I went fishing. I have no time to waste. You disappeared with that man... »

48.3 «I beckoned you to come. <sup>3</sup>It is Him. You should hear His words! We stayed with Him all day until late at night. We have now come to say to you: “Come”. »

«Is it really Him? Are you sure? We only saw Him *then*, when the Baptist pointed Him out to us. »

«It is Him. He did not deny it. »

«Anyone can say what suits him to impose himself on idiots. It is not the first time... » mumbles Peter, dissatisfied.

«Oh, Simon! Don’t say that! He is the Messiah! He knows everything! He hears you! » John is grieved and dismayed at Simon Peter’s words.

«Sure! The Messiah! And He showed Himself to you, James and Andrew! Three poor ignorant fishermen! The Messiah will need much more than that! And He hears me! Eh! My poor boy. The first sunshine of spring has damaged your brains! Come on, come and do some work. That’s much better. And forget such fairytales! »

«I’m telling you. He is the Messiah! John said holy things, but He speaks of God. He who is not Christ cannot speak such words. »

48.4 <sup>4</sup>«Simon, I am not a boy. I am old enough and I am composed and thoughtful. You know that. I did not speak much, but I listened a lot during the hours we spent with the Lamb of God and I can tell you that really He can but be the Messiah! Why don’t you believe? Why do you not want to believe? You may not believe, because you have not heard Him. But I believe Him. We are poor and ignorant? Well, He says that He has come to announce the Gospel of the Kingdom of God, of the Kingdom of peace, to the poor, humble and little ones before the great ones. He said: “The great ones already have their delights. They are not enviable delights when compared with the ones I have come to bring you. The great ones are already capable of understanding by means of their culture. But I have come to the ‘little’ ones of Israel and of the world, to those who weep and hope, to those who seek Light and are hungry for the real Manna, to whom learned men do not give light and food, but only burdens, darkness, chains, contempt. And I call the ‘little ones’. I have come to turn the world

upside down. Because I will lower what is now held high, and I will raise what is now held in contempt. Let those who want truth and peace, who want eternal life, come to Me. Those who love Light, let them come to Me. I am the Light of the world”. Did He not say that, John? » James has spoken in a calm, gentle voice.

«Yes, and He said: “The world will not love Me. The great world will not love Me, because it is corrupted by vices and idolatry. Indeed, the world will not want Me: because as it is the offspring of Darkness, it does not love the Light. But the earth is not made only of the great world. There are on it also those who, mixed with the world, are not of the world. There are people who are of the world because they have been imprisoned in it, like fish in a net”. He said exactly that, because we were speaking on the shore of the lake and He was pointing to some nets which were being dragged to the shore with fish in them. In fact, He said: “See. None of those fish wanted to be caught in the net. Also men, intentionally, would not like to fall prey to Mammon. Not even the most wicked who, blinded by pride, do not believe they have no right to do what they do. Their real sin is pride. All the other sins grow from it. Those who are not completely wicked, would like even less to fall prey to Mammon. But they fall because of their frivolity and because of a weight that drags them to the bottom, and which is Adam’s sin. I have come to remove that sin, and while awaiting the hour of Redemption, to give those who believe in Me such a strength that will enable them to free themselves from the snares that trap them and will make them free to follow Me, the Light of the world”. »

<sup>5</sup>«Well then, if He said that, we must go to Him at once.» Peter, <sup>48. 5</sup> with his impulsiveness, which is so genuine and I like so much, has decided at once, and is already acting accordingly, hastening to unload the boat which has already reached the shore: the fishermen have almost beached it, unloading nets, ropes and sails.

«And you, silly Andrew, why did you not go with them?!... »

«But... Simon! You reproached me because I did not persuade them to come with me... You have been grumbling all night, and now you reproach me because I did not go?! »

«You are right... But I did not see Him... you did... and you must have seen that He is not like us... He must have something compelling!... »

«Oh! Yes. » John says. «His face! His eyes! What beautiful eyes, aren't they, James?! And His voice!... Oh! What a voice! When He speaks, you seem to be dreaming of Heaven. »

«Quick, quick. Let's go and see Him. And you, (addressing the other fishermen) take everything to Zebedee and tell him to do as he thinks best. We will be back this evening in time to go fishing. »

48. 6 «They all get dressed and set out. But Peter, after a few yards stops and gets hold of John's arm and asks him. «Did you say that He knows everything, and hears everything?... »

«Yes, I did. Just think that when we saw the moon high up in the sky, I said: "I wonder what Simon will be doing now", and He said: "He is casting his net and he cannot set his mind at rest because he has to do it all by himself, since you did not go out with the twin boat in such a good evening for fishing... he does not know that before long he will be fishing with different nets and catching different fish". »

«Holy Mercy! It's true! Well, He will also have heard... also that I called Him little less than a liar... I can't go to Him! »

«Oh! He is so good. He certainly knows what you thought. He already knew. Because when we left Him saying that we were coming to you, He said: "Go. But don't let the first words of contempt discourage you. He who wants to come with Me must be able to make headway against the sneering words of the world and the prohibitions of relatives. Because I am above blood and society, and I triumph over them. And he who is with Me will also triumph forever". And He also said: "Don't be afraid to speak. The man who hears will come, because he is a man of goodwill".»

48. 7 «Is that what He said? Well, I'll come. <sup>7</sup>Speak, speak of Him, while we are going. Where is He? »

«In a poor house; they must be His friends»

«Is He poor? »

«A workman from Nazareth. So He said. »

«And how does He live now, if He does not work any longer? »

«We did not ask Him. Perhaps His relatives help Him. »

«It would have been better if we had brought some fish, some bread and fruit..., something. We are going to consult a rabbi, because He is like... He is more than a rabbi, and we are going empty-handed! Our rabbis don't like that... »

«But He does. We had but twenty pennies between us, James and I, and we offered Him them, as is customary with rabbis. He did not want them. But since we insisted so much, He said: “May God reward you with the blessings of the poor. Come with Me” and He gave them to some poor people: He knew where they lived. And when we asked Him: “Master, are You not keeping anything for Yourself? ” He replied: “The joy of doing the will of God and serving His glory”. We also said: “You are calling us, Master. But we are all poor. What shall we bring You? ”, He replied with a smile which made us enjoy the delights of Paradise: “I want a great treasure from you”, and we said: “But we have nothing”. And He answered: “A treasure with seven names, which even the poorest may have, while the rich may not possess it. You have it, and I want it. Listen to the names: charity, faith, goodwill, right intention, continence, sincerity, spirit of sacrifice. That is what I want from My followers, only that, and You have it. It is dormant, like a seed under a winter clod, but the spring sunshine will make it sprout into a sevenfold spike”. That is what He said. »

«Ah! Now I feel that He is the true Rabboni, the promised Messiah! He is not harsh with the poor, He does not ask for money... It is enough to call Him the Holy Man of God. We can go safely. »

And it all ends.

#### **49. First meeting with Peter and Andrew after preaching in the synagogue. John of Zebedee is great even in his humility.**

13<sup>th</sup> October 1944.

[... ]

<sup>1</sup>At 2 p. m. I see the following:

49. 1

Jesus is coming along a little road, a path between two fields. He is alone. John is moving towards Him along a different path in the fields and he meets Him at last, going through an opening in a hedge.

John, both in yesterday's vision and today's, is very young. His face is rosy and beardless, the fair complexion of a youth who can hardly be called a man. There are no signs of moustache or beard,

but only the smoothness of his rosy cheeks, his red lips, and his bright smile and pure look, not so much because of its deep turquoise hue, but because of the limpidity of his virginal soul shining through his eyes. His blond-brown long soft hair undulates at each step while he walks almost as fast as if he were running.

When he is about to pass through the hedge, he shouts: «Master!»

Jesus stops and turns around, smiling.

«Master, I have longed so much for You! The people in the house where You live told me that You had come towards the country. But they did not say where. I was afraid I might not meet you.» While speaking, John has bent his head slightly, out of respect. And yet, he is full of truthful love, both in his attitude and in his eyes, which he raises towards Jesus, while his head is still gently inclined towards his shoulder.

«I saw you were looking for Me and I came towards you.»

«You saw me? Where were You, Master?»

«Over there» and Jesus points to a group of trees far away, which, by the colour of their foliage, I would say were olive-trees.

«I was over there. I was praying, and thinking what to say this evening in the synagogue. But I came away as soon as I saw you.»

«But how could You see me, if I can hardly see the place, hidden as it is behind that hedge?»

«And yet, you see, here I am. I came to meet you because I saw you. What the eye does not do, love does.»

49.2 «Yes, love does. <sup>2</sup>You love me, therefore, Master?»

«And do you love Me, John, son of Zebedee?»

«So much, Master. I think I have always loved You. Before meeting You, long before my soul was looking for You, and when I saw You, my soul said to me: “Here is the One you are seeking”. I think I met You, because my soul perceived You.»

«You said it, John, and what you say is right. I also came towards you because My soul perceived you. For how long will you love Me?»

«Forever, Master. I no longer want to love anybody but You.»

«You have a father and a mother, brothers and sisters, you have your life, and with your life you have a woman and love. How will you be able to leave all that for My sake?»

«Master... I do not know... but I think, if it is not pride to say

so, that Your fondness will take the place of father and mother, of brothers and sisters, and also of a woman. I will be compensated for everything, if You love me. »

«And if My love should cause you sorrows and persecutions?»

«They will be nothing, if You love me. »

«And the day I should die... »

«No! You are young, Master... Why die? »

«Because the Messiah has come to preach the Law in its truthfulness and to accomplish Redemption. And the world loathes the Law and does not want redemption. Therefore they persecute God's messengers. »

«Oh! Let that never be! Do not mention that prediction of death to him who loves You!... But if You should die, I would still love You. Allow me to love You.» John's look is an imploring one. He has bowed his head lower than ever, as he walks beside Jesus and seems to be begging for love.

Jesus stops. He looks at him, scrutinises him with His deep, penetrating eyes, and then lays His hand on his bowed head. «I *want* you to love Me. »

«Oh! Master! » John is happy. Although his eyes shine with tears, his well shaped young mouth smiles. He takes the divine hand, kisses it on its back, and presses it to his heart.

<sup>3</sup>They take to the road again.

49. 3

«You said you were looking for Me... »

«Yes, to tell You that my friends want to meet You... and because, oh! how I was longing to be with You again! I left You only a few hours ago... but I could no longer be without You. »

«Have you therefore been a good announcer of the Word? »

«Also James, Master, spoke of You in such a way as... to convince them. »

«So that he too who had no confidence — and is not to be blamed because his reserve was due to prudence — is now convinced. Let us go and give him full assurance. »

«He was somewhat afraid... »

«No! Not afraid of Me! I have come for good people and even more for those who stand in error. I want to save people, not to condemn them. I will be full of mercy with honest people. »

«And with sinners? »

«Also. By dishonest people I mean those who are spiritually



dishonest and hypocritically they feign to be good, whereas they do ill deeds. And they do such things and in such a way for their own profit and to secure an advantage over their neighbours. I will be severe with them. »

«Oh! Simon, then, need not worry. He is as loyal as no one else. »

«That is what I like, and I want you all to be so. »

«Simon wants to tell You many things. »

«I will listen to him after speaking in the synagogue. I asked them to inform the poor and sick people in addition to the rich and healthy ones. They are all in need of the Gospel. »

49. 4     4They are near the village. Some children are playing in the road and one of them runs into Jesus' legs and would have fallen if He were not quick in getting hold of him. The child cries just the same, as if he had been hurt and Jesus, holding him in His arms, says: «An Israelite who is crying? What should the thousands of children have done, who became men crossing the desert with Moses? And yet, the Most High Lord sent the sweet manna for them, rather than for the others, because He loves innocent children and looks after these little angels of the earth, these wingless little birds, just as He sees to the sparrows of woods and towns. Do you like honey? Yes? Well, if you are good, you will eat honey which is sweeter than the honey of your bees. »

«Where? When? »

«When, after a life of loyalty to God, you go to Him»

«I know that I cannot go there unless the Messiah comes. My mother says that now, we in Israel, are like many Moses and we die seeing the Promised Land. She says that we are there, waiting to go in, and that only the Messiah will make us go in. »

«What a clever little Israelite! Well, I tell you that when you die, you will go to Paradise *at once*, because the Messiah will already have opened the gates of Heaven. But you must be good. »

«Mummy! Mummy! » The child slides down from Jesus' arms and runs towards a young woman, who is entering her house holding a copper amphora. «Mummy! The new Rabbi told me that I will go to Paradise at once when I die and. I will eat so much honey.... If I am good. I will be good! »

«God grant it! I am sorry, Master, if he troubled You. He is so lively! »

«Innocence does not trouble, woman. May God bless you, because you are a mother who is bringing her children up in the knowledge of the Law. »

The woman blushes at being praised and replies: «May the blessing of the Lord be with You, too. » And she disappears with her little one.

<sup>5</sup>«Do You like children, Master»

49. 5

«Yes, I do, because they are pure... sincere... and affectionate. »

«Have you any nephews, Master? »

«I have but My Mother... In Her there is purity, sincerity, the love of the most holy children, together with wisdom, justice and the fortitude of adults. I have everything in My Mother, John. »

«And You left Her? »

«God is above also the holiest mother. »

«Will I meet Her? »

«Yes, you will. »

«And will She love me? »

«She will love you because She loves whoever loves Her Jesus. »

«Then You have no brothers? »

«I have some cousins on My Mother's husband's side. But every man is My brother, and I have come for everybody. <sup>6</sup>We are now at the synagogue. I am going in, and you will join Me with your friends. »

49. 6

John goes away, and Jesus goes into a square room with the usual display of triangular lamps and lecterns with rolls of parchment. There is already a crowd waiting and praying. Jesus also prays. The people whisper and make their comments behind Him, as He bows to the head of the synagogue, greeting him, and He asks for a roll at random.

Jesus begins His lesson.

He says: «The Spirit makes Me read the following things for you. At chapter seven of the book of Jeremiah, we read: "Yahweh Sabaoth, the God of Israel, says this: Amend your behaviour and your actions and I will stay with you here in this place. Put no trust in delusive words like these: This is the sanctuary of Yahweh, the sanctuary of Yahweh, the sanctuary of Yahweh! But if you do amend your behaviour and your actions, if you treat each

other fairly, if you do not exploit the stranger, the orphan and the widow, if you do not shed innocent blood in this place, and if you do not follow alien gods, to your own ruin, then here in this place I will stay with you, in the land that long ago I gave to your fathers forever”.

Listen, Israel. Here I am to illuminate for you the words of light, which your dimmed souls can no longer see or understand. Listen. There is much weeping in the land of the People of God: old people cry remembering past glories, adults cry because they are bent under the yoke, children cry because they have no prospects of future glory. But the glory of the earth is nothing compared to a glory which no oppressor, except Mammon and ill will, can take away.

Why are you crying? Because the Most High, Who was always good to His people, has now turned His face elsewhere and no longer allows His children to see His Countenance? Is He no longer the God Who parted the sea and made Israel cross it and led the people through the desert and nourished them, and defended them from their enemies and, that they might not lose the way to Heaven, He gave a Law for their souls, as He had sent them a cloud for their bodies? Is He no longer the God that sweetened the waters and sent manna to His worn out children? Is He not the God Who wanted you to settle in His land and made an alliance with you as Father with his children? Well, then, why has the foreigner struck you?

Many amongst you mumble: “And yet the Temple is here!” It is not enough to have the Temple and to go and pray God in it. The first temple is in the heart of every man and that is where holy prayers should be said. But a prayer cannot be holy unless the heart first amends its way of living and with his heart man also amends his habits, affections, the rules of justice towards the poor, servants, relatives and God.

Now look. I see rich hard-hearted men who make rich offerings to the Temple, but they never say to a poor man: “Brother, here is a piece of bread and a penny. Take them. From man to man, and let not my help discourage you as my offering may not make me proud”. I see people who, in their prayers, complain to God because He does not hear their prayers promptly; then when a poor wretch, very often a relative, says to them: “Lis-

ten to me”, they reply heartlessly: “No”. I see you crying because your money is squeezed out of your purses by your ruler. But then you squeeze blood out of those you hate and you are not filled with horror when you take the blood and life away from a body.

O Israel! The time of Redemption has come. Prepare its ways in hearts with goodwill. Be honest, good, love one another. The rich must not despise the poor; merchants must not defraud; the poor must not envy the rich. You are all of one blood, and you belong to one God. You are all called to one destiny. Do not shut with your sins the Heavens that the Messiah will open for you. Have you erred so far? Err no longer. Abandon all errors.

The Law is simple, easy and good as it goes back to the original ten commandments, illuminated by the light of love. Come. I will show you which they are: love, love, love. God’s love for you. Your love for God. Love for your neighbours. Always love, because God is love, and those are the Father’s children who know how to live love.

I am here for everybody, and to give everybody the light of God. Here is the Word of the Father that becomes food for you. Come, taste, change the blood of your spirits with this food. Let every poison vanish, let every lust die. A new glory is offered to you: the eternal one, to which all those will come whose hearts will truly study the Law of God.

Start from love. There is nothing greater. When you know how to love, you will already know everything, and God will love you, God’s love means help against all temptations. May the blessing of God be on those who turn to God with their hearts full of goodwill. »

Jesus is silent. The people whisper. The meeting breaks up after some hymns, many of which are sung like psalms.

<sup>7</sup>Jesus goes out onto the little square. On the doorstep there <sup>49.7</sup> are John and James with Peter and Andrew.

«Peace to you» says Jesus and He adds: «Here is the man who in order to be just must not judge before knowing. But he is honest in admitting he is wrong. Simon, you wanted to see Me? Here I am. And you, Andrew, why did you not come before? »

The two brothers look at each other embarrassed. Andrew whispers: «I did not dare. »

Peter blushes, but does not speak. But when he hears Jesus say

to his brother: «Were you doing any wrong in coming? One must not dare do only evil things» he intervenes frankly: «It was my fault. He wanted to bring me to You at once. But I... I said... Yes, I said “I don’t believe it”, and I did not want to come. Oh! I feel better now!... »

Jesus smiles, then He says: «And because of your sincerity I tell you that I love you. »

«But I... I am not good... I am not capable of doing what You said in the synagogue. I am quick-tempered and if anyone offends me... eh!... I am greedy and I like money... and in my fish business... eh!... not always... I have not always been honest. And I am ignorant. And I have little time to follow You to receive Your Light. What shall I do? I would like to become as You say... but...»

«It is not difficult, Simon. Are you acquainted a little with the Scriptures? Are you? Well, think of the prophet Micah. God wants from you what Micah said\*. He does not ask you to tear your heart apart, neither does He ask you to sacrifice your most holy affections. *He does not ask you for the time being.* One day, without being requested by God, you will give God your own self. But He will wait while the sun and the dew turn you, a thin blade of grass as you are now, into a sturdy, glorious palm tree. For the time being, He asks you only this: to be just, to love mercy, to take the greatest care in following your God. Strive to do that and Simon’s past will be cancelled and you will become a new man, the friend of God and of His Christ. No longer Simon, but Cephas\*\*, the safe rock on which I lean. »

«I like that! I understand that. The Law is so... is so... that is, I cannot comply with it any longer, as the rabbis have made it. But what You say, yes,... I think I will be able to do it. And You will help me. Are You staying in this house? I know the owner. »

«I am staying here. But I am going to Jerusalem and after I will preach throughout Palestine. I came for that. But I will often be here. »

«I will come to hear You again. I want to be Your disciple. A little of the light will enter my head. »

«Your heart, above all, Simon. Your heart. And you, Andrew, have you nothing to say? »

\* said: *Micah 6: 8.*

\*\* Cephas: *John 1: 42.*

«I am listening, Master. »

«My brother is shy. »

«He will become a lion. It is getting dark. May God bless you, and grant you a good haul. Go now. »

«Peace be with You. » They go away.

<sup>8</sup>As soon as they are out Peter says: «I wonder what He meant <sup>49. 8</sup> before, when He said that I will be fishing with other nets and catching different fish. »

«Why did you not ask Him? You wanted to say so many things, but you hardly spoke. »

«I... was bashful. He is so different from all the other rabbis! »

«Now He is going to Jerusalem... » says John, with so much longing and nostalgia.

«I wanted to ask Him if He would let me go with Him... But I did not dare... »

«Go and ask Him now, my boy» says Peter. «We left Him so... without a word of affection. Let Him at least know that we admire Him. I will tell your father. »

«Shall I go, James? »

«Go. »

John runs away... and he runs back, overjoyed. «I said to Him: “Do You want me to come to Jerusalem with You? ” He replied: “Come, My friend”. Friend, He said! Tomorrow, I will be here at this time. Ah! To Jerusalem with Him!... »

.... the vision ends.

<sup>9</sup>With regards to the previous vision, this morning, the 14<sup>th</sup> of <sup>49. 9</sup> October Jesus says to me:

«I want you and everybody to consider John’s behaviour: particularly one point that always escapes everybody’s notice. You admire him because he was pure, loving, faithful. But you do not notice that he was great in humility as well.

He, the first one responsible for Peter’s coming to Me, was modestly silent about that detail. The apostle of Peter, and consequently the first of My apostles, was John. First in recognising Me, first in speaking to Me, in following Me, in preaching Me. And yet, see what he says\*? “Andrew, Simon’s brother, was one of

\* says: *John 1: 40-42.*

the two who had heard John's words and had followed Jesus. The first person he met was his brother Simon, to whom he said: 'We have found the Messiah' and he took him to Jesus".

Besides being good, he is just, and since he knows that Andrew is distressed because of his shy and reserved disposition, and that he would like to do so much, but does not succeed in doing it, he wants the acknowledgement of Andrew's goodwill to be handed down to posterity. He wants Andrew to appear as Christ's first apostle with Peter, notwithstanding that Andrew's shyness and uneasiness with his brother have been the cause of the failure of his apostolate.

49. 10<sup>10</sup> Amongst those who do something for Me, who can imitate John, instead of proclaiming himself an unexcelled apostle, without considering that his success depends on a multitude of things, which are not only holiness, but also human daring, luck and the occasional chance of being with other people less daring and less lucky, but perhaps holier?

When you succeed doing some good, do not boast about it, as if the merit were entirely yours. Praise God, the Lord of the apostolic workers, and have a clear eye and a sincere heart to see and give each the praise they deserve. A clear eye to discern the apostles who sacrificed themselves and are the first real incentive for the work of the others. Only God sees them: they are timid and seem to be doing nothing, whereas they draw from Heaven the fire that urges daring workers. A sincere heart in saying: "I work. But this fellow loves more than I do, he prays better than I do, I am not able to sacrifice myself as he does and as Jesus said\*: '...in your private room with the door closed pray secretly.' Since I am aware of his humble holy virtue, I want to make it known and say: 'I am an active instrument; he is a power that inspires me, because, joined as he is to God, he is a channel of celestial energy for me'".

And the Blessing of the Father, that descends to reward the humble man, who secretly sacrifices himself to give strength to the apostles, will descend also on the apostle who sincerely acknowledges both the supernatural and silent help of the humble one, and his merits that superficial men do not notice.

\* Jesus said, in *Matthew 6: 6* (172. 5/6).

It is a lesson for everybody.

<sup>11</sup>Is he My favourite? Yes, he is. Does he not resemble Me also <sup>iff</sup>. <sup>11</sup> this? Pure, loving, obedient, but also humble. I looked at Myself in him as in a mirror and I could see My virtues in him. I therefore loved him like another Self. I could see in him the glance of My Father, Who considered him a little Christ. And My Mother would say to Me: “I feel as if he were My second son. I seem to be seeing You, reproduced in a man”.

Oh! How well the One Full of Wisdom knows you, My beloved! The two celestial blues of your pure hearts mingled into one veil only to form a protection of love for Me, and they became one love only, even before I gave My Mother to John and John to My Mother. They loved each other because they realised they were alike: children and brothers of the Father and of the Son. »

### **50. At Bethsaida in Peter's House. The meeting with Philip and Nathanael.**

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

[... ]

<sup>1</sup>Later on (at 9: 30) I had to describe this.

50. 1

John knocks at the door of the house where Jesus is a guest. A woman comes to the door and when she sees who it is, she calls Jesus.

They greet each other with a sign of peace. Then Jesus says: «You have come early, John. »

«I have come to tell You that Peter asks You to pass by Bethsaida. He has spoken to many people about You... We did not go out fishing last night. We prayed as well as we could, and we gave up the profit... because the Sabbath was not yet over. And this morning, we went through the streets speaking about You. There are many people who would like to hear You... Will You come, Master? »

«I will, although I must go to Nazareth before going to Jerusalem. »

«Peter will take You from Bethsaida to Tiberias in his boat. It will be even quicker for You. »

«Let us go, then. »



Jesus takes His mantle and haversack. But John relieves Him of the latter. And they set out, after saying goodbye to the landlady.

50. 2 <sup>2</sup>The vision shows them coming out of the village and starting their journey to Bethsaida. But I do not hear what they are saying, in fact the vision is interrupted and it is resumed only when they are entering Bethsaida. I realise that it is that town because I see Peter, Andrew and James, with their wives, awaiting Jesus at the entrance to the village.

«Peace be with you. Here I am. »

«We thank You, Master, also on behalf of those who are waiting for You. It is not the Sabbath today, but will You speak Your words to those waiting to hear You? »

«Yes, Peter, I will. In your house. »

Peter is overjoyed: «Come, then. This is my wife and this is John's mother and these are their friends. But there are other people waiting for You: relations and friends of ours. »

«Tell them that I will speak to them this evening, before I leave. »

I forgot to mention that they left Capernaum at sunset and arrived at Bethsaida the following morning.

«Master... please: stay one night at my house. The road to Jerusalem is a long one, even if I will shorten it for You, taking You to Tiberias by boat. My house is poor, but honest and friendly. Stay with us tonight. »

Jesus looks at Peter and at all the rest who are waiting. He looks at them inquisitively. He then smiles and says: «Yes; I will stay. »

It is a great joy for Peter.

People look out from their doors and exchange knowing glances with one another. A man calls James by his name and speaks to him in a low voice, pointing to Jesus. James nods in assent and the man goes and speaks to other people standing at a crossroads.

They go into Peter's house. There is a large smoky kitchen. In a corner there are nets, ropes, fishing baskets. In the middle there is a long, low fireplace, but there is no fire.

Through two opposite doors one can see the street on one side, and the kitchen garden with a fig-tree and vines on the other

side. Beyond the street the rippling on the sky-blue lake can be seen, and beyond the kitchen garden there is the dark, low wall of another house.

«I offer You what I have, Master, and as best as I know how to... »

«You could not offer any more or any better, because you are making your offering with love. »

They give Jesus some water to refresh Himself and then some bread and olives. Jesus takes a few mouthfuls only to please them, then He thanks them and eats no more.

Some children look in inquisitively from the kitchen garden and the street. I do not know whether they are Peter's children. I only know that he frowns at the intruders to keep them out. Jesus smiles and says: «Leave them alone. »

«Master, do You want to rest? My room is here and Andrew's is over there. Take Your choice. We will not make any noise while You are resting. »

«Have you got a terrace? »

«Yes, and the vine, although it is still almost bare, gives a little shade. »

«Then take Me up there. I prefer to rest there. I will think and pray. »

«As You wish. Come. »

A little staircase rises from the kitchen garden up to the roof, which is a terrace surrounded by a low wall. Even there, there are nets and ropes. But how much bright light, and what a beautiful view of the blue lake!

Jesus sits on a stool, leaning His back against the little wall. Peter bustles with a sail that he spreads over and on the side of the vine to make a shield against the sun. There is a breeze and silence. Jesus is visibly happy.

«I am going, Master. »

«Go. Go with John and tell people that I will be speaking here at sunset. »

Jesus remains alone and prays for a long time. With the exception of two pairs of doves that come and go from their nests, and the twittering of sparrows, there is no noise or living being near Jesus praying. The hours pass peacefully and quietly.

<sup>3</sup>Then Jesus stands up, He walks round the terrace, looks at <sup>50. 3</sup>

the lake, smiles at some children playing in the street and they smile back at Him, He looks along the street, towards the little square about one hundred yards away from Peter's house. He goes downstairs. He looks into the kitchen: «Woman, I am going for a walk on the shore. »

He goes out and walks to the beach, near the children. He asks them: «What are you doing? »

«We wanted to play at war. But he does not want to, and we are playing at fishing. »

The boy who does not want to play at war, is a frail little fellow with a most bright face. Perhaps he is aware that, as frail as he is, he would get a beating in making «war» and so he pleads for peace.

But Jesus takes the opportunity to speak to the children: «He is right. War is a punishment of God to chastise men, and it is a sign that man is no longer a true son of God. When the Most High created the world, He made all things: the sun, the sea, the stars, the rivers, the plants, the animals, *but He did not make arms.* He created man and gave him eyes that he might cast loving glances, and a mouth to utter loving words, and ears to listen to such words, and hands to give help and to caress, and feet to run fast to assist our neighbours in need, and a heart capable of loving. He gave man intelligence, speech, affections and taste. *But He did not give man hatred.* Why? Because man, a creature of God, was to be love as God is Love. If man had remained a creature of God, he would have persevered in love, and the human family would have not known either war or death. »

«But he does not want to make war, because he always loses.»  
(I had guessed right. )

Jesus smiles and says: «We must not reject what is harmful to us simply because it is harmful to us. We must reject a thing when it is harmful to everybody. If a person says: “I do not want that because I would lose”, that person is selfish. Instead, the good child of God says: “Brothers, I know I would win, but I say to you: don't let us do that because *you* would suffer a loss”. Oh! That fellow has understood the main precept! Who can tell Me which is the main precept? »

The eleven mouths say altogether: «“You shall love your God with all your strength, and your neighbour as yourself”. »

«Oh! You are clever children. <sup>4</sup>Do you all go to school? »

«Yes, we do. »

«Who is the most clever? »

«Him. » It is the frail little fellow who does not want war.

«What is your name? »

«Joel. »

«A great name! He says\*: "...let the weakling say: 'I am strong'". But strong in what? In the Law of the true God, to be amongst those whom in the Valley of Decision He will judge to be His saints. But the judgement is already near. Not in the Valley of Decision, but on the mountain of Redemption. There, the sun and the moon will grow dark with horror, the stars will tremble and shed tears of mercy, and the children of Light will be judged and separated from the children of Darkness. And the whole of Israel will know that its God has come. Happy are those who will have recognised Him. Honey, milk and fresh water will descend into their hearts and thorns will become eternal roses. Which of you wants to be amongst those who will be judged saints of God? »

«Me! Me! Me! »

«Will you love the Messiah, then? »

«Yes! Yes! You! You! It's You we love. We know who You are! Simon and James have told us, and our mothers have told us. Take us with You! »

«Yes, I will take you if you are good. No more bad words, no more arrogance, quarrels, no answering back to your parents. Prayer, study, work, obedience. And I will love you and come with you. »

The children are all round Jesus. They look like a gaily-coloured corolla around a long, deep-blue pistil.

<sup>5</sup>An elderly man goes near the group, inquisitively. Jesus turns around to caress a child who is pulling His mantle and sees him. He stares at him, intensely. The man blushes and greets Him, but does not say anything else. 50. 5

«Come! Follow Me! »

«Yes, Master. »

Jesus blesses the children and walking beside Philip, (He calls

\* He says: *Joel 4: 10.*

him by his name) He goes back home. They sit in the little kitchen garden.

«Do you want to be My disciple? »

«Yes, I do... but I dare not hope for so much. »

«I have called you. »

«Then I am Your disciple. Here I am. »

«Did you know about Me? »

«Andrew spoke to me about You. He said to me: “The One you were pining after has come”. Because Andrew knew that I yearned for the Messiah. »

«Your expectation has not been disappointed. He is in front of you. »

«My Master and my God! »

<sup>50. 6</sup> «You are a well-intentioned Israelite. That is why I am manifesting Myself to you. <sup>6</sup>Another friend of yours is waiting, he is a sincere Israelite, too. Go and say to him: “We have found Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph of the House of David, Him of Whom Moses and the Prophets have spoken”. Go. »

Jesus remains alone until Philip comes back with Nathanael-Bartholomew.

«Here is a true Israelite in whom there is no fraud. Peace be with you, Nathanael. »

«How do You know me? »

«Before Philip came to call you, I saw you under the fig-tree. »

«Master, You are the Son of God. You are the King of Israel! »

«Because I said I saw you, while you were meditating under the fig-tree, you believe? You will see greater things than that. I solemnly tell you that Heaven is open and because of your faith you will see angels descending and ascending above the Son of man. that is above Me, Who am speaking to you. »

«Master! I am not worthy of such a favour! »

«Believe in Me and you will be worthy of Heaven. Will you believe? »

«I will, Master. »

<sup>50. 7</sup> <sup>7</sup>The vision is interrupted... it starts again on the terrace full of people; other people are in Peter’s kitchen garden. Jesus starts speaking.

«Peace to men of goodwill. Peace and blessings to their homes, their women, their children. May the grace and the light of God

reign in your homes and in the hearts dwelling in them.

You have wished to hear Me. The Word is speaking. It speaks with joy to the honest, with sorrow to the dishonest, with delight to the holy and the pure, with mercy to sinners. It does not deny Itself. It has come to spread out like a river that flows to irrigate lands needing water, refreshing them and fertilising them at the same time with humus.

You want to know what is required to become disciples of the Word of God, of the Messiah, Word of the Father, Who has come to gather Israel together, that it may hear once again the words of the holy and immutable Decalogue and may be sanctified by them and thus be purified for the hour of Redemption and of the Kingdom, as far as man can be purified by himself.

Now, I say to the deaf, the blind, the dumb, the lepers, the paralytic, the dead: "Rise, you are healed, rise, walk, may the rivers of light, of words, of sounds be opened for you, that you may see and hear Me and speak of Me". But rather than to your bodies, I am speaking to your souls. Men of goodwill, come to Me without any fear. If your souls are injured, I will cure them; if they are ill, I will heal them; if they are dead, I will raise them. All I want is your goodwill.

Is what I ask for difficult? No. It is not. I do not impose on you the hundreds of precepts of the rabbis. I say to you: follow the Decalogue. The Law is one and immutable. Many centuries have gone by since it was given, beautiful, pure, fresh, like a new-born creature, like a rose just opened on its stem. Simple, neat, easy to follow. Throughout centuries faults and trends have complicated it with many minor laws, with burdens and restrictions, with too many painful clauses. I am bringing once again the Law to you as the Most High gave it. But, in your own interest, I ask you to accept it with sincere hearts, like the true Israelites of bygone times.

You grumble, more in your hearts than with your lips, that it is the fault of people in the upper classes, rather than of humble people. I know. Deuteronomy states what is to be done, nothing else was necessary. But do not judge those who acted for other people, not for themselves. Do what God commands. And above all, strive and be perfect in the two main precepts. If you love God with all your souls, you will not sin, because sin gives pain

to God. Those who love do not want to give pain. If you love your neighbours, as you love yourselves, you will be respectful children to your parents, faithful husbands to your wives, honest merchants in your trade, without any violence against your enemies, truthful in bearing witness, without envy of wealthy people, without any incentive of lewdness for another man's wife. And as you do not want to do to other people what you do not wish should be done to you, you will not steal, or kill, or slander, or enter someone else's nest like cuckoos.

In fact, I say to you. "Carry to perfection your obedience to the two precepts of love: love also your enemies".

How much the Most High Will love you, since He loves man so much. Although man became His enemy because of the original sin, and because of his personal sins, He sent man the Redeemer, the Lamb Who is His Son, that is I, Who am speaking to you, the Messiah promised to redeem you from all your sins, if you will learn to love as He does.

Love. May your love become a ladder by which, like angels, you will ascend to Heaven, as Jacob saw them, when you hear the Father say to each and everybody: "I will be your protector wherever you go, and I will bring you back to *this* place; to Heaven, the Eternal Kingdom".

Peace be with you. »

50. 8 <sup>8</sup>The crowd utter words of emotional approval and slowly go away. Peter, Andrew, James, John, Philip and Bartholomew stay.

«Are You leaving tomorrow, Master? »

«Tomorrow, at dawn, if you do not mind. »

«I am sorry that You are going away. But I do not mind the hour. On the contrary, it suits me. »

«Are you going fishing? »

«Yes, tonight, when the moon rises. »

«You did well, Simon, not fishing last night. The Sabbath was not yet finished. Nehemiah in his reformation wants\* the Sabbath to be respected in Judah. Even nowadays too many people work on the Sabbath day at presses, carry wood, wine and fruit and buy and sell fish and lambs. You have six days for that. The Sabbath is of the Lord. Only one thing you may do on

\* wants, in: *Nehemiah 13: 15-22*.

the Sabbath: you may do good to your neighbour. But all profit must be excluded from such help. He who infringes the Sabbath to make a profit will be punished by God. He makes a profit? He will lose it during the other six days. He makes no profit? He has fatigued his body for no purpose, because he did not grant it the rest that Intelligence prescribed for it, and thus he irritated his soul having worked in vain, and goes to the extent of cursing. The day of the Lord, instead, is to be spent with your hearts united to God in sweet prayer of love. You must be faithful in everything. »

«But... scribes and doctors, who are so severe with us... do not work on Sabbath days, they do not even give a piece of bread to their neighbours, to avoid the fatigue of handing it over, but they practise usury also on a Sabbath. As it is not a material work, is it legal to practise usury on a Sabbath? »

«No. Never. Neither on a Sabbath nor any other day. Those Who practise usury are dishonest and cruel. »

«The scribes and the Pharisees, then... »

«Simon: don't judge. Do not do it. »

«But I have eyes to see... »

«Is there only evil to be seen, Simon? »

«No, Master. »

«Well, then, why look at evil deeds? »

«You are right, Master. »

«Well, tomorrow morning at dawn, I will leave with John. » <sup>50.9</sup>

«Master... »

«Yes, Simon, what is it? »

«Master... are You going to Jerusalem? »

«You know I am. »

«I am going at Passover too... and also Andrew and James. »

«Well?... Do you mean that you would like to come with Me? And your fishing? And your profit? You told Me that you like to have money, and I will be away for many days. I am going to My Mother's first. And I will go there on My way back as well. I will stop there to preach. How will you manage?... »

Peter is perplexed, undecided... then he makes up his mind: «I think... I will come. I prefer You to money! »

«I am coming, too. »

«And so am I. »



«We are going too, aren't we, Philip? »

«Come, then, you will help Me. »

«Oh!... » Peter is more than excited at the idea of helping Jesus. «How shall we do that? »

«I will tell you. To do good, all you need do, is do what I tell you. He who obeys always does good. We will now pray and then each of us will go and perform his duties. »

«What will You do, Master? »

«I will continue to pray. I am the Light of the world, but I am also the Son of man. I must, therefore, draw from the Light, to become the Man Who redeems man. Let us pray. » Jesus says a psalm. The one beginning: «He who rests in the help of the Most High, will live in the protection of the God of Heaven. He will say to the Lord: "You are my protector and my shelter. He is my God, I will hope in Him. He rescued me from the snares of fowlers and from harsh words" etc. » I find it in the fourth book. It is the second psalm in book four, I think it is number 90\*, (if I read the Roman number correctly).

The vision ends in this way.

### **51. Mary sends Judas Thaddeus to invite Jesus to the wedding at Cana.**

17th October 1944.

51. 1 <sup>1</sup>I see the kitchen in Peter's house. In addition to Jesus, there are Peter and his wife, James and John. I think they have just finished eating their supper. They are talking, and Jesus takes an interest in fishing.

Andrew enters and says: «Master, there is the man here in whose house You are living, together with another man who says he is Your cousin. »

Jesus gets up and goes towards the door saying: «Let them come in. » And when He sees Judas Thaddeus in the light of the oil lamp and of the fireplace, He exclaims: «You, Judas?! »

«Yes, Jesus. » They kiss each other.

Judas Thaddeus is a handsome man, in the fullness of his vir-

\* number 90. Now in *Psalms 91*.

ile manhood. He is tall, although not quite so tall as Jesus, well built and strong, of a dark brown-olive complexion, like saint Joseph when young, but not sallow: his eyes have something in common with those of Jesus, because they are blue, verging on periwinkle. His brown beard is squarely cut, his hair wavy, but not so curly as Jesus', and is the same hue as his beard.

«I have come from Capernaum, I went there by boat and I have come here in the same boat to gain time. Your Mother sends me; She says: "Susanna is getting married tomorrow; please come to the wedding". Mary will be there, and also my mother and brothers. All the relatives have been invited. You would be the only one absent, and they ask You to come and make the young couple happy. »

<sup>2</sup>Jesus bows lightly stretching out His arms and says: «A wish<sup>51. 2</sup> of My Mother is a law for Me. But I will come also for Susanna's and our relatives' sake. Only... I am sorry for you... » and He looks at Peter and the others. «They are My friends» He explains to His cousin. And then He mentions their names, beginning with Peter's. He then adds: «And this is John» with a special expression that causes Judas Thaddeus to look at him more carefully while the beloved disciple blushes. He ends the introductions stating: «My friends, this is Judas, son of Alphaeus, My cousin according to the custom of the world, because he is the son of the brother of My Mother's spouse. A very good friend of Mine, and a companion both in life and in work. »

«My house is open to you as it is to the Master. Sit down» and then addressing Jesus, Peter says: «So? Are we no longer going to Jerusalem with You? »

«Of course you will come. I will go after the wedding feast. The only difference is that I will not stop at Nazareth any longer. »

«Quite right, Jesus, because Your Mother is my guest for a few days. That is what we intend to do. She also will go there after the wedding. » It is the man from Capernaum who speaks thus.

«This is what we will do. I will now go in Judas' boat to Tiberias and from there to Cana. With the same boat I will come back to Capernaum with My Mother, and with you. You will come the day after the next Sabbath, Simon, if you still wish to come, and we will go to Jerusalem for Passover. »

«Of course I want to come! In fact, I will come on the Sabbath to hear You in the synagogue. »

51.3 <sup>3</sup>«Are You already teaching, Jesus? » asks Thaddeus.

«Yes, My cousin. »

«And you should hear His words! Ah! no one else speaks like Him! » exclaims Peter.

Judas sighs. With his head resting on his hand, his elbow on his knee, he looks at Jesus and sighs. He seems anxious to speak but does not dare.

Jesus encourages him: «What is the matter, Judas? Why do you look at Me and sigh? »

«Nothing. »

«No. It must be something. Am I no longer the Jesus of Whom you were fond? For Whom you had no secrets? »

«Of course You are! And how I miss You, You the Master of Your older cousin... »

«Well, then! Speak. »

«I wanted to tell You... Jesus... be careful... You have a Mother... She has but You... You want to be a “rabbi” different from the others and You know, better than I do, that... that the powerful classes do not allow anything that may differ from the customary laws they have laid down. I know Your way of thinking... it is a holy one... But the world is not holy... and it oppresses saints... Jesus... You know the fate of Your cousin the Baptist... He is in jail, and if he is not yet dead, it is because that evil Tetrarch is afraid of the crowds and of the wrath of God. As evil and superstitious as cruel and lustful... You... what are You going to do? To what fate are You going to expose Yourself? »

«Judas, you are so familiar with My way of thinking, and that is what you ask Me? Are you speaking on your own initiative? No, don't lie! You have been sent, certainly not by My Mother, to tell Me such things... »

Judas lowers his head and becomes silent.

«Speak, cousin. »

«My father... and Joseph and Simon with him... You know, for Your sake, because they are fond of You and Mary... do not look favourably on what You intend doing... and... and they would like You to think of Your Mother... »

51.4 <sup>4</sup>«And what do you think? »

«I... I... »

«You are drawn in opposite directions by the voices coming from High Above and those coming from the world. I am not saying from below. I say from the world. The same applies to James, even more so. But I tell you that above the world there is Heaven, and above the interest of the world there is the cause of God. You must change your ways of thinking. When you learn to do that, you will be perfect. »

«But... and Your Mother? »

«Judas, She is the only one who, according to the way of thinking of the world, should be entitled to recall Me to My duty as a son: that is to My duty to work for Her, and provide for Her material needs, to My duty to assist and comfort Her with My presence. But She does not ask for any of these things. Since She had Me, She knew She would lose Me, to find Me once again in a much wider manner than the small family circle... And since then She has prepared Herself for that.

Her unreserved voluntary donation of Herself to God is nothing new. Her mother offered Her in the Temple before She even smiled at life. And — as She told Me the innumerable times She spoke to Me of Her holy childhood, holding Me close to Her heart in the long winter evenings or in the clear starry summer nights — She gave Herself to God since the dawn of Her life in this world. And She gave Herself even more when She had Me, that She might be where I am, fulfilling the Mission given to Me by God. Everybody will abandon Me at a certain point, perhaps only for a few minutes, but everyone will be overcome by cowardice, and you will think that it would have been better, for your own safety, if you had never known Me. But She, Who understood and knows, She will always be with Me. And you will become Mine, once again, through Her. With the power of Her unshaken, loving faith, She will draw you to Herself and will thus bring you to Me, because I am in My Mother, and She is in Me, and We are in God.

I would like you all to understand that, both you who are My relatives according to the world, and you, friends and children in a supernatural way. Neither you, nor anyone else know Who My Mother is. But if you knew, you would not criticise Her in your hearts stating She is not capable of keeping Me subject to Her, but you would venerate Her as the closest friend of God, the

Mighty Woman Who can obtain all graces from the heart of the Eternal Father and from Her beloved Son. I will certainly come to Cana. I want to make Her happy. You will understand better after the wedding. » Jesus is majestic and persuasive.

Judas gazes at Him. He is thinking. He then says: «And I will certainly come with You, with these friends, if You want me... because I feel that what You say is right. Forgive my blindness and my brothers'. You are so much holier than we are!... »

«I bear no grudge against those who do not know Me. I am also without ill-feeling towards those who hate Me. But I feel sorry  
51. 5 for them, because of the harm they do themselves. 5What have you got in that satchel? »

«The tunic Your Mother sent You. It is a big feast tomorrow. She thinks that Her Jesus will need it, so that He may not look out of place amongst all the guests. She worked from early morning till late night every day, to have it ready for You. But She did not finish the mantle. Its fringes are not yet ready and She is very sorry about it. »

«It does not matter. I will wear this one, and I will keep that one for Jerusalem. The Temple is much more important than a wedding feast. »

«She will be so happy. »

«If you want to be on the way to Cana at dawn, you ought to leave at once. The moon is rising and it will be a pleasant crossing» says Peter.

«Let us go, then. Come, John. I am taking you with Me. Goodbye, Simon Peter, James, Andrew. I will see you on the Sabbath evening at Capernaum. Goodbye, woman. Peace be with you and your house. »

Jesus goes out with Judas and John. Peter follows them as far as the lake and helps them cast off.

And the vision ends.

51. 6 <sup>6</sup>Jesus says:

«When it is time to arrange the work in order, insert the vision of the wedding at Cana here. Put in the date (16<sup>th</sup> January 1944). »

## **52. The wedding at Cana. The Son, no longer subject to His Mother, performs His first miracle for Her.**

The evening of 16<sup>th</sup> January 1944. The wedding at Cana.

<sup>1</sup>I see a house. A typical middle east house: a long, low, white house, with few windows and doors, with a terraced roof, surrounded by a little wall, about one metre high, with a shady vine pergola, which reaches up to the sunny terrace and stretches its branches over more than half of its surface. An outside staircase climbs up along the front, reaching up to a door which is situated half way up the facade. At ground level there are a few low doors, not more than two on each side of the house, and they open into low dark rooms. The house is built in the middle of what looks like a kind of threshing-floor, but is actually more a grassy open space than a threshing-floor, with a well in the middle. There are some fig and apple-trees. The house faces the road, but it is not set right on the roadside. It is a little way off the road and a path along the grass links it to the road, which looks like a main road. 52. 1

It seems to be on the outskirts of Cana: a house owned by farmers who live in the middle of their holding. The country stretches calm and green far beyond the house. The sun is shining in a completely blue sky. At first I do not see anything else. There is no one near the house.

<sup>2</sup>Then I see two women, with long dresses and mantles that also cover their heads like veils, walking along the road and then on the path. One is older than the other: about fifty years old, with a dark dress, the grey-brown hue of raw wool. The other woman is wearing lighter garments: a pale yellow dress and a blue mantle. She looks about thirty-five years old. She is really beautiful, slender, and Her carriage is most dignified, although She is most kind and humble. When She is nearer, I notice Her pale face, Her blue eyes and Her blond hair visible on Her forehead. I recognise Our Most Holy Lady. I do not know who the other older woman is. They are speaking to each other and Our Lady smiles. When they are near the house, someone, who is obviously watching the arrival of the guests, informs the others in the house, and two men and two women, all in their best clothes, go to meet them. They give the two women and particularly Our Lady a most warm welcome. •52. 2

It is early morning, I would say about nine o'clock, perhaps earlier, because the country has the fresh look of the early morning hours, when the dew makes the grass look greener and the air is still free from dust. It appears to be springtime because the grass in the meadows is not parched by the summer sun and the corn in the fields is still young and green and earless. The leaves of the fig-tree and apple-tree are green and tender and those of the vines are the same. But I see no flowers on the apple-tree and there is no fruit on the apple and fig-tree or on the vines: which means that the apple-tree blossomed only recently and the little fruits cannot be seen as yet.

52. 3     <sup>3</sup>Mary, Who is most warmly welcomed and is escorted by an elderly man who appears to be the landlord, climbs up the outside staircase and enters a large hall which seems to fill the whole of the house upstairs, or most of it.

If I am correct, the rooms on the ground floor are the ones where they actually live, where they have their storeroom, wine cellar, whereas the hall upstairs is used on special occasions, such as feast days, or for tasks that require a lot of space, such as drying and pressing foodstuffs. For special celebrations the hall is cleared of every object and then decorated, as it is today, with green branches, mats and tables prepared with rich dishes. In the centre there is a richly laid table with amphorae and plates full of fruit. Along the right-hand side wall, compared to where I am, there is another table already prepared, but not so sumptuously. On the left-hand side, there is a kind of long dresser with plates of cheese and other foodstuffs, which look like cakes covered with honey and sweetmeats. On the floor, near the same wall, there are more amphorae and six large vases, shaped more or less like copper pitchers. I would call them jars.

Mary listens benignly to what they are telling Her, then She takes off Her mantle and kindly helps to finish laying the tables. I see Her going to and fro sorting out the bed-seats, straightening up the wreaths of flowers, improving the appearance of the fruit dishes, making sure that the lamps are filled with oil. She smiles, speaks very little and in a very low voice. Instead She listens a lot and with so much patience.

A loud sound of musical instruments (not very harmonious) is heard coming from the road. They all rush out, with the excep-

tion of Mary. I see the bride come in, smartly dressed and happy, surrounded by relatives and friends. The bridegroom, who was the first to rush out and meet her, is now beside her.

<sup>4</sup>At this point there is a change in the vision. Instead of the house I see a village. I do not know whether it is Cana or a nearby village. And I see Jesus with John and another man, who I think is Judas Thaddeus, but I may be wrong. I am sure about John. Jesus is wearing a white tunic and a dark blue mantle. When he hears the sound of the instruments, Jesus' companion questions a man about something and then tells Jesus. Then Jesus, smiling, says: «Let us go and make My Mother happy. » And He starts walking across the fields towards the house, with His two companions. 52. 4

I forgot to mention that it is my impression that Mary is either a relation or a close friend of the bridegroom's relatives, because She is on familiar terms with them.

When Jesus arrives, the same watchman as before informs the others. The landlord with his son, the bridegroom, and Mary goes down to meet Him, and greets Him respectfully. He then greets the other two and so does the bridegroom. But what I like is the loving and respectful way in which Jesus and Mary exchange their greetings. There are no effusions, but the words «Peace be with You» are pronounced with a look and a smile worth one hundred embraces and one hundred kisses. A kiss trembles on Mary's lips, but it is not given. She only lays Her little white hand on Jesus' shoulder and lightly touches a curl of His long hair. The caress of a chaste lover.

<sup>5</sup>Jesus climbs the staircase beside His Mother, followed by His disciples, the landlord and the groom, and enters the banquet hall, where the women start bustling about, adding seats and plates for the three guests, who, apparently, were not expected. I would say that Jesus' coming was uncertain and the arrival of His companions was completely unforeseen. 52. 5

I can distinctly hear the Master's full, virile, most sweet voice say on entering the hall: «May peace be in this house and the blessing of God on you all. » A greeting of majesty addressed to all the people present. Jesus dominates everybody with His bearing and His height. He is a guest, and a casual one, but He seems to be the king of the banquet, more than the groom, more than



the landlord. No matter how humble and obliging, He is the one who dominates.

Jesus sits at the middle table with the bride and the bridegroom, their relatives and the most influential friends. The two disciples are also invited to sit at the same table, out of respect for Jesus.

Jesus' back is turned to the wall where the large jars and the dresser are. He therefore cannot see them, neither can He see the steward bustling about the dishes of roast meat, which are brought in through a little door near the dresser.

I notice one thing. With the exception of the mothers of the young couple and of Mary, *no* woman is sitting at that table. All the women, who are making a din worthy of one hundred people, are sitting at the other table near the wall, and are served after the young couple and the guests of importance. Jesus is sitting near the landlord, in front of Mary, Whose place is near the bride.

The banquet starts. And I can assure you that they lack neither appetite nor thirst. The ones who eat and drink little are Jesus and His Mother, Who speaks also very little. Jesus talks a little more. But although very moderate, He is neither sullen nor disdainful in the little He says. He is kind, but not talkative. He answers when He is questioned, when they speak to Him, He takes an interest in the subject, he states His opinion, but then He concentrates on His thoughts, like one accustomed to meditation. He smiles, *He never laughs*. If He hears any inconsiderate joke, He pretends He has not heard. Mary is nourished by the contemplation of Her Jesus, and so is John, who is at the end of the table and hangs on His Master's lips.

52. 6     <sup>6</sup>Mary notices that the servants are talking in low voices to the steward, who looks very embarrassed and She understands what the cause of the unpleasant situation is. «Son», She whispers in a low voice, thus drawing Jesus' attention. «Son, they have no more wine. »

«Woman, what is there *still* between Me and You? » Jesus, when saying these words, smiles even more gently, and Mary smiles too, like two people aware of some truth which is their joyful secret and is ignored by everyone else.

52. 7     <sup>7</sup>Jesus explains the meaning of the sentence to me.

«That “still”, which is omitted by many translators, is the keyword of the sentence and explains its true meaning.

I was the Son, submissive to My Mother, up to the moment when the will of My Father told Me that the hour had come when I was to be the Master. From the moment My mission started, I was no longer the Son submissive to My Mother, but I was the Servant of God. My moral ties with My Mother were broken. They had turned into higher bonds, all of a spiritual nature. I always called Mary, My Holy “Mother”. Our love suffered no interruptions, neither did it even cool down, on the contrary, it was never so perfect as when I was separated from Her as by a second birth and She gave Me to the world and for the world, as the Messiah and Evangeliser. Her third sublime mystical maternity took place when She bore Me to the cross in the torture of Golgotha, and made Me the Redeemer of the world.

“What is there *still* between Me and You? ” Before I was Yours, only Yours. You gave Me orders, and I obeyed You. I was “subject” to You. Now I belong to My mission.

Did I not say\*: “He, who lays his hand on the plough and looks back to bid farewell to those who are staying, is not fit for the Kingdom of God”? I had laid My hand on the plough not to cut the ground with the plough, but to open the hearts of men and sow there the word of God. I was to take My hand away from the plough only when they would tear it away to nail it to the Cross and to open with My torturing nail My Father’s heart, out of which forgiveness for mankind was to flow.

That “still”, forgotten by most, meant this: “You were everything for Me, Mother, as long as I was only Jesus of Mary of Nazareth, and You are everything in My spirit; but since I became the expected Messiah, I belong to My Father. Wait for a little while and once My mission is over, I will be, once again, *entirely* Yours; You will hold Me once again in Your arms, as when I was a little child, and no one will ever again contend with You for Your Son, considered as the disgrace of mankind, that will throw His mortal remains at You, to bring on You the shame of being the mother of a criminal. And afterwards You will have Me once again, triumphant, and finally You will have Me forever when You are tri-

\* say, in *Luke 9: 62* (178. 4 and 276. 6).

umphant in Heaven. But now I belong to all these men. And I belong to the Father, Who sent Me to them”.

That is the sense of that short but so full of meaning “still”. »

52. 8     <sup>8</sup>Mary says to the servants: «Do what He will tell you. » In the smiling eyes of Her Son, Mary has read His consent, veiled by the great teaching to all those «who are called».

And Jesus says to the servants: «Fill the jars with water. »

I see the servants filling the jars with water brought from the well (I hear the pulley screeching as the dripping pail is pulled up and lowered down). I see the steward pour out some of the liquid with astonished eyes, then taste it with gestures of even greater astonishment, relish it and speak to the landlord and the groom (they were near each other).

Mary looks at Her Son once again, and smiles; then having received a smile from Him, She bows Her head, blushing slightly. She is happy.

A murmur spreads throughout the hall, they all turn their heads towards Jesus and Mary, some stand up to get a better view, some go near the jars. Then a moment’s silence, which is immediately broken by an outburst of praises for Jesus.

He stands up and simply says: «Thank Mary» and withdraws from the banquet. His disciples follow Him. On the threshold He repeats: «May peace be in this house and God’s blessing on you» and He adds: «Goodbye, Mother. »

The vision ends.

52. 9     <sup>9</sup>Jesus teaches me as follows:

«When I said to the disciples: “Let us go and make My Mother happy”, I had given the sentence a deeper meaning than it seemed. I did not mean the happiness of seeing Me, but the joy of being the initiator of My miraculous activity and the first benefactress of mankind.

Always remember that. My first miracle occurred because of Mary. The very first one. It is a symbol that Mary is the key to miracles. I never refuse My Mother anything and because of Her prayer I bring forward also the time of grace. I know My Mother, the second in goodness after God. I know that to grant you a grace is to make Her happy, because She is All Love. That is why

I said, knowing Her: “Let us go and make Her happy”.

Besides, I wanted to make Her power known to the world, together with Mine. Since She was destined to be joined to Me in the flesh, it was fair She should be joined to Me in the power that is shown to the world. Because we were one flesh: I in Her, She around Me, like the petals of a lily round its scented lively pistil; and She was united to Me in sorrow: because we were both on the cross, I with My body, She with Her soul, as a lily is scented because of its corolla and because of the essence extracted from it.

I say to you what I said to the guests: “Thank Mary. It is through Her that you had with you the Master of the miracle and you have My graces, particularly those of forgiveness”.

Rest in peace. We are with you. »

### **53. Jesus drives out the merchants from the Temple.**

24<sup>th</sup> October 1944.

[...].

<sup>1</sup>I see Jesus entering the enclosure of the Temple with Peter, <sup>53.1</sup> Andrew, John, James, Philip and Bartholomew. There is a very large crowd both inside and outside the enclosure. Pilgrims are arriving in flocks from every part of the town.

From the top of the hill on which the Temple is built, one can see the narrow twisted streets of the town, swarming with people. It seems as though a mobile, multi-coloured ribbon has been laid between the white houses. The town looks like a rare toy indeed, a toy made of gaily-coloured ribbons between two white threads, all converging onto the point where the domes of the House of the Lord are shining.

Inside it is... a real market. The concentration of a holy place has been destroyed. Some run, some call, some bargain for lambs, shouting and cursing because of the extortionate prices, some drive the poor bleating animals into their enclosures (rough partitions made of ropes and pegs, at the entrance of which stand the merchants or owners, awaiting buyers). Blows with cudgels, bleatings, curses, shouts, insults to the boys who are not quick in gathering together or selecting the animals, abuses to the purchasers who haggle over prices or who go away, more serious in-

suits to those who wisely brought their own lambs.

Near the benches of the money-changers there is more bawling. It is obvious that either always, or at Passover time, the Temple operated as a... stock exchange or black market. There was no fixed rate of exchange. There must have been a legal rate, but the money-changers imposed a different one, making whatever profit they fancied for exchanging the money. And I can assure you they were not joking in their usury transactions!... The poorer the people were and the farther they came from, the more they were fleeced: old people more than young people, those coming from beyond Palestine more than the old folk.

Some poor old men looked over and over again at the money they had saved in a whole year, I wonder with how much hard work, they took it out and put it back into their purses dozens and dozens of times, going from one money-changer to another and at times ending up by going back to the first one, who took revenge for their original desertion by increasing the premium for the exchange. And the big coins passed from the hands of the sighing owners into the clutches of the usurers and were changed into smaller coins. Then a further tragedy would take place with vendors over the choice and payment of their lambs, and the poor old men, particularly if they were half blind, were fobbed off with the most wretched little lambs.

53. 2 <sup>2</sup>I see an old couple, man and wife, come back pushing a poor little lamb which must have been found faulty by the sacrificers. They cried and begged the vendor, who, far from being moved, replied with nasty words and rude manners.

«Considering what you want to spend, Galileans, the lamb I gave you is even too good. Go away! Or if you want a better one, you must pay five more coins.»

«In the name of God! We are poor and old! Are you going to prevent us from celebrating this Passover which may be our last one? Are you not satisfied with what you wanted for a poor little lamb?»

«Go away, you filthy lot. Joseph the Elder is now coming here. I enjoy his favour. God be with you, Joseph! Come and make your choice!»

The man whose name is Joseph the Elder, that is Joseph of Arimathea, enters the enclosure and picks a magnificent lamb.

He passes by, stately and proud, magnificently dressed, without even looking at the poor old people weeping at the gate, that is the enclosure entrance. He almost bumps into them when he goes out with the fat, bleating lamb.

<sup>3</sup>But Jesus also is now nearby. He also has made His purchase, and Peter, who probably bargained for Him, is pulling a fairly good lamb. 53. 3

Peter would like to go at once where they offer the sacrifices. But Jesus turns to the right, towards the dismayed, weeping, undecided old couple, who are knocked about by the crowds and insulted by the vendor.

Jesus, Who is so tall that the heads of the poor old souls reach only up to His heart, lays one hand on the shoulder of the woman and asks her: «Why are you crying, woman? »

The little old woman turns round and she sees the young, tall, stately man, wearing a beautiful new white tunic and a snow-white mantle. She must think He is a doctor because of His garments and His appearance and is greatly surprised, because doctors and priests pay no attention to the poor, neither do they protect them from the stinginess of merchants. She explains to Jesus the reason for their tears.

Jesus addresses the lamb vendor: «Change this lamb for these believers. It is not worthy of the altar, neither is it fair that you should take advantage of two poor old people, only because they are weak and unprotected. »

«And who are You? »

«A just man. »

«By Your way of speaking and Your companions', I know You are a Galilean. Can there be a just man in Galilee? »

«Do what I told you, and be a just man yourself. »

«Listen! Listen to the Galilean Who is defending His equals! And He wants to teach us of the Temple! » The man laughs and jeers, imitating the Galilean accent, which is more musical and softer than the Judaeon, at least I think so.

Many people go near them and other merchants and money-changers take their companion's side against Jesus.

Amongst the people present there are two or three ironical rabbis. One of them asks: «Are You a doctor? », in such a way that even Job would lose his temper.

«Yes, I am. »

«What do You teach? »

«This I teach: to make the House of God a house of prayer and not a usury or a market place. That is what I teach. »

53.4 <sup>4</sup>Jesus is formidable. He looks like the archangel posted on the threshold of Eden. He has no flashing sword in His hand but the beams from His eyes strike the impious mockers like lightning. Jesus has nothing in His hands. All He has is His wrath. And full of wrath, He walks fast and solemn between the benches, He scatters the coins which had been sorted out so meticulously according to their values, He overturns the benches and tables, and everything falls on the ground with great noise, in the bustle of rebounding metals and beaten wood, angry cries, shrieks of terror and shouts of approval. He then snatches from the hands of the stable-boys some ropes with which they were holding oxen, sheep and lambs, and He makes a very hard lash, in which the slip-knots are real scourges: He lifts it, swings it and strikes mercilessly with it. Yes, I can assure you: mercilessly.

The unforeseen storm hits heads and backs. The believers move to one side admiring the scene; the guilty ones, chased as far as the external wall, take to their heels, leaving their money on the ground and abandoning in a great confusion of legs, horns and wings, their animals, some of which run and fly away. The bellows, bleatings, and fluttering of turtle doves and pigeons, added to the burst of laughter and shouting of the believers at the escaping usurers, overcome even the plaintive chorus of lambs, slaughtered in another yard.

53.5 <sup>5</sup>Priests, rabbis and Pharisees rush to the spot. Jesus is still in the middle of the yard, on His way back from the chase. The lash is still in His hands.

«Who are You? How dare You do that, upsetting the prescribed ceremonies? From which school are You? We do not know You, neither do we know where You come from. »

«I am He Who is Mighty. I can do anything. Destroy this true Temple and I will raise it to give praise to God. I am not upsetting the holiness of the House of God or of the ceremonies, but you are perturbing it, allowing His House to become the centre of usurers and merchants. My school is the school of God. The same school that the whole of Israel had when the Eternal God spoke

to Moses. You do not know Me? You will know Me. You do not know where I come from? You will learn. »

⁶And turning towards the people, without noticing the priests <sup>53. 6</sup> any longer, tall in His white tunic, with His mantle open and blowing behind His back, His arms stretched out like an orator at the most important part of his speech, He says: «Listen, Israel! Deuteronomy\* states: “You are to appoint judges and scribes at all the gates... and they must administer an impartial judgement to the people. You must be impartial; you must take no bribes, for a bribe blinds wise men’s eyes and jeopardises the cause of the just. Strict justice must be your ideal, so that you may live in right-ful possession of the land that Yahweh your God is giving you”.

Listen, Israel. Deuteronomy states: “The priests and scribes and the whole of the tribe of Levi shall have no share or inheritance with Israel, because they must live on the foods offered to Yahweh and on His dues; they shall have no inheritance among their brothers, because Yahweh will be their inheritance”.

Listen, Israel. Deuteronomy states: “You must not lend on interest to your brother, whether the lack be of money or food or anything else. You may demand interest on a loan of a foreigner; you will lend without interest to your brother whatever he needs”.

The Lord said that.

But now you see that in Israel judgements are administered without justice for the poor. They are not inclined to justice, but they are partial with the rich, and to be poor, to be of the common people means to be oppressed. How can the people say: “Our judges are just” when they see that only the mighty ones are respected and satisfied, whereas the poor have no one who will listen to them? How can the people respect the Lord, when they see that the Lord is not respected by those who should respect Him more than everyone else? Does he who infringes the Lord’s commandment respect Him? Why then do the priests in Israel possess property and accept bribes from tax-collectors and sinners, who make them offerings to obtain their favours, while they accept gifts to fill their coffers?

God is the inheritance of His priests. He, the Father of Israel, is more than a Father to them and provides them with food, as it

\* Deuteronomy 16: 18-20; 18: 1-2; 23: 20-21.



is just. But not more than what is just. He did not promise money and possessions to His servants of the sanctuary. In eternal life, they will possess Heaven for their justice, as Moses, Elijah, Jacob and Abraham will, but in this world they must have but a linen garment and a diadem of incorruptible gold: *purity and charity*, and their bodies must be subject to their souls, which are to be subject to the true God, and their bodies are not to be masters over their souls and against God.

I have been asked on what authority I do this. And on what authority do they violate God's command and allow in the shade of the sacred walls usury on their brothers of Israel, who have come to obey the divine command? I have been asked from what school I come and I replied: "From God's school" Yes, Israel, I have come from and I will take you back to *that* holy and immutable school.

52. 7 <sup>7</sup>He who wants to know the Light, the Truth, the Way, he who wants to hear once again the voice of God speaking to his people, let him come to Me. You followed Moses through the deserts, Israel. Follow Me, because I shall lead you through a far worse desert, to the true blessed Land. At God's command, I will draw you to it, across an open sea. I will cure you of all evils lifting up My Sign.

The time of Grace has come. The Prophets expected it and died waiting for it. The Prophets prophesied it and died in that hope. The just have dreamt of it and died comforted by that dream. It is now here.

Come. "The Lord is about to judge His people and have mercy on His servants", as He promised through Moses. »

The people crowding around Jesus stand open-mouthed listening to Him. Then they comment on the new Rabbi's words and ask His companions questions.

Jesus goes to another yard, separated from this one only by a porch. His friends follow Him, and the vision ends.

#### **54. The meeting with Judas of Kerioth and Thomas. Simon the Zealot healed of leprosy.**

26<sup>th</sup> October 1944.

54. 1 <sup>1</sup>Jesus is together with His six disciples. Neither the other day

nor today have I seen Judas Thaddeus, who said he wanted to come to Jerusalem with Jesus.

It must still be Passover time, because there is always a lot of people in town.

It is evening and many people are hurrying home. Jesus also goes towards the house where He is a guest. It is not the house of the last Supper, which is in town, although not far from its walls. This house, instead, is a real country house, amongst thick olive-trees. From the rustic open space in front of the house one can see the olive-trees down the terraces of the hill, right down to a little torrent, with very little water, which flows away along the valley formed by two hills: on the top of one there is the Temple, on the other hill there are only olive-trees. Jesus is at the first slopes of the latter hill, which rises smoothly, completely covered with peaceful trees.

«John, there are two men awaiting your friend» says an elderly man, who must be the farmer or the owner of the olive-grove. I would say that John knows him.

«Where are they? Who are they? »

«I don't know. One is certainly a Judaeen. The other... I don't know. I didn't ask him. »

«Where are they? »

«In the kitchen, waiting, and... and... yes... there is another man who is all covered with sores. I made him stay over there, because I am afraid he may be a leper. He says he wants to see the Prophet Who spoke in the Temple. »

Jesus, Who up to this moment had been silent, says: «Let us go to him first. Tell the others to come if they so wish. I will speak to them there, in the olive-grove. » And He makes for the place indicated by the man.

«And what about us? What shall we do? » asks Peter.

«Come, if you want. »

<sup>2</sup>A man, muffled up, is leaning against the rustic wall supporting a terrace, the nearest to the boundary of the property. He must have climbed up there along a path coasting the torrent. 54. 2

When he sees Jesus approaching him, he shouts: «Go back. Back! Have mercy on me! » And he uncovers his trunk dropping his tunic to the ground. If his face is covered with scabs, his trunk is one big sore. Some of the sores have already become deep

wounds, some are like burns, some are whitish and glossy, as if there was a thin white pane of glass on them.

«Are you a leper? What do you want of Me?»

«Don't curse me! Don't stone me. I have been told that the other evening You revealed Yourself as the Voice of God and the Bearer of Grace. I was also told that You gave assurance that by raising Your Sign, You will cure all diseases. Please raise it on me. I have come from the sepulchres... over there... I crept like a snake amongst the bushes near the torrent to reach here without being seen. I waited until evening before leaving because at dusk it is more difficult to see who I am. I dared... I found this man, the man of the house, he is good. He did not kill me. He only said: "Wait over there, near the little wall". Have mercy on me" and as Jesus is going near him, all by Himself, because the six disciples and the landlord, as well as the two strangers, are far away and are evidently disgusted, he adds: «Don't come nearer. Don't! I am infected!» But Jesus proceeds. He looks at him so mercifully, that the man starts crying and kneels down almost touching the ground with his face, moaning: «Your Sign! Your Sign!»

«It will be raised when it is time. But now I say to you: Stand up. Be healed. I want it. And be the sign in this town that must recognise Me. Rise, I say. And do not sin, out of gratitude to God!»

The man rises slowly. He seems to emerge from the long flowery grass as from a shroud... and is healed. He looks at himself in the last dim light of the day. He is healed. He shouts: «I am clean! Oh! What shall I do for You now?»

«You must comply with the Law. Go to the priest. Be good in future. Go.»

The man is on the point of throwing himself at Jesus' feet, but he remembers he is still impure, according to the Law, and he restrains himself. But he kisses his own hand, and throws a kiss to Jesus and weeps. He weeps out of joy.

54. 3     3The others are dumbfounded. Jesus turns away from the healed man and rouses them smiling. «My friends, it was only a leprosy of the flesh. But you will see leprosy fall from hearts. Is it you that wanted Me?» He asks the two strangers. «Here I am. Who are you?»

«We heard You the other evening... in the Temple. We looked for You in town. A man, who said he is a relative of Yours, told us

You stay here. »

«Why are you looking for Me? »

«To follow You, if You will allow us, because You have words of truth. »

«Follow Me? But do you know where I am going? »

«No, Master, but certainly to glory. »

«Yes. But not to a glory of this world. I am going to a glory which is in Heaven and is conquered by virtue and sacrifice. Why do you want to follow Me? » He asks them again.

«To take part in Your glory. »

«According to Heaven? »

«Yes, according to Heaven. »

«Not everybody is able to go there. Because Mammon lays more snares for those yearning for Heaven than for the others. *And only he who has strong willpower can resist.* Why follow Me, if to follow Me implies a continuous struggle against the enemy, which is in us, against the hostile world, and against the Enemy who is Satan? »

«Because that is the desire of our souls, which have been conquered by You. You are holy and powerful. We want to be Your friends. »

«Friends!!! » Jesus is silent and sighs. Then He stares at the one who has spoken all the time and who has now removed the mantle-hood from his head, and is bareheaded. He is Judas of Kerioth. «Who are you? You speak better than a man of the people. »

«I am Judas, the son of Simon. I come from Kerioth. But I am of the Temple. I am waiting for and dreaming of the King of the Jews. I heard You speak like a king. I saw Your kingly gestures. Take me with You. »

«Take you? Now? At once? *No.* »

«Why not, Master? »

«Because it is better to examine ourselves carefully before venturing on very steep roads. »

«Do You not believe I am sincere? »

«You have said it. I believe in your impulsiveness. But I do not believe in your perseverance. Think about it, Judas. I am going away now and I will be back for Pentecost. If you are in the Temple, you will see Me. Examine yourself. <sup>4</sup>And who are you? ».

54. 4

«I am another one who saw You. I would like to be with You. But now I am frightened.»

«No. Presumption ruins people. Fear may be an impediment, but it is a help when it originates from humbleness. Do not be afraid. Think about it, too, and when I come back...»

«Master, You are so holy! I am afraid of not being worthy. Nothing else. Because I do not doubt my love...»

«What is your name?»

«Thomas, also known as Didymus.»

«I will remember your name. Go in peace.»

Jesus dismisses them and He goes into the hospitable house for supper.

54. 5 <sup>5</sup>The six disciples who are with Him want to know many things.

«Why, Master, why did You treat them differently? Because there was a difference. Both of them had the same impulsiveness...» asks John.

«My friend, also the same impulsiveness may have a different taste and bring about a different effect. They both certainly had the same impulsiveness. But they were not the same in their purposes. And the one who appears less perfect is, in fact, more perfect, because he has no incentive to human glory. He loves Me because he loves Me.»

«And so do I.»

«And I, too.»

«And I.»

«And I.»

«And I.»

«And I.»

«I know. I know you for what you are.»

«Are we therefore perfect?»

«Oh! No! But, like Thomas, you will become perfect if you persevere in your desire to love. Perfect?! Oh! My friends! And who is perfect but God?»

«You are!»

«I solemnly tell you that I am not perfect by Myself, if you think I am prophet. No man is perfect. But I am perfect because He Who is speaking to you is the Word of the Father: part of God. His thought that becomes Word. I have Perfection in Myself. And

you must believe Me to be such if you believe that I am the Word of the Father. And yet, see, My friends, I want to be called the Son of man because I lower Myself taking upon Myself all the miseries of man, to bear them as My first scaffold, and cancel them, after bearing them, *without suffering from them Myself*. What a burden, My friends! But I bear it with joy. It is a joy for Me to bear it, because, since I am the Son of mankind, I will make mankind once again the child of God. As it was on the first day. »

Jesus is speaking very gently, sitting at the poor table, gesticulating calmly with His hands on the table, His head slightly inclined to one side, His face lit up from below by a small oil lamp on the table. He smiles gently, He Who formerly was so majestic a Master in His bearing, is now so friendly in His gestures. His disciples are listening to Him carefully.

«Master... why did Your cousin not come, although he knows <sup>54. 6</sup> where You live? »

«My Peter!... You will be one of My stones, *the first one*. But not all the stones can be easily used. Have you seen the marble blocks in the Praetorium building? With hard labour they have been torn away from the bosom of the mountain side, and are now part of the Praetorium. Look instead at those stones down there shining in the moonlight, in the water of the Kidron. They reached the riverbed by themselves, and if anyone wants to take them, they do not put up any resistance. My cousin is like the first stones I am speaking of... The bosom of the mountain side: his family, they contend for him with Me. »

«But I want to be exactly like the stones in the torrent. I am quite prepared to leave everything for You: home, wife, fishing, brothers. Everything, Rabboni, for You. »

«I know, Peter. That is why I love you. Also Judas will come. »

«Who? Judas of Kerioth? I don't care for him. He is a dandy young man, but... I prefer... I prefer myself... » They all laugh at Peter's witty remark. «There is nothing to laugh at. I mean that I prefer a sincere Galilean, a rough fisherman, but without any fraud to... to townsfolk who... I don't know... here: the Master knows what I mean. »

«Yes, I know. But do not judge. We need one another in this world, the good are mixed with the wicked, just like flowers in a » field. Hemlock grows beside the salutary mallow. »

54. 7     7«I would like to ask one thing... »

«What, Andrew? »

«John told me about the miracle You performed at Cana... We were hoping so much that You would perform one at Capernaum... and You said that You would not perform any miracles before fulfilling the Law. Why Cana then? And why here and not in Your own fatherland? »

«To obey the Law is to be united to God and that increases our capabilities. A miracle is the proof of the union with God, as well as of God's benevolent and assenting presence. That is why I wanted to perform My duty as an Israelite, before starting the series of miracles. »

«But You were not bound to fulfil the Law. »

«Why? As the Son of God, I was not. But as a son of the Law, yes, I was. For the time being, Israel knows Me only as such... and, even later, almost everyone in Israel will know Me as such, in fact, even less. But I do not want to scandalise Israel and therefore I obey the Law. »

«You are holy. »

«Holiness does not bar obedience. On the contrary, it makes obedience perfect. Besides everything else, there is a good example to be given. What would you say of a father, of an elder brother, of a teacher, of a priest who did not give good examples? »

«And what about Cana? »

«Cana was to make My Mother happy. Cana is the advance due to My Mother. She anticipates Grace. Here I honour the Holy City, making her, in public, the starting point of My power as Messiah. But there, at Cana, I paid honour to the Holy Mother of God, Full of Grace. The world received Me through Her. It is only fair that My first miracle in the world should be for Her. »

54. 8     8There is a knocking at the door. It is Thomas once again. He goes in and throws himself at Jesus' feet. «Master... I cannot wait until You come back. Let me come with You. I am full of faults, but I have my love, my only real great treasure. It is Yours, it's for You. Let me come, Master... »

Jesus lays His hand on Thomas' head. «You may stay, Didymus. Follow Me. Blessed are those who are sincere and persistent in their will. You are all blessed. You are more than relatives to Me, because you are My children and My brothers, not accord-

ing to the blood, that dies, but according to the will of God and to your spiritual wishes. Now I tell you that I have no closer relative than those who do the will of My Father, and you do it, because you want what is good. »

The vision ends in this way. <sup>9</sup>It is 4 p. m. and the shadows of <sup>54. 9</sup>torpor are already falling upon me: a torpidity I perceive will be violent, a logical consequence of yesterday's painful hour...

But I was very ill also on October the 24th. So much so, that when the vision was over — I wrote it suffering from a headache almost as bad as meningitis — I did not have enough strength to add that at last I saw Jesus dressed as He appears to me when the vision is entirely for me: wearing a soft tunic of white wool just verging to ivory and a mantle of the same shade. The garments He was wearing the first time He revealed Himself as Messiah in Jerusalem.

### **55. A task entrusted to Thomas.**

27<sup>th</sup> October 1944.

<sup>1</sup>This morning, as I recovered my senses after a very heavy <sup>55. 1</sup>torpor which had lasted many hours, while I was praying awaiting daylight, I saw the resumption of the vision.

I say resumption because we are still in the same place: the low, wide kitchen, with its dark, smoky walls, dimly lit up by the small flame of an oil lamp on the rustic table. It is a long narrow table at which eight people are sitting: Jesus and His six disciples, and the landlord, four on each side.

Jesus, sitting on a stool — the only seats here are three-legged stools, real country furniture — is still turned around speaking to Thomas. Jesus' hand has fallen from Thomas' head onto his shoulder. Jesus says: «Stand up, My friend. Have you had any supper yet? »

«No, Master. I walked a few yards with the other fellow who was with me, then I left him and I came back saying that I wanted to speak to the healed leper... I said that because I thought he would disdain approaching an impure man. I guessed right. But I wanted to see You, not the leper... I wanted to say to You: "Please take me"... I wandered up and down the olive-grove until



a young man asked me what I was doing. He must have thought I was ill-disposed. He was near a pillar, at the boundary of the olive-grove. »

The landlord smiles. «It's my son» he explains and adds: «He is on guard at the oil-mill. In the caves under the mill, we still have almost all the crop of the year. It was a very good one and we made a lot of oil. And when there are large crowds about, robbers always get together to plunder unguarded places. Eight years ago, just at Parasceve, they robbed us of everything. Since then we keep a good watch one night each. His mother has gone to take him his supper. »

«Well, he asked me: "What do you want? ", and he spoke in such a tone that to save my back from his stick, I answered at once: "I am looking for the Master Who lives here". He then replied: "If what you say is true, come to the house". And he brought me here. It was he who knocked at the door and he did not go away until he heard my first words. »

«Do you live far away? »

«I live on the other side of the town, near the Eastern Gate. »

«Are you alone? »

«I was with some relatives. But they have gone to stay with other relatives on the road to Bethlehem. I stayed here to look for You day and night, until I found You. »

Jesus smiles and says: «So no one is waiting for you? »

«No, Master. »

«It is a long way, it is a dark night, the Roman patrols are around the town. I say: stay with us, if you wish. »

«Oh! Master! » Thomas is happy.

«Make room for him. And each of us will give something to our brother. » Jesus gives him the portion of cheese He had in front of Him. He explains to Thomas: «We are poor and our supper is almost over. But there is so much heart in those who offer. » And He says to John who is sitting beside Him: «Give your seat to our friend. »

John gets up at once and sits down at the end of the table near the landlord.

55. 2 «Sit down, Thomas, and eat. » <sup>2</sup>And then He says to them all: «You will always behave like that, My friends, according to the law of charity. A pilgrim is already protected by the law of God.

But now, in My name, you must love him even more. When anyone asks you for some bread, a drop of water or a shelter in the name of God, you must give it in the same name. And you will receive your reward from God. You must behave so with everybody. Even with your enemies. And that is the new Law. Up until now you were told:

“Love those who love you and hate your enemies”. I say: “Love also those who hate you”. Oh! if you only knew how much you will be loved by God, if you love as I am telling you! And when anyone says: “I want to be your companion in serving the true Lord God and following His Lamb”, then he must be dearer to you than a brother by blood, because you will be joined by an eternal bond: the bond of Christ. »

«But if someone comes who is not sincere? It is easy to say: “I want to do this or that”. But words do not always correspond to the truth» says Peter, rather irritated. I do not know why, but he is not in his usual jovial mood.

«Peter, listen. What you say is sensible and fair. But, see: it is better to exceed in bounty and trust rather than exceed in distrust and hardness. If you help an undeserving person, what harm will befall you? None. In fact, God’s reward will always be active for you, whereas the person will be guilty of betraying your trust. »

«No harm? Eh! Very often a worthless person is not satisfied with ingratitude, but goes much further, even to the extreme of ruining one’s reputation, wealth and one’s very life. »

«True. But would that diminish your merit? No, it would not. Even if the whole world should believe in slander, even if you became poorer than Job, even if the cruel person should take your life, what would change in the eyes of God? Nothing. Or rather, something would change. But to your advantage. God, to the merits of your bounty, would add the merits of your intellectual, financial, physical martyrdom. »

«Alright! Perhaps it is so. » Peter does not speak any more. He sulkily rests his head on his hand.

<sup>3</sup>Jesus addresses Thomas: «My friend, before, in the olive-<sup>55. 3</sup> grove I said to you: “When I come back here, if you are still willing, you will be one of My disciples”. Now I say to you: “Are you willing to do Jesus a favour? ”»

«Most certainly. »

«And if this favour should cost you some sacrifice? »

«There is no sacrifice in serving You. What is it You want? »

«I wanted to say... but you may have some business, some affections... »

«None, none! I have You! Tell me. »

«Listen. Tomorrow at daybreak the leper will leave the sepulchres to find someone who will inform the priest. You will be the first to go to the sepulchres. It is charity. And you will shout: “Come out, you, the one who was cleansed yesterday. I have been sent by Jesus of Nazareth, the Messiah of Israel, He who cleansed you”. Let the world of the “living dead” know My name, let them throb with hope, and let those come to Me, who will have faith in addition to hope, that I may heal them. It is the first form of purity that I am bringing, the first form of the resurrection, of which I am the lord. One day I will grant a greater purity... One day the sealed tombs will violently expel those who are really dead, and they will appear and laugh with their empty eye sockets, with their bare jaws, because of the rejoicing of the souls freed from Limbo, a remote rejoicing and yet perceived even by skeletons. They will appear to laugh because of this liberation and to throb knowing it is due to... Go! He will come to you. You will do what he asks you to do. You will assist him in everything, as if he were your brother. And you will also say to him: “When you are completely purified, we will go together along the road of the river, beyond Doco and Ephraim. Jesus, the Master, will be waiting for us to tell us in what we have to serve him”. »

«I will do that. And what about the other one? »

«Who? The Iscariot? »

«Yes, Master. »

«The advice I gave him still stands. Let him decide by himself and *let him take a long time*. Even better, avoid seeing him. »

«I will be with the leper. Only lepers wander about in the valley of the sepulchres and those who pitifully are in touch with them. »

55. 4 <sup>4</sup>Peter mumbles something. Jesus hears him.

«What is the matter with you, Peter? You either grumble or are silent. You seem to be discontented. Why? »

«I am discontented. We were the first and You did not work a miracle for us. We were the first and You let a stranger sit beside You. We were the first and You entrust him, not us, with a task. We were the first and... yet, yes, we seem to be the last ones. Why are You going to wait for them on the road near the river? Certainly to entrust them with some mission. Why them, and not us? »

Jesus looks at him. He is not angry. On the contrary He smiles as one smiles at a child. He gets up, goes slowly over to Peter and, smiling, says to him: «Peter! Peter! You are a big, old baby! » And He says to Andrew, who is sitting beside his brother: «Go and take My seat» and He sits beside Peter, clasping his shoulders with His arm, and He speaks to him, holding him thus against His own shoulder: «Peter, you think I am being unfair, but I am not. On the contrary it is a proof that I know what you are worth. Look. Who needs proof? He who is not yet certain. I knew you were so certain about Me, that I did not feel any need to give you evidence of My power. Proof is required here in Jerusalem, where vices, lack of religion, politics and many worldly things dim souls to such an extent that they can no longer see the Light passing by. But up there, on our beautiful lake, so clear under a clear sky, amongst honest and good willing people, no proof is required. You will have miracles. I will pour torrents of graces upon you. But consider how I valued you, I took you without demanding any proof and without finding it necessary to give you any, because I know who you are. You are dear to Me, so dear, and so faithful. »

Peter cheers up: «Forgive me, Jesus. »

«Yes, I forgive you because your sulkiness is a sign of love. But do not be envious any more, Simon of Jonas. Do you know what the heart of your Jesus is? Have you ever seen the sea, the *real* sea? You have? Well, My heart is bigger than the immense sea! And there is room for everybody. For the whole of mankind. And the smallest person has a place just like the greatest. And a sinner finds love just like an innocent. I am entrusting these with a mission. Certainly. Do you want to forbid Me? I chose you. You did not choose yourselves. I am therefore free to decide how I want to employ you. And if I leave them here with a mission — which might well be a test, as the lapse of time granted to the Iscariot may be due to mercy — can you reproach Me? How do

you know that I am not keeping a greater mission for you? And is not the nicest mission to be told: "You will come with me"?

«It is true. I am a blockhead! Forgive me... »

«Yes. I forgive everything. Oh! Peter!... But I beg you all never to discuss merits and positions. I could have been born a king. I was born poor, in a stable. I could have been rich. I lived with My work and now I live out of charity. And yet, believe Me, My friends, there is no one greater than I in the eyes of God. Greater than I am, Who am here: the servant of man. »

«You a servant? Never! »

«Why not, Peter? »

«Because I will serve You. »

«Even if You served Me as a mother serves her child, I have come to serve man. I will be a Saviour for him. What service is there like that? »

«Oh! Master! You explain everything. And what seemed dark becomes clear at once! »

55. 5 «Are you happy now, Peter? <sup>5</sup>Now let Me finish talking to Thomas. Are you sure you will recognise the leper? He is the only one healed; but he may already have left by starlight, to find an early wayfarer. And someone, anxious to enter the town and see his relatives, might perhaps take his place. Listen to his description. I was near him and I saw him well in the twilight. He is tall and thin. Of a dark complexion, like a cross-breed, very deep and dark eyes with snow-white eyebrows, hair as white as linen and somewhat curly, and a long snubbed nose like the Ly-bians', two thick protruding lips particularly the lower one. He is so olive-coloured that his lips verge on violet. He has an old scar on his forehead and it will be the only stain, now that he has been cleaned from scabs and dirt. »

«He must be old, if he is all white. »

«No, Philip, he looks old, but he is not. Leprosy made him white. »

«What is he? A cross-breed? »

«Perhaps, Peter. He resembles African people. »

«Will he be an Israelite, then? »

«We will find out. But suppose he is not? »

«Eh! If he were not, he would go away. He is already lucky that he deserved to be healed. »

«No, Peter. Even if he is an idolater, I will not send him away. Jesus has come for everybody. And I solemnly tell you that people living in darkness will overcome the children of the people of Light... »

Jesus sighs. He then stands up. He thanks the Father with a hymn and blesses everyone.

The vision ends in this way.

<sup>6</sup>I point out incidentally that my internal adviser said to me, since yesterday evening when I saw the leper: «It is Simon, the apostle. You will see him and Thaddeus coming to the Master. » This morning, after Holy Communion (today is Friday) I opened my missal and I saw that this is the eve of the feast of Saints Simon and Judas, and tomorrow's Gospel deals with charity, almost repeating the very words I heard before the vision. However, I have not seen Judas Thaddeus so far. 55. 6

## **56. Simon the Zealot and Judas Thaddeus joined in the same destiny.**

28<sup>th</sup> October 1944.

<sup>1</sup>You are beautiful, o banks of the Jordan, as beautiful as you were in the times of Jesus! I admire you and am enraptured by your solemn green-blue peace, resounding with flowing waters and leafy branches, as sweet as a melody. 56. 1

I am on a road which is quite wide and also well maintained. It must be a highway, or more likely a military road, built by the Romans to link the various regions with the capital. It runs near the river, but not precisely along it. It is in fact separated from it by woodland, the function of which I think is to consolidate the river banks and contain the water in times of flood. The woodland continues on the other side of the road, so that the road looks like a natural tunnel over which the trees interlace their leafy branches, a beneficial protection for wayfarers in the hot climate of this country.

At the point where I am, the river, and consequently the road as well, form a wide bend, so that the leafy embankment appears to me like a huge green barrier built to enclose a basin of calm waters. It almost looks like a lake in a luxury park. But the water

is not as still as the water of a lake. It flows, although slowly. This is evident from its rustling against the first reed thickets, the more daring ones that have grown down there, in the gravel bed, and also from the undulation of the long ribbon-like leaves of the canes, reaching down to the water by which they are sweetly lulled. Also a group of willows, with flexible falling branches, have entrusted the ends of their green foliage to the river, that combs the thin branches with a graceful caress, stretching them softly on the water surface.

There is peace and silence in the early morning. One can only sense the warbling of birds, the rustling of water and leaves, the glittering of dew drops on the tall green grass between the trees, a grass not yet hardened or parched by the summer sunshine, but tender and fresh, since it came up after the springtime showers, which nourished the earth, in its very depth, with moisture and rich juices.

56. 2 <sup>2</sup>Three wayfarers are standing on the road, in the middle of the bend. They look up and down, to the south, where Jerusalem is and to the north, where Samaria lies. They look anxiously between the trees to see whether anyone is arriving as expected. They are Thomas, Judas Thaddeus and the healed leper. They are speaking.

«Can you see anything?»

«No, I can't.»

«Neither can I.»

«And yet this is the place.»

«Are you sure?»

«I'm sure, Simon. One of the six said to me, when the Master was going away amid the acclamations of the crowd, after the miraculous healing of a crippled beggar, who was healed at the Fish Gate: "We are now going out of Jerusalem. Wait for us five miles between Jericho and Doco, at the bend of the river, along the road in the woodland". This one. He also said: "We will be there in three days' time at dawn". This is the third day, and we have been here before dawn.»

«Will He come? Perhaps we should have followed Him from Jerusalem.»

«You were not yet allowed to mix with the crowds, Simon.»

«If my cousin told you to come here, He will certainly come

here. He always keeps His promise. All we can do is wait. »

<sup>3</sup>«Have you always been with Him? »

56. 3

«Yes, always. Since He came back to Nazareth He was my good companion. We were always together. We are about the same age, I am a little older. And I was the favourite of His father, who was my father's brother. Also His Mother was very fond of me. I grew up more with Her than with my own mother. »

«She was fond... Is She no longer as fond of you, now? »

«Oh! Yes, She is. But we have parted a little since He became a prophet. My relatives are not happy about it. »

«Which relatives? »

«My father and the two older brothers. The other one is undecided... My father is very old and I did not have the courage to hurt him. But now... Now, no longer so. Now I am going where my heart and my mind tell me. I am going to Jesus. I don't think I am offending the Law by doing so. In any case... if what I want to do was not right, Jesus would tell me. I will do what He says. Is it right for a father to prevent a son from doing good? If I feel that my salvation is there, why prevent me from reaching it? Why, at times, are our fathers our enemies? »

Simon sighs as if he were overwhelmed by sad memories, he lowers his head, but does not speak.

Thomas instead replies: «I have already overcome the obstacle. My father listened to me and he understood me. He blessed me saying: "Go. May this Passover be for you the liberation from the slavery of waiting. You are lucky because you can believe. I will wait. But if it is really *Him*, and you will find out following Him, then come and say to your old father: 'Come, Israel has the Expected One'". »

«You are luckier than I am. And we always lived beside Him!... And we, in the family, do not believe!... We say, that is: they say: "He has gone mad"! »

<sup>4</sup>«There, there is a group of people» shouts Simon. «It's Him, <sup>56. 4</sup> it's Him! I recognise His fair head! Oh! Come! Let us run! »

They start walking fast southwards. When they reach the centre of the bend, the trees cover the remainder of the road, so that the two groups face each other unexpectedly. Jesus seems to be coming up from the river, because He is among the trees on the bank.



«Master! »

«Jesus! »

«My Lord! »

The three cries of the disciple, the cousin and the cured leper are full of joy and veneration.

«Peace to you! » There is the beautiful, unmistakable, full, resonant, calm, expressive, clear, virile, sweet, incisive voice!

56.5 <sup>5</sup>«You too, Judas, My cousin, are here? »

They embrace each other. Judas is weeping.

«Why are you weeping? »

«Oh! Jesus! I want to stay with You! »

«I have been waiting for you all the time. Why did you not come? »

Judas lowers his head and is silent.

«They did not let you! And now? »

«Jesus, I... I cannot obey them. I want to obey You only. »

«But I did not give you an order. »

«No, You did not. But it is Your mission that gives it! It is He, Who sent You, Who is speaking here, in my heart, and says to me: “Go to Him”. It is She, Who bore You, my sweet teacher, Who with Her gentle look, as mild as a dove’s, says to me without uttering a word: “Be of Jesus! ”. Can I ignore that heavenly voice that pierces my heart? Can I ignore the prayers of such a Holy Woman, Who implores me for my own good? Only because I am Your cousin on Joseph’s side, am I not to acknowledge You for what You are, whereas the Baptist recognised You, although he had never seen You, here, on the banks of this river and he greeted You as the “Lamb of God”? And I, should I not be capable of anything, although I was brought up with You, and I was good because I followed You, and I became a son of the Law through Your Mother, from Whom I learned not the six hundred and thirteen precepts of the rabbis, besides the Scriptures and the prayers, but the essence of them all? »

«And your father? »

«My father? He does not lack bread and assistance, and then... You give me the example. You have thought of the welfare of the people, rather than the little advantage of Mary. And She is alone. Tell me, Master, is it not right for a son to say to his father, without lacking respect: “Father, I love you. But God is above

you and I will follow Him”?” »

«Judas, My cousin and My friend, I tell you: you have made good progress on the way to Light. Come. It is lawful to speak thus to a father, when it is God Who calls. There is nothing above God. Also the laws of relationship cease, that is they are raised to a dignity, because with our tears we give our fathers and mothers a greater help and for something everlasting, not for a short time in this world. We draw them with us to Heaven, and by sacrificing our affections, to God. So, Judas, stay here. I have been waiting for you and I am happy to have you, the friend of My life at Nazareth. »

Judas is touched.

6Jesus addresses Thomas: «You obeyed faithfully. That is the first virtue of a disciple. » <sup>56.6</sup>

«I came because I want to be faithful to You. »

«And you will be. I tell you. And you, who are hiding shyly in the shade, come here. Do not be afraid. »

«My Lord! » The ex-leper is at Jesus' feet.

«Stand up. Your name? »

«Simon. »

«Your family? »

«My Lord... it was powerful... I was powerful too... But bitter sectarian hatred... and errors of youth damaged its power. My father... Oh! I must speak against him who caused me to shed so many earthly tears! You see, You saw the gift he gave me. »

«Was he a leper? »

«He was not. Neither was I. But he suffered from another disease which we in Israel associate with various forms of leprosy. He... his caste was then triumphant, he lived and died as a powerful man, at home. I... if You had not saved me, I would have died in the valley of sepulchres. »

«Are you alone? »

«Yes, I am. I have a faithful servant who looks after what property is left. I sent word to him. »

«And your mother? »

«She... is dead. » The man seems embarrassed.

Jesus looks at him attentively. «Simon, you asked me: “What shall I do for You?” Now I say to you: “Follow Me”. »

«I will, at once, my Lord... But... But I... let me tell You one

thing. I am, I was called “Zealot” because of the caste, and “Cananean”, because of my mother. See. I am of a dark complexion. In my veins there is the blood of a slave woman. My father had no children from his wife, and he had me from a slave. His wife was a good woman and she brought me up as her own son, she took care of me in my endless illnesses until she died... »

«There are no slaves or freemen in the eyes of God. There is only one slavery in His eyes: sin. And I have come to abolish it. I am calling everybody, because the Kingdom is of all men. Are you a learned man? »

«Yes, I am. I also had my position amongst the important people, as long as my disease was hidden under my clothes. But when it spread to my face... My enemies then could not believe they were at last able to confine me amongst the “dead”, although a Roman doctor of Caesarea, when I consulted him, told me that mine was not real leprosy, but hereditary serpigio, which I would spread only by procreation. Is it possible for me not to curse my father? »

«You must not curse him. He has caused you all sorts of trouble... »

«Yes, he did! He was a squanderer, a vicious, cruel, heartless man without any love. He deprived me of my health, he denied me love and peace, he branded me with a shameful name and with a disease which is a mark of infamy... He wanted everything for himself, even his son’s future. He deprived me of everything, also of the joy of being a father. »

«That is why I say to you: “Follow Me”. As My follower you will find father and children. Look up, Simon. There, the True Father is smiling at you. Look at the wide world, at the continents, at the countries: there are children and children everywhere; children of the souls for the childless. They are waiting for you, and many like you are also waiting. There are no foundlings under My Sign. There is no solitude, no difference in My Sign. It is a sign of love, and it gives love. <sup>56.7</sup>Come, My childless Simon. Come, Judas, who are losing your father for My sake. I join you in the same destiny. »

They are both beside Him. He is holding His hands on their shoulders as if He were taking possession of them and imposing a common yoke on them. He then says: «And I unite you togeth-

er. But now I will separate you. Simon, you will stay here with Thomas. You will prepare with him the way for My return: I will be back soon, and I want the people to be waiting for Me. Tell the sick people that He Who can cure their illnesses is about to come here: you can certainly tell them that. Tell those who are waiting, that the Messiah is among His people. Tell the sinners that He Who forgives has come to give them strength to rise... »

«Will we be able to do that? »

«Yes, you will. All you have to say is: “He has come. He calls you. He is waiting for you. He has come to grant you graces. Come here to see Him”, and to these words add a report of what you know. And you, Judas, My cousin, come with Me and these. But you will stay at Nazareth. »

«Why, Jesus? »

«Because you must prepare My way in My fatherland. Do you think it is a small mission? I can tell you that there is not a harder one... » Jesus sighs.

«And will I succeed? »

«You will and you will not. But it will be sufficient to be justified. »

«Justified of what? And with whom? »

«With God. With your fatherland. With your family. They will not be able to reproach us, because we offered good things: and if the fatherland and the family will disdain our offer, we shall not be blamed for their loss. »

«And what about us? »

«You, Peter? You will go back to your fishing nets. »

«Why? »

«Because I will teach you slowly and I will take you with Me, when I find that you are ready. »

«But will we see You, then? »

«Certainly. I will often come to see you, or I will send for you when I am at Capernaum. Now, let us say goodbye, My friends and let us go. I bless you, who are staying here. May My peace be with you. »

And the vision ends.

## 57. In Nazareth with Judas Thaddeus and other six disciples.

31<sup>st</sup> October 1944.

57. 1 <sup>1</sup> Jesus is near Nazareth with His cousin and the six disciples. From the top of the hill where they are, the white village can be seen amongst the green of the trees, with its houses scattered up and down the sweetly undulating slopes, gently declining in some cases, more steep in others.

«Here we are, My friends. That is My house. My Mother is at home because there is smoke rising from the house. Perhaps She is baking. I will not ask you to stay with Me, because I imagine you will be anxious to go to your homes. But if you wish to share My bread with Me and meet My Mother, Whom John has already met, then I say to You: "Come". »

The six disciples, who were already sad because of the impending separation, are all happy again and they accept the invitation wholeheartedly.

«Let us go, then. »

They go down the hillock quickly and take to the main road. It is evening. It is still warm, but the shades of evening are falling over the country, where the crops are beginning to ripen.

They go into the village. Women are coming and going from the fountain, men standing on the thresholds of their little workshops or working in the kitchen gardens wave to Jesus and James.

The children press round Jesus.

«Have You come back? »

«Are You staying here, now? »

«The wheel of my little barrow is broken again. »

«Do You know, Jesus. I have a new baby sister, and they have called her Mary. »

«The schoolmaster told me that I have learned everything and that I am a true son of the Law. »

«Sarah is not here, because her mother is very ill. She cries, because she is afraid. »

«My brother Isaac got married. We had a lovely feast. »

Jesus listens, caresses, praises, promises His help.

57. 2 <sup>2</sup>And they reach the house thus. Mary is already at the door, as a thoughtful boy informed Her.

«Son! »

«Mother! »

They are in each other's arms. Mary, Who is much smaller than Jesus, is leaning with Her head on Her Son's chest, clasped in His arms. He kisses Her blond hair. They enter the house.

The disciples, including Judas, remain outside, to leave Jesus and Mary free in their first effusions.

«Jesus! My Son! » Mary's voice trembles, as if it were choked with sobs.

«Why, Mother, why are You so upset? »

«Oh! Son. They told Me... In the Temple, that day, there were some Galileans and some Nazarenes... They came back... and they told Me... Oh! Son! »

«But You can see, Mother, that I am well. I suffered no harm. God was glorified in His House. »

«Yes, I know, Son of My heart. I know it was like the blare awaking the sleepers. And I am happy for the glory given to God... I am happy that these people of Mine awake to God... I am not reproaching You... I will not be a hindrance to You... I understand You and... and I am happy, but I begot You, Son!... » Mary is still clasped by Jesus' arms and She has spoken holding Her little open hands pressed against Her Son's chest, Her head turned up towards Him, Her eyes shining with tears ready to run down Her cheeks. She is now silent, leaning Her head on His chest. She looks like a grey turtle-dove, in Her greyish dress, sheltered by two strong white wings, because Jesus still wears His white tunic and mantle.

«Mother! Poor Mother! Dear Mother!...» Jesus kisses Her again. <sup>3</sup>He then says: «Well, see? I am here, but I am not alone. I have My first disciples with Me, and the other ones are in Judaea. Also My cousin Judas is with Me and follows Me... » 57. 3

«Judas? »

«Yes, Judas. I know why You are surprised. Among those who told You what happened, there certainly was Alphaeus with his sons, and I am not mistaken if I tell You that they criticised Me. But do not be afraid. Today it is so, tomorrow it will be different. A man is to be cultivated like the soil, and where there are thorns, there will be roses. Judas, of whom You are so fond, is already with Me. »

«Where is he now? »

«Outside with the others. Have You got enough bread for everybody? »

«Yes, Son. Mary of Alphaeus is taking it out of the oven just now. Mary is very good to Me, particularly now. »

«God will give her glory. » He goes to the door and calls: «Judas! Your mother is here! Come in, My friends! »

They go in and greet Jesus' Mother. Judas kisses Her and then runs looking for his mother.

Jesus introduces the five disciples indicating their names: Peter, Andrew, James, Nathanael, Philip; because John, who has already met Mary, spoke to Her immediately after Judas, bowing down to Her and receiving Her blessing.

57. 4 <sup>4</sup>Mary greets them and asks them to sit down. She is the landlady and although adoring Her Jesus with Her glances — Her soul seems to be speaking to Her Son through Her eyes — She takes care of Her guests. She would like to bring some water to refresh them, but Peter objects: «No, Woman. I cannot allow that. Please sit near Your Son, Holy Mother. I will go, we will all go into the kitchen garden to refresh ourselves. »

Mary of Alphaeus rushes in, flushed and covered with flour, she greets Jesus Who blesses her, she then leads the six men into the kitchen garden, to the fountain, and comes back happy. «Oh! Mary! » she says to the Virgin. «Judas told me. How happy I am! For Judas and for You, my dear sister-in-law. I know that the others will scold me. But it does not matter. I will be happy the day I know that they are all for Jesus. We are mothers and we know... we feel what is good for our children. And I feel that You, Jesus, are the wealth of my children. »

Jesus caresses her head and smiles at her.

The disciples come back in and Mary of Alphaeus serves them sweet-smelling bread, olives and cheese. She then brings a small amphora of red wine, which Jesus pours out to his friends. It is always Jesus Who offers and then hands things out.

57. 5 <sup>5</sup>At first the disciples are somewhat embarrassed, then they become more sure of themselves and they speak about their houses, of the journey to Jerusalem, of the miracles worked by Jesus. They are full of zeal and affection and Peter endeavours to form an alliance with Mary in order to be taken by Jesus at once, with-

out having to wait at Bethsaida.

«Do what He tells you» urges Mary, with a gentle smile. «The wait will be more useful to you than an immediate union. Whatever My Jesus does is always well done.»

Peter's hope vanishes. But he submits with good grace. He only asks: «Will it be a long wait?»

Jesus smiles at him, but does not say anything.

Mary interprets Jesus' smile as a favourable sign and She explains: «Simon of Jonas, He is smiling... I therefore say to you: as fast as a swallow's flight over the lake will be the time of your obedient waiting.»

«Thank You, Woman.»

«Have you nothing to say, Judas? And you, John?»

«I am looking at You, Mary.»

«And I.»

«I am also looking at you... and do you know? This reminds Me of bygone days. Also then I had three pairs of eyes staring at Me lovingly. Do you remember, Mary, My three pupils?»

«Oh! I do remember! You are quite right! And even now, three of almost the same age, are looking at You with all their love. And I think that John is like Jesus, as Jesus was then, so fair and rosy, the youngest of them all.»

The others are anxious to know more... and memories and stories of the past are awakened and related. It is growing dark. -

«My friends, I have no bedrooms. But the workshop where I used to work is over there. If you wish to take shelter there... But there is nothing but benches in it.»

«A comfortable bed for fishermen, used to sleeping on narrow boards. Thank You, Master. It is an honour and a blessing to sleep under Your roof.»

They withdraw after saying goodnight. Judas also goes home with his mother.

Jesus and Mary are left in the room, sitting on the chest, in the light of the little oil lamp, each with one arm round the other's shoulder, and Jesus tells Mary of His recent journey. And Mary listens blissful, anxious, happy.

The vision ends in this way.



## 58. The healing of a blind man in Capernaum after a fishing lesson applied to the souls.

7<sup>th</sup> October 1944.

58. 1 <sup>1</sup>Jesus says, and I become calm at once and the joy of such bright peace makes my heart cheerful: «See. He is so fond of episodes of blind people. Let us give him another one.» And I see.

58. 2 <sup>2</sup>I see a beautiful summer sunset. The sun has inflamed the whole of the western sky and the Lake of Gennesaret looks like a huge disc aflame, under a sky ablaze.

The streets in Capernaum are just beginning to become crowded; women go to the fountain, fishermen prepare their nets and boats to go fishing at night, children run playing in the streets, little donkeys carrying hampers go towards the country, probably to get vegetables.

Jesus appears at a door which opens onto a little yard completely shaded by a vine and a fig-tree. Beyond it there is a stony lane, that runs along the lake. It must be Peter's house\*, because he is on the shore with Andrew, arranging the fish baskets and nets in the boat, and sorting the seats and coils of rope. He is preparing everything to go fishing, and Andrew is helping him, coming and going from the house to the boat.

58. 3 <sup>3</sup>Jesus asks His apostle: «Will you have a good haul? »

«The weather is right. The water is calm, it will be clear moonlight. The fish will come to the surface from the bottom and my net will drag them. »

«Are we going by ourselves? »

«Oh! Master! How could we manage by ourselves with this type of net. »

«I have never gone fishing and I expect to be taught by you. »  
Jesus goes down very slowly towards the lake and He stops near the boat, on the coarse, pebbly sands.

«See, Master: this is what we do. I go out beside the boat of James of Zebedee, and we go thus to the right point, both boats together. Then we lower the net. We hold one end. You said You wanted to hold it. »

«Yes, if you tell Me what I have to do. »

\* Peter's house: M.V. in a note, clarifies to be his mother-in-law's instead.

«Oh! You only have to watch it going down. It must be lowered slowly without making any knots. Very slowly, because we will be in a fishing area, and any harsh movement may drive the fish away. Without knots, otherwise the net would close up, whereas it must open like a bag, or if You prefer so, like a veil blown by the wind. Then, when the net is fully lowered, we will row gently, or we may set sail, according to circumstances, forming a semicircle on the lake. And when we understand by the vibration of the safety peg that the haul is good, we head for the shore. When we are almost on the shore — not before to avoid running the risk of losing all the fish; not after, to avoid damaging both the fish and net on the stones — we will haul in the net. At this point we must be very careful, because the boats must be so close as to allow one boat to catch the end of the net from the other one, but they must not collide, to avoid crushing the netful of fish. <sup>4</sup>Please, Master, be careful, it is our daily bread. Keep an <sup>58. 4</sup> eye on the net, that jolts may not overturn it. The fish fight for their freedom with strong strokes of their tails, and if there is a lot of them... You will understand... They are small things, but if ten, one hundred, a thousand get together, they become as strong as Leviathan.»

«The same happens with sins, Peter. After all, one fault is not irreparable. But if one is not careful in controlling oneself, and one adds fault to fault, at the end a little fault, perhaps a single omission, or a simple weakness, becomes bigger and bigger, it becomes a habit, it becomes a capital vice. At times one starts with a lustful glance and ends up by committing adultery. At times, while simply lacking charity when speaking to a relative, one ends up by doing violence to one's neighbour. Never, never allow faults to increase in seriousness and in numbers, if you wish to avoid trouble! They become dangerous and overbearing like the infernal Snake himself, and they will drag you down into Gehenna.»

«What You say is right, Master... But we are so weak!»

«Care and prayer are necessary to become strong and obtain help, together with a strong will not to sin. And you must have full trust in the loving justice of the Father.»

«Do You think He will not be too severe with poor Simon?»

«He might have been severe with the old Simon. But with My

Peter, with the new man, the man of His Christ... no, Peter, He will not. He loves you and will love you. »

«And what about me? »

«You, too, Andrew; and John, James, Philip and Nathanael as well. You are the first chosen by Me. »

58.5 <sup>5</sup>«Will there be any more? There is Your cousin, and in Judaea... »

«Oh! There will be many more. My Kingdom is open to all mankind and I solemnly tell you that My haul, in the nights of centuries, will be more plentiful than your richest one... Because every century is one night in which not the pure light of Orion or of the sailing moon will be the guide and light of mankind, but the word of Christ and the Grace He will bestow; a night that will become the dawn of a day with no sunset and of a light in which all the faithful will live, and will be the dawn of a sunshine that will make all the chosen resplendent, beautiful, happy forever even like gods. Minor gods, children of God the Father and like Me... It is not possible for you to understand now. But I solemnly tell you that your Christian life will cause you to resemble your Master, and you will shine in Heaven with His signs. So, notwithstanding the envious malice of Satan and the weak will of men, My haul will be more plentiful than yours. »

«But shall we be Your only apostles? »

«Are you jealous, Peter? No, don't be! Others will come and in My heart there will be love for everybody. Don't be greedy, Peter. You do not yet know Who loves you. Have you ever counted the stars? Or the stones in the depth of the lake? No, you could not. And even less you would be able to count the loving throbs of which My heart is capable. Have you ever been able to count how many times this lake kisses the shore with its waves in the course of twelve moons? No, you would never be able to do so. And even less you would be able to count the loving waves that My heart pours out to kiss men. Be sure of My love, Peter. »

Peter takes Jesus' hand and kisses it. He is deeply moved.

Andrew looks, but does not dare take Jesus' hand. But Jesus caressing his hair with His hand says: «I love you very much, too. In the hour of your dawn, without having to lift your eyes, you will see your Jesus reflected in the vault of heaven, and He will be smiling at you to say to you: "I love you. Come", and your passing

away at dawn will be sweeter than entering a nuptial room... »

6«Simon! Simon! Andrew! Here I am... I am coming... » John <sup>58. 6</sup> is rushing towards them, panting. «Oh! Master! Have I kept You waiting?» John looks at Jesus with the eyes of a lover.

Peter answers: «To tell you the truth, I was beginning to think you were no longer coming. Get your boat ready quickly. And James?... »

«Well... we are late because of a blind man. He thought Jesus was in our house and he came there. We said to him: “He is not here. Perhaps He will cure you tomorrow. Just wait”. But he did not want to wait. James said to him: “You have been waiting so long to see the light, what does it matter if you have to wait another night?” But he will not listen to reason... »

«John, if you were blind, would you be anxious to see your mother?»

«Eh!.. most certainly!»

«Well then? Where is the blind man?»

«He is coming with James. He got hold of his mantle and will not let it go. But he is coming very slowly because the shore is covered with stones, and he stumbles against them... Master, will You forgive me for being hard?»

«Yes, I will, but to make amends, go and help the blind man and bring him to Me.»

John runs away.

Peter shakes his head, but does not say anything. He looks at the sky which is becoming blue after being a deep copper hue, he looks at the lake and the other boats which are already out fishing and he sighs.

«Simon?»

«Master?»

«Don't be afraid. You will have a good haul, even if you are the last one to go out.»

«Also this time?»

«Every time you are charitable, God will grant you the grace of abundance.»

7«Here is the blind man.»

58. 7

The poor man is coming forward between James and John. He is holding a walking stick in his hand, but is not using it *at present*. He walks better, supported by the two men.

«Here, man, the Master is in front of you. »

The blind man kneels down: «My Lord! Have mercy on me. »

«Do you want to see? Stand up. How long have you been blind? »

The four apostles gather around the other two.

«Seven years, Lord. Before, I could see well, and I worked. I was a blacksmith at Caesarea on Sea. I was doing well. The harbour, the good trading, they always needed me for one job or another. But while striking a piece of iron to make an anchor, and You can imagine how red hot it was to be pliable, a splinter came off it, and burnt my eye. My eyes were already sore because of the heat of the forge. I lost the wounded eye, and also the other one became blind after three months. I have finished all my savings, and now I live on charity... »

«Are you alone? »

«I am married with three little children...; I have not even seen the face of one of them... and I have an old mother. And yet she and my wife earn a little bread, and with what they earn and the alms I take home, we manage not to starve. If I were cured!... I would go back to work. All I ask for is to be able to work like a good Israelite and thus feed those I love. »

«And you came to Me? Who told you? »

«A leper who was cured by You at the foot of Mount Tabor, when You were coming back to the lake after that beautiful speech of Yours. »

«What did he tell you? »

«That You can do everything. That You are the health of bodies and of souls. That You are a light for souls and bodies, because You are the Light of God. He, although a leper, had dared to mingle with the crowd, at the risk of being stoned, all wrapped in his mantle, because he had seen You passing by on the way to the mountain, and Your face had kindled hope in his heart. He said to me: "I saw something in that face that whispered to me: "There is health there. Go!" And I went". Then he repeated Your speech to me and he told me that You cured him, touching him with Your hand, without any disgust. He was coming back from the priest after his purification. I knew him. I had done some work for him when he had a store at Caesarea. I came, asking for You in every town and village. Now I have found

You... Have mercy on me! »

<sup>8</sup>«Come. The light is still too bright for one coming out of darkness! »

«Are you going to cure me, then? »

Jesus takes him to Peter's house, in the dim light of the kitchen garden, he places him in front of Himself, in such a position that his cured eyes may not see, as first sight, the lake still sparkling with light. The man looks like a very docile child, he obeys without asking questions.

«Father! Your Light to this son of Yours! » Jesus has stretched His hands over the head of the kneeling man. He remains in that position for a moment. He then moistens the tips of His fingers with saliva and with His right hand He lightly touches the open, but lifeless eyes.

A moment. Then the man blinks, rubs his eyelids as if he were awakening from sleep, and his eyes were dimmed.

«What do you see? »

«Oh!... oh!... oh!... Eternal God! I think... I think... oh! that I can see... I see Your mantle... it's red, isn't it? And a white hand... and a woolen belt... oh! Good Jesus... I can see better and better, the more I get used to seeing... There is the grass of the earth... and that is certainly a well... and there is a vine... »

«Stand up, My friend. »

The man who is crying and laughing, stands up, and after a moment's hesitation between respect and desire, he lifts his face and meets Jesus' eyes: Jesus smiling full of merciful love. It must be beautiful to recover your sight and see that face as the first thing! The man screams and stretches out his arms. It is an instinctive action. But he controls himself.

But Jesus opens His arms and draws to Himself the man who is much shorter than He. «Go home, now, and be happy and just. Go with My peace. »

«Master, Master! Lord! Jesus! Holy! Blessed! The light... I see... I see everything... There is the blue lake, the clear sky, the setting sun, and then the horns of the waxing moon... But it is in Your eyes that I see the most beautiful and clear blue, and in You I see the beauty of the most real sun, and the chaste light of the blessed moon. You are the Star of those who suffer, the Light of the blind, the living active Mercy! »

«I am the Light of souls. Be a son of the Light. »

«Yes, Jesus, always. Every time I close my re-born eyes, I will renew my oath. May You and the Most High be blessed. »

«Blessed be the Most High Father! Go! »

And the man goes away, happy, sure of himself, while Jesus and the dumbfounded apostles get into two boats and begin their navigation manoeuvres.

And the vision ends.

### **59. A possessed man healed in the synagogue of Capernaum at the end of a dispute.**

2<sup>nd</sup> November 1944.

59. 1     <sup>1</sup>I see the synagogue of Capernaum. It is already crowded with people waiting. People near the door cast glances at the square, which is still sunny, though it is almost evening. At last there is a shout: «The Rabbi is coming. » They all turn towards the door, the shorter people stand on their toes or endeavour to push their way to the front. Some start discussing and shoving, notwithstanding the reproaches of those employed in the synagogue and of the elders of the town.

«May peace be with all those seeking the Truth.» Jesus is at the entrance and He greets them, blessing with His arms stretched forward. His tall figure stands out against the very bright light in the sunny square. He has taken off His white mantle and is wearing the usual deep blue one. He makes His way through the crowd, which opens out and then throngs around Him, like the waves round a ship.

59. 2     <sup>2</sup>«I am ill, heal me! » moans a young man who appears to be consumptive, and pulls Jesus by His mantle.

Jesus lays His hands on his head and says: «Have faith. God will listen to you. Let Me speak to the people now, then I will come to you. »

The young man lets Him go and calms down.

«What did He say to you? » asks a woman holding a child in her arms.

«He said that after He has spoken to the people, He will come to me. »

«Is He going to heal you then?»

«I don't know. He said to me: "Have faith". I can only hope.»

«What did He say? What did He say?»

The people want to know. Jesus' answer is repeated through the crowd.

«In that case, I am going to get my child.»

«And I am bringing my old father here.»

«Oh! If Aggaeus would only come! I'll try... but he will not come.»

<sup>3</sup>Jesus has reached His place. He greets the head of the synagogue who exchanges the greeting. He is a small, stout, rather elderly man. When speaking to him Jesus bends down. It is like a palm bending over a shrub which is wider than it is taller. 59. 3

«What shall I give You?» asks the little man.

«Whatever you wish, or anything at random. The Spirit will be our guide.»

«But... will You be prepared?»

«I am. Give me a roll at random. I tell you: the Spirit of the Lord will guide the choice for the sake of this people.»

The head of the synagogue stretches his hand out to the pile of rolls, he picks one and unrolls it, he stops at a certain point. «Here» he says.

Jesus takes the roll and starts reading at the shown point\*: «Joshua: "Rise and sanctify the people and say to them: 'Sanctify yourselves for tomorrow, because the Lord of Israel declares: the ban is now among you, Israel; you can never stand up to your enemies until you take from among you him who is contaminated by such crime'". » He stops, He rolls the parchment and hands it back.

The crowd is most attentive. Only one whispers: «We shall hear some very nice words against our enemies!» «It is the King of Israel, the Promised One, Who gathers His people together!»

<sup>4</sup>Jesus stretches out His arms in His usual oratorical attitude. Silence is now perfect. 59. 4

«He who came to sanctify you has risen. He has come out from the secrecy of His house, where He prepared Himself for this mission. He purified Himself to give you an example of purifi-

\* at the shown point: *Joshua 7: 13.*



cation. He established His position with the mighty ones in the Temple and with the people of God, and is now amongst you. It is I. Not as some of you think and hope, with clouded minds and unrest in their hearts. The Kingdom of which I am the future King and to which I call you is more notable and greater.

I am calling you, Israel, before any other people, because in the fathers of your fathers you received the promise of this hour and of the alliance with the Most High Lord. But His Kingdom will not be established with armed multitudes or wild blood shedding and neither the violent nor the overbearing, the proud, the wrathful, the envious, the lustful, the greedy will enter it but only the good, the meek, the continent, the merciful, the humble, the patient and those who love God and their neighbours will be admitted.

Israel! You are not asked to fight against external enemies, but against internal ones. Against those who are in all your hearts. In the hearts of thousands and thousands of your children. Remove the barrier of sin from all your hearts, if you want God to gather you together tomorrow and say to you: "My people, yours is the Kingdom that will never be defeated, or invaded, or undermined by enemies".

Tomorrow. Which tomorrow? In a year or a month's time? Oh! Do not be inquisitive! Do not allow an unhealthy thirst to inquire into the future by means which taste of guilty witchcraft. Leave the Python spirit to the heathens. Leave to Eternal God the secrecy of time. As from tomorrow, the morrow that will rise after this evening, and the morrow that will come after tonight and will rise at cock-crow, come and be purified by *sincere* penance.

Repent of your sins to be forgiven and to be ready for the Kingdom. Remove from yourselves the barrier of sin. Each of you has his own. Each has the one against the ten commandments of eternal salvation. Examine your consciences with sincerity and you will find your errors. Repent with sincere humbleness. You must repent. Not just with your mouths. You cannot laugh at or deceive God. But repent with a firm will, that will make you change your ways of living and return to the Law of the Lord. The Kingdom of Heaven is waiting for you. Tomorrow.

Tomorrow? you may ask. Oh! the hour of God is always an ear-

ly morrow, even when it comes at the end of a life as long as the Patriarchs'. Eternity does not use as a measure of time the slow flowing of a sandglass. And the measures of time which you call days, months, years, centuries are but heartbeats of the Eternal Spirit that keeps you alive. But your souls are eternal and you must adopt the same measure of time for your souls as your Creator does. You must, therefore, say: "Tomorrow will be the day of my death". No, not death for the faithful. But rest of expectation, waiting for the Messiah to open the gates of Heaven.

And I solemnly tell you that only twenty-seven of you here present will die and have to wait. The rest will be judged before their death, and their death will be a transition to God or Mammon without any delay because the Messiah has come, He is amongst you and calls you to give you the Gospel, to teach you the Truth and save you in Heaven.

Do penance! The "morrow" of the Kingdom of Heaven is impending. May it find you pure so that you may possess the eternal day.

Peace be with you. »

<sup>5</sup>A bearded sumptuously dressed Israelite stands up to contradict Him. He says: «Master, what You have stated appears to be in contrast with what is said in the second book of Maccabees, glory of Israel. It is said there: "Indeed when evil-doers are not left for long to their own devices but incur swift retribution, it is, a sign of great benevolence. In the case of the other nations, the Lord waits patiently for them to obtain the full measure of their sins, before He punishes them". According to what You said, instead, the Most High would appear to be very slow in punishing us, waiting, as for the other nations, the time of Judgement, when the measure of sins is full. Events, indeed, give You the lie. Israel is punished as stated by the historian of the Maccabees. But if what You say is correct, is there no conflict between Your doctrine and the sentence I have quoted?» 59.5

«I do not know who you are, but I will give you My answer, whoever you are. There is no conflict in the doctrine, but only in the interpretation of the words. You interpret them in a human sense, I, instead, in a spiritual one. You see everything as referred to the present time and transient things, and you represent the majority of people who think likewise. I represent God and I

explain and apply everything to eternal and supernatural matters. It is true, Yahweh did strike you at present because of your pride and because you considered yourselves a "nation" according to the world. But how much He loved you and how patient He is with you, more than with anyone else, granting you the Saviour, His Messiah, that you may listen to Him and be saved before the hour of the wrath of God! He does not want you to be sinners any longer. But if He struck you in the fleeting worldly things, seeing that the injury does not cure your souls, on the contrary it makes them duller and duller, He does not inflict a further punishment, but He grants you salvation. He sends you Him Who cures and saves you! I, Who am speaking to you. »

59. 6 «Do You not consider Yourself bold in avowing Yourself a representative of God? None of the Prophets dared so much and You... Who are You, Who are speaking? And by whose order do You speak? »

«The Prophets could not say of themselves what I state of Myself. Who am I? The Expected One, The Promised One, the Saviour. You have already heard His Precursor say: "Prepare the way for the Lord... Here the Lord God is coming... Like a shepherd He will feed His flock, although He is the Lamb of the true Passover". Many amongst you heard these words from the Precursor and they saw the heavens brighten with a light that descended in the shape of a dove and they heard a voice speak and say who I am. By whose order do I speak? By the order of Him Who is and Who sends Me. »

«You say that, but You may be a liar or a dreamer. Your words are holy, but Satan sometimes uses deceitful words painted with holiness to deceive people. We do not know You. »

«I am Jesus of Joseph of the House of David, I was born at Bethlehem Ephrathah, as was promised, named Nazarene, because I live at Nazareth. And that according to the world. According to God I am His Messenger. My disciples know. »

«Oh! They! They can say what they like or what You tell them to say. »

«Another will speak, who does not love Me, and will say Who I am. Wait till I call one of the people present here. »

59. 7 <sup>7</sup>Jesus looks at the crowd, who are astonished and annoyed at the dispute, and divided between the two opposite doctrines.

He looks for someone with His sapphire eyes, and then in a loud voice He calls: «Aggaeus! Come here. It is an order. »

There is great excitement in the crowd. They open out to let a man pass, who is violently shaking all over his body and is supported by a woman.

«Do you know this man? »

«Yes, he is Aggaeus, of Malachi, of Capernaum. He is possessed by an evil spirit which tortures him with sudden fits of fury. »

«Does everybody know him? »

The crowd shout: «Yes, we do. »

«Can any of you say that he has spoken to Me, even for a few minutes? »

The crowd shout: «No, no, he is half-witted, he never leaves his house, and nobody has seen You in it. »

«Woman, bring him here in front of Me. »

The woman pushes and drags him, while the poor man trembles more than ever.

The head of the synagogue warns Jesus: «Be careful! The devil is about to torture him... and then he rushes at people, scratches and bites them. »

The crowd moves away thronging against the walls.

Jesus and the man are now facing each other. There is a moment's struggle. The man, used to being dumb, seems to have difficulty in speaking, he moans, then his voice turns into words: «What is there between us and You, Jesus of Nazareth? Why have You come to torture us? Why do You want to destroy us, You, the Lord of Heaven and Earth? I know who You are: the Holy of God. No one, in human flesh, was ever greater than You, because in Your flesh of man is enclosed the Spirit of the Eternal Winner. You have already beaten me in... »

<sup>8</sup>«Be quiet! I order you to come out of this man. »

59. 8

The man has a fit of strange convulsions. He is tossed about by jerks and thrusts, as if someone pulled and pushed him, violently ill-treating him, he shouts in a wild voice, foams at his mouth, and is then thrown down onto the ground. He gets up, astonished and cured.

«Have you heard? What do you say now? » Jesus asks His opponent.

The bearded sumptuous man shrugs his shoulders and, obviously beaten, goes out without replying. The crowd scoff at him and applaud Jesus.

«Silence! This place is sacred! » says Jesus and He orders: «Bring Me the man to whom I promised help from God. »

The sick man comes forward. Jesus caresses him: «You believed Me! Be cured. Go in peace and be just. »

The young man lets out a yell. I wonder what he feels. He kneels down before Jesus, kisses His feet thanking Him: «Thanks from me and from my mother! »

Other sick people come: a little boy with paralysed legs. Jesus takes him in His arms, caresses him and puts him down... and leaves him. The child does not fall, but runs to his mother, who clasps him to her heart, weeping, and in a loud voice blesses «the Holy One of Israel». A little old blind man comes, led by his daughter. He also is cured with a caress on his diseased eyes.

There is a roar of blessing from the crowd.

Jesus makes His way through the crowd smiling, and although He is tall, He would not succeed in pushing through, if Peter, James, Andrew and John did not work generously with their elbows, to make their way and reach Jesus, and then escort Him to the exit onto the square, which is now dark.

The vision ends in this way.

## **60. The healing of Simon Peter's mother-in-law.**

3<sup>rd</sup> November 1944.

60.1 <sup>1</sup>Peter is speaking to Jesus. He says: «Master, I would like to ask You to come to my house. I did not dare to ask You last Sabbath. But... I would like You to come. »

«To Bethsaida? »

«No, here... to my wife's house. I mean her home. »

«Why do you want that, Peter? »

«Well, for many reasons... also because today I was told that my mother-in-law is ill. If You would heal her, perhaps she... »

«Tell Me, Simon. »

«What I wanted to say is... if You go to her, she would stop... yes, well, You know, it is not the same thing to hear people speak

of someone and to see and listen to someone, and if the person in question heals... well... »

«You mean also the ill-feeling would come to an end? »

«No, not exactly ill-feeling. But, You know... there are many opinions in the village, and she... does not know whom she should listen to. Come, Jesus. »

«I will come. Let us go. You will tell those who are waiting for Me that I will speak to them from your house. »

<sup>2</sup>They go as far as a low house, even lower than Peter's house at <sup>60.2</sup> Bethsaida, and it is also closer to the lake. It is separated from the lake by the pebbly shore and I think that when there is a storm, the waves break against the walls of the house, which, while being low, is very wide, as if several people lived in it.

In the kitchen garden in front of the house, facing the lake, there is only an old gnarled vine, supported by a rustic pergola, and an old fig-tree which the winds, blowing from the lake, have bent towards the house. The ruffled foliage of the tree brushes the walls of the house and beats against the shutters of the little windows, which are now closed as a protection against the bright sunshine. There is nothing but the vine and the fig-tree and a greenish little wall of a low well.

«Come in, Master. »

There are some women in the kitchen, some are busy mending the nets, some are preparing the food. They greet Peter and they bow embarrassed to Jesus, peering up at Him curiously.

«Peace be to this house. How is the patient? »

«Tell Him, you who are the oldest daughter-in-law» three of the women say to another one, who is drying her hands on the edge of her dress.

«Her temperature is very high. The doctor has seen her and he said she is too old to get better and that when the disease goes from the bones to the heart, and gives a temperature, one dies, particularly at an old age. She will not eat any more... I try and prepare something good, even now, see, Simon, I was preparing the soup she used to like so much. I chose the best fish that I got from my brothers-in-law. But I do not think she will be able to eat it. And... she is so restless! She complains, and shouts, and cries, and curses... »

«Be patient, as if she were your mother and God will grant

60. 3 you merit for it. 3Take Me to her. »

«Rabbi... Rabbi... I don't know if she will be pleased to see You. She does not want to see anybody. I dare not say to her: "I am now bringing the Rabbi in to see you". »

Jesus smiles calmly. He addresses Peter: «It is your turn, Simon. You are a man and the oldest son-in-law, you told Me. Go. »

Peter makes a significant grimace and obeys. He walks across the kitchen, and goes into another room and through the door which he closes, I can hear him talking to a woman. He looks out and says: «Come, Master, quick. » And he whispers in a very low, just audible voice: «Before she changes her mind. »

Jesus walks across the kitchen and opens the door wide. Standing on the threshold, He pronounces His sweet, solemn greeting: «Peace be with you. » He goes in, although He gets no reply. He goes near a low bed on which a little old woman is lying, grey-haired, thin, panting because of the high temperature which causes her wasted face to flush.

Jesus bends over the little bed, smiles at the old woman: «Are you in pain? »

«I am dying! »

«No. You will not die. Do you believe that I can heal you? »

«Why would You want to do that? You do not know me. »

«For Simon, who asked Me... and for you, to give your soul time to see and love the Light. »

«Simon? It would be better if he... How come Simon thought of me? »

«Because he is better than you think. I know him and I am sure. I know him, and I am happy to satisfy him. »

«Would You heal me, then? I will not die, then? »

«No, woman. You will not die as yet. Can you believe in Me? »

«I believe, I believe. It is enough for me not to die! »

60. 4 4Jesus smiles once again. He takes her hand. Her hand, wrinkled and with swollen veins, disappears in the younger hand of Jesus, Who stands straight up, and takes the position He normally assumes when performing a miracle. He shouts: «Be healed! I want it! Get up! » and He lets her hand go. And her hand falls down without any complaint, whereas before, notwithstanding Jesus had taken it very gently, she groaned when it was moved.

There is silence for a few moments. Then the old woman cries

out: «Oh! God of our fathers! But there is nothing wrong with me! I am healed! Come! Come! » Her daughters-in-law rush in. «Look! » says the old woman: «I can move and I feel no pain! And I am no longer feverish! Feel how cool I am. And my heart no longer feels like the blacksmith's hammer. Ah! I am not dying any longer! » Not one word for the Lord!

But Jesus does not mind. He says to the oldest daughter-in-law: «Dress her that she may get up. She is fit to be up. » And He makes for the door.

Simon, mortified, says to his mother-in-law: «The Master has healed you. Have you nothing to say to Him? »

«Certainly. I wasn't thinking of that. Thank You. What can I do to thank You? »

«Be good, very good. Because the Eternal Father has been good to you. And if it is not too much trouble for you, allow Me to rest in your home today. I have been to all the nearby villages the past week, and I arrived here at dawn this morning. I am tired. »

«Certainly! Certainly! You may stay if You wish. » But there is not much enthusiasm in her words.

<sup>5</sup>Jesus, Peter, Andrew, James and John go and sit down in the <sup>60.5</sup> kitchen garden.

«Master!... »

«Yes, Peter? »

«I feel humiliated. »

Jesus makes a gesture, which meant: «Never mind. » He then goes on: «She is not the first, and will not be the last who do not feel immediate gratitude. But I do not seek gratitude. All I want is to give souls the chance to save themselves. I do My duty. Let them do theirs. »

«Ah! There have been other cases like this one? Where? »

«Curious Simon! But I will please you, although I do not like useless curiosity. At Nazareth. Do you remember Sarah's mother? She was very ill when we arrived in Nazareth and we were told that the little girl cried. Since she is good and gentle, and I did not want her to become an orphan and a stepdaughter in the future, I went to see the woman... I wanted to heal her... But I had not yet set foot in the house, when her husband and a brother drove Me away, saying: "Away! Go away! We do not want to, get into trouble with the synagogue". For them, for too many, I



am already a rebel... I healed her just the same... for the sake of her children. And I said to Sarah in the kitchen garden, caressing her: "I will heal your mother. Go home. Do not cry any more". And the woman was healed the same moment and the little girl told her, and she told also her father and her uncle... and she was punished for speaking to Me. I know, because the child ran after Me when I was leaving the village... But it does not matter. »

«I would have made her become ill again. »

«Peter! » Jesus is severe. «Is that what I teach you and the others? What have you heard Me say from the very first time you heard Me? Of what have I always spoken as being the first condition to be My true disciples? »

«It is true, Master. I am a real beast. Forgive me. But... I cannot bear the fact that they do not love You! »

«Oh! Peter! You will see much greater indifference! You will have many surprises, Peter! People that the so called "holy" world scorns as being money-changers, who instead will set an example in the world, an example which will not be followed by those who despise them. Heathens who will be My most faithful ones. Prostitutes who will become pure by strong will power and penance. Sinners who amend their way of living... »

«Listen: that a sinner amends his way... it may well be. But a prostitute and a money-changer!... »

«You do not believe it? »

«I do not. »

60. 6 «You are mistaken, Simon. <sup>6</sup>But here is your mother-in-law coming towards us. »

«Master, I beg You to come and sit at my table. »

«Thank you, woman. May God reward you. »

They go into the kitchen and sit at the table. The old woman serves them with plenty of fish, both as soup and roasted. «I have nothing else but this» she apologises. And, to keep up the habit, she says to Peter: «Your brothers-in-law are doing even too much, all alone as they are, since you went to Bethsaida! If it had only helped to make my daughter richer... But I hear that you are very often absent and you do not go fishing. »

«I follow the Master. I have been to Jerusalem with Him and I am with Him on Sabbaths. I do not spend my time in revelries. »

«But you don't earn any money. Since you want to be the

Prophet's servant, you had better come back here again. At least that poor daughter of mine will be fed by her relatives while you are acting the saint. »

«But are you not ashamed of speaking like that in front of Him Who healed you? »

«I am not criticising Him. He is doing His job. I am criticising you, you are a sluggard. In any case, you will never be a prophet or a priest. You are an ignorant sinner, a good for nothing. »

«You are lucky that He is here, otherwise... »

«Simon, your mother-in-law gave you very good advice. You can go fishing even here. I am told that you used to go fishing also at Capernaum. You can come back again. »

«And live here again? But Master, You do not... »

«Be good, Peter. If you are here, you will be either on the lake or with Me. So what difference is it for you if you are or you are not in this house? » Jesus has laid His hand on Peter's shoulder and His calmness seems to pass into the fiery apostle.

«You are right. You are always right. I will do that. But... what about these? » and he points to his partners John and James.

«Can they not come, too? »

«Oh! Our father and above all our mother will be happier if they know we are with You, rather than with them. They will not object. »

«Perhaps Zebedee will come, too» says Peter.

«Quite likely. And others with him. We will come, Master. We will certainly come. »

<sup>7</sup>«Is Jesus of Nazareth here? » asks a little boy appearing at the <sup>60. 7</sup> door.

«He is here, come in. »

A boy comes in, whom I recognise as one of the boys I saw in the first visions of Capernaum, and exactly the one who tumbled down near Jesus' feet, and promised he would be good, so he would get the honey of Paradise.

«My little friend, come here» says Jesus.

The little fellow, somewhat embarrassed because so many are looking at him, takes heart and runs to Jesus, Who embraces him and sits him on His knees, and gives him a bit of His fish on a slice of bread.

«Here, Jesus. This is for You. Also today that person said: «It

is the Sabbath. Take this to the Rabbi of Nazareth and tell your friend to pray for me. » He knows that You are *my* friend!... » The child smiles happily, and eats his bread and fish.

«Well done, little James! You will tell that person that My prayers rise to the Father for him. »

«Is it for the poor? » asks Peter.

«Yes, it is. »

«Is it always the same offering? Let us look. »

Jesus hands over the purse. Peter empties it and counts the coins. «Still the same large sum! But who is this person? Say, boy, who is it? »

«I must not say, and I will not say! »

«You little rascal! Be good, and I will give you some fruit. »

«I will not speak, whether you insult me or caress me. »

«What a tongue he has! Just listen! »

«Little James is right, Peter. He is keeping his word: leave him alone. »

«Master, do You know who the person is? »

Jesus does not reply. He is busy with the child, to whom He gives another bit of roasted fish, after removing all the bones. But Peter insists, and Jesus is obliged to answer.

«I know everything, Simon. »

«And we are not to know? »

«And will you never be cured of your fault? » Jesus reproaches him, but smiles at the same time. And He adds: «You will soon know. Because if evil wants to be hidden and cannot always be such, good, even if it wants to be hidden, to be meritorious, will be made known one day, for the glory of God, Whose nature shines in one of His sons. The nature of God: love. And this person understands all that, because he loves his neighbours. Go, James. Take My blessing to that person. »

The vision ends in this way.

## **61. Jesus benefits the poor after telling the parable of the favourite horse of the king.**

4<sup>th</sup> November 1944.

61.1 <sup>1</sup>Jesus has climbed on top of a pile of baskets and ropes at the

entrance to the kitchen garden of the house of Peter's mother-in-law. The kitchen garden is crowded with people, and other people are on the lake shore, some sitting on the shore, some on the beached boats. It looks as if He has been speaking for some time, because the sermon has started.

I hear: «...Certainly many times you have thought so in your hearts. But it is not so. The Lord has not lacked in kindness of heart towards His people. Notwithstanding His people lacked in loyalty to Him thousands of times.

Listen to this parable. It will help you to understand.

A king had many wonderful horses in his stables. But he was particularly fond of one of them. He gazed fondly at it, even before he had it. Afterwards, when he got it, he put it in a delightful place and he often went to admire his favourite horse, both with his eyes and with his heart, dreaming it would become the wonder of his kingdom. And when the horse rebelled against commands, disobeyed and ran away under another master, the king, in his sorrow and his severity, promised he would forgive the rebel after it had been punished. And loyal as he was, although far away, he watched over his favourite and sent gifts and guardians to it, hoping they would keep his remembrance in the horse's heart.

But the horse, although suffering from the exile from the kingdom, was not steady, as the king was, in loving and wishing complete forgiveness. At times it was good, at times bad; neither was its goodness greater than its badness. In fact, it was the other way round. And yet the king was patient and, with reproaches and caresses, he endeavoured to turn his horse into a dearer and more docile friend. As time went by, the horse became more and more loath. It invoked its king, it cried under the whip of other masters, but it did not really want to belong to the king. It simply did not want to. Oppressed, exhausted, moaning, it did not say: "I am such through my own fault". Instead; it accused its king for it.

The king, after trying everything, decided to make one last effort. "So far" he said, "I have sent messengers and friends. Now I will send my own son. His heart is like my own and will speak the same love as I would, and will make use of the same caresses and gifts as I used, indeed, he will be even kinder, because my

son is like myself, but made more sublime by love". And he sent his son.

61.2 That is the parable. <sup>2</sup>Now tell Me: do you think that king loved his favourite horse? »

The crowd together reply: «He loved it with infinite love. »

«Could the animal complain of its king about all the ill it had suffered after leaving him? »

«No, it could not» reply the people.

«Answer also this question: how do you think that horse will have received the king's son who went to rescue and cure it and take it back once again to the delightful land? »

«With great joy, of course, with gratitude and love. »

«Now, if the king's son said to the horse: "I have come for this reason, to do such and such a thing for you, but now you must be good, obedient, willing and loyal to me", what do you think the horse replied? »

«Oh! There is no need to ask! Now that it was aware of how much it cost to be expelled from the kingdom, it will have said that it wanted to be as the king's son suggested. »

«Well, then, what was the duty of that horse, according to you? »

«To be even better than it was requested, more affectionate, more docile, to be forgiven for past faults, and out of gratitude for all the good received. »

«And if it did not do that? »

«It would deserve death, because it was worse than a wild beast. »

«My friends, you have judged correctly. But do exactly yourselves as you would have liked that horse to do. I beseech you, men, the favourite creatures of the King of Heaven, of God, My Father and yours, to be at least as you judge that horse to be. Because after the Prophets, God sends you His own Son and I implore you, for your good, and because I love you as only God can love, the God Who is in Me to work the miracle of Redemption. Woe to those men who lower themselves to a lower degree than animals! But if it was possible to excuse those who committed sin up to the present time — because too long a time has elapsed since the Law was given and too much worldly dust has settled on the Law — now it is no longer so. I have come to bring the word

of God once again. The Son of man is amongst men to lead them back to God. Follow Me. I am the Way, the Truth, the Life. »

<sup>3</sup>The usual whispering of the crowd.

61.3

Jesus tells His disciples: «Let the poor come forward. There is a rich offer for them made by one who begs to obtain forgiveness from God. »

Three tattered old men come forward, two blind men and a cripple; they are followed by a widow with seven emaciated children.

Jesus stares at them, one by one, He smiles at the widow and particularly at the children. He says to John: «Put those over there in the kitchen garden. I want to speak to them. » But He becomes stern, with blazing eyes, when a little old man appears. But He says nothing for the time being.

He calls Peter, whom He asks for the purse received shortly before and for another one containing smaller coins, which are offerings collected from good-hearted people. He empties the coins onto the bench near the well, He counts them, and divides them. He makes six parts. A very big one, all silver coins, and five smaller ones in size, with many bronze coins and a few big ones. He calls the poor, sick people and asks them: «Have you nothing to tell Me? »

The blind men are silent; the cripple says: «May He Who sent You, protect You. » Nothing else.

Jesus puts the offering into his good hand.

The man says: «May God reward You. But more than this offering, I would like to be healed by You. »

«You did not ask for that. »

«I am poor, a worm trodden on by the mighty ones, I dared not hope You would have mercy on a beggar. »

«I am Mercy that bends over all miseries calling Me. I refuse no one. All I ask for is faith and love, that I may say: I am listening to you. »

«Oh! My Lord! I believe You and I love You. Save me, then! Heal Your servant! »

Jesus lays His hand on the crook-back, He moves it gently, as if He were caressing the man and says: «I want you to be healed. » The man straightens up, agile and wholesome, uttering endless blessings.

61.4 <sup>4</sup>Jesus hands the offering to the blind men and waits an instant before dismissing them... then He lets them go. He calls the old people. He gives the alms to the first one, and helps him to put the coins into his belt pouch. He listens pitifully to the mishaps of the second one, who informs Jesus of the disease of one of his daughters.

«I have but her! And she is dying. What will happen to me? Oh! if only You came! She cannot come, she cannot stand up. She would love to... but cannot. Master, Lord, Jesus, have mercy on us!»

«Where do you live, father?»

«At Korazim. Ask for Isaac of Jonah, named the Adult. Will You really come? Will You not forget our misfortunes? And will You heal my daughter?»

«Do you believe I can heal her?»

«Oh! I do believe it. That is why I am speaking to You about it.»

«Go home, father. Your daughter will be greeting you on the doorstep.»

«But she is in bed and she has not been able to get up for the last three... Ah! I now understand! Oh! Thank You, Rabboni! Blessed are You and He Who sent You! Praise be to God and His Messiah!» The old man goes away, plodding along as fast as he can. But when he is almost outside the kitchen garden he says: «Master, will You come just the same to my poor house? Isaac will be waiting for You to kiss Your feet and wash them with His tears, and offer You the bread of love. Come, Jesus: I will speak to the townfolk about You.»

«I will come. Go in peace and be happy.»

61.5 <sup>5</sup>The third old man comes forward, He seems to be the most ragged. But Jesus has only the big pile of money left. He calls in a loud voice: «Woman, come here with your little ones.»

The young emaciated woman comes forward with her head lowered down. She seems a sad hen with her sad brood of chickens.

«How long have you been a widow, woman?»

«Three years at the moon of Tishry.»

«How old are you?»

«Twenty-seven.»

«Are they all your children?»

«Yes, Master... and I have nothing else. I finished everything... How can I work if no one wants me with all these little ones?»

«God does not abandon even the worm He created. He will not abandon you, woman. Where do you live?»

«On the lake. Three stadia outside Bethsaida. He told me to come here... My husband died on the lake; he was a fisherman.» She points to Andrew, who blushes and would like to disappear.

«You did well, Andrew, telling the woman to come to Me.»

Andrew takes heart and whispers: «The man was a friend of mine, he was good, he died in a storm and lost his boat too.»

«Take this, woman. It will help you for a long time, then another sun will rise on your days. Be good, bring your children up in the Law and you will not be without God's help. I bless you: you and your little ones.» And He pats them, one by one, with great pitiful love.

The woman goes away pressing her treasure to her heart.

«And what about me?» asks the old man who is left last.

61.6

Jesus looks at him, but is silent.

«Nothing for me? You are not fair! You gave her six times as much as the others, and nothing to me. Of course... she was a woman!»

Jesus looks at him, but is silent.

«Look everybody; and tell me if there is justice! I have come from far away, because I was told that money was given here, and now I see that some get too much and I get nothing. A poor, old, sick man! And He wants us to believe in Him!...»

«My old man, are you not ashamed of telling such lies? Death is behind your back and you lie and endeavour to rob also who is hungry. Why do you want to rob your brothers of the offering that I received to give it with justice?»

«But I...»

«Be quiet! You should have understood by My silence and My action that I had recognised you and you should have followed My example and been silent. Why do you want Me to shame you?»

«I am poor.»

«No, you are a miser and a thief. You live for money and usury.»



«I have never lent on usury. God is my witness. »

«And is this not the most fierce usury, to rob those who are in dire need? Go. Repent. That God may forgive you. »

«I swear... »

«Be quiet! I tell you! It is said: “You shall not swear falsehood”. If I did not respect your old age, I would search you and in your breast I would find a purse full of gold: your real heart. Go away! »

The impudent old man, seeing that his secret has been discovered, goes away without any need for Jesus’ thundering voice.

The crowd threaten and scorn him, and they insult him as a thief.

«Be quiet! If he did wrong, do not do the same. He lacks sincerity: he is dishonest. If you insult him, you lack charity. A brother who makes a mistake is not to be insulted. Everybody has his sins. No one is perfect but God. I was compelled to shame him, because nobody must ever be a thief, and much less steal from poor people. But only the Father knows how much I suffered having to do it. You must also be sorry, seeing that a man in Israel infringes the Law endeavouring to defraud the poor and a widow. Do not be greedy. May your souls, not money, be your treasure. Do not be perjurers. Let your language be as sincere and honest as your actions. Life is not eternal and the hour of death will come. Live in such a way that at the hour of your death peace may be in your souls. The peace of those who lived an honest life. Go home... »

61.7 <sup>7</sup>«HaVe mercy, Lord! This son of mine is deaf because a demon vexes him. »

«And this brother of mine is like an unclean animal, he wallows in the mud and eats excrement. A malignant spirit forces him to do that, and although against his will, he does foul things. »

Jesus goes towards the imploring group. He lifts His arms and orders: «Come out of them. Leave to God His creatures. »

Amidst shouts and uproars the two unhappy men are healed. The women leading them kneel down, blessing.

«Go home and be thankful to God. Peace to you all. Go. »

The crowd leave, commenting on the events. The four disciples gather around the Master.

«My friends, I solemnly tell you that all sins can be found in Israel and the demons have taken up their abode there. Neither are the possessed the only ones whose lips are mute, or are driven to live like animals and eat filth. But the most real and numerous possessions are those that make hearts mute to honesty and love, and turn hearts into a sink of filthy vices. Oh! Father! » Jesus sits down depressed.

«Are You tired, Master? »

«Not tired, My dear John, but afflicted because of the state of hearts and the lack of will to grow better. I have come... but man... man... Oh! Father!... »

«Master, I love You. We all love You... »

«I know. But you are so few... and My eagerness to save is so great! »

Jesus has embraced John, and is resting His head on His disciple's. He is sad. Peter, Andrew and James are near Him, and they look at Him with love and sadness.

And the vision ends in this way.

## **62. The disciples looking for Jesus while He prays during the night.**

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

I see Jesus coming out of Peter's house at Capernaum, making as little noise as possible. He obviously spent the night there to make Peter happy. <sup>62.1</sup>

It is the dead of night. The sky is a starry canopy. The lake faintly reflects the glitter of the sky and, rather than see it, one guesses the peaceful lake is there sleeping under the stars, because of the gentle lapping of the water on the gravel shore.

Jesus sets the door ajar, looks at the sky, the lake and the road. He is thinking. Then He starts walking, not along the lake, but towards the village. He passes through part of it towards the country. He goes into the country, along a little path that leads to the first undulations of an olive-grove. He enters the green, silent peace and prostrates Himself in prayer.

A fervent prayer! He prays kneeling down, and then, as if He were fortified, He stands straight up, His face raised to Heaven,

a face made more spiritual by the rising light of a clear, summer dawn. He prays smiling now, whereas before He was sighing, probably because of some moral grief. His arms are fully outstretched. He seems a living, tall, angelical cross, so gentle is His attitude. He seems to be blessing the whole country, the rising day, the fading stars and the lake, now becoming visible.

62. 2     <sup>2</sup>«Master! We have been looking for You all over! We saw the door ajar, when we came back with the fish, and we thought You had gone out. But we could not find You. And at last, a peasant, who was loading his baskets to take them to town, told us. We were calling: “Jesus, Jesus!”, and he said: “Are you looking for the Rabbi Who speaks to the crowds? He went up that path, up towards the mountain. He must be in Micah’s olive-grove, because He often goes there. I have seen Him there before”. He was right. Why did You come out so early, Master? Why did You not rest? Was the bed not comfortable?... »

«No, Peter. The bed was comfortable and the room was lovely. But I often do that. To raise My spirit and be united to the Father. Prayer is a strength for oneself and for others. We achieve everything by praying. If we do not receive a grace, which the Father does not always grant — and we must not think it is due to lack of love, instead we must believe that it is the will of an Order which governs the destiny of every man for a good purpose —, prayer certainly gives us peace and contentment, to enable us to bear so many vexing things, without going off the holy path. It is easy, you know, Peter, to have a clouded mind and an agitated heart because of what is around us! And how can a clouded mind or an agitated heart perceive God? »

«It’s true. But we do not know how to pray! We are not capable of saying the lovely words You say. »

«Say the words you know, as best you can. It is not the words, but the sentiments with which they are uttered that make your prayers pleasant to the Father. »

«We would like to pray as You do. »

«I will teach you also to pray. I will teach you the most holy prayer. But to prevent it from being only a void formula on your lips, I want your hearts to have at least a minimum of holiness, light and wisdom... That is why I instruct you. Later, I will teach  
62. 3 you the holy prayer. <sup>3</sup>Why were you looking for Me, is there any-

thing you want of Me? »

«No, Master. But there are many who want so much from You. There were already people coming from Capernaum, and they were poor, sick, depressed people, people of goodwill and anxious to be taught. When they inquired about You, we said: “The Master is tired and is sleeping. Go away and come back next Sabbath”. »

«No, Simon. You must not say that. There is not one day only for mercy. I am Love, Light and Health every day of the week. »

«But... so far You have spoken only on Sabbaths. »

«Because I was still unknown. But as I become known, every day there will be effusions of Grace and graces. I tell you solemnly that the time will come when even the moment of time which is granted to a sparrow to rest on a branch and eat some little grains will not be granted to the Son of man for His rest and meals. »

«But You will be taken ill! We will not allow that. Your kindness must not make You unhappy. »

«And do you think that could make Me unhappy? Oh! If all the world came to Me to listen to Me, to bewail its sins and sorrow on My heart, to be healed in its bodies and souls, and I were worn out speaking and forgiving and pouring forth My power, I would be so happy, Peter, that I would not even regret Heaven, where I was in the Father!... <sup>4</sup>Where were they from, those who were coming to Me? »

62. 4

«From Korazim, Bethsaida, Capernaum, and there were some even from Tiberias and Gherghesa, as well as from the hundreds of villages around those towns. »

«Go and tell them that I will be at Korazim, Bethsaida and nearby villages. »

«Why not at Capernaum? »

«Because I came for everybody and everybody must have Me, and then... there is old Isaac waiting for Me. We must not disappoint his hopes. »

«Will You wait for us here, then? »

«No, I am going and you will stay at Capernaum to send the crowds to Me; I will come back later. »

«We will be here alone... » Peter is sad.

«Do not be sad. Obedience should make you happy as well as

the conviction that you are a useful disciple. And the same applies to the others. »

Peter, Andrew, James and John cheer up. Jesus blesses them, and they part.

The vision ends in this way.

### **63. The leper healed near Korazim.**

6<sup>th</sup> November 1944.

63.1 <sup>1</sup>Since before dawn, as in the detail of a perfect photograph, I see in my spirit a poor leper.

He is really a mess of a man. He is so ravaged by his disease, that I could not tell his age. Reduced to a skeleton, half naked, his body is in the state of a corroded mummy, with contorted hands and feet, parts of which are missing, so that the miserable limbs no longer seem to belong to a human being. His hands, twisted and clawed, resemble the talons of a winged monster, his feet are so fragmented and disfigured, that they are almost like the hooves of an ox.

And his head!... I think that the head of anyone left unburied, which becomes mummified by sun and wind, must be like the head of this man. A few surviving forelocks, spread here and there, sticking to the yellowish, crusty skin, like dust dried on a skull, very deep set eyes half open, lips and nose half eaten by the disease and showing cartilage and gums, two embryonic wrecks of outer ears, all his visible body covered by a wrinkled skin, as yellow as some types of kaolin, with bones showing here and there: his skin seems to have the task of keeping all the poor bones together, in its filthy sack all covered with ugly scars and putrid sores. A real wreck!

I cannot help thinking of the personification of Death wandering on the earth, covered by a wrinkled skin on its skeleton, wrapped in a filthy mantle falling to bits and pieces, holding in its hand not a scythe, but a knotty stick torn from a tree.

He is at the entrance of a remote cave, a real cave, in such a state of ruin that I cannot say whether it was originally a sepulchre, or a hut for wood cutters or the remains of a demolished house. He is looking at the road, over one hundred metres away

from his cave, a main road, dusty and still sunny. There is nobody on the road. As far as the eye can see, on the road there is sunshine, dust and solitude. Much higher up, to the northwest, there must be a village or a town. I can see the first houses. It must be at least a kilometre away.

The leper looks and sighs. He takes a chipped bowl and fills it at a brook. He drinks. He goes into a tangle of bushes, behind his cave, bends down and pulls some wild roots out of the ground. He goes back to the brook, he washes them, removing the coarser dirt with the little water of the rivulet and he eats them slowly, taking them painfully to his mouth with his ruined hands. They must be as hard as sticks. He finds difficulty in chewing them and he has to spit many out as he is unable to swallow them, notwithstanding the water he drinks to help himself.

<sup>2</sup>«Where are you, Abel?» shouts someone.

63. 2

The leper rouses, he has something on his lips that might be a smile. But his lips are in such a bad state that even that outward sign of a smile is vague and shapeless. He replies with a strange, squeaky voice: it reminds me of the cry of certain birds, the exact name of which I do not know: «I am here! I did not believe you were coming anymore. I thought something had happened to you. I was sad... If I lose you too, what will happen to poor Abel?» While speaking, he walks towards the road, as far as he can according to the Law, apparently, because at half the way, he stops.

A man comes forward on the road, he is moving so fast that he seems to be running.

«Is that really you, Samuel? Oh! If it is not you I am waiting for, whoever you may be, don't hurt me!»

«It's me, Abel, it's me! And I am healed. Look how I can run. I am late, I know. And I was worried about you. But when you hear... oh! you will be happy. And I have with me not only the usual crusts of bread, but a whole loaf of good, fresh bread, and it is all for you, and I have some good fish, and some cheese, and it is all for you. I want you to rejoice, my poor friend, and thus get ready for a greater joy.»

«But how have you become so rich? I do not understand...»

«I will tell you.»

«And healed. You do not seem the same man!»

63. 3     <sup>3</sup>«Listen, then. I heard that there was at Capernaum that Rabbi who is a holy man, and I went... »

«Stop, stop! I am infected. »

«Oh! It does not matter! I am no longer afraid of anything.»  
The man, who is indeed the cripple healed and helped by Jesus, with his fast step has almost reached the leper and is only a few steps from him. He spoke while walking and smiling happily.

But the leper says once again: «In the name of God, stop. If anyone should see you... »

«I will stop. Look: I am putting the provisions here. Eat, while I speak to you. » He puts a bundle on a large stone, and opens it up. He then withdraws a few steps, while the leper moves forward and throws himself on the rare food.

«Oh! How long it is since I had food like this! How good it is! And I was just thinking that I was going to rest with an empty stomach. Not one merciful soul today... and not even you... I had chewed some roots... »

«Poor Abel! I was afraid of that. But I said: “Well, he may be sad now, but he will be happy after!”»

«Happy, yes, because of this good food. But after... »

«No! You will be happy forever. »

The leper shakes his head.

«Listen, Abel. If you can have faith, you will be happy. »

«But faith in whom? »

«In the Rabbi. In the Rabbi Who healed me. »

«But I am a leper. And at the last stage! How can He heal me? »

«Oh! He can. He is holy. »

«Yes, also Elisha healed\* Naaman the leper... I know... But I... I cannot go to the Jordan. »

«You will be healed without the need of any water. Listen: this Rabbi is the Messiah, do you understand? The Messiah! He is the Son of God. And He heals everyone who has faith. He says: “I want” and the demons flee, limbs are straightened, and blind eyes see. »

«Oh! I would have faith, I would indeed! But how can I see the Messiah? »

«Exactly... I have come just for that. He is often over there, in

\* healed, in *2Kings 5: 1-14*.

that village. I know where He will be this evening. If you want... I said: "I will tell Abel, and if Abel feels he can have faith, I will take him to the Master". »

«Are you mad, Samuel? If I go near houses, I will be stoned. »

«Not near the houses. It will be soon getting dark. I will take you to that thicket, and then I will go and call the Master. I will bring Him to you... »

«Go, go at once! I will go by myself to that place. I will walk in the ditch, behind the hedge, but go, go... Oh! go, my good friend! If you only knew what it is to suffer from this disease. And what it means to hope to be healed!...» The leper no longer is interested in the food. He cries and gesticulates imploring his friend.

«I am going, and you will come.» The healed cripple runs away.

<sup>63. 4</sup> Abel with difficulty climbs down into the ditch coasting the road, as it is full of bushes which have grown on the dry earth. Only in the centre there is a fine stream of water. It is getting dark, and the poor man slides among the bushes, always on the look-out in case he should hear any steps. Twice he has to hide on the bottom: the first time when a man on horseback passes along the road, the second time when three men, laden with hay, pass by going to the village. And he goes on.

But Jesus and Samuel reach the thicket before him. «He will be here before long. He moves very slowly because of his wounds Please be patient. »

«I am not in a hurry. »

«Will You heal him? »

«Has he faith? »

«Oh!... he was dying of starvation. He saw that food after years of abstinence, and yet, after a few mouthfuls, he left it all to come here. »

«How did you meet him? »

«You know... I lived on charity after my misfortune and I went along the roads from one place to another. I used to pass here every seven days and I met the poor man... one day, when driven by hunger, he had come on the main road looking for something, under a most violent storm. He was searching amongst the garbage, like a dog. I had a chunk of dry bread in my knapsack, the gift of some good people, and I shared it with him. We have been friends



ever since, and I bring him some food every week. With what I have... If I have a lot, I can give a lot; if I have little, I give little. I do what I can as if he were my brother. Since You healed me, may You be blessed, I have been thinking of him... and of You. »

63.5 «You are good, Samuel; that is why you have been visited by grace. He who loves deserves everything from God. <sup>5</sup>But there is something moving among the branches... »

«Is that you, Abel? »

«Yes, it is me. »

«Come, the Master is waiting for you here, under the walnut tree. »

The leper rises from the ditch and climbs onto the bank, which he crosses and goes into the meadow. Jesus, leaning with His back against a very tall walnut tree, is waiting for him.

«Master, Messiah, Holy One, have mercy on me!» and he throws himself onto the grass at Jesus' feet. With his face still bent down on the ground he says: «My Lord! If You want, You can cleanse me! » He then dares to rise onto his knees, he stretches out his skeleton-like arms, with contorted hands, he lifts his emaciated ruined face... Tears run down from his diseased eye sockets to his corroded lips.

Jesus looks at him so pitifully. He looks at that shadow of a man, devoured by the terrible disease, who is so horrible and ill-smelling that only true charity can endure to be near him. And yet, Jesus stretches out His hand, His beautiful wholesome right hand to caress the poor fellow.

The leper, without getting up, throws himself back on his heels, and shouts: «Don't touch me! Have mercy on me! »

But Jesus takes a step forward. Stately, good, kind He lays His fingers on the head devoured by leprosy, and in a low voice, which is full of love and yet most authoritative, He says: «I want it! Be cleansed! » His hand remains on the poor head for a few minutes. «Get up. Go to the priest. Fulfil the prescriptions of the Law. And do not tell anyone what I did for you. But be good. Do not sin any more. I bless you. »

«Oh! Lord! Abel! You are completely healed! » Samuel, seeing the complete change of his friend, shouts out of joy.

«Yes, he is healed. He deserved it because of his faith. Good-bye. Peace be with you. »

«Master! Master! Master! I will not leave You. I cannot leave You.»

«Do what the Law prescribes. We will meet again. Once again I bless you.»

Jesus goes away, nodding to Samuel to stay. And the two friends shed tears of joy, while in the light of a quarter of the moon they go back to the cave for the last rest in that den of misfortune.

And the vision ends in this way.

## **64. The paralytic healed in Capernaum.**

9<sup>th</sup> November 1944.

[...].

The same day, 9<sup>th</sup> November, immediately after.

<sup>1</sup>I see the shore of the lake of Gennesaret. And I can see the boats beached by the fishermen; on the foreshore, leaning against the boats, are Peter and Andrew, intent on mending the nets, which their assistants bring them still dripping, having rinsed them in the lake to remove entangled rubbish. About ten yards away, John and James, bent over their boat, are busy at tidying it up, and they are helped by an assistant and by a man about fifty or fifty-five years old, who I think is Zebedee, because the assistant calls him «master» and also because he is very like James. <sup>64. 1</sup>

Peter and Andrew, with their backs to the boat, are working silently knotting the threads of the nets and fixing corks to them. Now and again they exchange a few words about their work, which, as far as I understand, has not been profitable.

Peter is sorry about it, not because of the loss of profit or the unprofitable work, but he says: «I am sorry, because... what shall we do to feed these poor people? We receive only occasional offerings and I am not going to touch the ten pieces of silver and the seven drachmas we collected during the last four days. Only the Master can tell me to whom and how that money is to be given. And He will not be back here until Sabbath! If we had had a good haul!... I would have cooked the small fish for the poor... and if anyone at home grumbled, I would not have cared. Healthy people can find food for themselves. But sick people!... »

«Above all that paralytic!... They have already travelled so much to bring him here... » says Andrew.

«Listen, brother. I think... we can't remain divided like this, and I don't know why the Master does not want us with Him all the time. At least... I would not see these poor people whom I can't help, and if I saw them I would say to them: "He is here".»

64.2      2«I am here! » Jesus has come near them, walking quietly on the soft sand.

Peter and Andrew start. They exclaim: «Oh! Master! » and they shout: «James! John! The Master! Come here! »

The two brothers rush towards them. They all draw close to Jesus. Some kiss His tunic, some His hands, and John dares to encircle His waist with his arm, and lean his head on Jesus' chest. Jesus kisses his hair.

«What were you talking about? »

«Master... we were saying that we would have liked to have You. »

«Why, My friends? »

«To see You and love You seeing You, and also because of some poor and sick people. They have been waiting for You for over two days... I did what I could. I put them over there, see that hut in that waste land? Over there the handymen repair the boats. I sheltered there a paralytic, who has a very high temperature, and a little boy who is dying in his mother's arms. I could not send them away to look for You. »

«You did the right thing. But how have you been able to help them and who brought them here? You said they are poor! »

«Yes, Master, they are. Rich people have horses and carts. Poor people only have their legs. They cannot come looking for You as fast as they would like. I did what I could. Look: here are the offerings I have received. I have not touched anything. You will do that. »

«Peter, you could have done that, too. Certainly... My dear Peter, I am sorry that you should be reproached and have extra work because of Me. »

«No, Lord. You must not be sorry about that. It is no trouble for me. I am only sorry I have not been able to be more charitable. But, believe me, I have done, we have all done what we could. »

«I know. I know you have worked and in vain. But if there is

no food, your charity remains: alive, active and holy in the eyes of God. »

<sup>3</sup>Some children have rushed around them shouting: «The Master! The Master is here! Here is Jesus, here is Jesus! » and they draw close to Him, Who caresses them while speaking to His disciples. 64. 3

«Simon, I am going into your house. You will all go and tell the people that I am back and then bring Me the sick ones. »

The disciples go away quickly in different directions. But the whole of Capernaum knows that Jesus has come, thanks to the children who are like bees swarming from the beehive to the various flowers; in our case to the houses, the streets and the squares. They come and go rejoicing, informing their mothers, passers-by, old people sitting in the sun, and they run back to be caressed by Him Who loves them. One of them, a daring boy says: «Speak to us and for us, today, Jesus. You know we love You and we are better than men. »

Jesus smiles at the young psychologist and promises: «I will speak just for you. » And followed by the children, He goes into the house and enters pronouncing His usual greeting of peace: «Peace to this house. »

People crowd into the big room at the back of the house, which is used as a store for nets, ropes, baskets, oars, sails, and provisions. Peter must have put it at Jesus' disposal, because everything has been piled up in one corner to make room. The lake cannot be seen from here. Only its gently lapping waves can be heard. Instead one can see the low greenish wall of the kitchen garden, with the old vine and the leafy fig-tree. There are people even on the road, as they pass from the room into the kitchen garden and hence onto the road.

<sup>4</sup>Jesus begins to speak. In the front row, there are five... high-ranking people, who have elbowed their way through the crowd taking advantage of the fear they strike into poor people. Their sumptuous garments and their pride announce them as Pharisees and doctors. But Jesus wants His little friends around Him, a crown of innocent little faces, of bright eyes, of angelical smiles, all looking up at Him. Jesus speaks and while speaking, now and again He caresses the curly head of a child who is sitting at His feet, resting his head on his little arm bent on Jesus' lap. Jesus is 64. 4

speaking, sitting on a huge pile of baskets and ropes.

«My Beloved went down to his garden, to the beds of spices, to pasture his flocks in the gardens, and gather lilies... He pastures his flock among the lilies», says Solomon\*, the son of David, from whom I descend, I, the Messiah of Israel.

My garden! Which garden is more beautiful and worthy of God than Heaven, where the flowers are the angels created by the Father? And yet, it is not so. The Only Begotten Son of the Father, the Son of man wanted another garden, because it is for the sake of man that I took flesh, without which I would not be able to redeem the faults of the flesh of man. A garden which might have been but little inferior to the heavenly one, if from the earthly Paradise the children of Adam, the children of God, had spread about, like sweet bees from a beehive, to populate the earth with holiness destined entirely for Heaven. But the enemy sowed brambles and thorns in Adam's heart, and brambles and thorns have overflowed from his heart on to the earth. It is no longer a garden, but a wild cruel forest in which fever stagnates and snakes nestle.

And yet the Beloved of the Father still has a garden in this world which is domineered by Mammon. The garden in which He feeds on His celestial food: love and purity; the bed where He picks the flowers dear to Him, flowers not stained with sensuality, greed, pride. These ones. (Jesus caresses as many of the children as He can, patting with His hand the little attentive heads, one big caress that touches them lightly and makes them smile happily). Here are My lilies.

Solomon in all his wealth, did not have a robe more beautiful than the lily that scents the valley, neither did he possess a diadem of a more splendid gracefulness than the one in the pearl chalice of a lily. And yet, for My heart, there is no lily worth one of these. There is no flower-bed, no garden of wealthy people, all cultivated with lilies, that I consider worth only one of these pure, innocent, sincere, simple, little children.

Men and women of Israel! You, great and humble people according to your wealth and position, listen! You are here because you want to know Me and love Me. You must therefore know the

\* says Solomon, in *song of songs* 6: 2-3.

*first condition* to become Mine. I will not speak difficult words. Neither will I give you more difficult examples. I say to you: "Take example from these children".

Which of you has no children, nephews, or little brothers in their childhood, at home? Are they not a restful comfort, a bond for parents, relatives, friends? Their souls are as pure as a clear dawn, their faces scatter clouds and inspire hope, their caresses dry your tears and give you new strength! Why is there so much power in them, although they are weak, defenceless and still unlearned? Because they have God in themselves, they have strength and wisdom in God. The true wisdom: they know how to love and believe. They know how to believe and want. They know how to live in such love and such faith. Be like them: simple, pure, loving, sincere, faithful.

There is no wise man in Israel greater than the smallest of these children, whose souls belong to God and His Kingdom belongs to them. Blessed by the Father, loved by the Son of the Father, flowers of My garden, may My peace be with you and with whoever will imitate you for My sake. »

Jesus has finished.

<sup>5</sup>«Master!» shouts Peter amidst the crowd, «the sick people <sup>64. 5</sup> are here. Two of them can wait until You come out, but this one is crushed amongst the crowd and... he cannot stay here any longer. It is impossible for us to come in. Shall I send him back?»

«No, lower him down through the roof. »

«You are right. We will do that at once. »

I can hear them shuffling on the low roof of the big room, the terrace of which is not built of cement, as the store-room is not really part of the house. The roof is formed with branches covered by chips of stone like slate. I do not know what stone it is. They make an opening through which, by means of ropes, they lower down the little stretcher on which the patient is lying. It is lowered in front of Jesus. The crowds throng closer to see.

«Both you and who brought you have great faith. »

«Oh! Lord! How could we have no faith in You?»

«Well, I say to you: son (he is a very young man) your sins are forgiven. »

The man looks at him, crying... perhaps he is somewhat disappointed because he was hoping to be healed in his body. The

Pharisees and doctors whisper something to one another turning up their noses, foreheads and mouths in disdain.

«Why are you muttering, more in your hearts than with your lips? According to you, it is easier to say to the paralytic: “Your sins are forgiven” or “Get up, take your little bed and walk away”? You think that only God can forgive sins. But you cannot answer which of these things is greater, because this man, whose whole body is lost to him, has spent a lot of money without being healed. And he can only be healed by God. Now, that you may learn that I can do everything, that you may learn that the Son of man has authority both over bodies and souls, on the earth and in Heaven, I say to him: “Get up. Pick up your bed and walk. Go home and be holy”. »

The man jerks, he shouts, stands up, he throws himself at Jesus’ feet, kisses and caresses them, he cries and laughs, and his relatives and the crowd do likewise. The crowd divides into two to let him pass, as if he were triumphant, and they follow him rejoicing. The five resentful men go away, conceited and as stiff as sticks.

64. 6     <sup>6</sup>And so the mother can go in with her child: a little emaciated babe, still unweaned. She holds him out in her hands saying simply: «Jesus, You love them. You said so. For Your love and for Your Mother!... » and she weeps.

Jesus takes the suckling, who is dying, He presses him against His heart, for a moment He holds the little wan face with its little violet lips and its eyelashes already closed, against His mouth. Only one moment thus: when He removes him from His blond beard, the little face is rosy, the tiny mouth smiles vaguely as infants do, his little eyes look around bright and inquisitive, his little hands, which before were lifeless, ruffle Jesus’ hair and beard. And Jesus smiles.

«Oh! My son! » shouts the happy mother.

«Take him, woman. Be happy and good. »

And the woman takes her reborn son and presses him to her heart. And the little one claims his food at once, he searches, finds, opens and sucks, hungry and happy.

Jesus blesses and passes. He goes to the door where the man with the high temperature is.

«Master! Be good! »

«And you, too. Make use of your health in justice. » He caresses him and goes out.

<sup>7</sup>He goes back to the beach, followed, preceded and blessed by many who implore Him: «We did not hear You. We could not get in. Speak also to us. » <sup>64.7</sup>

Jesus nods assent and as the crowd press Him to the point of suffocating Him, He gets into Peter's boat. But it is not sufficient. The siege continues. «Set the boat afloat and move away a little. »

The vision ends here.

## **65. The miraculous catch of fish and the election of the first four apostles.**

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

<sup>1</sup>The vision begins once again when Jesus starts speaking. <sup>65.1</sup>

«When all the trees bloom in spring, the happy farmer says: "I will have a good crop" and that hope causes his heart to rejoice. But from springtime to autumn, from the month of flowers to the month of fruit, how many days, winds, rains, sunshine and storms must pass, and sometimes wars or the cruelty of the mighty ones and diseases of plants, and at times diseases of the men of the fields, so that the plants, no longer hoed up, no longer watered, pruned, supported or cleaned, although they promised copious fruit, wilt and die or bear no fruit!

You follow Me. You love Me. Like plants in springtime you adorn yourselves with purposes and love. Israel, indeed, at the dawn of My mission is like our sweet countryside in the bright month of Nisan. But listen. Like the excessive heat in dry weather, Satan, who is envious of Me, will come to scorch you with his wrath. The world will come with its icy winds to freeze your blooms. And passions will come like storms. And tedium will come like a persistent rain. All My enemies and yours will come to sterilise what should be the fruit of your inclination to bloom in God.

I am warning you because I know. Will everything then be lost, when I, like a sick farmer, even more than sick: dead, will no longer be able to speak to you and work miracles for you? No. I will sow and cultivate as long as I have time. Then everything



will grow and ripen for you, if you keep good watch.

Look at the fig-tree near the house of Simon of Jonas. Whoever planted it did not find the right and most favourable spot. Planted as it was near the damp northern wall, it would have withered, if by itself it had not found protection to survive. And it sought sunshine and light. There it is: all bent, but strong and proud, drawing the rays of the sun from early dawn and converting them into nutrition for its hundreds and hundreds of sweet fruits. It defended itself by itself. It said: "The Creator wanted me, that I may give joy and food to man. And I want to join my will to His". A fig-tree! A speechless tree! A soulless tree! And will you, children of God, the children of man, will you be inferior to a wooden plant?

Keep good watch to bear fruits of eternal life. I will cultivate you, and at the end I will give you such a powerful juice, that you will never find a more powerful one. Do not allow Satan to laugh at the destruction of My work, of My sacrifice and of your souls. Seek light. Seek sunshine. Seek strength. Seek life. I am the Life, Strength, Sunshine and Light of those who love Me. I have come to take you whence I came. I am speaking to you here, to call you all and point out to you the ten commandments that give eternal life. And with loving advice I say to you: "Love God and your neighbour". It is the first condition to fulfil everything else well. It is the most holy of the holy commandments. Love. Those who love God, in God and for the Lord God, will have peace both on the earth and in Heaven, for their abode and their crown. »

People go away with difficulty after Jesus' blessing. There are neither sick nor poor people.

65. 2 <sup>2</sup>Jesus says to Simon: «Call the other two. Let us go on to the lake and cast the net. »

«Master, my arms ache with fatigue: all night I cast and hauled the net, and all in vain. The fish are down at the bottom. I wonder where. »

«Do as I tell you, Peter. Always listen to those who love you. »

«I will do as You say, out of respect for Your word. » And he shouts to the assistants and also to James and John: «Let us go out fishing. The Master wants to go. » And while they are moving away, he says to Jesus: «However, Master, I assure You that it is

not the right time. Goodness knows where the fish will be resting just now!... »

Jesus, sitting at the prow, smiles and is silent.

They form a semicircle on the lake and then cast the net. After a few minutes' waiting, the boat is shaken in a strange way, because the lake is as smooth as a glass pane under the midday sun.

«But that is fish, Master! » says Peter, with his eyes wide open.

Jesus smiles and is silent.

«Heave ho! Heave ho! » Peter orders his assistants. But the boat tilts to one side, where the net is: «Hey there! James! John! Quick! Come Quick! With the oars! Quick! »

They rush and the joint efforts of the two crews succeed in hauling in the net without damaging the catch.

The two boats draw closer. They are now united. One, two, five, ten baskets. They are all full of wonderful fish, and there are still so many wriggling in the net: live silver and bronze, struggling to escape death. There is only one thing to be done: to empty the net into the bottom of the boats. They do that and the bottoms become a turmoil of agonizing lives. And the crew are up to their ankles in such abundance that the boats sink below the water-line because of the excessive weight.

«To the shore! Steer! Quick! The sails! Watch the depth line! Have the poles ready to prevent a clash. We have too much weight! »

<sup>3</sup>As long as the manoeuvre lasts, Peter thinks of nothing else. <sup>65. 3</sup> But when he gets ashore, he begins to realise. He understands. He is frightened. «Master! My Lord! Go away from me! I am a sinner! I am not worthy of being near You! » He is on his knees on the damp shore.

Jesus looks at him and smiles: «Get up! Follow Me! I will not leave you anymore! From now on, you will be a fisher of men, and your companions with you. Be afraid of nothing. I am calling you. Come! »

«At once, Lord. You look after the boats. Take everything to Zebedee and to my brother-in-law. Let us go. We are all for You, Jesus! Blessed be the Eternal Father for this choice. »

And the vision ends.

## 66. Judas of Kerioth at Gethsemane pleading to become a disciple.

28<sup>th</sup> December 1944, twelve o'clock.

[...].

66.1 <sup>1</sup>In the afternoon I see Jesus... in the olive-grove... He is sitting on one of the little ground terraces, in His familiar position, His elbows resting on His knees, His forearms forward and His hands joined. It is getting dark and the light becomes fainter and fainter in the thick olive-grove. Jesus is alone. He has taken off His mantle as if He were warm, and His white tunic stands out against the green of the surroundings which are made even darker by the twilight.

A man comes down through the olive-trees. He seems to be looking for something or someone. He is tall and is wearing gay coloured garments: a yellow pink hue that makes his big mantle more showy, adorned as it is with swinging fringes. I cannot see his face very well because of the dim light and the distance, and also because the edge of the mantle is lowered over part of his face. When he sees Jesus he makes a gesture as if to say: «There He is!» and he hastens his step. When he is a few metres away, he greets Him: «Hail, Master!»

Jesus turns round suddenly and looks up, because the man is standing on the next terrace, which is higher up. Jesus looks at him, He is serious, and I would say also sad. The man says once again: «I greet You, Master. I am Judas of Kerioth. Do You not recognise me? Do You not remember?»

«I remember and recognise you. You spoke to Me here with Thomas, last Passover.»

«And You said to me: “Think about it and make up your mind before I come back”. I have made up my mind. I will come.»

«Why are you coming, Judas?» Jesus is really sad.

«Because... The last time I told You why. Because I dream of the Kingdom of Israel and I see You as a king.»

«Is that why you are coming?»

«Yes, it is. I will put myself and everything I possess: capability, acquaintances, friends, fatigue at Your service and at the service of Your mission to rebuild Israel.»

The two are now close, in front of each other, standing, and

they stare at each other. Jesus is serious and melancholy. Judas exalted by his dream is smiling, handsome and young, sprightly and ambitious.

«I did not look for you, Judas. »

«I know. But I looked for You. For days and days I have been putting people at the gates to warn me of Your arrival. I thought You would be coming with some followers and that it would therefore be easy to notice You. Instead... I understood that You had been here, because a group of pilgrims was blessing You as You had healed a sick man. But no one could tell me where You were. Then I remembered this place. And I have come. If I had not found You here, I would have resigned myself to not finding You anymore... »

«Do you think it is a good thing for you, that you found Me? »

«Yes, because I was looking for You. I was longing for You, I want You. »

«Why? Why did you look for Me? »

«But I have told You, Master! <sup>2</sup>Did You not understand? »

66.2

«I did understand you. Yes, I did. But I want you also to understand Me before you follow Me. Come. We will talk while walking. » And they start walking, one beside the other, up and down the paths that cross one another in the olive-grove. «You want to follow Me for a human reason, Judas. But I must dissuade you. I have not come for that. »

«But are You not the designated King of the Jews? The one of whom the Prophets spoke? Others have come. But they lacked too many things and they fell like leaves no longer supported by the wind. But You have God with You, in fact You work miracles. Where there is God, the success of the mission is guaranteed. »

«You have spoken the truth. I have God with Me. I am His Word. I was prophesied by the Prophets, promised to the Patriarchs, expected by the people. But why, Israel, have you become so blind and deaf that you are no longer able to read and see, to hear and understand the *reality* of events? My Kingdom is not of this world, Judas. Allow yourself to be convinced of that. I have come to Israel to bring Light and Glory. But not the light and glory of the earth. I have come to call the just of Israel to the Kingdom. Because it is from Israel that the plant of eternal life

is to come, and with Israel it is to be formed, the plant, the sap of which will be the Blood of the Lord, the plant that will spread all over the earth, until the end of time. My first followers will be from Israel. My first confessors will be from Israel. But also My persecutors will be from Israel. Also My executioners will be from Israel. And also My traitor will be from Israel. »

«No, Master. That will never happen. If everyone should betray You, I will remain with You and defend You. »

«You, Judas? And on what do you base your certainty? »

«On my honour as a man. »

«Which is more fragile than a cobweb, Judas. It is God we have to ask for the strength to be honest and faithful. Man!... Man accomplishes human deeds. To accomplish spiritual deeds — and to follow the Messiah with truthfulness and justice is to accomplish a spiritual deed — it is necessary to kill man and make him be born again. Are you capable of so much? »

«Yes, Master. And in any case... Not everybody in Israel will love You. But Israel will not give the Messiah executioners and traitors. Israel has been waiting for You for centuries! »

«I will be given them. Remember the Prophets... Their words... and their end. I am destined to disappoint many. And you are one of them. Judas, you have here in front of you a mild, peaceful poor man, who wishes to remain poor. I have not come to impose Myself and make war. I am not going to contend with the strong and mighty ones for any kingdom or any power. I contend only with Satan for souls and I have come to break the chains of Satan with the fire of My love. I have come to teach mercy, sacrifice, humbleness, continence. I say to you and to everybody: “Do not crave for human wealth, but work for eternal coins”. You are deceiving yourself if you think I am to triumph over Rome and the ruling classes. Herods and Caesars can sleep in peace, while I speak to the crowds. I have not come to snatch anybody’s sceptre,... and My eternal sceptre is already ready, but no one, unless  
66.3 one was love as I am, would like to hold it. <sup>3</sup>Go, Judas, and ponder... »

«Are You rejecting me, Master? »

«I reject nobody, because those who reject do not love. But, tell Me, Judas: how would you describe the gesture of a man, who, knowing he is infected by a contagious disease, says to another

man who approaches him unaware of the situation, to drink out of his chalice: "Watch what you are doing"? Would you define it hatred or love? »

«I would say it was love, because he does not want the man, unaware of the danger, to ruin his health. »

«Well, define also My gesture likewise. »

«Can I ruin my health coming with You? No, never. »

«You can ruin more than your health, because, consider this carefully, Judas, little will be debited to him who is a murderer, but believes he is doing justice, and he believes it because he does not know the Truth; but a great deal will be debited to him, who knowing the Truth, not only does not follow it, but becomes its enemy. »

«I will not do that. Take me, Master. You cannot refuse me. If You are the Saviour and You see that I am a sinner, a sheep astray, a blind man off the right path, why do You refuse to save me? Take me. I will follow You, even to death... »

«To death! That is true. Then... »

«Then, Master? »

«The future is in God's bosom. Go. We will meet tomorrow at the Fish Gate. »

«Thank You, Master. The Lord be with You. »

«And may His mercy save you. »

And it all finishes.

## **67. The miracle of the broken blades at the Fish Gate.**

31<sup>st</sup> December 1944.

<sup>67.1</sup> I see Jesus walking along a shady road all alone. It looks like a fresh little valley, rich in waters. I call it a little valley because it is embanked between two risings of the ground and a rivulet flows in its centre.

The place is deserted in the early morning hour. The sun has just risen, a beautiful, clear summer day, and with the exception of the warbling of the birds in the trees and the plaintive cooing of wild doves nesting in the crevices of the barren hill, no other sound is heard. The trees are mostly olive-trees, particularly on

the hill on the left-hand side, whereas the other hill is more barren with low lentisk, thorny acacia and agave bushes, etc. Even the rivulet, with very little water lying in the centre of the riverbed, does not seem to make any noise, and flows gently reflecting in its depth the green of the surrounding hills, and therefore looks dark emerald.

Jesus crosses a primeval little bridge: the trunk of a tree, half planed, thrown across the torrent, without a parapet or any protection, and goes on His way on the other bank.

I can now see walls and gates and also some merchants with vegetables and foodstuffs crowding near the gates, still closed, waiting to go into town. Donkeys are busy braying and brawling; also their owners scuffle in robust style. Insults and blows with cudgels are aimed at and given not only to the donkeys' backs, but also to human heads.

<sup>67.2</sup> <sup>2</sup>Two men are quarrelling in earnest because the donkey of one of them has helped itself from the beautiful basket of lettuce of the other donkey and has eaten quite a lot of it! Perhaps it is only a pretext to give vent to old ill-feelings. In fact from under their short tunics, which reach down to their calves, they pull out two short large knives, as broad as a hand: they look like short pointed daggers and they glint in the sun. Screams of women and shouts of men are heard everywhere. But no one tries to separate the men who are ready for a rustic duel.

Jesus, Who was walking, thoughtful, raises His head, He sees the fight and rushes between the two: «Stop, in the name of God!» He orders.

«No, I want to fix this cursed dog once and for all!»

«And so do I! You are fond of fringes? I'll make a fringe for you with your bowels!»

The two move fast around Jesus, pushing Him, insulting Him to get rid of Him, endeavouring to strike each other, but without success, because Jesus, moving His mantle carefully, wards off the blows and interferes with their aim. He gets His mantle torn.

People shout: «Come away, Nazarene. You'll be the loser». But He does not move and endeavours to calm them, reminding them of God. In vain! The two rivals are mad with rage!

The power of miracle can be seen radiating from Jesus. For the last time He shouts: «I order you to stop it!»

«No! Get out of the way. Go your way, dog of a Nazarene! » Jesus then stretches out His hands, with His powerful bright look. He does not say one word. But the blades fall in pieces to the ground, as if they were made of glass and had clashed against a rock.

The two men look at the short, useless handles, left in their hands. Astonishment deadens wrath. And the astonished crowd shout.

<sup>3</sup>«And now? » asks Jesus, severely. «Where is your strength? » <sup>67.3</sup> Also the soldiers on duty at the gate, who rushed out at the latest shouts, stare surprised and one bends down to pick up the fragments of the blades and test them on his nails, not believing they were made of steel.

«And now? » repeats Jesus. «Where is your strength? On what did you base your right? On those bits of metal now lying in the dust? On those splinters of metal which had no other strength but to induce you to a sin of wrath against a brother, thus depriving you of all the blessings of God and consequently of all strength? Oh! how miserable are those who rely on human means to win, and who do not realise that holiness and not violence will make us winners both on the earth and beyond it! Because God is with the just.

Listen, people of Israel, and you, soldiers of Rome. The Word of God speaks to all the sons of man, and the Son of man will riot reject the Gentiles.

The second commandment of the Lord is a commandment of love for our neighbours. God is good and wants goodwill in His children. He who is not kindly disposed towards his neighbour cannot consider himself a son of God neither can he have God in himself. Man is not an animal without reason, that attacks and its prey. Man has reason and a soul. With his reason he must behave as a man. With his soul he must behave as a saint. He who behaves differently, lowers himself below animals; he stoops down to embrace demons because a soul becomes wicked with the sin of wrath.

Love. I say nothing else. Love your neighbour as the Lord God of Israel prescribes. Do not always be of Cain's blood. And why are you so? For the sake of a few coins, you who might have become murderers. For a few palms of land. For a better position.



For a woman. What are such things? Are they eternal? No. They last less than a lifetime, which lasts an instant of eternity. And what do you lose if you follow them? The eternal peace promised to the just, and which the Messiah will bring you together with His Kingdom. Come on to the way of Truth. Follow the Voice of God. Love one another. Be honest. Be moderate. Be humble and fair. Go and meditate. »

67.4     4«Who are You who speak such words and break swords with Your will power? Only One can do such things: the Messiah. Not even John the Baptist is greater than He is. Are You perhaps the Messiah? » three or four people ask Him.

«Yes, I am. »

«You? Are You the One who heals sick people and preaches God in Galilee? »

«I am. »

«I have an old mother who is dying. Heal her! »

«And I, see? I am losing all my strength because of my pains. My children are still young. Heal me! »

«Go home. Your mother this evening will prepare your supper; and you: be healed. I want it! »

The crowd roars with joy. They then ask: «Your Name! Your Name! »

«Jesus of Nazareth. »

«Jesus! Jesus! Hosanna! Hosanna! »

The crowd is jubilant. The donkeys now can do what they like, no one pays attention to them. Mothers rush out from the town, as the news has obviously spread and they lift up their little ones. Jesus blesses and smiles. And He endeavours to make His way through the acclaiming crowd to enter the town and go His way. But the crowd will not hear of it. «Stay with us! In Judaea! In Judaea! We are the sons of Abraham, too! » they shout.

67.5     5«Master! » Judas runs towards Him. «Master, You arrived before me. But what is happening? »

«The Rabbi has worked a miracle! Not in Galilee; here! We want Him here! »

«See, Master? The whole of Israel loves You. It is only fair You should stay here, too. Why do You not want to? »

«It is not that I do not want to, Judas. I came here by Myself, that the roughness of the Galilean disciples might not irritate the

subtleness of the Judaeans. I want to gather all the sheep of Israel under the sceptre of God. »

«That is why I said to You: “Take me”. I am a Judaeen, and I know how do deal with my equals. Will You therefore remain in Jerusalem? »

«For a few days. To wait for a disciple, who is also a Judaeen. Then I will go through Judaea... »

«Oh! I will come with You. I will accompany You. You will come to my village. I will take You to my house. Will You come, Master? »

6«I will come... Have you any news of the Baptist, since you are a Judaeen and you live with the mighty ones? » <sup>67.6</sup>

«I know that he is still in jail, but they want to set him free, because the crowds are threatening a revolt, if they do not get their prophet. Do You know him? »

«Yes, I do. »

«Do You like him? What do You think of him? »

«I think no one has been more like Elijah than he is. »

«Do You really consider him the Precursor? »

«Yes, he is. He is the morning star announcing the sun. Blessed are those who through his preaching have prepared themselves for the Sun. »

«John is very severe. »

«Not more with others than he is with himself. »

«That is true. But it is difficult to follow him in his penance. You are more kind, and it is easy to love You. »

«And yet... »

«Yet... what, Master? »

«Yet, as he is hated because of his austerity, I will be hated because of My goodness, because they both preach God, and God is disliked by the wicked. But it is to be thus. As he precedes Me in preaching, so he will precede Me in death. Woe to the killers of Penance and Goodness. »

«Why, Master, have You always such sad forecasts? The crowds love You. You saw that... »

«Because I am sure. Humble people do love Me. But the crowd is not all humble and of humble people. But I am not sad. It is a placid vision of the future and compliance with the will of the Father, Who sent Me for that. And I have come for that. Here we

are at the Temple. I am going to the Bel Nidrasc\* to teach the crowds. If you wish, you may stay. »

«I will stay with You. There in only one thing I wish: to serve You and let You triumph. »

They enter the Temple, and it all ends.

## **68. Jesus teaches in the Temple. Judas Iscariot assists Him.**

1<sup>st</sup> January 1945.

68. 1 I see Jesus entering the enclosure of the Temple with Judas beside Him. After going through the first terrace, He stops in a porch on the side of a wide yard, paved with multicoloured marble. The place is beautiful and crowded.

Jesus looks around and sees a spot He likes. But before turning His steps to it, He says to Judas: «Call the official of the place for Me. I must make Myself known, so that no one may say I break the custom and lack in respect. »

«Master, You are above the custom and no one more than You is entitled to speak in the House of God, since You are His Messiah. »

«I know, you know, but they do not know. I have not come to scandalise or to teach people to break not only the Law, but also the custom. On the contrary, I have come to teach respect, humbleness and obedience and to remove scandals. I therefore want to ask to be allowed to speak in God's name, making the official of the place acknowledge Me as being worthy. »

«You did not do that the last time. »

«The last time I was inflamed by the zeal for the House of God, desecrated by too many things. The last time I was the Son of the Father, the Heir Who, in the name of the Father and for the love of My House, acted in His majesty, which is above officials and priests. Now I am the Master of Israel, and I teach Israel also that. After all, Judas, do you think that a disciple is greater than His Master? »

\* **Bel Nidrasc:** most probably misheard words for Beth-Midrash (House of Learning) located in a part of the Temple where Doctors of Law used to study and teach the Scriptures.

«No, Jesus. »

«And who are you? And who am I? »

«You are the Master, I the disciple. »

«Well then, if you admit that, why do you want to teach your Master? Go and obey. I obey My Father, you must obey your Master. The first condition of the Son of God: to obey without discussing orders, knowing that the Father can give but holy orders. The first condition of a disciple: to obey his Master, knowing that the Master knows and can give but just orders. »

«It is true. Forgive me. I will obey. »

«I forgive you. Go. And, Judas, listen to one more thing: remember that. Always bear that in mind in future. »

«To obey? Yes, I will. »

«No: remember that I was respectful and humble to the Temple. To the Temple: that is, to the mighty castes; go. »

Judas looks at Him, wistfully and inquisitively... but he dare not ask further questions. And he goes away thoughtfully.

<sup>2</sup>...He comes back with a sumptuously dressed personage. 68. 2  
«Here, Master, the official. »

«Peace be with you. I ask to teach Israel, amongst the rabbis of Israel. »

«Are You a rabbi? »

«Yes, I am. »

«Who was Your teacher? »

«The Spirit of God Who speaks to Me in His wisdom and enlightens every word of the Holy Scriptures for Me. »

«Are You greater than Hillel, since You say You know all doctrines, without a teacher? How can one be formed if there is no one forming him? »

«As David was formed, an unknown little shepherd, who became a powerful and wise king by God's will. »

«Your Name? »

«Jesus of Joseph of Jacob of the House of David, and of Mary of Joachim of the House of David and of Anne of Aaron. Mary, the Virgin married in the Temple by the High Priest, according to the law of Israel, because She was an orphan. »

«Who can prove that? »

«There must still be some Levites here who will remember the event and who were the same age as Zacharias of the class of Abi-

jah, My relative. Ask them, if you doubt My sincerity. »

«I believe You. But who will prove to me that You are capable of teaching?»

«Listen to Me and you will judge for yourself.»

«You are free to do it... But... are You not a Nazarene?»

«I was born at Bethlehem of Judah, at the time of the census decreed by Caesar. Banished by unfair orders, the children of David are now everywhere. But the family is of Judah.»

«You know... the Pharisees... all Judaea... throughout Galilee... »

«I know. But be reassured. I was born at Bethlehem, at Bethlehem Ephrathah, whence My family comes; if now I live in Galilee, it is only to fulfil the given sign... »

The official goes away a few yards, hastening to where they call him.

68. 3 <sup>3</sup>Judas asks: «Why did You not say that You are the Messiah?»

«My words will say so.»

«Which is the sign to be fulfilled?»

«The union of Israel under the teaching of the word of Christ. I am the Shepherd of Whom the Prophets speak and I have come to gather all the sheep of every region, I have come to cure the sick ones and put the wandering ones on a good pasture. There is no Judaea or Galilee, no Decapolis or Idumaea for Me. There is only one thing: the Love that sees with one glance only and joins in one embrace only in order to save... » Jesus is inspired. Rays of light seem to be emanating from Him, so happily He smiles at his dream. Judas, amazed, stares at Him.

Some curious people draw near them, fascinated and struck by their different magnificence.

Jesus lowers His head and smiles at the little group with a smile, the sweetness of which no painter will ever be able to portray and no believer, who has never seen it, will ever be able to imagine. And He says: «Come if you are anxious to hear eternal words.»

68. 4 <sup>4</sup>He turns His steps towards the arch of the porch, and leaning against a column, He begins to speak. He refers to the event of the morning as a starting point.

«This morning, on entering Zion, I saw two children of Abraham who were ready to kill each other for a few coins. I could

have cursed them in the name of God, because God says: "You shall not kill" and He also says that those who do not maintain the Law are to be cursed. But I felt pity for their ignorance of the spirit of the Law and I only prevented them from committing murder, that they may have the opportunity of repenting, knowing God, serving Him in obedience, loving not only those who love them, but also their enemies.

Yes, Israel. A new day is rising for you and the commandment of love is becoming brighter. Does the year begin with the foggy Ethanim, or with the sad Chislev, the days of which are shorter than a dream and its nights longer than a calamity? No, it begins with the flowery, sunny, happy Nisan, when everything smiles and the heart of man, even the most poor and sad one, opens to hope, because summer is coming, with its crops, sunshine and fruit, when it is sweet to sleep on a meadow full of flowers, under a starry sky, and it is easy for man to nourish himself, because every clod of earth bears herbs or fruit to satisfy his hunger.

Here, Israel. Winter, the time of expectation, is over. Here is now the joy of the promise which is being accomplished. The Bread and Wine are about to be ready for your hunger. The Sun is among you. Everything breathes more freely and sweetly under this Sun. Also the precept of our Law: the first and most holy of the holy precepts: "Love your God and love your neighbour".

In the dim light granted to you so far, you were told: "Love those who love you and hate your enemies": you could not have done any better, because the wrath of God still weighed upon you, owing to Adam's sin of estrangement. And your enemy was not only he who crossed the borders of your fatherland, but also he who did you wrong privately or you thought he had done. Hatred, therefore, was smouldering in every heart, because which man, intentionally or unintentionally, does not give offence to his brother? And which man reaches an old age without being offended?

I say to you: love also those who offend you. Do that, considering that Adam, and every man through him, is a sinner against God, and there is no one who can say: "I have not offended God". And yet, God forgives, not once only He forgives, dozens of times,

He forgives thousands of times, as proved by the fact that man still exists on the earth. Forgive therefore, as God forgives. And if you cannot do it out of love for the brother who injured you, do it for the love of God, Who gives you bread and life, Who protects you in your worldly needs, and has arranged all events to procure eternal peace for you in His bosom. This is the new law, the law of God's springtime, of the flowery time of Grace amongst men, of the time that will bear you a matchless Fruit that will open the gates of Heaven for you.

68. 5     <sup>5</sup>The voice that spoke in the desert is no longer heard. But it is not mute. It still speaks to God on behalf of Israel and still speaks to every Israelite with an honest heart and it says — after teaching you to do penance to prepare the ways to the Lord Who is coming, and to be charitable giving what is surplus to those who lack even what is necessary, and to be honest without extorting and vexing — it says: “The Lamb of God, He Who takes away the sins of the world, Who will baptise with the fire of the Holy Spirit is amongst you. He will clear His threshing-floor and gather His wheat”.

Endeavour to recognise Him Whom the Precursor indicates to you. His suffering is imploring God to give you light. See. May your spiritual eyes be opened. You will recognise the Light that is coming. I pick up the voice of the Prophet announcing the Messiah, and with the power I receive from the Father, I amplify it and I add My authority to it end I call you to the truth of the Law. Prepare your hearts for the grace of the oncoming Redemption. The Redeemer is amongst you. Blessed are those who will be worthy of being redeemed, because they are men of goodwill.

Peace be with you. »

Someone asks: «Are You a disciple of the Baptist, since You speak of him with such veneration?»

«I was baptised by him, on the banks of the Jordan, before he was imprisoned. I venerate him because he is holy in the eyes of God. I solemnly tell you that among the children of Abraham there is no one greater in grace than he is. From his birth to his death, the eyes of God will rest upon that blessed man without any feeling of disdain. »

«Did he give You any assurance about the Messiah?»

«His word, which does not lie, pointed out the living Messiah to those present. »

«Where? When? »

«When it was time to do so. »

<sup>6</sup>But Judas feels obliged to say to everybody: «The Messiah is He Who is speaking to you. I declare it, because I know Him, and I am His first disciple. » 68.6

«Him!... Oh!...» The people move away frightened. But Jesus is so sweet that they gather round Him again.

«Ask Him to work some miracles. He is powerful. He can heal. He can read your hearts. He can answer all your questions. »

«Tell Him, on my behalf, that I am not well. My right eye is blind. My left one is already failing... »

«Master. »

«Judas. » Jesus, Who is caressing a little girl, turns around.

«Master, this man is almost blind and he wants to see. I told him you can... »

«I can heal him who has faith. Have you faith, man? »

«I believe in the God of Israel. I come here to enter the Bethzatha Pool. But there is always someone before me. »

«Can you believe in Me? »

«If I believe in the angel of the pool, should I not believe in You, Who Your disciple says are the Messiah? »

Jesus smiles. He wets His finger with saliva and lightly touches the diseased eye. «What can you see? »

«I see things without the fog I used to see. Are You not healing the other one? »

Jesus smiles once again. He repeats the operation on the blind eye. «What can you see? » He asks, removing His fingertip from the closed eyelid.

«Ah! Lord of Israel! I can see as well as when I was a little boy, running through the meadows! May You be blessed forever and ever! » The man cries, kneeling at Jesus' feet.

«Go. Be good, now, out of gratitude to God. »

<sup>7</sup>A Levite who arrived towards the end of the miracle, asks: «With what authority do You do such things? » 68.7

«Are you asking Me? I will tell you, if you answer a question. According to you, who is greater, a prophet who prophesies the Messiah or the Messiah Himself? »



«What a question! The Messiah is greater: He is the Redeemer promised by the Most High! »

«Well, then, why did the Prophets work miracles? What authority?»

«With the authority given to them by God to prove to the crowds that God was with them.»

«Well, I perform miracles with the same authority: God is with Me, I am with Him. And I thus prove to the people that what I say is true and that the Messiah, with a greater right and a greater power, can do what the Prophets were able to do.»

The Levite goes away pensive and the vision ends.

### **69. Jesus teaches Judas Iscariot.**

3<sup>rd</sup> January 1945.

69.1 <sup>1</sup>I see Jesus and Judas once again: they are coming out of the Temple, after praying in the area closest to the Holy of Holies, allowed to Jewish males.

Judas would like to remain with Jesus. But the Master objects to his wish. «Judas, I want to be alone at night time. At night, My spirit gets its nourishment from the Father. Prayer, meditation and solitude are more important for Me than material food. He who wishes to live for the spirit, and lead others to live the same life, must disregard the flesh, even more, I would say: kill it, to devote all his attention to the spirit. Everybody must do that, you know, Judas. You, too, if you really want to belong to God, that is to the supernatural.»

«But we are still on the earth, Master. How can we neglect the flesh and take care only of the spirit? Is what You say not the antithesis of God's commandment: "You shall not kill"? Does the commandment not forbid also suicide? If life is a gift from God, must we love it, or not?»

«I will not reply to you as I would reply to a simple-minded man, whom it is sufficient to get to raise his soul or his mind to supernatural spheres, so that we can take him with us flying in spiritual kingdoms. You are not a simple-minded person. You were formed in an environment that refined you... and it also marred you with its quibbles and doctrines. Do you remember

Solomon, Judas? He was wise, the wisest man of those times. Do you remember what he said\*, after acquiring all knowledge? “Vanity of vanities, all is vanity. To fear God and observe His commandments, that is all that matters to man”. Now I tell you that it is necessary to know how to get nourishment, but no poison, from food. And if we know that a food is bad for us, because it causes detrimental reactions in us, as it is stronger than our salutary juices which could counteract its effects, we must take no more of that food, even if it is pleasant to taste. Plain bread and water from the fountain are better than the sophisticated dishes of the king’s table, containing drugs which upset and poison. »

«What must I leave, Master? »

«Everything you know that upsets you. Because God is peace and if you want to follow the path of God, you must clear your mind, your heart and your flesh of everything that is not peace producing and causes perturbation. I know it is difficult to amend one’s way of living. But I am here to help you. I am here to help man to become the son of God once again, to recreate himself by means of a new creation, of an autogenesis wanted by man himself. <sup>69. 2</sup>But let Me reply to your question, so that you may not say that you were left in error through a fault of Mine. It is true that to kill oneself is the same as killing other people. Both our own and other people’s lives are the gift of God and only God, Who gives life, has the authority to take it. Who kills himself, confesses his own pride, and pride is hated by God. »

«He confesses his pride? I would say his despair. »

«And what is despair but pride? Just think, Judas. Why does one despair? Either because misfortunes persistently perturb him and he wants to overcome them by himself, but is unable to do so. Or because he is guilty and he thinks that he cannot be forgiven by God. In both cases, is not pride the basic reason? The man who wants to do all by himself, is no longer humble enough to stretch out his hand to the Father and say to Him: “I am not able, but You are. Help me, because I hope and wait for everything from You”. The other man who says: “God cannot forgive me” says so, because measuring God by his own standards, he

\* he said, in *Ecclesiastes* 1: 1-2; 12: 8. 13.

knows that another person could not forgive him, if that person had been offended, as he offended God. So here again it is pride. A humble man understands and forgives, even if he suffers for the offence received. A proud man does not forgive. He is proud also because he is not capable of lowering his head and saying: "Father, I have sinned, forgive Your poor guilty son". But do you not know, Judas, that the Father will forgive everything, if one asks to be forgiven with a sincere, contrite, humble, heart willing to rise again to new life? »

«But certain crimes are not to be forgiven. They cannot be forgiven. »

«That is what you say. And it will be true only because man wants it to be true. But, oh! I solemnly tell you that even after the crime of crimes, if the guilty man should rush to the Father's feet - He is called Father, Judas, just for that, and He is a Father of infinite perfection - and crying, implored Him to be forgiven, offering to expiate, without despairing, the Father would make it possible for him to expiate and thus deserve forgiveness and save his soul. »

69. 3     <sup>3</sup>«Well, then, You say that the men quoted by the Scriptures who killed themselves, did wrong. »

«It is not lawful to do violence to anybody, not even to oneself. They did wrong. In their limited knowledge of good, perhaps in certain cases, they had mercy from God. But after the Word has clarified the truth and has given strength to spirits with His Spirit, then he who dies in despair will no longer be forgiven. Neither in the instant of the personal judgement, nor after centuries of Gehenna, on Doomsday, never! Is that hardness by God? No: it is justice. God will say: "You, a creature gifted with reason and supernatural knowledge, created free by Me, you decided to follow the path you chose and you said: 'God will not forgive me. I am separated from Him forever. I think I must apply the law by myself to my own crime. I am parting from life to evade remorse without considering that you would no longer have felt remorse if you had come to My faithful bosom. And let it be done to you, as you judged. I will not violate the freedom I gave you".

That is what the Eternal Father will say to suicide. Meditate on it, Judas. Life is a gift, a gift to be loved. But what gift is it? A holy gift. So love it holily. Life lasts as long as the flesh holds

out. Then the great Life, the eternal Life begins. A Life of blissful happiness for the just, of malediction for the unjust. Is life a purpose or a means? It is a means. It serves for a purpose which is eternity. Then let us give life what is required to make it last and serve the spirit in its conquest. Continence of the flesh in all its lusts, *in all of them*. Continence of the mind in all its desires, *in all of them*. Continence of the heart in all human passions. Infinite instead is to be the ardour for heavenly passions: love of God and the neighbour, obedience to the divine word, heroism in good and virtue.

4I have given you the answer, Judas. Are you convinced? Is the explanation sufficient? Be always sincere, and ask when you do not yet know enough: I am here to be your Master. » 69. 4

«I have understood and it is sufficient. But... it is very difficult to do what I have understood. You can... because You are holy. But... I am a man, young and full of life... »

«I have come for men, Judas. Not for the angels. They do not need a teacher. They see God. They live in His Paradise. They are not unaware of the passions of men, because the Intelligence, which is their Life, makes them acquainted with everything, also those who are not guardians of men. But, spiritual as they are, they can have but one sin, as one of them had, and he drew to his side those who were weaker in charity: pride, the arrow that disfigured Lucifer, the most beautiful of the archangels, and turned him into the horrifying monster of the Abyss. I have not come for the angels, who, after Lucifer's fall, are horrified even at the shadow of a proud thought. But I have come for men. To make angels of men.

Man was the perfection of creation. He had the spirit of the angel and the full beauty of the animal, complete in all its animal and moral parts. There was no creature equal to him. He was the king of the earth, as God is the King of Heaven, and one day, when he would have fallen asleep for the last time on the earth, he would have become king with the Father in Heaven. Satan tore the wings off the angel-man and he replaced them with the claws of a beast and with intense yearning for filth, and lured him into becoming a being which is better described as a man-demon, rather than simply a man. I want to eradicate the disfigurement worked by Satan, as well as the corrupted crav-

ing of the contaminated flesh. I want to give back to man his wings, and make him king once again, co-heir of the Father and of the Celestial Kingdom. I know that man, if he is willing, can do what I say, to become once again king and angel. I would not tell you things you could not do. I am not one of the rhetors who

69. <sup>5</sup> preach impossible doctrines. <sup>5</sup>I have real flesh, so that through the experience of the flesh, I might learn which are the temptations of man. »

«And what about sins? »

«Everyone can be tempted. Sinners are only those who want to be such. »

«Have You ever sinned, Jesus? »

«No, I *never* wanted to sin. Not because I am the Son of the Father. But because I wanted and I want to prove to man that the Son of man did not sin because He did not want to sin, and that man can, if he wants, not sin. »

«Have You ever been tempted? »

«I am thirty years old, Judas. And I did not live in a cave upon a mountain. I lived amongst men. And if I had been in the loneliest place in the world, do you think temptations would not have come to Me? We have everything in us: good and evil. We carry everything with us. And the breath of God blows on the good and vivifies it like a thurible of sweet-smelling holy incense. And Satan blows on evil, thus kindling a furious blazing fire. But diligent goodwill and constant prayer are like damp sand on the hellish fire: they suffocate it and put it out. »

«But if You have never sinned, how can You judge sinners? »

«I am a man and the Son of God. What I might ignore as a man and judge wrongly, I know and judge as the Son of God. After all!... Judas, answer this question of Mine. Will one who is hungry, suffer more by saying: "I will now sit down at the table" or by saying: "There is no food for me"? »

«He suffers more in the latter case, because the simple thought that he is without food, will bring back to him the pleasant smell of food and his bowels will be tortured by biting desire. »

«Right: temptation is as biting as that desire, Judas. Satan makes it more intense, more real, more alluring than any accomplished act. Further, the act satisfies, and at times nauseates; whereas temptations do not subside, but like pruned trees, they

grow stronger and stronger. »

«And have You never yielded? »

«No, never. »

«How did You manage? »

«I said: “Father, lead Me not into temptation”. »

«What? You, the Messiah, You work miracles and You ask Your Father for help? »

«Not only for help: I ask Him not to lead Me into temptation. Do you think that I, simply because I am I, can do without the Father? Oh! no! I solemnly tell you that the Father grants everything to His Son, and that the Son receives everything from the Father. And I tell you that everything the Father will be asked for in My name will be granted. <sup>69. 6</sup>But here we are at Gethsemane, where I live. The first trees can be seen beyond the walls. You live beyond Tophet. It is getting dark already. You had better not come up as far as that. We will meet again tomorrow at the same place. Goodbye. Peace be with you. »

«Peace be with You, too, Master... But I would like to tell You another thing. I will come with You as far as the Kidron, then I will come back. Why do You live in such a humble place? You know, people notice so many things. Do You not know anyone in town with a beautiful house? If You wish, I can take You to some friends. They will give You hospitality because of my friendly attitude towards them; and the house would be more worthy of You. »

«Do you think so? I do not. All classes of people are worthy or unworthy. And without lacking in charity, but to avoid offending justice, I tell you that the unworthy, the *mischievously unworthy*, are often to be found amongst the great ones. It is not necessary and it is of no use being influential to be good or to hide sins from the eyes of God. Everything will be turned over under My Sign. And not he who is mighty will be great, but he who is humble and holy. »

«But to be respected, to impose oneself.. »

«Is Herod respected? Is Caesar respected? No, they are endured and cursed both by lips and by hearts. And believe Me, Judas, on good people, or simply on people of goodwill, it will be easier for Me to impose Myself with modesty rather than with majesty. »

«But... will You always despise the mighty ones? You will make enemies of them! I was thinking of speaking of You to many people I know and who are influential... »

«I will not despise anybody. I will meet the poor as well as the rich, slaves as well as kings, pure people as well as sinners. But if I have to be grateful to those who supply Me with bread and a roof that I may carry on My work, whatever the roof and the bread may be, I will always give My preference to the humble. The great ones already have so many joys. The poor have but their honest conscience, a faithful love, children and the joy of being listened to by those who are above them. I will always be bent over the poor, the afflicted, and sinners. I thank you for your good intention. But leave Me to this place of peace and prayer. Go, and may God inspire you with what is good.»

Jesus leaves the disciple and goes into the olive-grove, and the vision ends.

## **70. At Gethsemane with John of Zebedee. A comparison between the beloved disciple and Judas of Kerioth.**

4<sup>th</sup> January 1945.

70.1 <sup>1</sup>I see Jesus going towards the little low white house in the middle of the olive-grove. A young man greets Him. He seems to come from there, because he is holding in his hands pruning and hoeing tools.

«God be with You, Rabbi: Your disciple John came, and he just left to come and meet You.»

«How long ago?»

«Not long, he has just passed that path. We thought You were coming from Bethany...»

Jesus starts walking very fast, He goes round the cliff, He sees John almost running down towards the town and calls him.

The disciple turns around and with his face brightened with joy, he shouts: «Oh! My Master!» and he starts running back.

Jesus receives him with His arms wide open and they embrace each other affectionately.

«I was coming to look for You... We thought You had been to

Bethany, as You told us. »

«Yes, I wanted to go. I must start evangelising also the surroundings of Jerusalem. But I stayed in town... to teach a new disciple. »

«Everything You do is well done, Master. And is always successful. See? Even now we met very soon. »

They start walking, and Jesus places an arm on the shoulders of John, who, being shorter than Jesus, looks up at Him, obviously very happy for so much intimacy. They thus start going back to the little house.

«Have you been here long? »

«No, Master. I left Doco at dawn, along with Simon, to whom I gave Your message. Then we stopped together in the country of Bethany, sharing the food we had, and speaking of You to the peasants we found in the fields. When it was cooler, we parted. Simon went to see a friend of his, to whom he wants to speak about You. He owns almost the whole of Bethany. He has known him for a long time, when their fathers were alive. But Simon is coming here tomorrow. He asked me to tell You that he is happy to serve You. Simon is very clever. I would like to be like him. But I am an ignorant boy. »

«No, John, you are doing very well, too. »

«Are You really satisfied with Your poor John? »

«Yes, I am thoroughly satisfied, My dear John. Thoroughly satisfied. »

«Oh! My Master! » John bends down with eagerness to take Jesus' hand, which he kisses and passes lovingly over his face, as if caressing it.

<sup>2</sup>They have arrived at the little house. They enter the low <sup>70. 2</sup> smoky kitchen. The landlord greets them: «Peace be with You. »

Jesus replies: «Peace to this house, to you and to those who live here with you. I have a disciple with Me. »

«There will be bread and oil for him, too. »

«I brought some dried fish that James and Peter gave me. And passing by Nazareth, Your Mother gave me some bread and honey for You. I walked all the time without stopping, but it will be dry now. »

«It does not matter, John. It will always have the flavour of My Mother's hands. »



John pulls out his treasures from the knapsack that he had put in a corner. And I see them prepare the dried fish in a strange way. They put it for a few minutes in hot water, they then put some olive oil on it and they roast it on the fire.

Jesus blesses the food and sits at the table with His disciple. Also the landlord, whose name I hear is Jonah, and his son, sit at the same table. The landlady comes and goes bringing fish, some black olives, boiled vegetables dressed with oil. Jesus offers also some honey. And He offers it to the landlady, spreading it on some bread. «It comes from My beehive» He says. «My Mother looks after the bees. Eat it. It is good. You are so good to Me, Mary, and you deserve much more than this» He then adds, because the woman does not want to deprive Him of the sweet honey.

The supper ends in a short time, while they hold a brief conversation on common topics. As soon as they finish, and after thanking for the food, Jesus says to John: «Come. Let us go out into the olive-grove for a little while. It is a clear, mild night. It will be pleasant to be out there for a short time.»

The landlord says: «Master, I say “good night” to You. I am tired and also my son is tired. We are going to bed. I will leave the door ajar and the lamp on the table. You know what to do.»

«Go, Jonah. And put out the lamp. There is such a bright moonlight, that we will be able to see without any light.»

«But where will Your disciple sleep?»

«With Me. On My mat there is room also for him. Is that right, John?»

John is enraptured at the idea of sleeping beside Jesus.

70. 3 <sup>3</sup>They go out into the olive-grove. But before going out, John takes something out of the knapsack in the corner. They walk for a little while and they reach a brow from which the whole of Jerusalem can be seen.

«Let us sit down here and talk a little» says Jesus.

But John prefers to sit at Jesus' feet on the short grass, and he rests his arm on Jesus' knees, with his head reclined on his arm, looking now and again at Jesus. He looks like a little boy near the person dearest to him. «It is beautiful also here, Master. Look how large the town seems at night. Larger than by day.»

«It is because the moonlight shades the outlines. See: the borders seem to widen out in a silver brightness. Look at the top of

the Temple, up there. Does it not look as if it were suspended in mid air. »

«It seems supported by angels on their silver wings. »

Jesus sighs.

«Why are You sighing, Master? »

«Because the angels have abandoned the Temple. Its feature of purity and holiness is now confined to its walls only. Those who should impress it into its soul — because every place has its soul, that is the spirit for which it was built, and the Temple has, or should have, a soul of prayer and holiness — those who should energise such spirit, are instead the first to suffocate it. You can not give what you do not possess, John. And if there are many priests and Levites living there, not even one tenth of them are capable of giving life to the Holy Place. They give death instead. They transmit the death of their own souls, which are dead to what is holy. They have their formulae. But they do not have the essence of them. They are corpses that are warm only because putrefaction swells them. »

«Have they done You wrong, Master? » John is all upset.

«No. On the contrary they allowed Me to speak when I asked to. »

«Did You ask them? Why? »

«Because I do not want to be the one who starts war. There will be war in any case. Because I shall be the cause of a silly human fear for some, and the cause of reproach for others. But this must be written in *their* book, not in Mine. »

<sup>4</sup>They are quiet for a few moments, then John carries on speaking. «Master, I know Annas and Caiaphas. My family has been on business relations with them, and when I came to Judaea to see John, I used to come to the Temple, and they were good to the son of Zebedee. My father always sends them the best fish. That is the custom, You know? If you want them to be friendly and to continue so, you must do that... »

«I know. » Jesus is serious.

«Well, if You wish, I will speak to the High Priest about You. And... if You want, I know a man who is on business terms with my father. He is a rich fish merchant. He has a lovely big house near the Hippicus Tower, because they are very rich people, but they are also very good. You would be more comfortable and You

70. 4

would not get so tired. To come here, You have to come through the suburb of Ophel, which is so wild and always full of donkeys and quarrelsome boys. »

«No, John. Thank you. But I am alright here. See how much peace there is? I told also the other disciple who made the same suggestion. He said: "To enjoy a higher reputation". »

«I mentioned it that You might not get so tired. »

«I do not get tired. I will walk so much, and I will never tire. Do you know what tires Me? Indifference. Oh! What a burden it is! It is like carrying a weight on your heart. »

«I love You, Jesus. »

«Yes, and you comfort Me. I love you so much, John, and I always will, because you will never betray Me. »

«Betray You! Oh! »

70.5 «And yet there will be many who will betray Me... <sup>5</sup>John, listen. I told you that I stayed here to teach a new disciple. He is a young Jew, educated and well known. »

«Well, then. You will have to work much less with him than You have to with us, Master. I am glad that You have someone who is more capable than we are. »

«Do you think I will work less? »

«Yes, if he is less ignorant than we are, he will understand You better, and serve You better, especially if he loves You. »

«What you say is right. But love is not proportionate to education or formation. A virgin loves with all the strength of her first love. That applies also to the virginity of mind. And the beloved penetrates and is more deeply impressed on a virgin heart and a virgin mind, rather than on hearts and minds imbued with other loves. But if God wants... Listen, John. I would ask you to be friendly with him. My heart shudders at the thought of putting you, an unshorn lamb, near the expert in life. But it subsides considering that you may well be a lamb, but you are also an eagle, and if the expert will endeavour to make you touch the ground, which is always muddy, the soil of good human sense, with a stroke of your wings, you will be able to free yourself and desire only the clear blue sky and the sun. That is why I ask you to remain as you are and be friendly to the new disciple, inspiring him with your love, because he will not be loved very much by Simon Peter and the others... »

«Oh! Master! Are You not sufficient? »

«I am the Master. Not everything will be said to Me. You are a companion, a little younger, to whom it will be easier for him to unbosom himself. I am not suggesting you should repeat to Me what he tells you. I detest spies and traitors. But I ask you to evangelise him with your faith, your charity, your purity, John. It is a land defiled by stagnant waters. It must be dried up by the sun of love, purified by the integrity of thoughts, desires and deeds, and cultivated with faith. You can do that. »

«If You say I can... Yes! If You say I can do that, I will do it. For Your sake... »

«Thank you, John. »

«Master, You mentioned Simon Peter. And that reminded me of something I should have told You immediately, but the joy of listening to You made me forget about it. When we went back to Capernaum after Pentecost, we found the usual amount of money from that unknown person. The boy had taken it to my mother. I gave it to Peter, and he handed it back to me, saying I should use some of it on my way back and in my stay at Doco and I should bring You the rest, for whatever need of Yours... because also Peter thought this place might not be comfortable... but You say it is... I took only two coins for two poor people I met near Ephraim. For the rest, I lived with what my mother had given me and what I was given by some good people to whom I preached Your Name. Here is the purse. » 70. 6

«We will give the money to the poor tomorrow. So Judas also will be acquainted with our custom. »

«Has Your cousin come? How was he so quick? He was at Nazareth and he did not tell me he was leaving... »

«No. Judas is the new disciple. He comes from Kerioth. But you saw him at Passover, here, the evening I cured Simon. He was with Thomas. »

«Ah! It's him? » John is a little perplexed.

«Yes, it is he. And what is Thomas doing? »

«He carried out Your instructions, he left Simon the Cananean and by the sea road he went to meet Philip and Bartholomew.»

«Yes, I want you to love one another, without preferences, helping one another mutually and bearing with one another, No one is perfect, John, Neither the young nor the old. But if you

have goodwill, you will reach perfection and what is wanting in you, I will supply. You are like the children of a holy family. In it there are very different characters. One is strong, another is sweet, or brave, or shy, or impulsive or very cautious. If you were all alike, you would be really strong in one character, but very weak in all the others. Whereas you thus form a perfect union, completed by you all. Love unites you, it must unite you, for the sake of God's cause. »

«And for Your sake, Jesus. »

«First the cause of God and then the love for His Christ. »

«I... and what am I in our family? »

70. 7 «You are the loving peace of the Christ of God. <sup>7</sup>Are you tired, John? Do you want to go back? I will stay here and pray. »

«I will stay, too, and I will pray with You. Let me stay and pray with You. »

«You may stay. »

Jesus says some psalms and John prays with Him. But his voice dies down and he falls asleep with his head on Jesus' lap. Jesus smiles and stretches His mantle on the shoulders of the sleeping disciple and continues to pray mentally.

The vision ends in this way.

70. 8 <sup>8</sup>Then Jesus says:

«Another comparison between My John and another disciple. A comparison that makes the figure of My beloved disciple clearer and clearer.

He is the one who divests himself also of his own way of thinking and judging, in order to be "the disciple". He is the one who gives himself without wishing to withhold even a particle of himself, as his self was before becoming a disciple. Judas is the one who does not want to divest himself of himself. His donation is therefore unreal. He carries with himself his *ego* diseased with pride, sensuality and greed. He maintains his way of thinking. And he thus counteracts the effect of the donation and of Grace.

Judas: the first of all the apostles who failed. And they are so many! John: the first of those who become victims out of love for Me. And you are one of them.

My Mother and I are the sublime Victims. It is difficult to reach us, in fact it is impossible, because our sacrifice was of to-

tal bitterness. But My John! He is the victim that all My lovers can imitate: virgins, martyrs, confessors, evangelizers, servants of God and of the Mother of God, devoted to activity or contemplation: he is an example for everyone. He is the one who loves.

Note their different ways of reasoning. Judas investigates, quibbles, is obstinate, even when he pretends to give in, he still has mental reservations. John feels he is nothing, he accepts everything, he does not ask for reasons, he is satisfied with making Me happy. That is the example.

<sup>70. 9</sup> And did you not feel completely peaceful before his simple dear love? Oh! My John! And My little John, whom I want to be more and more like My beloved. Accept everything, always saying as the apostle: "Everything You do, is well done, Master", in order to deserve to always hear Me say to you: "You are My loving peace". I need comfort as well, Mary. Give Me it. My Heart for your rest. »

### **71. Judas Iscariot introduced to John and Simon the Zealot.**

6<sup>th</sup> January 1945.

<sup>71. 1</sup> I see Jesus with Judas Iscariot walking up and down near one of the gates of the Temple enclosure.

«Are You sure he will come?» asks Judas.

«I am certain. He was leaving Bethany at dawn and at Gethsemane he was to meet My first disciple... »

There is a pause, then Jesus stops and stares at Judas. He is standing in front of him. He studies him. He then places a hand on his shoulder and asks: «Why, Judas, do you not tell Me your thoughts?»

«Which thoughts? I have no special thought, Master, at the present moment. I ask You even too many questions. You certainly cannot complain of my silence. »

«You ask Me many questions and You give Me many details on the town and its inhabitants. But you do not unburden yourself to Me. What do you think it matters to Me what you tell Me about the wealth of people and the members of this or that family? I am not an idler who has come here to while away the time. You

know why I have come. And you may well realise that I am concerned with being the Master of *My* disciples, as the most important thing. I therefore want sincerity and trust from them. <sup>71.2</sup>Was your father fond of you, Judas? »

«He was very fond of me. He was proud of me. When I went back home from school, and even later, when I went back to Kerioth from Jerusalem, he wanted me to tell him everything. He took an interest in everything I did and he would rejoice if they were good things, he would comfort me if they were not so good, if - sometimes, You know, we all make mistakes - if I had made a mistake and had been blamed for it, he would show me the fairness of the reproach I had received, or the injustice of my action. But he did it so gently... he seemed like an older brother. He always ended by saying: "I am saying this because I want my Judas to be just. I want to be blessed through my son". My father... »

Jesus, Who has been carefully studying His disciple all the time, truly moved at the evocation of his father, says: «Now, Judas, be sure of what I am going to tell you. Nothing will make your father so happy, as your being a faithful disciple. Your father, who brought you up as you said, must have been a just man and his soul will rejoice, where he is awaiting the light, seeing that you are My disciple. But in order to be such, you must say to yourself: "I have found my lost father, the father who was like an older brother to me, I have found him in my Jesus, and I will tell Him everything, as I used to tell my beloved father, over whose death I am still mourning, that I may receive from Him guidance, blessings or a kind reproach". May God grant it, and above all may you behave so that Jesus will always say to you: "You are good. I bless you". »

«Oh! yes, Jesus! If You love me so much, I will strive to be good, as You want and my father wanted me to be. And my mother will no longer have an aching pain in her heart. She used to say: "You have no guide now, my son, and you still need one so much". When she knows that I have You! »

«I will love you as no other man could possibly love you, I will love you so much, I do love you. Do not disappoint Me. »

«No, Master, I will not. I was full of conflicts. Envy, jealousy, eagerness to excel, sensuality, everything clashed in me against

the voice of my conscience. Even quite recently, see? You caused me to suffer. That is: no, not You. It was my wicked nature... I thought I was Your first disciple... and, now You have just told me that You already have one. »

«You saw him yourself. Do you not remember that at Passover I was in the Temple with many Galileans? »

«I thought they were friends... I thought I was the first one to be chosen for such destiny, and that I was therefore the dearest.»

«There are no distinctions in My heart between the first and the last. If the first one should err and the last one were a holy man, then there would be a distinction in the eyes of God. But I will love just the same: I will love the holy living man with a blissful love, and the sinner with a suffering love. <sup>71.3</sup>But here is John coming with Simon. John, My first disciple, Simon, the one of whom I spoke to you two days ago. You have already seen Simon and John. One was ill... »

«Ah! The leper! I remember. Is he already Your disciple? »

«Since the following day. »

«And why did I have to wait so long? »

«Judas?! »

«You are right. Forgive me. »

John has seen the Master, and he points Him out to Simon. They make haste. John and the Master kiss each other. Simon, instead, throws himself at Jesus' feet and kisses them, exclaiming: «Glory to my Saviour! Bless Your servant that his actions may be holy in the eyes of God and that I may glorify Him and bless Him for giving You to me. »

Jesus places His hand on Simon's head: «Yes, I bless you to thank you for your work. Get up, Simon. This is John, and this is Simon: here is My last disciple. He also wants to follow the Truth. He is therefore a brother for you all. »

They greet each other: the two Judaeans inquisitively, John heartily.

«Are you tired, Simon? » asks Jesus.

«No, Master. With my health I have recovered a vitality I never felt before. »

«And I know you make good use of it. I have spoken to many people and they all told Me that you have already instructed them about the Messiah. »



Simon smiles happily. «Also last night I spoke of You to one who is an honest Israelite. I hope You will meet him one day. I would like to take You to him. »

«That is quite possible. »

Judas joins in the conversation: «Master, You promised to come with me, in Judaea. »

«And I will. Simon will continue to teach the people on My coming. The time is short, My dear friends, and the people are so many. <sup>71.4</sup> I will now go with Simon. You two will come and meet Me this evening on the road to the Mount of Olives and we will give money to the poor. Go now. »

When Jesus is alone with Simon, He asks him: «Is that person in Bethany a true Israelite? »

«He is a true Israelite. His ideas are the prevailing ones, but he is really longing for the Messiah. And when I said to him: “He is now among us”, he replied at once: “I am blessed because I am living this hour”. »

«We shall go to him one day and take our blessing to his house. Have you seen the new disciple? »

«I have. He is young and seems intelligent. »

«Yes, he is. Since you are a Judaeen, You will bear more with him than the others will, because of his ideas. »

«Is that a desire, or an order? »

«A kind order. You have suffered and You can be more indulgent. Sorrow teaches many things. »

«If You give me an order, I will be totally indulgent to him. »

«Yes. Be so. Perhaps Peter, and he may not be the only one, will be somewhat upset seeing how I take care and worry about this disciple. But one day, they will understand... The more one is deformed, the more assistance one needs. The others... oh! the others form properly, also by themselves, by simple contact. I do not want to do everything by Myself. I want the will of man and the help of other people to form a man. I ask you to help Me... and I am grateful for the help. »

«Master, do You think he will be disappointing You? »

«No. But he is young and was brought up in Jerusalem. »

«Oh! near You he will amend all the vices of that town... I am sure. I was already old and hardened by bitter hatred, and yet I have changed completely after seeing You... »

Jesus whispers: «So be it! » Then in a loud voice: «Let us go to the Temple. I will evangelise the people. »

And the vision ends.

## **72. Towards Bethlehem with John, Simon the Zealot and Judas Iscariot.**

7<sup>th</sup> January 1945.

I see, early in the morning, Jesus, Who at the same Gate meets His disciples Simon and Judas. John is already with Jesus. And I hear Him say: «My friends, I ask you to come with Me through Judaea. If it is not too much for you, particularly for you, Simon. » 72. 1

«Why, Master? »

«It is hard to walk on the Judaeian mountains... and perhaps it will be even more painful for you to meet someone who harmed you. »

«As far as the road is concerned, I wish to assure You, once again, that after You healed me, I feel stronger than a young man and no work is heavy for me, also because it is done for You, and now, with You. With regards to meeting people who harmed me, there is no harsh resentment or feeling in Simon's heart, since he became Yours. Hatred has gone together with the scales of the disease. And believe me, I cannot tell You whether You worked a greater miracle in healing my corroded flesh or my soul consumed by hatred. I do not think I am wrong in saying the latter miracle was the greater. A wound of the soul heals less easily... and You healed me in one second. That is a miracle. Because one does not recover all of a sudden, even if one wants to with all one's strength and a man does not get rid of a bad moral habit, if You do not destroy that habit with Your sanctifying will power. »

«Your judgement, is correct. »

<sup>2</sup>«Why do You not do that with everyone? » asks Judas, somewhat resentful. 72. 2

«But He does, Judas. Why do you speak like that to the Master? Do you not feel you have changed since you have been in contact with Him? Previously, I was a disciple of John the Baptist. But I have found myself completely changed since He said to me: "Come".» John, who in general very seldom interferes, and never

does in the presence of the Master, this time cannot keep quiet. Kind and loving, he lays one hand on Judas' arm as if to calm him down and he speaks to him anxiously and persuasively. He then realises he has spoken before Jesus, he blushes and says: «Forgive me, Master, I spoke in Your stead, but I wanted... I did not want Judas to grieve You. »

«Yes, John. But he did not grieve Me as My disciple. When he is My disciple, then, if he persists in his way of thinking, he  
72. 3 will grieve Me. <sup>3</sup>It grieves Me only to notice how much man has been corrupted by Satan who perverts his thoughts. All men, you know! The thoughts of all of you have been misled by him! But the day will come, when you will have the Strength and the Grace of God, you will have Wisdom with His Spirit... you will then have everything to enable you to judge rightly. »

«And will we all judge rightly. »

«No, Judas. »

«But are You referring to us, disciples, or to all men? »

«I refer firstly to you, and to all the others. When the time comes, the Master will nominate His workers and send them all over the world... »

«Are You not doing that already? »

«For the time being, I use you only to say: "The Messiah is here. Come to Him". *Later* I will make you capable of preaching in My name, of working miracles in My name... »

«Oh! Also miracles? »

«Yes, on bodies and on souls. »

«Oh! How they will admire us, then! » Judas is overjoyed at the thought.

72. 4 <sup>4</sup>«But, then, we shall not be with the Master... and I will always be afraid to do with my human capacity what comes only from God» says John, and he looks thoughtfully and somewhat sadly at Jesus.

«John, if the Master will allow me, I would like to tell you what I think» says Simon.

«Yes, tell John. I want you to advise one another. »

«Do You already know it is advice? »

Jesus smiles and is quiet.

«Well, I tell you, John, that you must not, we must not be afraid. Let us rest upon His wisdom of a holy Master and upon

His promise. If He says: "I will send you", it means that He knows that He can send us without any fear that we may do harm to Him or to ourselves, that is to the cause of God, that is so dear to each of us, like a newly-wed bride. If He promises to dress our intellectual and spiritual misery with the brightness of the power His Father gives Him for us, we must be certain that He will do so and that we will be successful, not by ourselves, but through His mercy. All this will most certainly happen, providing our deeds are free from pride and human ambitions. I think that if we contaminate our mission, which is entirely a spiritual one, with earthly ingredients, then also Christ's promise will no longer stand. Not because of any inability on His part, but because we shall strangle such ability with the rope of pride. <sup>5</sup>I do not know whether I have made myself understood. » 72. 5

«You have spoken very clearly. I am wrong. But you know... I think that after all, to wish to be admired as the Messiah's disciples, *so close* to Him as to deserve to do what He does, is the same as wishing to increase even more the powerful figure of Christ among people. Praise to the Master Who has such disciples, that is what I mean» answers Judas.

«What you say is not entirely wrong. But... see, Judas. I come from a caste which is persecuted because... because what and how the Messiah should be is misunderstood. Yes. If we had waited for Him with the correct vision of His being, we would not have fallen into errors, which are blasphemy against the Truth and a rebellion against the Law of Rome, so that we have been punished both by God and by Rome. We fancied Christ as a conqueror who would free Israel, as a new Maccabeus, greater than the great Judas... Only that. And why? Because rather than have regard to the interest of God we took care of our own interests: of the fatherland and of the people. Oh! The interests of the fatherland are most certainly sacred. But what are they when compared to the eternal Heavens? In the long hours of persecution, first, and then of isolation, when as a fugitive, I was compelled to hide in the dens of wild beasts, sharing food and a bed with them, to escape Roman power and above all the impeachments of false friends; or when, waiting for death I was already tasting the savour of the sepulchre, in the cave of a leper, how much did I meditate, and how much did I see: I saw the figure of the Messi-

ah... Yours, my humble and good Master, Yours, Master and King of the Spirit, Yours, O Christ, Son of the Father, leading to the Father, and not to the royal palaces of dust, nor to the deities of mud. You... Oh! It is easy for me to follow You... Because, forgive my daring, which avows itself to be correct, because I see You as I thought of You, I recognise You, I recognised You at once. No, it was not a question of meeting You, but of recognising *One* whom my soul had already met... »

72. 6 «That is why I called you... and that is why I am taking you with Me, now, in this first journey of Mine in Judaea. <sup>6</sup>I want you to complete your recognition... and I want also these, whom age makes less capable of reaching the Truth by means of deep meditation, I want them to know how their Master has come to this hour... You will understand later. There is David's Tower. The Eastern Gate is near. »

«Are we going out through it? »

«Yes, Judas. We are going to Bethlehem first. Where I was born... You ought to know... to tell the others. That also is part of the knowledge of the Messiah and of the Scriptures. You will find prophecies written in things not as prophecies but as history. Let us go around Herod's houses... »

«The old, wicked, lustful fox. »

«Do not judge. There is God, Who judges. Let us go along the path through these vegetable gardens. We will stop under the shade of a tree, near some hospitable house, until it cools down. We will then go on our way. »

The vision ends.

### **73. In Bethlehem, in the house of a peasant and in the grotto of the Nativity.**

8<sup>th</sup> January 1945.

73. 1 <sup>1</sup>A stony, dusty, flat road, dried up by the summer sun. It runs alongside huge olive-trees, all laden with small newly formed olives. The ground, that has not been trodden on, is strewn with a layer of minute little olive flowers, which have fallen off after pollination.

Jesus, with the three disciples, proceeds in single file along

the edge of the road, where the grass is still green, protected by the shade of the olive-trees and consequently there is less dust.

The road turns at a right angle, after which it climbs easily towards a large valley shaped like a horseshoe, on which numerous houses are strewn forming a small town. At the right angle turn of the road, there is a square building surmounted by a little low dome. It is all closed up, as if it were abandoned.

«That is Rachel's sepulchre» says Simon.

«In that case, we have almost arrived. Are we going into town at once?»

«No, Judas, I want to show you a place first... Then we will go into town, and since there is still clear daylight and it will be an evening of moonlight, we will be able to speak to the people. If they will listen to us.»

«Do You think they will not listen to You?»

<sup>2</sup>They have reached the sepulchre, an ancient but well pre- 73.2 served monument, well whitewashed.

Jesus stops to drink at a rustic well nearby. A woman who has come to draw water offers Him some. Jesus asks her: «Are you from Bethlehem?»

«I am. But now at harvest time, I live in the country here with my husband, to look after the vegetable gardens and the orchards. Are You a Galilean?»

«I was born in Bethlehem, but I live at Nazareth in Galilee.»

«Are You persecuted, too?»

«The family is. But why do you say: "You too"? Are there many people persecuted among the Bethlehemitites?»

«Don't You know? What age are You?»

«Thirty.»

«Then You were born exactly when... oh! what a calamity! But why was He born here?»

«Who?»

«The One they said was the Saviour. Cursed be the fools who, drunk as they were, thought the clouds were angels and the bleating and braying were voices from Heaven, and in the haze of drunkenness they mistook three miserable people for the holiest people on the earth. Cursed be they! And cursed be those who believe them.»

«But, with all your cursing, you are not telling Me what

happened. Why are you cursing? »

«Because... Listen: where are You going? »

«To Bethlehem with My friends. I have business there. I must visit some old friends and take them the greetings of My Mother. But I would like to know many things before, because we have been away, we of the family, for many years. We left the town when I was only a few months old. »

73.3 «Before the catastrophe, then. <sup>3</sup>Listen, if You do not loathe the house of a peasant, come and share our bread and salt with us. You and Your companions. We will talk during supper and I will put you all up for the night. My house is small. But above the stable there is a lot of hay, all piled up. The night is clear and warm. If You want, You can sleep there. »

«May the Lord of Israel reward your hospitality. I will be happy to come to your house. »

«A pilgrim brings blessings with him. Let us go. But I shall have to pour six jars of water on the vegetables which have just come up. »

«And I will help you. »

«No, You are a gentleman, Your behaviour says so. »

«I am a worker, woman. This one is a fisherman. Those two Judaeans are well off and employed. I am not. » And He picks up a jar, which was lying flat on its big belly near the very low wall of the well, He ties it to the rope, and lowers it into the well.

John helps Him. Also the others wish to be as helpful and they ask the woman: «Where are the vegetables? Tell us and we will take the jars there. »

«May God bless you! My back is broken with fatigue. Come... »

And while Jesus is pulling up His jar, the three disciples disappear along a little path... and come back with two empty ones which they fill up and then go away. And they do not do that three, but ten times. And Judas laughing says: «She is shouting herself hoarse, blessing us. We have given so much water to her salad, that the soil will be damp for at least two days, and the woman will not have to break her back. » When he comes back for the last time, he says: «Master, I am afraid we have been unlucky. »

«Why, Judas? »

«Because she has it in for the Messiah. I said to her: “Don’t

curse. Don't you know that the Messiah is the greatest grace for the people of God? Yahweh promised Him to Jacob, and after him to all the Prophets and the just people in Israel. And you hate Him? ” She replied: “Not Him. But the one whom some drunken shepherds and three cursed diviners from the East called ‘Messiah’ ”. And since that is You... »

«It does not matter. I know I am placed as a trial and contradiction for many. Did you tell her who I am? »

«No, I am not a fool. I wanted to save Your back and ours. »

«You did well. Not because of our backs. But because I wish to show Myself when I think the time is right. Let us go. »

Judas leads Him as far as the vegetable garden.

4The woman empties the last three jars and she then takes <sup>73.4</sup> Him towards a rustic building in the middle of the orchard. «Go in» she says. «My husband is already in the house. »

They look into a low smoky kitchen. «Peace be to this house» greets Jesus.

«Whoever You are, may You and Your friends be blessed. Come in» replies the man. And he takes out to them a basin of water that they may refresh and clean themselves. Then they all go in and sit round a rough table.

«Thank you for helping my wife. She told me. I had never dealt with Galileans before and I was told that they are rough and quarrelsome. But you have been kind and good. Although already tired... you worked so hard. Are you coming from far? »

«From Jerusalem. These two are Judaeans. The other one and I are from Galilee. But, believe Me, man: you will find good and bad everywhere. »

«That's true. I, the first time I have met Galileans, I have found them to be good. Woman: bring the food. I have but bread, vegetables, olives and cheese. I am a peasant. »

«I am not a gentleman Myself. I am a carpenter. »

«What? You? With Your manners? »

The woman intervenes: «Our guest is from Bethlehem, I told you, and if His relations are persecuted, they were probably rich and learned, like Joshua of Ur, Matthew of Isaac, Levi of Abraham, poor people!... »

«You have not been questioned. Forgive her. Women are more talkative than sparrows in the evening. »



«Were they Bethlehemite families?»

«What? You do not know who they are, and You come from Bethlehem?»

«We ran away when I was a few months old...»

The woman who must be really loquacious, resumes speaking: «He went away before the massacre.»

«Eh! I see that. Otherwise He would not be in this world. Have You never been back?»

«No, never.»

73. 5 <sup>5</sup>«What a calamity! You will not find many of those Sarah said You want to meet and visit. Many were killed, many ran away, many... who knows!... missing, and it has never been known whether they died in the desert or were killed in jail as a punishment for their rebellion. But was it a rebellion? And who would have remained inactive allowing so many innocents to be slaughtered? No, it is unfair that Levi and Elias should still be alive when so many innocents are dead!»

«Who are those two, and what did they do?»

«Well... at least You will have heard of the slaughter. The slaughter by Herod... Over a thousand babies\* slaughtered in town, almost another thousand in the country. And they were all, or almost all, males, because in their fury, in the darkness, in the scuffle, the killers tore away from their cradles, from their mother's beds, from the houses they assailed, also some baby girls, and they pierced them like sucking baby gazelles shot down by archers. Well: why all that? Because a group of shepherds, who had obviously drunk a huge quantity of cider to stand the intense night cold, in a frenzy of excitement, stated they had seen angels, heard songs, received instructions... and they said to us of Bethlehem: "Come. Adore. The Messiah is born". Just imagine: the Messiah in a cave! In all sincerity, I must admit that we were all drunk, even I, then an adolescent, also my wife, then only a few years old... because we all believed them, and in a

\* **Over a thousand babies...** *The real number of babies killed is thirty-two, eighteen of which in the actual town of Bethlehem and fourteen in the nearby country. Also six baby girls were slaughtered as the hired cut-throats could not tell them from baby boys because they were dressed alike, and also because of the darkness and their hurry to kill. The peasant, as is often the case, exaggerates. The above detailed information is given by M. V. on a separate sheet added to the original manuscript.*

poor Galilean woman we saw the Virgin Mother mentioned by the Prophets. But She was with Her husband, a rough Galilean! If She was the wife, how could She be the “Virgin”? To cut a long story short: we believed. Gifts, worshipping... houses opened to give them hospitality!...

Oh! They played their roles very well! Poor Anne! She lost her property and her life, and also the children of her oldest daughter, the only one left because she was married to a merchant in Jerusalem, lost all their property because their house was burned down and the whole holding was laid waste by Herod’s order. Now it is an uncultivated field where herds feed. »

«And was it entirely the shepherds’ fault? »

«No, it was the fault also of three sorcerers who came from Satan’s kingdom. Perhaps they were accomplices of the three... And we foolishly felt proud of so much honour! And the poor arch-synagogue! We killed him because he swore that the prophecies confirmed the truth of the shepherds’ and sorcerer’ words... »

«It was therefore the fault of the shepherds and of the sorcerers? »

«No, Galilean. It was also our fault. The fault of our credulity.

The Messiah had been expected for such a long time! Centuries of expectation. And there had been many disappointments recently because of false Messiahs. One of them was a Galilean, like You, another one was named Theudas. Liars! They... Messiahs! They were nothing but greedy adventurers hunting for a stroke of luck! We should have learned the lesson. Instead... »

6«Well, then, why do you curse all the shepherds and sorcerers? 73.6

If you consider yourselves fools, too, then you ought to be cursed as well. But the precept of love forbids cursing. One curse attracts another curse. Are you sure you are right? Could it not be true that the shepherds and the sorcerers spoke the truth, revealed to them by God? Why do you carry on believing they were liars? »

«Because the years of the prophecy were not complete. We thought about it afterwards... after our eyes had been opened by the blood that reddened basins and rivulets. »

«And could the Most High not have advanced the coming of the Saviour, out of an excess of love for His people? On what did

the sorcerers found their statement? You told Me they came from the East... »

«On their calculations concerning a new star. »

«Is it not written\*: “A star from Jacob takes the leadership, a sceptre arises from Israel”? Is Jacob not the great Patriarch and did he not stop in the land of Bethlehem as dear to him as his eyes, because his beloved Rachel died there? And did the mouth of a Prophet not say: “A shoot springs from the stock of Jesse, a scion thrusts from his roots”? Jesse, David’s father, was born here. Is the shoot on the stock, cut at its roots by tyrannical usurpation, is it not the “Virgin” Who will give birth to Her Son, conceived not by deed of man, otherwise She would not be a virgin, but by divine will, whereby He will be the “Emmanuel” because: Son of God, He will be God and bring God among the people of God, as His name proclaims? And will He not be announced, as the prophecy says, to the people walking in darkness, that is to the pagans, “by a great light”? And the star the Magi saw, could it not be the star of Jacob, the great light of the two prophecies of Balaam and Isaiah? And the very massacre ordered by Herod, does it not come within the prophecies? “A voice is heard in Ramah... It is Rachel weeping for her children”. It was written that tears should ooze from Rachel’s bones in her sepulchre at Ephrathah when, through the Saviour, the reward would come to the holy people. Tears which were to turn into celestial laughter, just as the rainbow is formed by the last drops of the storm, but it says: “Here, the sky is clear again”»

«You are a learned man. Are You a rabbi? »

«Yes, I am. »

«And I perceived it. There is light and truth in Your words. But... Oh! too many wounds are still bleeding in this land of Bethlehem because of the true or false Messiah... I would never advise Him to come here. The land would reject Him as it rejects a stepson who caused the death of the true children. In any case... if it was Him... He died with the other slaughtered children. »

73.7 <sup>7</sup>«Where do Levi and Elias live now? »

«Do You know them? » The man becomes suspicious.

\* **Is it not written:** the order of the quotations is listed according to the Bible. *Genesis 35: 15-20; Numbers 24: 15-17; 1Samuel 17: 12; Isaiah 7: 14; 9: 1; 11: 1; Jeremiah 31: 15.*

«I do not know them. Their faces are unknown to Me. But they are unhappy, and I always have mercy on the unhappy. I want to go and see them. »

«Well, You will be the first one after about thirty years. They are still shepherds and they work for a rich Herodian from Jerusalem, who has taken possession of a lot of the property belonging to the people killed... There is always someone making a profit! You will find them with their herds on the high grounds towards Hebron. But this is my advice: don't let anyone from Bethlehem see You speaking to them. You would suffer from it. We bear them because... because of the Herodian. Otherwise... »

«Oh! Hatred! Why hate? »

«Because it is just. They have done us harm. »

«They thought they were doing good. »

«But they did harm. Let them be harmed. We should have killed them, as they had so many people killed through their stupidity. But we had become stupid ourselves and later... there was the Herodian. »

«So, even if he had not been there, after the first desire for revenge, which was still excusable, would you have killed them? »

«We would kill them even now, if we were not afraid of their master. »

«Man, I tell you, do not hate. Do not wish evil things. Do not be anxious to do evil things. There is no fault here. But even if there was, forgive. Forgive in the name of God. Tell the other people of Bethlehem as well. When your hearts are free from hatred, the Messiah will come; you will know Him then, because He is alive. He already existed when the massacre took place. I am telling you. It was Satan's fault, not the fault of the shepherds and of the sorcerers that the massacre took place. The Messiah was born here for you, He came to bring the Light to the land of His fathers. The Son of a Virgin Mother of the line of David, in the ruins of the house of David, He granted a stream of Graces to the world, and a new life to mankind... »

«Go away! Get out of here! You are a follower of that false Messiah, Who could but be false, because He brought misfortune to us here in Bethlehem. You are defending Him, so... »

«Be silent, man. I am a Judaeon and I have influential friends. I could make you feel sorry for your insult» bursts out Judas, get-

ting hold of the peasant's garments, and shaking him in a fit of violent anger.

«No, No, out of here! I don't want trouble with the people of Bethlehem or with Rome or Herod. Go away, you cursed ones, if you don't want me to leave my mark on you... Out! »

«Let us go, Judas. Do not react. Let us leave him in his hatred. God will not enter where there is bitter hatred. Let us go. »

«Yes, we will go. But you will pay for it. »

«No, Judas, do not say that. They are blind... We shall meet so many on My way. »

73. 8     8They go out following Simon and John, who are already outside, speaking to the woman, round the corner of the stable.

«Forgive my husband, Lord. I did not think I was going to cause so much trouble... Here, take these. You will eat them tomorrow morning. They are newly laid. I have nothing else... Forgive us. Where will You sleep? » (She gives Him some eggs).

«Do not worry. I know where to go. Go and peace be with you for your kindness. Goodbye. »

They walk a short distance, without speaking, then Judas bursts out: «But You... Why not make him worship You? Why did You not crush that filthy swearer down in the mud? Down on the ground! Crushed because he showed no respect for You, the Messiah... Oh! That is what I would have done! Samaritans should be reduced to ashes by means of a miracle! It is the only thing that will shake them. »

«Oh! How many times will I hear that said! But if I should reduce to ashes for every sin against Me!... No, Judas. I have come to create, not to destroy. »

«Yes! And in the meantime they are destroying You. »

Jesus does not reply.

Simon asks: «Where are we going now, Master? »

«Come with Me, I know a place. »

«But if You have never been here after You left, how can You know? » asks Judas, still angry.

«I know. It is not a beautiful place. But I have been there before. It is not in Bethlehem... it is a little outside... Let us turn this way. »

Jesus is in front, followed by Simon, then Judas and John is 73. 9 last... 9In the silence, broken only by the rustling of their sandals

on the small grains of gravel of the path, someone sobbing can be heard.

«Who is crying?» asks Jesus turning around.

And Judas: «It's John. He has been frightened.»

«No, I was not frightened. I had already laid my hand on the knife under my belt... Then I remembered the words You keep repeating: “Do not kill, forgive”.»

«Why are you crying, then?» asks Judas.

«Because I suffer seeing that the world does not love Jesus. They do not know Him, and they do not want to know Him. Oh! It is such a pain! As if someone tore my heart with burning thorns. As if I had seen someone treading on my mother or spitting upon my father's face... Even worse... As if I had seen Roman horses eating in the Holy Ark and resting in the Holy of Holies.»

«Do not cry, My dear John. You shall say it for this present time and for endless times in future: “He was the Light and He came to enlighten darkness; but darkness did not know Him. He came to the world that had been made for Him, but the world did not know Him. He came to His own town, to His domain, but His own people did not accept Him”. Oh! Do not cry like that!»

«That does not happen in Galilee!» says John sighing.

«Well, not even in Judaea» says Judas. «Jerusalem is the capital and three days ago it sang hosannas to You, Messiah! You cannot judge from this place of coarse peasants, shepherds and market gardeners. Also the Galileans, mind you, are not all good. After all, where did Judas, the false Messiah, come from? They said...»

«That is enough, Judas. There is no use in getting angry. I am calm. Be calm, too. Judas, come here. I want to speak to you.» Judas goes near Him. «Take this purse. You will do the shopping for tomorrow.»

«And for the time being, where are we going to lodge?»

Jesus smiles, but does not reply. <sup>10</sup>It is dark. Everything is white in the moonlight. The nightingales sing amongst the olives-trees. A brook is a silvery resounding ribbon. One can smell the scent of hay of the mown fields: a warm, I would say, carnal smell. Bellows and bleats can be heard. And stars, stars and stars... stars strewn on the heavenly curtain, a canopy of living gems, spread over the hills of Bethlehem.

«But here!... There is nothing but ruins here! Where are You taking us? The town is over there.»

«I know. Come. Follow the rivulet, behind Me. A few more steps and then... then I will offer you the abode of the King of Israel.»

Judas shrugs his shoulders and becomes quiet.

A few more steps, then a heap of ruined houses: the remains of houses... A cave between the clefts of a big wall.

Jesus asks: «Have You any tinder? Light it.»

Simon lights a small lamp which he has taken out of his knapsack and he gives it to Jesus.

«Come in» says the Master lifting the lamp. «Come in. This is the nativity room of the King of Israel.»

«You must be joking, Master! This is a filthy den. Ah! I am not going to stay here! I loathe it: it is damp, cold, stinking, full of scorpions and perhaps also snakes...»

«And yet... My friends, here the night of the twenty-fifth of Chislev, Feast of the Lights, Jesus Christ, was born of the Virgin, the Emmanuel, the Word of God made flesh, for the love of man: I Who am speaking to you. Also then, as now, the world was deaf to the voices of Heaven speaking to the hearts of men... and it rejected the Mother... and here... No, Judas, do not avert your eyes in disgust from those fluttering noctules, from those green lizards, from those cobwebs, do not lift with disgust your beautiful embroidered mantle, lest it may trail on the ground covered with animal excrement. Those noctules are the daughters' daughters of the ones that were the first toys to be tossed before the eyes of the Child, for Whom the angels sang the "Gloria" heard by the shepherds, intoxicated only by an ecstatic joy, a *true* joy. The emerald green of those lizards was the first colour to strike My eyes, the first, after My Mother's white face and dress. Those cobwebs were the canopy of My royal cradle. This ground... oh! you may tread on it without disdain... It is littered with excrement... but it is sanctified by Her foot, the foot of the Holy, the Most Holy, Pure, Immaculate Mother of God, Who gave birth, because She was to give birth, because God, not man, told Her and covered Her with His shadow. She, the Faultless One, trod on it. You can tread on it, too. And may the purity diffused by Her, by the will of God, rise from the soles of your feet to your heart...»

<sup>11</sup>Simon is on his knees. John goes straight to the manger and cries, leaning his head against it. Judas is terrified... he is overcome by emotion, and no longer worried about his beautiful mantle, he kneels on the ground, takes the edge of Jesus' tunic and kisses it and beats his breast saying: «Oh! My good Master, have mercy on the blindness of Your servant! My pride vanishes... I see You as You are. Not the king I was thinking of. But the Eternal Prince, the Father of future centuries, the King of peace. Have mercy, my Lord and my God, have mercy on me! »

«Yes, you have all My mercy! Now we will sleep where the Infant and the Virgin slept, over there where John has taken the place of the adoring Mother, here where Simon looks like My putative father. Or, if you prefer so, I will speak to you of that night... »

«Oh! yes, Master, tell us of Your birth. »

«That it may be a bright pearl shining in our hearts. And we may tell the whole world. »

«And we may venerate Your Virgin Mother, not only as Your Mother, but also as... as the Virgin! »

Judas was the first to speak, then Simon and then John, whose face smiles and cries, near the manger.

«Come and sit on the hay. Listen,.. » and Jesus tells them of the night of His birth, «... as the Mother was near Her time to have Her Child, a decree was issued by the imperial delegate Publius Sulpicius Quirinus on instructions from Caesar Augustus, when Sentius Saturninus was governor of Palestine. The decree stated that a census had to be taken of all the people of the empire. Those who were not slaves were to go to their places of origin and register in the official rolls of the empire. Joseph, the spouse of the Mother, was of the line of David and the Mother was also of David's line. In compliance with the decree, they left Nazareth and came to Bethlehem, the cradle of the royal family. The weather was severe... ».

Jesus continues the story and it all ends in this way.



## **74. Jesus goes to see the Inn Keeper in Bethlehem and then preaches from the ruins of Anne's house.**

9<sup>th</sup> January 1945.

74. 1 <sup>1</sup>It is an early bright summer morning. The sky seems painted with strokes of a pink brush by little thin clouds looking like strips of frayed gauze, dropped on a smooth turquoise carpet. The air is full of the songs of birds, exhilarated by the bright light... Sparrows, blackbirds, redbreasts whistle, chirp, brawl over a stem, a worm, a twig which they want to take to their nests, or eat, or use as a roost. Swallows dart from the sky down to the little stream to wet their snow white breasts, the tops of which are rust coloured, and after receiving the freshness of the water and catching a little fly still asleep on a little stem, they dart straight up into the sky as fast as the flash of a burnished blade, chattering joyfully.

Two blue-headed wagtails, dressed in pale ash-grey silk, are walking gracefully, like two little dames, along the bank of the stream, holding their long tails adorned with little velvet black spots well up, they look at themselves in the water, and, satisfied with their beautiful looks, they carry on walking, while a blackbird, a real little rogue of the wood, scoffs at them, whistling at them with his long yellow beak. In the thick foliage of a wild apple-tree growing all alone near the ruins, a nightingale is calling her mate insistently, and she becomes silent only when she sees him coming with a long caterpillar wriggling in the grip of his thin beak. Two city pigeons, which have probably escaped from a dovecot and have chosen a free dwelling place in the crevices of a ruined tower, give vent to their love effusion by cooing in such a way that the male seems to be endeavouring to seduce the modest female.

Jesus, with arms crossed, looks at all the happy little creatures and smiles.

«Are You already ready, Master? » asks Simon, from behind Him.

«Yes, I am. Are the others still sleeping? »

«Yes, they are. »

«They are young... I washed Myself in that stream... The wa-

ter is so cold that it clears the mind... »

«I'll go and wash now. »

While Simon, wearing only a short tunic, is washing himself and then puts on his clothes, Judas and John come out. «Hail, Master, are we late? »

«No. It is only daybreak. But now be quick and let us go. »

The two get washed and put on their tunics and mantles.

Jesus, before setting off, picks some little flowers which have grown between the crevices of two stones, and puts them into a small wooden box, in which there are already other items, which I cannot see very well. He explains: «I will take them to My Mother. She will love them... <sup>2</sup>Let us go. »

74. 2

«Where, Master? »

«To Bethlehem. »

«Again? I do not think the situation is a favourable one for us... »

«It does not matter. Let us go. I want to show you where the Magi came and where I was. »

«In that case, listen. Excuse me, will You, Master? But let me do the talking. Let us do one thing. In Bethlehem and at the hotel, let me speak and ask questions. You Galileans are not very much liked in Judaea, and much less here than anywhere else. Or better still, let us do this: your clothes show that You and John are Galileans. It's too easy. And then... your hair! Why do you persist in wearing it so long? Simon and I will change mantles with you. Simon, give yours to John, I'll give mine to the Master. That's it! See? You already look a little more like Judaeans. Now take this. » And he takes off the cloth covering his head: a yellow, brown, red, green striped length of material, like his mantle, held in position by a yellow cord, he places it on Jesus' head, adjusting it along His cheeks to hide His fair hair. John puts on the very dark green one of Simon: «Oh! That's better now. I have a practical sense. »

«Yes, Judas, you have a practical sense. That is true. Watch, however, that it does not exceed the other sense. »

«Which one, Master? »

«The spiritual sense. »

«No! No! But in certain cases it pays to be more of a politician than an ambassador. And listen... be good a little longer... it is

for Your own good... Do not contradict me if I should say something,... something... which is not true. »

«What do you mean? Why tell lies? I am the Truth and I want no lies in Me or around Me. »

«Oh! I will only tell *half* lies. I will say that we are all coming back from remote places, from Egypt for instance, and that we are seeking news of dear friends. I will say that we are Judaeans coming back from exile. After all, there is some truth in everything, and I will be speaking, and... one lie more, one lie less... »

«But Judas! Why deceive? »

«Never mind, Master! The world lives on deceit. And at times deceit is a necessity. Well: to make You happy, I will only say that we are coming from far and that we are Judaeans. Which is true for three out of four of us. And you, John, please do not speak at all. You would give yourself away. »

«I will be quiet. »

«Then... if everything works out all right... we shall say the rest. But I do not believe it... I am shrewd, I grasp things at once. »

«I see that, Judas. But I would prefer you to be simple. »

«It does not help much. In Your group, I will be the one in charge of difficult missions. Let me carry on. »

Jesus is reluctant. But He gives in.

74. 3     <sup>3</sup>They set out. They walk around the ruins, then along a windowless massive wall on the other side of which one can hear braying, mooing, neighing, bleating and the queer cry of camels or dromedaries. The wall forms an angle. They go around it. They are now in the square of Bethlehem. The fountain is in the centre of the square, the shape of which is still slanting, although there is a difference on the side opposite the hotel. Over there, where there was the little house, which I still remember being all silvery in the rays of the Star, there is now a large opening, strewn with ruins. Only the little staircase is still up, with its little landing. Jesus looks and sighs.

The square is full of people around vendors of foodstuffs, utensils, clothes etc. All the goods are on mats or in baskets on the ground, and most of the merchants are also crouched in the centre of their... shops, with the exception of those standing up, shouting and gesticulating with stingy buyers.

«It's market day» says Simon.

The main gate of the Inn is wide open and a line of donkeys laden with goods is coming out.

Judas is the first to enter. He looks around. Full of haughtiness, he seizes a dirty hostler in short sleeves, that is with a sleeveless short tunic, reaching down to his knees. «Hostler!» he shouts. «The landlord! Quick! Be quick. I am not used to be kept waiting for people.»

The boy runs away, dragging a broom behind him.

«But Judas! What manners!»

«Be quiet, Master. Leave me alone. It is important that they consider us rich people coming from town.»

The landlord rushes in and he bends down repeatedly in front of Judas, who is impressive in Jesus' dark red mantle worn on top of his sumptuous yellow tunic full of fringes.

«We have come from far, man. We are Judaeans of the Asiatic communities. This gentleman, born in Bethlehem and persecuted, is now looking for some dear friends. We are with Him. We have come from Jerusalem, where we worshipped the Most High in His House. Can You give us some information?»

«My lord... your servant... will do everything for you. Give me your orders.»

«We want some information on many... and particularly on Anne, the woman whose house was opposite your hotel.»

«Oh! poor woman! You will find her only in Abraham's bosom. And her children with her.»

«Is she dead? How?»

«Don't you know of Herod's massacre? The whole world talked about it and even Caesar called him "a pig who feeds on blood". Oh! What have I said? Don't report me! Are you really a Judae-an?»

«Here is the sign of my tribe. So? Speak up.»

«Anne was killed by Herod's soldiers, with all her children, except one daughter.»

«But why? She was so good?»

«Did you know her?»

«Yes, very well.» Judas lies shamelessly.

«She was killed because she gave hospitality to those who said they were the father and mother of the Messiah... <sup>4</sup>Come <sup>74.4</sup>

here, into this room... Walls have ears and it is dangerous to talk about certain things. »

They go into a low dark room. They sit down on a low couch.

«Now... I am very clever. I am not a hotel keeper for nothing. I was born here, the son of sons of hotel keepers. I have malice in my blood. And I did not take them. I could have found a hole for them. But... poor, unknown Galileans as they were... Oh! no! Hezekiah will not fall into the trap! And I felt... I felt they were different... that woman... Her eyes... something... no, no... She must have had a demon inside Her and She spoke to him. And She brought him... not to me... but to town. Anne was more innocent than a little lamb, and she gave them hospitality a few days later, when She already had the Child. They said He was the Messiah... Oh! the money I made during those days! The census was nothing like it! Many people came here who had nothing to do with the census. They came even from the seaside, even from Egypt to see... and it lasted for months! What a profit I made! The last to come were three kings, three powerful people, three sorcerers... I would not know! What a train! An endless one! They took all the stables and they paid in gold for so much hay that could have lasted a month, and they went away the following day, leaving it all here. And what gifts they gave to the hostlers and the women! And to me! Oh! I can only speak well of the Messiah, whether He was a true or false one. He made me earn bags of money. And I had no disasters. None of My family died, because I had just got married. So... but the others! »

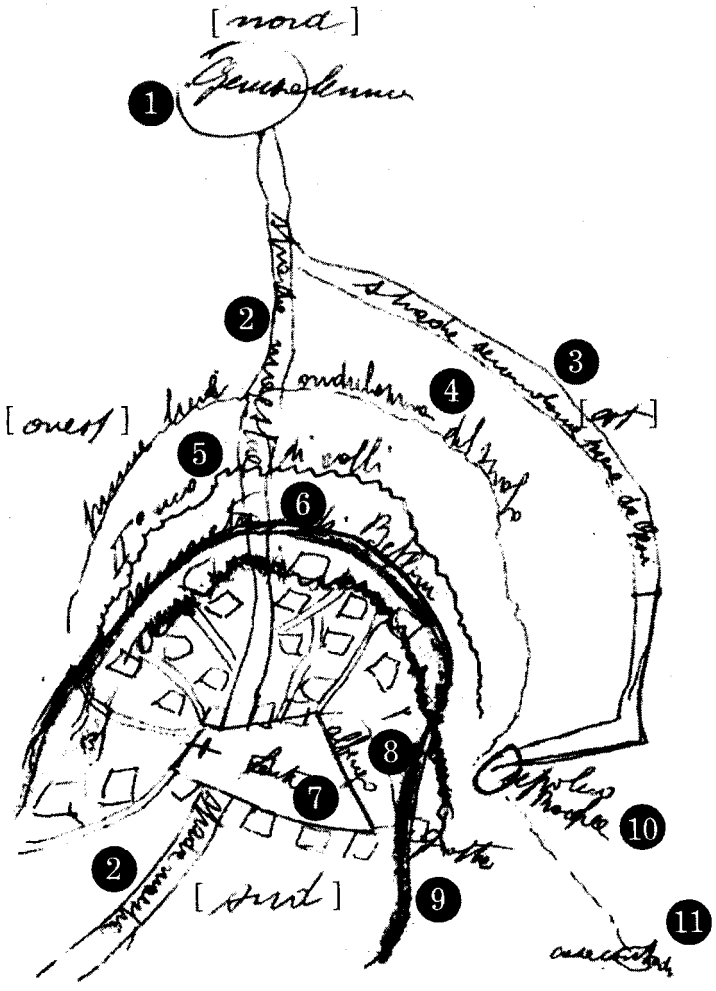
74. 5 <sup>5</sup>«We would like to see the places of the slaughter. »

«The places? But every house was a place of slaughter. There were people killed for miles around Bethlehem. Come with me. »

They go up a staircase into a large terraced roof. From it, one can see a lot of countryside and the whole of Bethlehem\* spread on the hills like an open fan.

«Can you see the ruined spots? Over there also the houses

\* **Bethlehem** of which M.V. made a rough sketch on a separate piece of paper. On the back of it she wrote: *If I am not mistaken in the first part (since I did not see it whole in the vision) I can see Bethlehem thus.* The words in the drawing — apart from the four cardinal points in brackets — are: 1) Jerusalem - 2) Main road (twice) - 3) secondary road taken by Jesus - A) first light undulations of the ground - 5) second range of hills - 6) Bethlehem outer boundary - 7) source - 8) Inn - 9) grotto - 10) Rachel's sepulchre - 11) the peasant's house.



were burnt down because the fathers defended their children with their weapons. Can you see over there that kind of well covered with ivy? Those are the remains of the synagogue. It was burnt down with the ruler of the synagogue who stated that it was the Messiah. It was burnt down by the survivors, who were wild because of the slaughter of their children. We had trouble for that after... And over there, and there, there... see those

sepulchres? The victims are buried there... They look like little sheep spread all over the green, as far as the eye can see. All the innocents and their fathers and mothers... See that vat? Its water was red after the killers washed weapons and hands in it. And the brook at the back here, did you see it? It was pink because of the blood which had flowed into it from the sewers. And there, over there, in front of us. That is what is left of Anne's house. »

Jesus is crying.

«Did You know her well? »

Judas replies: «She was like a sister for His Mother. Is that right, my friend? »

Jesus replies simply: «Yes. »

«I understand» remarks the hotel keeper who becomes pensive.

74. 6 <sup>6</sup>Jesus bends forward to speak to Judas in a low voice.

«My friend would like to go on those ruins» says Judas.

«Let Him go! They belong to everybody! »

They go downstairs, say goodbye and go out. The host is disappointed. Perhaps he was hoping to earn something.

They cross the square. And they climb the little staircase still left.

«From here» says Jesus, «My Mother made Me wave My hand to the Three Wise Men and we left from here to go to Egypt. »

People look at the four men on the ruins. One asks: «Are they relatives of Anne? »

«They are friends. »

A woman shouts: «Don't do any harm to the poor dead woman, don't you do it, as her other friends did when she was alive, and then they ran away. »

Jesus is standing on the landing against the little wall enclosing it. He is therefore about two metres higher up than the square, with nothing behind Him. The outline of His figure is clearly cut against the sun shining behind Him: it forms a halo around His golden hair and makes His snow white linen tunic look even whiter, as it is the only garment on Him, since His mantle has slipped off His shoulders and is now lying at His feet like a multicoloured pedestal. Further back, there is the green unkempt background of what was Anne's kitchen garden and field, now laid waste and strewn with debris.

<sup>7</sup>Jesus stretches out His arms. When Judas sees that gesture he says: «Don't speak! It isn't wise! » 74. 7

But Jesus' powerful voice fills the square: «Men of Judah! Men of Bethlehem, listen! Women of the land sacred to Rachel, listen! Listen to One Who descends from David, and has suffered because of persecutions and has become worthy of speaking, and is speaking to you to give you light and comfort. Listen. »

The people stop shouting, quarrelling and buying and they gather together.

«He is a rabbi! »

«He certainly comes from Jerusalem. »

«Who is He? »

«What a handsome man! »

«And what a voice! »

«And His manners! »

«Of course, He is of David's House! »

«He is one of ours, then! »

«Let's listen to Him! »

The whole crowd is now gathered near the little staircase which looks like a pulpit.

«Genesis states\*»: "I will make you enemies of each other: you and the woman: She will crush your head and you will strike at Her heel". It is also said: "I will multiply your pains in childbearing... and the soil shall yield you brambles and thistles". That was the sentence against man, woman and the serpent.

I have come from far to revere Rachel's tomb, and in the evening breeze, in the dew of the night, in the plaintive morning song of the nightingale, I heard ancient Rachel's sobs\* \* being repeated, and they were repeated by the mouths of many mothers of Bethlehem, within their tombs or within their hearts. And I heard Jacob's sorrow roar in the pain of the widowed husbands, deprived of their wives whom sorrow had killed... I cry with you... But listen, brethren of My land. Bethlehem, the blessed land, the least of the towns in Judah, but the greatest in the eyes of God and of mankind, roused Satan's hatred because it was the cradle of the Saviour, as Micah says, destined to be the tabernacle on which the Glory of God, the Fire of God, His Incarnate Love was to rest.

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\* **Genesis states**, in: *Genesis 3: 14-19*.

\*\* **Rachel's sobs**, like in: *Jeremiah 31: 15; Micah 5: 1*.



“I will make you enemies of each other: you and the woman; She will crush your head and you will strike at Her heel”. Which enmity is there greater than the one that aims at a mother’s children, the very heart of a woman? And which heel is there stronger than the Saviour’s Mother’s? The revenge of Satan defeated was therefore a natural one: he did not strike at the heel, but at the hearts of mothers, because of the Mother.

Oh! Pains were multiplied when the children were lost after giving birth to them! Oh! great was the trouble of being a childless father after sowing and toiling for the offspring! And yet, Bethlehem, rejoice! Your pure blood, the blood of the innocents has prepared a blazing purple way for the Messiah... »

74. 8     <sup>s</sup>The crowd, which has become more and more turbulent after Jesus mentioned the Saviour and His Mother, is now showing clear signs of agitation.

«Be quiet, Master» says Judas. «And let us go.»

But Jesus does not listen to him. He goes on: «... for the Messiah that the Grace of the God-Father saved from tyrants to preserve Him for His people and its salvation and... »

The shrill voice of a woman shouts: «Five, five I gave birth to, and not one is now in my house. Poor me!» And she yells hysterically.

It is the beginning of the uproar.

Another woman rolls over in the dust, she tears her dress, and shows a breast maimed of its nipple, shouting: «Here, here on this breast they slaughtered my first-born son! The sword cut off his face and my nipple at the same time. Oh! my Ellis!»

«And what about me! What about me? There is my royal palace. Three tombs in one, watched over by the father: my husband and children together. There, there! If there is a Saviour, let Him give me back my children, my husband, let Him save me from despair, from Beelzebub He must save me.»

They all shout: «Our children, our husbands, our fathers! Let Him give them back, if He exists!»

Jesus waves His arms imposing silence. «Brethren of My land: I would like to give you back your children, in their flesh. But I tell you: be good, be resigned, forgive, hope, rejoice in hope and exult in one certainty: you will soon have your children, angels in Heaven, because the Messiah is about to open the gates of Heav-

en, and if you are just, death will be a new Life and a new Love... »

«Ah! Are You the Messiah? In the name of God, tell us. »

Jesus lowers His arms, in so sweet and kind a gesture as if He were embracing them all, and He says: «Yes, I am. »

«Go away! Go away! It's Your fault, then! »

A stone is thrown amid hisses and jeers.

<sup>9</sup>Judas reacts at once in a most praiseworthy way... Oh! if he had always behaved thus! He jumps in front of Jesus, standing on the low wall of the landing, with his mantle wide open and undaunted he protects Jesus from the stones. His face bleeds and he shouts to John and Simon: «Take Jesus away. Behind those trees. I'll follow. Go, in the name of Heaven! » And he shouts to the crowd: «Mad dogs! I am of the Temple and I will report you to the Temple and to Rome. » 74. 9

The crowd is scared for a moment. Then the shower of stones is resumed at once, but fortunately, they are not experts. And Judas, fearless, receives them, and replies with offensive language to the curses of the crowd. Furthermore: he catches a stone thrown at him, and he throws it back on the head of an old man who is shouting like a magpie plucked alive! And as they attempt to climb up his pedestal, he quickly picks up an old branch from the ground, (he has now come off the little wall) and he swings it round on backs, heads and hands mercilessly.

Some soldiers rush to the spot and with their lances they make their way through the crowd: «Who are you? Why this brawl? »

«I am a Judaeon and I have been attacked by these plebeians. A rabbi, well known to the priests, was with me. He was speaking to these dogs. But they became wild and attacked us. »

«Who are You? »

«Judas of Kerioth, I was a man of the Temple, now I am a disciple of rabbi Jesus of Galilee. I am a friend of Simon the Pharisee, of Johanan the Sadducee, and of Joseph of Arimathea, the Counsellor of the Sanhedrin, and finally, of Eleazar ben Anna, the Proconsul's great friend, and you can check. »

«I will. Where are you going? »

«I am going to Kerioth with my friend, then to Jerusalem. »

«Go. We will protect your back. »

Judas hands some coins to the soldier. It must be illegal... but quite normal, because the soldier takes them swiftly and cau-

tiously, he salutes and smiles. Judas jumps down from his platform, he goes through the uncultivated field, skipping now and again, and he reaches his companions.

«Are you seriously hurt?»

«No, it's nothing, Master! In any case, it's for You... But I gave them a licking as well. I must be covered with blood...»

«Yes, on your cheek. There is a rivulet here.»

John moistens a small piece of cloth and wipes Judas' cheek.

«I am sorry, Judas... But see,... to tell them that we are Judeans, according to your good practical sense...»

«They are beasts. I believe You are now convinced, Master. And I hope you will not insist...»

«Oh! no! Not because I am afraid. But because it is useless, just now. When they do not want us, we must not curse them, but withdraw praying for the poor, foolish people, who die of starvation and cannot see the Bread. Let us go along this out-of-the-way path, towards the shepherds, if we can find them. I think we will be able to get on to the Hebron road...»

«To have more stones thrown at us,?»

«No. To say to them: "I am here".»

«What?... They will certainly beat us. They have been suffering for thirty years because of You.»

«We shall see.»

They enter a cool, shady, thick little wood, and I lose sight of them.

## **75. Jesus finds the shepherds Elias and Levi.**

11<sup>th</sup> January 1945.

75. 1 <sup>1</sup>The hills are becoming much higher and woodier than those around Bethlehem and they rise continuously and eventually form a real chain of mountains.

Jesus is climbing ahead of them all and He looks around, as if He were anxious to find something. He does not speak. He listens more to the voices of the woods than to the apostles', who are a few yards behind Him and are speaking to one another.

A bell rings in the distance, but the wind carries its ding-dong. Jesus smiles. He turns around: «I hear the bells of sheep.»

«Where, Master?»

«I think near that hillock. But the wood prevents Me from seeing.»

John, without uttering one word, takes off his tunic — they have all rolled up their mantles and are carrying them across their backs, because they feel warm — and having on only his short tunic, he throws his arms around a tall smooth trunk, which I think is an ash tree, and he climbs up... until he can see. «Yes, Master. There are many herds and three shepherds over there, behind that thicket.» He comes down, and they proceed, sure of their way.

«Will it be them?»

«We shall ask, Simon, and if they are not, they will tell us something... They know one another.»

After approximately one hundred yards, there is a large, green pasture, surrounded on all sides by huge aged trees. <sup>2</sup>Many sheep are grazing on the thick grass of the undulated meadow. Three men are watching over them. One is old: his hair is all white, of the other two, one is about thirty, the other about forty years old. 75. 2

«Be careful, Master. They are herdsmen...» advises Judas, when he sees Jesus hastening His step.

But Jesus does not even answer. He goes on, tall and handsome in His white tunic, with the setting sun in front of Him. He seems an angel, so bright He is... «Peace be with you, My friends» He greets when He reaches the edge of the meadow.

The three men turn around, surprised. There is silence. Then the oldest one asks: «Who are You?»

«One Who loves you.»

«You would be the first in so many years. Where are You from?»

«From Galilee.»

«From Galilee? Oh!» The man watches Him carefully. Also the other two have come near. «From Galilee» repeats the shepherd, and he adds in a very low voice, as if speaking to himself: «He came from Galilee, too... From which town, my Lord?»

«From Nazareth.»

«Oh! Well, tell me. Has a Child ever come back to Nazareth, a Child with a woman whose name was Mary and a man called

Joseph, a Child, Who was even more beautiful than His Mother, so beautiful that I have never seen a fairer flower on the slopes of Judah? A Child born in Bethlehem of Judah, at the time of the edict? A Child Who later fled, most fortunately for the world. A Child, oh! I would give my life just to hear whether He is alive... He must be a man by now. »

«Why do you say that His flight was a great fortune for the world? »

«Because He was the Saviour, the Messiah and Herod wanted Him dead. I was not there when He fled with His father and Mother. When I heard of the slaughter and I came back... — because also I had children (he sobs), my Lord, and a wife... (he sobs), and I heard they had been killed (he sobs again), but I swear by the God of Abraham, I was more afraid for Him than for my own family — I heard He had fled and I could not even enquire; I could not even take away my own slaughtered creatures... They threw stones at me, as they do with lepers and unclean people, they treated me like a murderer... and I had to hide in the woods, and live like a wolf... until I found a master. Oh! it's no longer Anne... He is hard and cruel... If a sheep gets hurt, if a wolf preys on a lamb, he either beats me till I bleed or he takes my poor pay, and I have to work in the woods for other people, I must do something, to pay him back three times the value. But it does not matter. I have always said to the Most High: "Let me see Your Messiah, at least let me know that He is alive, and all the rest is nothing". My Lord, I have told You how the people in Bethlehem treated me, and how my master deals with me. I could have repaid them in their own coins, I could have wronged them, stealing, so that I would not suffer under my master. But I preferred to suffer, to forgive, to be honest, because the angels said: "Glory to God in the Highest Heaven and peace on earth to men of goodwill". »

«Is that what they said? »

«Yes, they did, my Lord, You must believe, at least You, Who are good. You must know and believe that the Messiah is born. No one would believe it any longer. But angels do not lie... and we were not drunk, as they said. This man here, was a boy then, and he was the first to see the angel. He drank but milk. Can milk make one drunk? The angels said: "Today, in the town of David

the Saviour was born, He is Christ, the Lord. And here is a sign for you. You will find a Child wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger". »

«Did they say exactly that? Did you not misunderstand them? Are you not mistaken, after such a long time? »

«Oh! no! Isn't it, Levi? In order not to forget, — we could not forget in any case, because they were heavenly words and were written in our hearts with a heavenly fire — every morning, every evening, when the sun rises, when the first star starts shining, we repeat them as a prayer, as a blessing, to have strength and comfort in His name and in His Mother's. »

«Ah! You said: "Christ"? »

«No, my Lord. We say: "Glory to God in the Highest Heaven and peace on earth to men of goodwill, through Jesus Christ Who was born of Mary in a stable in Bethlehem and Who, wrapped in swaddling clothes, was in a manger, He Who is the Saviour of the world". »

<sup>3</sup>«But, in short, whom are you looking for? »

75. 3

«Jesus Christ, the Son of Mary, the Nazarene, the Saviour. »

«It is I. » Jesus is radiant when saying so, revealing Himself to His persevering lovers: persevering, faithful, patient.

«You! Oh! Lord, Saviour, Our Jesus! » The three men prostrate themselves on the ground and kiss Jesus' feet, crying with joy.

«Stand up. Get up. Elias and you, Levi and you, whose name I do not know. »

«Joseph, the son of Joseph. »

«These are My disciples, John, a Galilean, Simon and Judas, Judaeans. »

The shepherds are no longer prostrated on the ground, they are kneeling, sitting back on their heels. They worship thus the Saviour, with loving eyes, trembling lips, while their faces blanch and blush with joy.

Jesus sits down on the grass.

«No, my Lord. You, King of Israel, must not sit on the grass. »

«Never mind, My dear friends. I am poor. A carpenter as far as the world is concerned. I am rich only in My love for the world, and in the love I get from good people. I have come to stay with you, to share the evening meal with you and sleep beside you on the hay, and to be comforted by you... »

«Oh! comfort! We are coarse and persecuted.»

«I am persecuted, too. But you give Me what I am seeking: love, faith and hope, a hope that will last for years and bear flowers. See? You waited for Me and you believed without the least doubt, that I was the Messiah. And I have come to you.»

«Oh! Yes! You have come. Now, even if I die, I will not be upset by the fact that I hoped in vain.»

«No, Elias. You will live until Christ's triumph and after.  
75.4 You saw My dawn, you must see My glory. <sup>4</sup>And what about the others? You were twelve: Elias, Levi, Samuel, Jonah, Isaac, Tobias, Jonathan, Daniel, Simeon, John, Joseph, Benjamin. My Mother always mentioned your names to Me. Because you were My first friends.»

«Oh!» The shepherds are more and more moved.

«Where are the others?»

«Old Samuel died of old age about twenty years ago. Joseph was killed because he fought at the gate of the enclosure to give time to his wife, who had just become a mother a few hours before, to escape with this man, whom I took with me for the sake of my friend... also to have children around me once again. I took Levi also with me... He was persecuted. Benjamin is a shepherd on Lebanon with Daniel. Simeon, John and Tobias, who now wants to be called Matthew in memory of his father, who was also killed, are disciples of John. Jonah works on the plain of Esdraelon for a Pharisee. Isaac suffers very much from his back that is bent in two, he lives in dire poverty, all by himself at Juttah. We help him as much as we can, but we have all been badly hit and our help is like dew drops on a fire. Jonathan is now the servant of one of Herod's big men.»

«How could you, and particularly Jonathan, Jonah, Daniel and Benjamin get such jobs?»

«I remembered Your relative Zacharias... Your Mother had sent me to him. When we were in the mountain gorges in Judaea, fugitives and cursed, I took them to him. He was good to us. He sheltered and fed us. And he found work for us. He did what he could. I had already taken all Anne's herd for the Herodian... and I remained with him... When the Baptist, grown into a man, began to preach, Simeon, John and Tobias went to him.»

«But now the Baptist is in jail.»

«Yes, and they are keeping watch near Machaerus, with a few sheep, to avoid arousing suspicion. They were given the sheep by a rich man, a disciple of Your relative John.»

«I would like to see them all.»

«Yes, My Lord. We will go and say to them: “Come, He is alive. He remembers us and loves us”.»

«And He wants you to be His friends.»

«Yes, my Lord.»

«But we will go first to Isaac. And where are Samuel and Joseph buried?»

«Samuel in Hebron. He remained in Zacharias’ service. Joseph... has no tomb. He was burned with the house.»

«He is no longer in the cruel fire, but in the flames of God’s love and will soon be in His glory. I am telling you, and particularly you, Joseph, son of Joseph. Come here, that I may kiss you to thank your father.»

«And my children?»

«They are angels, Elias. Angels who will repeat the “Gloria” when the Saviour is crowned.

«King?»

«No, Redeemer. Oh! What a procession of just people and saints! And in front there will be the white and purple phalanges of the martyrs! As soon as the gates of Limbo are opened, we shall ascend together to the eternal Kingdom. And then you will come and will find your fathers, mothers and children in the Lord! Believe Me.»

«Yes, my Lord.»

«Call Me: Master. <sup>5</sup>It is getting dark, the first evening star is <sup>75.5</sup> beginning to shine. Say your prayer before supper.»

«Not I. You say it, please.»

«Glory to God in the highest Heaven, and peace on earth to men of goodwill who have deserved to see the Light and serve it. The Saviour is among them. The Shepherd of the royal line is with His herd. The morning Star has risen. Rejoice, just people! Rejoice in the Lord. He Who made the vaults of heaven and has strewn them with stars, Who placed the seas at the boundaries of the land, Who created winds and dew, and fixed the course of seasons to give bread and wine to His children, He is now sending you a more sublime food: the living Bread that descends from



Heaven, the Wine of the eternal Vine. Come to Me, you who are the first of My worshippers. Come to meet the Eternal Father in truth, to follow Him in holiness and receive His eternal reward.» Jesus has said the prayer, standing up, with His arms stretched out, while the disciples and shepherds are on their knees.

They then offer bread and new milk, and since there are only three bowls, or emptied marrows, I do not know which, Jesus is the first to eat, with Simon and Judas. Then John, to whom Jesus hands His cup, with Levi and Joseph. Elias is last.

The sheep are no longer grazing. They gather in a compact group, perhaps waiting to be led to their enclosure. Instead I see the three shepherds taking them into the wood, under a rustic shed formed with branches and enclosed by ropes. They then busy themselves preparing hay beds for Jesus and His disciples. They light fires, probably to keep wild animals away.

Judas and John lie down, and tired as they are, they soon fall asleep. Simon would like to keep Jesus company. But shortly afterwards he falls asleep too, sitting on the hay leaning against  
75. 6 a pole. 6Jesus remains awake with the shepherds. And they talk of Joseph, of Mary, of the escape into Egypt, of their return... and after such questions about loving friendship, they ask more noble questions: what can they do to serve Jesus? How will they, poor, rough shepherds, be able to do anything?

And Jesus teaches them and explains: «Now I am going to go through Judaea. My disciples will keep in touch with you all the time. Later I will let you come. In the meantime, get together. Make sure that you are all in touch with one another, and that everyone knows that I am here, in this world, as Master and Saviour. Let everybody know, as best you can. I will not promise that you will be believed. I have been mocked at and beaten. They will do the same to you. But as you have been strong and just in your long expectation, persist in being so, now that you are Mine. Tomorrow we will go towards Juttah. Then to Hebron. Can you come? »

«Of course, we can. The roads belong to everybody and the pastures to God. Only Bethlehem is forbidden by an unfair hatred. The other villages know... but they jeer at us, calling us "drunkards". Thus we will not be able to do very much here. »

«I will employ you elsewhere. I will not abandon you. »

«For all our lifetimes? »

«For all *My* lifetime. »

«No, Master, I will die first. I am old. »

«Do you think so? I do not. One of the first faces I saw, Elias, was yours. It will also be one of the last. I will take with Me, impressed in My eyes, the image of your face deranged by sorrow for My death. But after, you will treasure in your heart the memory of the joy of a triumphal morning, and will thus await death... Death: the everlasting meeting with Jesus, Whom you adored when He was a baby. Also then the angels will sing the Gloria: "for the man of goodwill". »

I hear nothing more, the sweet vision fades away and ends.

## **76. At Juttah with the shepherd Isaac. Sarah and her children.**

12<sup>th</sup> January 1945.

<sup>1</sup>A fresh valley resounding with the water of a silvery little torrent flowing foamy southwards among the rocks. The gay freshness of the water spreads out on the little pastures on the banks, but its moisture seems to climb up the very green slopes of the hills. It is a beautiful, varied, emerald green, that from the soil through the bushes and shrubs of the brushwood reaches up to the top of the tall trees of the wood. Many of them are walnut trees. The wood is spotted with many green open spaces, covered with thick grass, which are good, healthy pastures for herds. 76. 1

Jesus is going down towards the torrent with His disciples and the three shepherds. He stops patiently to wait for a sheep that has been left behind or when one of the shepherds has to run after a lamb that has gone astray. He is the Good Shepherd now. He has provided Himself with a long branch to push aside blackberry, hawthorn and clematis branches, which stick out in all directions, and catch garments. And the stick completes His pastoral figure.

«See? Juttah is up there. We will cross the torrent, there is a ford, which is very useful in summer, without having to use the bridge. It would have been quicker to come via Hebron. But You did not want that. »

76.2     <sup>2</sup>«No. We will go to Hebron later. We must always go first to those who suffer. The dead do not suffer any longer when they have been just people. And Samuel was a just man. And if the dead need our prayers, it is not necessary to be near their bones to pray for them.

Bones? What are they? A proof of the power of God Who made man with dust. But nothing else. Also animals have bones. But the skeletons of all animals are not so perfect as a man's skeleton. Only man, the king of creation, has an upright position, as a king over his subjects, and his face looks forwards and upwards without having to twist his neck; man looks upwards, towards the Abode of the Father. But they are still bones. Dust that will return to dust. The eternal Bounty has decided to assemble them again on the eternal Day to give even a greater joy to the blessed souls. Just imagine: not only will the souls be reunited and will love one another as and *even more* than they did on the earth, but they will rejoice also seeing one another with the same features they had on the earth: dear curly-haired children, like yours, Elias, fathers and mothers with loving hearts and faces like yours Levi and Joseph. Indeed, in your case Joseph, it will be the day when at last you will see the faces for which you feel nostalgia. There are no more orphans, no widows among the just, up there...

Prayers for the dead can be said anywhere. It is the prayer of a soul for the soul of a relative to the Perfect Spirit, Who is God, Who is everywhere. Oh! holy freedom of what is spiritual! There are no distances, no exile, no prisons, no tombs... There is nothing that can divide or restrict in painful impotence what is outside and above the chains of the flesh. You will go, with your better part, towards your beloved ones. And they will come to you with their better part. And the whole effusion of loving souls will rotate around the Eternal Fulcrum, around God: the Most Perfect Spirit, the Creator of everything that was, is and will be, Love that loves you and teaches you how to love...

76.3     <sup>3</sup>But here we are at the ford. I can see a row of stones emerging from the shallow water. »

«Yes, Master, it is that one there. At the time of floods it is a roaring waterfall, now there are seven streamlets flowing placidly between the six large stones of the ford. »

In fact, six large stones, cut quite squarely, are laid across the

torrent, at about a foot from each other and the water, which before them is like a large sparkling ribbon, is divided into seven minor ones, rushing happily to join together again beyond the ford, forming one only fresh stream which flows, babbling among the stones.

The shepherds watch the sheep crossing, some walk on the stones, some prefer crossing in the stream, only a foot deep, and they drink the pure gurgling water.

Jesus crosses the stones followed by His disciples. They resume walking on the other bank.

4«You told me that You want to inform Isaac that You are here, but You do not want to go into the village?» 76. 4

«Yes, that is what I want.»

«Well, we had better part. I will go to him, Levi and Joseph will stay with the herd and with You. I'll go up here. It will be quicker.» And Elias starts climbing up the mountain side, towards the white houses which are so bright up there in the sunshine.

I seem to be following him. He is now at the first houses. He goes along a tiny path between houses and kitchen gardens. He walks thus for about ten metres. He then turns into a wider road and then enters the square. I forgot to mention that this is happening in the early morning hours. I am saying so now because the market is still on in the square and housewives and vendors are shouting under the shady trees of the square.

Elias goes resolutely to the point where the square ends and quite an attractive street starts. Perhaps the nicest in the village. At the corner there is a little house, or rather, a room with its door wide open. Almost on the threshold there is a little bed, on which an emaciated sick man is lying, asking all passers-by for alms, in a plaintive voice.

Elias dashes in. «Isaac... it's me.»

«You? I was not expecting you. You were here last month.»

«Isaac... Isaac... Do you know why I have come?»

«No, I don't... You are excited. What's happening?»

«I have seen Jesus of Nazareth, He is a man, now, a rabbi. He came looking for me... and He wants to see us. Oh! Isaac! Are you not well?»

Isaac, in fact, has fallen back as if he were dying. But he comes

round: «No. The news... Where is He? What is He like? Oh! If I could see Him!»

«He is down in the valley. He sent me tell to you exactly this: “Come, Isaac, because I want to see you and bless you”. I’ll call someone now to help me and I’ll take you down.»

«Is that what He said?»

«Yes, it is. But what are you doing?»

«I’m going.»

Isaac throws away the blankets, he moves his paralysed legs, he throws them off the straw mattress, he puts his feet on the floor, he stands up, still somewhat hesitating, and shaky. It all happens in an instant, under Elias’ wide open eyes... who at last understands and begins to shout... A little woman looks in curiously. She sees the sick man stand up and cover himself with one of the blankets, since he has nothing else, and run away, shouting like a mad man.

«Let us go... this way, it will be quicker and we will not meet the crowd... Quick, Elias.»

They run through a little door of a kitchen garden in the back, they push the gate, made of dry branches, and once outside, they run along a narrow dirty path, then down a little road along kitchen gardens and finally through meadows and thickets, right down to the torrent.

76. 5     <sup>5</sup>«There is Jesus, over there» says Elias, pointing at Him. «The tall, handsome one, with fair hair, with a white tunic and red mantle...»

Isaac runs, he cuts through the grazing sheep, and with a cry of triumph, joy and adoration he prostrates himself at Jesus’ feet.

«Stand up, Isaac. I have come. To bring you peace and blessings. Stand up, that I may see your face.»

But Isaac cannot stand up. Too much excitement at once and he remains prostrated, with his face on the ground, crying! happily.

«You came at once. You did not worry whether you could...»

«You told me to come... and I came.»

«He did not even close the door or pick up the alms, Master.»

«It does not matter. The angels will watch his house. Are you happy, Isaac?»

«Oh! My Lord!»

«Call Me Master. »

«Yes, my Lord, my Master. Even if you had not healed me, I would have been happy to see You. How could I find so much grace with You? »

«Because of your faith and patience, Isaac. I know how much you suffered... »

«Nothing! nothing! It does not matter! I have found You. You are alive. You are here. That's what matters. The rest, *all the rest* is over. But, my Lord and my Master, You are not going away anymore, is that right? »

«Isaac, I have the whole of Israel to evangelise. I am going... But if I cannot stay, you can always serve and follow Me. <sup>76.6</sup>Do you want to be My disciple, Isaac? »

«Oh! But I am not capable! »

«Can you avow Who I am? Avow it against jeers and threats? And tell people that I called you and you came? »

«Even if You did not want, I would avow all that. I would disobey You in that, Master. Forgive me for saying so. »

Jesus smiles. «You can see then that you are capable of becoming a disciple! »

«Oh! If that's all one has to do! I thought it was more difficult, that we had to go to school with the rabbis to learn how to serve You, the Rabbi of rabbis... and to go to school at my age... » The man in fact must be at least fifty years old.

«You have done your schooling already, Isaac. »

«Me? No. »

«Yes, you have. Have you not continued to believe and love, to respect and bless God and your neighbour, not to be envious, not to wish what belongs to other people, and even what was your own and you no longer possessed, to speak only the truth, even if it should be harmful to you, not to associate with Satan committing sins? Have you not done all these things, in the last thirty years of misfortunes? »

«Yes, Master. »

«So you see, you have done your schooling. Go on doing so and reveal, in addition, to the world, that I am in the world. There is nothing else to be done. »

«I have already preached You, Lord Jesus. I preached You to the children, who used to come, when I arrived lame in this vil-

lage, begging for bread and doing some work, such as shearing and dairy work, and the children used to come round my bed, when I got worse and I was paralysed from my waist downwards. I spoke of You to the children of many years ago, and to the children of present times, who are the sons of the previous ones... Children are good and they always believe... I told them of Your birth... of the angels... of the Star and the Wise Men... and of Your Mother... Oh! Tell me! Is She alive? »

«She is alive and She sends you Her regards. She always spoke of you all. »

«Oh! If I could see Her! »

«You will see Her. You will come to My house one day. Mary will greet you saying: “My friend”. »

76. 7 «Mary... yes, when you utter that name it is like filling your mouth with honey... <sup>7</sup>There is a woman in Juttah, she is a woman now, she had her fourth child not long ago, but once she was a little girl, one of my little friends... and she called her children: Mary and Joseph the first two, and as she dared not call the third one Jesus, she called him Emmanuel, as a good omen for herself, her home and Israel. And she is now thinking of the name to be given to her fourth child, born six days ago. Oh! When she hears that I am healed! And that You are here! Sarah is as good as home made bread, and her husband Joachim is also so good. And their relatives? I owe them my life. They have always helped and sheltered me. »

«Let us go and ask them for hospitality during the hottest hours of the day and to bless them for their charity. »

«This way, Master. It is easier for the sheep and we will avoid the people, who are most certainly excited. The old woman, who saw me getting up, will have certainly told them. »

76. 8 <sup>8</sup>They follow the torrent, then further south they depart from it, and take to a steep path, following a prominence of the mountain shaped like the prow of a ship. Now the torrent flows in the opposite direction to that of those who are climbing. The water runs along a beautiful uneven valley formed by the intersection of two ranges of mountains. I recognise the place. It is unmistakable. It is the scene of the vision of Jesus and the children\*,

\* **the vision of Jesus and the children**, written on February 7<sup>th</sup> 1944, included in chapter 396.

which I saw last spring. The usual little dry-stone wall marks the boundaries of the estate, which declines towards the valley. I see the meadow with apple-trees, fig-trees, walnut-trees, then the white house surrounded by green lawns, with the protruding wing which protects the staircase and forms a porch and loggia. And there is the little dome on the highest part, the kitchen garden with the well, the pergola and the flower beds...

One can hear a lot of shouting from the house. Isaac walks in front of them all. He goes in. He calls at the top of his voice: «Mary, Joseph, Emmanuel! Where are you? Come to Jesus. »

Three little ones run: a girl about five years old, and two little boys, about four and two years of age, the latter still somewhat uncertain when walking. They are dumbfounded when they see the... revived man. Then the little girl shouts: «Isaac! Mummy! Isaac is here! Judith was right. »

A woman comes out of a room where there is a lot of noisy shouting: the buxom, brown, tall, lovely mother of the past vision, most beautiful in her best dress: a snow-white linen dress, like a rich chemise falling in puckers down to her ankles, tied at her well-shaped waist by a multicoloured striped shawl, that covers her wonderful hips dropping in fringes down to her knees at the back, while at the front it is tied under the filigree buckle and its ends are hanging loose. A light veil patterned with rose branches on a beige background is pinned to her black plaits, like a tiny turban, and falls onto her neck in flowing folds and then onto her shoulders and breasts. It is held tight on her head by a small crown of medals tied together by a little chain. Heavy rings hang from her ears, and her tunic is held close to her neck by a silver necklace which passes through eyelets of her dress. She wears heavy silver bracelets on her arms.

«Isaac! What's this? Judith... I thought she had gone mad... But you are walking! What happened? »

«The Saviour! Oh! Sarah! He is here! He has come! »

«Who? Jesus of Nazareth? Where is He? »

«Over there! Behind the walnut-tree, and He wishes to know if you will receive Him! »

«Joachim! Mother! Come here, all of you! The Messiah is here! »

«Women, men, boys, little ones run out shouting and yelling...



but when they see Jesus, tall and stately, they lose heart and become petrified.

«Peace to this house and to you all. The peace and blessing of God. » Jesus walks slowly, smiling, towards the group. «My friends: will you give hospitality to the Wayfarer? » and He smiles even more.

His smile overcomes all fears. The husband takes heart: «Come in, Messiah. We have loved You before meeting You. We will love You more after meeting You. The house is celebrating today for three reasons: for You, for Isaac and for the circumcision of my third son. Bless him, Master. Woman, bring the baby! Come in, my Lord. »

76.9 <sup>9</sup>They go into a room decorated for the feast. There are tables with foodstuffs, carpets and branches everywhere.

Sarah comes back with a lovely new-born baby in her arms. She presents him to Jesus.

«May God be always with him. What is his name? »

«No name yet. This is Mary, this is Joseph, this is Emmanuel... but this one has no name yet... »

Jesus looks at the parents, who are close to each other, He smiles: «Find a name, if he is to be circumcised today... »

They look at each other, they look at Him, they open their mouths and close them again without saying anything. Everyone is paying attention.

Jesus insists: «The history of Israel has so many great, sweet, blessed names. The sweetest and most blessed ones have already been given. But perhaps there are still some left. »

The parents cry out together: «Yours, Lord! » and the mother adds: «But it is too holy... »

Jesus smiles and asks: «When will he be circumcised? »

«We are waiting for the circumciser. »

«I will be present at the ceremony. And in the meantime I wish to thank you for what you have done for My Isaac. He no longer needs the help of good people. But good people still need God. You called your third son: God be with us. But you had God with you ever since you were charitable to My servant. May you be blessed. Your charity will be remembered in Heaven and on the earth. »

«Is Isaac going away now? Is he leaving us? »

«Is that upsetting you? But he must serve his Master. But he will come, and so will I. In the meantime, you will speak of the Messiah... There is so much to be said to convince the world!  
10But here is the person you are expecting. »

76. 10

A pompous individual comes in with a servant. There are greetings and low bows. «Where is the child? » he asks with haughtiness.

«He is here. But greet the Messiah. He is here. »

«The Messiah! The one who healed Isaac? I heard about it. But... We will talk about it after. I am in a great hurry. The child and his name. »

The people present are mortified by the man's manners. But Jesus smiles as if the impoliteness was not addressed to Him. He takes the baby, He touches his little forehead with His beautiful fingers, as if He wanted to consecrate him and says: «His name is Jesai» and He hands him back to his father, who goes into another room with the haughty man and other people. Jesus remains where He was until they come back with the child, who is screaming desperately.

«Woman, give Me the child. He will not cry any longer» He says to comfort the distressed mother. In fact, the child, once he is laid on Jesus' knees, is silent.

Jesus forms a group of His own, with the little ones around Him, and also the shepherds and disciples. The sheep that Elias has put in an enclosure are bleating outside. There is the noise of a party in the house. They bring sweets and drinks to Jesus. But Jesus hands them out to the little ones.

«Are You not drinking, Master? Will You not have anything. We are offering it warmly. »

«I know, Joachim, and I accept wholeheartedly. But let Me make the little ones happy first. They are My joy... »

«Pay no attention to that man, Master. »

«No, Isaac. I will pray that he may see the Light. John, take the two little boys to see the sheep. 11And you, Mary, come closer to Me and tell Me: Who am I? »

76. 11

«You are Jesus, the Son of Mary of Nazareth, born in Bethlehem. Isaac saw You and he gave me the name of Your Mother, that I may be good. »

«To imitate Her, you must be as good as an angel of God, pur-

er than a lily that blooms on top of a mountain, as pious as the holiest Levite. Will you be like that? »

«Yes, Jesus, I will. »

«Say: Master or Lord, little girl. »

«Let her call Me with My name, Judas. Only when it is uttered by innocent lips, it does not lose the sound that it has on My Mother's lips. Everybody, throughout future centuries, will mention that name, some because of an interest or other, some to curse it. Only innocent people, without any interest and any hatred, will pronounce it with the same love as this little girl and My Mother. Also sinners will invoke Me, because they need mercy. But My Mother and the little ones! Why do you call Me Jesus?» He asks, caressing the little girl.

«Because I love You... as I love my father, mother and my little brothers» she says, embracing Jesus' knees, and smiling with her head turned upwards.

And Jesus bends down and kisses her... and it all ends in this way.

## **77. In Hebron in the house of Zacharias. The meeting with Aglae.**

13<sup>th</sup> January 1945.

77.1 <sup>1</sup>«At what time shall we be arriving? » asks Jesus Who is walking in the centre of the group behind the sheep, grazing on the grass on the banks.

«At about the third hour. It's almost ten miles» replies Elias.

«Are we going to Kerieth afterwards? » asks Judas.

«Yes, we will go there. »

«Was it not quicker to go to Kerieth from Juttah? It cannot be a great distance. Is that correct, shepherd? »

«About two miles longer, more or less. »

«This way, we will be doing over twenty for nothing. »

«Judas, why are you so worried? »

«I am not worried, Master. But You promised You would come to my house. »

«And I will. I always keep My promises. »

«I sent word to my mother... and after all, You said so Your-

self, one can be near the dead also with one's soul. »

«I did. But just think, Judas: you have not yet suffered because of Me. These people have been suffering for thirty years, and they have never betrayed, *not even My memory they betrayed*. They did not know whether I was dead or alive... and yet they remained faithful. They remembered Me as a newly-born baby, an infant with nothing but tears and the need of milk... and they have always worshipped Me as God. Because of Me they have been beaten, cursed and persecuted as if they were the disgrace of Judaea, and yet their faith has never faltered, neither did it wither under blows, on the contrary it took deeper roots and became stronger. »

<sup>2</sup> «By the way. For some days I have been anxious to ask You a question. These people are Your friends and the friends of God, are they not? The angels blessed them with the peace of Heaven, did they not? They have been faithful against all temptations, have they not? Would You explain to me, then, why are they unhappy? And what about Anne? She was killed because she loved You... » 77. 2

«Are you therefore deducing that to be loved by Me and to love Me brings bad luck? »

«No... but... »

«But you are. I am sorry to see you so closed to the Light and so open to human things. No, never mind John, and you too, Simon. I prefer him to speak. I never reproach. I only want you to open your souls to Me that I may enlighten them. Come here, Judas, listen.

You have an opinion which is common to many people of our times and will be common to man in future. I said: an opinion. I should say: an error. But since you do not do so out of malice, but out of ignorance of the truth, it is not an error, it is only an incorrect opinion, like a child's. And you are like children, My poor men. And I am here, as a Master, to make adults of you, capable of distinguishing truth from lies, good from bad and what is better from what is good. Listen to Me, therefore.

What is life? It is a period of pause, I would say the limbo of Limbo, that the God Father grants you as trial to establish whether you are good or bad children, after which He will allocate, according to your deeds, a future life without pauses or tri-

als. Now tell Me: would it be fair if a man, simply because he has been granted the rare gift of being in the position of serving God in a special way, also had an everlasting wealth throughout his life? Do you not think that he has already been granted a great deal and may therefore consider himself happy, even if human things are against him? Would it not be unfair if he, who already has the light of divine revelation in his heart and the smile of a clear conscience, should also have worldly honours and wealth? And would it not also be unwise? »

77. 3     <sup>3</sup>«Master, I would also say that he would be a desecrator. Why put human joys where You already are? When one has You — and they had You, they are the only rich people in Israel because they have had You for thirty years — one should have nothing else. We do not put human things on the Propitiatory... and the consecrated vase is used only for sacred uses. And these people are consecrated since the day they saw Your smile... and nothing but You is to enter their hearts, which possess You. I wish I was like them! » says Simon.

«But you wasted no time, immediately after you saw the Master and were cured, in getting back your property» Judas replies ironically.

«That is true. I said I would and I did. But do you know why? How can you judge if you do not know the whole situation? My representative was given precise instructions. Now that Simon Zealot has been healed — and his enemies can no longer harm him, neither can they persecute him because he belongs only to Jesus and to no sect: he has Jesus and nothing else — Simon can dispose of his wealth which an honest and faithful servant kept for him. And I, being the owner for a further short time, gave instructions that the estate should be reorganised, so that I would get more money when selling it and I would be able to say... no, I am not telling what. »

«The angels say it for you, Simon, and they are writing it in the eternal book» says Jesus.

Simon looks at Jesus. Their eyes meet: Simon's express surprise, Jesus' blessing approval.

«As usual. I am wrong. »

«No, Judas. You have a practical sense, you said so yourself. »

«Oh! but with Jesus!... Also Simon Peter was full of practical

sense, but now!... You, too, Judas, will become like him. You have only been with the Master a short time, we have been longer with Him, and we are already better» says John who is always kind and conciliatory.

«He did not want me. Otherwise I would have been His since Passover. » Judas is really bad-tempered today.

Jesus puts an end to the argument by asking Levi: «Have you ever been to Galilee? »

«Yes, my Lord. »

«You will come with Me, to take Me to Jonah. Do you know him? »

«Yes, I do. We always met at Passover. I used to go and see him then. »

Joseph, mortified, lowers his head. Jesus notices and says: «You cannot both come. Elias would be left alone with the sheep. But you will come with Me as far as the Jericho pass, where we will part for some time. I will tell you after what you have to do. »

«What about us? Shall we not do anything? »

«Yes, you will, Judas, you will. »

<sup>4</sup>«There are some houses over there» says John, who is walk- <sup>77.4</sup>ing a few steps in front of the others.

«It's Hebron. Between two rivers with its crest. See, Master? That house there, amidst all the green, a little higher up than the others? That's Zacharias' house. »

«Let us quicken our paces. »

They cover the last stretch of the road very rapidly and go into the village. The sheep's little hooves sound like castanets on the uneven stones of the road, which is paved very roughly. They reach the house. People look at the group of men, who are so different by look, age and garments amongst the white sheep.

«Oh! It's different! There was a gate here! » says Elias. Now instead of the gate there is a metal door which prevents one from seeing, and also the enclosure wall is higher than a man and thus nothing can be seen inside.

«Perhaps it will be open at the back. » They go round a large quadrilateral wall, it is rather a long rectangular one, but the wall is the same height all round.

«The wall was built not long ago» remarks John, examining

it. «There is not a scratch on it and there is still lime rubble on the ground. »

«I cannot even see the sepulchre... It was near the wood. Now the wood is outside the wall and... and it seems to belong to everybody. They are gathering firewood in it. » Elias is puzzled.

77. 5     <sup>5</sup>A man, an old woodcutter, small but strong, who is watching the group, stops sawing a trunk he has cut down, and goes towards the group. «Whom are you looking for? »

«We wanted to go in, to pray on Zacharias' tomb».

«There is no tomb any longer. Don't you know? Who are you? »

«I am a friend of Samuel, the shepherd. This... »

«It is not necessary, Elias» says Jesus and Elias keeps quiet.

«Ah! Samuel!... I see! But since John, Zacharias' son, was put into prison, the house is no longer his. And it is a misfortune, because he had all the profit of his property given to the poor people in Hebron. One morning a man came from Herod's court, he threw Jowehel out, he affixed seals, then he came back with bricklayers and they started raising the wall... The sepulchre was over there, in the corner. He did not want it... and one morning we found it all spoiled and half destroyed... the poor bones were all scattered... We put them together again, as best we could... They are now in a sarcophagus... And in the house of the priest Zacharias, that filthy man keeps his lovers. Now there is a mime from Rome. That is why he raised the wall. He does not want people to see... The house of the priest a brothel! The house of the miracle and of the Precursor! For it is certainly him, if he is not the Messiah. And how much trouble we had because of the Baptist! But he is our great man! He is really great! Even when he was born there was a miracle. Elizabeth was as old as a withered thistle but she became as fruitful as an apple in Adar, and that was the first miracle. Then a cousin of hers came and She was a holy woman, and She served her and loosened the priest's tongue. Her name was Mary. I remember Her, although we saw Her very rarely. How it happened I don't know. They say that to make Elizabeth happy, She made Zacharias put his mute mouth against Her pregnant bosom or that She put Her fingers into his mouth. I don't know. It is a fact that, after nine months' silence, Zacharias spoke praising the Lord and saying that there was a Messiah. He did not explain more. But my wife was there on that day and she

assured me that Zacharias, praising the Lord, said that his son would precede Him. Now I say: it is not what people believe. John is the Messiah and he goes before the Lord, as Abraham went before God. That's what it is... Am I not right? »

«You are right with regards to the spirit of the Baptist, who always proceeds before God. But you are not right with regards to the Messiah».

«Well, the woman who said that She was the Mother of the Son of God — Samuel said so — was it not true that She was? Is She still living? »

«Yes, She was. The Messiah was born, preceded by him who raised his voice in the desert, as the Prophet\* said. »

«You are the first to say so. John, the last time that Jowehel took him a sheepskin, which he did every year at the beginning of winter, although he was questioned about the Messiah, did not say: “The Messiah is here”. When he will say so... »

«Man, I was a disciple of John and I heard him say: “Here is the Lamb of God” pointing to... » says John.

«No, no. He is the Lamb. A true Lamb who grew up by himself, almost without the need of a father and mother. As soon as he became a son of the Law, he lived isolated in the mountain caves overlooking the desert, and he grew up there conversing with God. Elizabeth and Zacharias died, and he did not come. God only was his father and mother. There is no holy man greater than he is. You can ask everyone in Hebron. Samuel used to say so, but the people in Bethlehem must have been right. John is the holy man of God. »

«If someone said to you: “I am the Messiah”, what would you say? » asks Jesus.

«I would call him a “blasphemer” and I would drive him away, throwing stones at him. »

«And if he performed a miracle to prove that he was the Messiah? »

«I would say that he was “possessed”. The Messiah will come when John reveals himself in his true nature. The very hatred of Herod is the proof. Cunning as he is, he knows that John is the Messiah. »

\* **Prophet:** *Isaiah 40: 3.*



«He was not born in Bethlehem. »

«But when he is freed, after announcing by himself his impending oncoming, he will reveal himself in Bethlehem. Also Bethlehem is waiting for that. Whilst... Oh! Go, if you have plenty of guts, and talk to the Bethlehemites of another Messiah... and you will see... »

«Have you a synagogue? »

«Yes, about two hundred steps straight ahead. You cannot go wrong. Near it there is the sarcophagus with the violated remains. »

«Goodbye, may God enlighten you. »

They go away. They turn around onto the front of the house.

77.6 «At the door there is a young woman impudently dressed. She is beautiful. «My Lord, do you wish to come into the house? Come in. »

Jesus stares at her as severe as a judge, but does not speak.

But Judas does, supported by all the others. «Go back in, shameless woman! Do not desecrate us with your breath, ravenous bitch. »

The woman blushes and lowers her head. She is about to disappear abashed and scoffed at by urchins and passers-by.

«Who is so pure as to say: "I have never desired the apple offered by Eve? » asks Jesus severely and He adds: «Show Me him and I will call him a holy man. Nobody? Well, then, if not out of disgust, but out of weakness, you feel unable to go near this woman, you may withdraw. I will not force weaklings into unequal struggles. Woman, I would like to come in. This house belonged to a relative of Mine and is dear to Me. »

«Come in, my Lord, if You do not loathe me. »

«Leave the door open, that the world may see and may not tattle... »

Jesus enters serious and solemn. The woman, subdued, bows down before Him and dares not move. But the quips of the people sting her. She runs away to the end of the garden, while Jesus goes as far as the foot of the staircase. He looks in through the half open doors but does not go in. He then goes to the place of the sepulchre, where there is now a kind of small pagan temple.

«The bones of the just, also when dry and scattered, ooze a purifying balm and spread seed of eternal life. Peace to the dead

who lived doing good! Peace to the pure who are sleeping in the Lord! Peace to those who suffered, but knew no vice! Peace to the real great ones of the world and of Heaven! Peace! »

<sup>77.7</sup>The woman has reached Jesus, walking along the hedge that protects her. »

«My Lord! »

«Woman. »

«Your Name, my Lord. »

«Jesus. »

«I never heard it. I am a Roman: a mime and dancer. I am an expert only in lust. What is the meaning of Your name? My name is Aglae and., and it means: vice. »

«Mine means: Saviour. »

«How do You save? And whom? »

«Those who are anxious to be saved. I save by teaching to be pure, to prefer sorrow to honour, to desire good at all costs. » Jesus speaks without bitterness, without even turning towards the woman.

«I am lost... »

«I am the One seeking who is lost. »

«I am dead. »

«I am the One who gives Life. »

«I am filth and falsehood. »

«I am Purity and Truth. »

«You are also Bounty, You do not look at me. You do not touch me, You do not tread on me. Have mercy on me... »

«First, you must have mercy on yourself. On your soul. »

«What is the soul? »

«It is what makes a god of man and not an animal. Vice and sin kill it, and once it is killed, man becomes a repulsive animal. »

«Will it be possible for me to see You again? »

«Who looks for Me, finds Me. »

«Where do You live? »

«Where hearts need doctors and medicines to become honest again. »

«In that case... I will not see You again... I live where no doctor, medicine or honesty is wanted. »

«Nothing prevents you from coming to where I am. My name will be shouted in the streets and will reach you. Goodbye. »

«Goodbye, my Lord. Allow me to call You “Jesus”. Oh! Not out of familiarity!... But that a little of salvation may come to me. I am Aglae, remember me. »

«I will. Goodbye. »

The woman stays at the end of the garden, Jesus comes out of it severe. He looks at everybody. He sees perplexity in His disciples and hears jeers from the Hebronites. A servant closes the door.

77.8 <sup>8</sup>Jesus goes straight along the road. He knocks at the synagogue.

A resentful old man looks out. He does not even give Jesus time to speak. «The synagogue is forbidden, in this holy place, to those who deal with prostitutes. Go away. »

Jesus turns away without replying and continues walking along the road. His disciples follow Him. They begin to speak when they are outside Hebron.

«You asked for trouble, Master» says Judas. «A prostitute, of all people! »

«Judas, I solemnly tell you that she will surpass you. And now, since you are reproaching Me, what do you say of the Judaeans? In the most holy places in Judaea we have been scoffed at and driven away... That is the truth. The day will come when Samaria and the Gentiles will worship the true God, and the people of the Lord will be soiled with blood and a crime... a crime in comparison with which the sins of prostitutes, who sell their bodies and their souls, will be a very small thing. I was not able to pray on the tomb of My cousins and of the just Samuel. It does not matter. Rest, holy bones, rejoice, souls, that dwelt in them. The first resurrection is near. Then the day will come when you will be shown to the angels as the souls of the servants of the Lord. »

Jesus stops speaking and the vision ends.

## **78. In Kerioth. The death of old Saul.**

14<sup>th</sup> January 1945.

78.1 <sup>1</sup>I am under the impression that the steepest part, that is the most tangled part of Judaeian mountains, is between Hebron and Jutah. But I may be mistaken, and this valley may be wider, opening onto wider horizons, with isolated mountains emerging

here and there, not forming any real chain. It may be a valley between two chains of mountains. I do not know. It is the first time I see it, and I am puzzled. The fields are not very large, but they are well cultivated with various cereals: mainly barley and rye. There are also some nice vineyards in the sunny parts. Higher up, I can see some lovely forests of pine-trees and fir-trees and other trees typical of woody places. A reasonably good road leads into a small village.

«This is the suburb of Keriioth. Please come to my country house. My mother is waiting for You there. We will go to Keriioth afterwards» says Judas who is beside himself with excitement.

I omitted to mention that only Judas, Simon and John are now with Jesus. The shepherds are not here. Perhaps they remained in the pastures of Hebron or they have gone back towards Bethlehem.

«As you wish, Judas, but we could have even stopped here to meet your mother. »

«Oh! No! It is only a farm house. My mother comes here at harvest time. But she lives in Keriioth. And do You not want my town people to see You? Do You not want to take Your light to them? »

«I certainly do, Judas. But you already are aware that I do not mind the humbleness of the place that gives Me hospitality. »

«But today You are my guest... and Judas knows how to be hospitable. »

They walk for a few more yards among houses spread about the country, while men and women look out, called by children. It is obvious that their curiosity has been awakened. Judas must have sent word warning them.

«Here is my poor house. Forgive its poverty. »

But, after all, the house is not a hovel: it consists of a large and well kept ground floor only, in the middle of a thick flowering orchard. A small private clean road leads from the main road to the house.

«May I go ahead of You, Master? »

«Yes, go. »

Judas goes.

«Master, Judas has done things in great style» says Simon. «I rather suspected he would. But now I am certain. Master, You keep saying, and quite rightly, spirit... But he... he does not see

things that way. He will never understand You... or perhaps only very late» he adds not to grieve Jesus.

Jesus sighs and is silent.

78.2 <sup>2</sup>Judas comes out with a woman who is about fifty years old. She is rather tall, but not so tall as her son, who has her same dark eyes and curly hair. But her eyes are kind and rather sad, whereas those of Judas are imperious and shrewd.

«I greet You, King of Israel» she says prostrating herself in a real salutation of a subject. «Allow Your servant to give You hospitality. »

«Peace to you, woman. And may God be with you and your creature. »

«Oh! yes! With my creature. » It sounds more like a sigh than a reply.

«Stand up, mother. I have a Mother, too, and I cannot allow you to kiss My feet. I kiss you, woman, in My Mother's name. She is a sister of yours... in love and in the painful destiny of the mother of those who are marked. »

«What do You mean, Messiah? » asks Judas somewhat worried.

But Jesus does not reply. He is embracing the woman, whom He has kindly raised up from the ground and is now kissing her cheeks. And, holding her hand, He walks toward the house.

They go into a cool room, which is shaded by light striped curtains. Cold drinks and fresh fruit are already laid out. But first of all Judas' mother calls a maidservant who brings in water and the landlady would like to take off Jesus' sandals and wash His dusty feet. But Jesus objects. «No, mother. A mother is too holy a person, particularly when she is honest and good, as you are, to be allowed to take on the attitude of a slave... »

The mother looks at Judas... an unusual look. She then goes away. Jesus has refreshed Himself. When He is about to put on His sandals, the woman comes back with a new pair. «Here, Messiah. I think I have done the right thing... as Judas wanted... He said to me: "A little longer than mine, but the same width". »

«But why, Judas? »

«Will You not let me offer You a gift? Are You not my King and my God? »

«Yes, Judas. But you must not give so much trouble to your mother. You know what I am like... »

«I know. You are holy. But You must appear as a holy King. That is how one imposes oneself. In the world, where nine tenths of the folk are foolish people, we must impose ourselves with our appearance. Trust me. »

Jesus has fastened the red leather open straps of the new sandals, which reach up to His ankles. They are much nicer than His plain sandals of a workman, and they resemble Judas' sandals, which are like shoes with open parts showing of his feet.

«Also the tunic, my King. I prepared it for Judas... But he makes a present of it to You. It's a linen one: cool and new. Allow a mother to put it on You... as if You were her son. »

Jesus looks at Judas once again... but does not speak. He unties the lace of His tunic round His neck, and lets His wide tunic fall onto the floor and thus is left with only His short under-tunic. The woman puts the lovely new garment on Him. She offers Him a belt, which is richly embroidered braid, from which a cord hangs down, decorated with very thick tassels. Jesus must feel comfortable in the cool clean clothes, but He does not seem very happy. In the meantime the others have cleaned themselves.

«Come, Master. They come from my poor orchard. And this is honeyed water, prepared by my mother. Perhaps, Simon, you would prefer this white wine. Have some. It is the wine of my vineyard. And what about you, John? Will you have the same as the Master? » Judas is overjoyed at pouring the drinks into beautiful silver cups, thus showing his wealth.

His mother is not very talkative. She looks... looks... at Judas, and even more at Jesus, and when Jesus, before eating, offers her the nicest fruit (possibly very big apricots, they are yellow red fruits, certainly not apples) and He says to her: «First of all to mother, always», her eyes well with tears.

«Mother, is the rest ready? » asks Judas.

«Yes, son. I think I have done everything well. But I was brought up here and I have always lived here and I do not know... I do not know the habits of kings. »

«Which habits, woman? Which kings? What have you done, Judas? »

«Are You not the promised King of Israel? It is time that the

world should salute You as such, and that must happen for the first time here, in my town, in my house. I revere You as such. For my sake, and for the respect due to Your names of Messiah, Christ, King, which the Prophets gave You by Yahweh's command, do not give me the lie. »

78.3 «Woman, friends, please. I must speak to Judas. I have precise instructions to give him. »

The mother and the disciples withdraw.

«Judas: what have you done? Have you understood so little of Me so far? Why lower Me to the extent of making Me only a mighty man of the world, and what is more: a man intriguing to become mighty? And do you not understand that that is an offence, even an obstacle to My mission? Yes. Do not deny it. It is an obstacle. Israel is subjected to Rome. You know what happened when they raised against Rome someone who seemed a mob-leader and aroused the suspicion of creating an insurrection. Only a few days ago you heard how pitiless they were against a Child because they were afraid He might be a king according to the world. And yet you!...

Oh! Judas! What do you expect from the sovereignty of the flesh? What do you expect? I gave you time to think and decide. I spoke to you very clearly from the very first time. I also sent you away because I knew... because I know, I read and see what is in you. Why do you want to follow Me, if you do not want to be as I want you? Go away, Judas. Do not harm yourself and do not harm Me... Go away. It is better for you. You are not a suitable worker for this task. It is by far too much above you. In you there is pride, there is greed and all its three branches, there is arrogance... even your mother must be afraid of you... you are inclined to falsehood... No, My follower must not be like that. Judas, I do not hate you, I do not curse you. I only say to you, and I am saying it with the grief of one who knows he cannot change the person he loves, I only say to you: go your way, make your way in the world, since that is what you want, but do not stay with Me.

My life!... My royal palace! How small and mean they are! Do you know where I will be a King? When I will be proclaimed King? When I will be raised up, upon an ill-famed piece of wood and My own blood will be purple, and My crown will be a wreath of thorns and My insignia a mocking poster and the curses of all

the people, of *My* people, will be the trumpets, the tambourines, the organs, the citherns saluting the proclamation of the King. And do you know by whose deed all this will happen? By the deed of one who did not understand Me. One who will have understood nothing. One, whose heart was a hollow piece of bronze, that pride, sensuality and avarice had filled with their humours, which will generate coils of snakes that will be used to chain Me and... and to curse him. The others are not so well aware of My destiny. Please do not tell them. Let us keep this to ourselves. In any case it is a reproach... and you will keep quiet to avoid saying: "I was reproached"... Is that clear, Judas? »

<sup>4</sup>Judas has blushed so much, that he looks purple. He is standing before Jesus, mortified, his head lowered... He kneels down and he cries with his head on Jesus' knees: «I love you, Master, Don't reject me. Yes, I am proud and foolish, but don't send me away. No. Master. I will never do it again. You are right. It was thoughtless of me. But there is some love in my mistake. I wanted to honour You.... and I wanted the others to honour You as well... because I love You. You said so three days ago: "When you make a mistake without malice, out of ignorance, it is not an error, but an incorrect judgement: like the error of children, and I am here to make adults of you". Here I am, here against Your knees... You said You would be a father to me... and I am here against Your knees as if they were my father's, and I ask You to forgive me, and to make an "adult" of me, a holy adult... Don't send me away, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus... Not everything is wicked in me. You know: I left everything for you and I have come. You are much more than the honours and victories I got serving other people. You are indeed the love of poor unhappy Judas who would like to give You nothing but joy, and is instead the cause of pain for You... »

78. 4

«That is all right, Judas. I forgive you once again... » Jesus looks tired... «I forgive you, hoping... hoping that in future you will understand Me. »

«Yes, Master. But, now, do not give me the lie, otherwise I will be laughed at. Everybody in Kerioth knows that I was coming with David's Descendant, the King of Israel... and the town has made preparations to welcome You... I thought I was doing a good thing... showing You what one must do to be respected and obeyed... and I also wanted to show John and Simon, and



through them, all the others who love You but treat You as their equal... My mother too would be mocked at, as the mother of a mad liar. For her sake, my Lord,... And I swear that I... »

«Do not swear to *Me*. Swear to yourself, if you can, that You will not commit such a sin again. For the sake of your mother and your fellow citizens I will not shame you by going away without stopping here. Stand up. »

«What will You tell the others? »

«The truth... »

«No, don't. »

«The truth: that I gave you instructions for today. It is always possible to tell the truth in a charitable way. Let us go. Call your mother and the others. »

Jesus is rather severe. He smiles again only when Judas comes back with his mother and the disciples. The woman gazes at Jesus, but she gains confidence when she sees His kind disposition. I get the impression she is in great distress.

«Shall we go to Kerieth? I have rested and I wish to thank you, mother, for all your kindness. May Heaven reward you and grant rest and peace to your late husband for all your charity to Me. »

The woman tries to kiss His hand, but Jesus caresses her head and thus prevents her from doing so.

«The wagon is ready, Master. Come. »

Outside, in fact, an ox cart is just arriving. It is a comfortable cart, on which they have placed cushions as seats and a red tent as a cover.

«Get on, Master. »

«Your mother, first. »

The woman gets on and then Jesus and the others.

«Sit here, Master. (Judas no longer calls Him king).

Jesus sits in front, and Judas sits beside Him. The woman and the disciples are behind. The man driving the cart goads the oxen walking beside them.

78. <sup>5</sup>It is a short journey, about four hundred metres, probably a little more. The first houses of Kerieth are now visible and it looks like a decent little town. A little boy on the sunny road is watching and he immediately dashes away. When the cart reaches the first houses, the important people and the people welcome Him; the houses are decorated with draperies and branches.

The people shout with joy and bow down deeply. Jesus, from the height of His shaking throne, can but greet them and bless them.

The cart moves on and after crossing a square it turns into a street, where it stops before a house the door of which is already wide open. Two or three women are standing at the door. They stop and get off.

«My house is Yours, Master. »

«Peace to it, Judas. Peace and holiness. »

They go in. Beyond the hall there is a large room with low divans and inlaid furniture. The important people of the place and other people go in with Jesus. There is a lot of bowing and curiosity: a showy joyfulness.

An impressive elderly man delivers a speech: «It is a great honour for the land of Kerioth to receive You, my Lord. A great fortune! A happy day! It is a great fortune to have You and to see that a son of Kerioth is Your friend and assistant. May he be blessed because he met You before everyone else! And may You be blessed ten times ten because you have revealed Yourself: You are the One Who has been expected for generations and generations.

Speak, my Lord and King. Our hearts are anxious to hear Your word, just as the land parched by a fiery summer awaits the first soft showers in September. »

«Thank you, whoever you are. Thank you. And thanks to these citizens whose hearts have honoured the Word of the Father, and the Father Whose Word I am. Because You must understand that thanks and honour are due not to the Son of man, Who is speaking to you, but to the Most High Lord, for this time of peace during which He re-establishes the broken paternity with the sons of man. Let us praise the true Lord, the God of Abraham Who had mercy on and loved His people and granted them the promised Redeemer. Glory and praise not to Jesus, the servant of the Eternal Will, but to the loving Will. »

«Your words are the words of a holy man: I am the chief of the synagogue. Today it is not a Sabbath. But come to my house, to explain the Law, since You are anointed with Wisdom, rather than with royal oil. »

«I will come. »

«Perhaps my Lord is tired... »

«No, Judas, I am never tired of speaking of God and I am never anxious to disappoint the hearts of men.»

«Come, then» the synagogue chief insists. «The whole of Kerioth is out there waiting for You.»

«Let us go.»

They go out. Jesus is between Judas and the head of the synagogue, around them there are the important people and the crowds. Jesus passes through them blessing.

78.6 <sup>6</sup>The synagogue is on the square. They go in. Jesus goes to the lectern. He begins to speak, bright in His beautiful robes, His face inspired, His arms stretched out in His usual attitude.

«People of Kerioth, the Word of God is speaking to you. Listen. He Who is speaking to you is but the Word of God. His sovereignty comes from the Father and will return to the Father after Israel has been evangelised. May your hearts and minds be opened to the truth, so that you may be freed from errors and confusion.

Isaiah said\*: “For all the footgear of battle, every cloak rolled in blood is burnt and consumed by fire. For there is a Child born to us, a Son given to us, and dominion is laid on His shoulders; and this is the name they give Him: Wonder-Counsellor, Mighty-God, Eternal Father, Prince of Peace”. That is My Name. We leave to Caesar and the Tetrarchs their preys. I will commit a robbery. But not a robbery deserving to be punished by fire. On the contrary I will snatch from Satan’s fire many of his preys and I will take them to the Kingdom of peace, of which I am the Prince, and to the future century: the eternal time of which I am the Father.

“God”, says David\*\*, from whose stock I descend, as was prophesied by those who saw the future because of their holiness which was so pleasing to God, that He chose them as His messengers, “God elected one only... my son... but the work is great: this palace is not for man but for God”. It is so. God, the King of kings, elected one person only: His Son, to build His house in the hearts of men. And He has already prepared the materials. Oh! How much gold of charity! and copper, silver, iron, rare wood and precious stones! They are all gathered in his Word Who makes use of them to build God’s abode in you. But if man does not help the

\* **Isaiah said**, in: *Isaiah 9: 4-5*.

\*\* **says David**, in: *1 Chronicles 29: 1*.

Lord, the Lord will build His dwelling place in vain. One must reply to gold with gold, to silver with silver, to copper with copper, to iron with iron. That is, love is to be given for love, continence to serve Purity, perseverance to be loyal, strength to be steadfast. And one must carry stones today, wood tomorrow: a sacrifice today, a deed tomorrow and thus build. You must always build the Temple of God in your hearts.

The Master, the Messiah, the King of everlasting Israel and of God's eternal people, calls you. But He wants you to be pure for the work. Relinquish pride: praise is due to God. Relinquish human thoughts: the Kingdom belongs to God. Be humble and say with Me: "All things are Yours, Father. Everything that is good is Yours. Teach us how to know You and serve You in truth". Say: "Who am I?" And acknowledge that you will be something only when you become purified dwellings into which God may descend and rest.

You are all pilgrims and strangers in this world, learn how to gather together and proceed towards the promised Kingdom. The road: the commandments fulfilled not because of fear of a punishment, but out of love for You, holy Father. The Ark: a perfect heart in which the nourishing manna of wisdom is treasured and the branch of a pure will is certain to bloom. And come to the Light of the world, that your houses may be bright with light. I bring you the Light. Nothing else. I have no riches and I do not promise worldly honours. But I possess all the supernatural wealth of My Father and I promise the eternal honour of Heaven to those who will follow God with love and charity.

Peace be with you. »

<sup>7</sup>The people, who have listened attentively, begin to murmur somewhat agitated. Jesus speaks to the head of the synagogue. Other people, perhaps the important people, join the group. 78. 7

«Master, but are You not the King of Israel? We were told... »

«I am. »

«But You said... »

«That I neither possess nor promise worldly wealth. I can speak but the truth. Yes, it is so. I know what you think. But the error is due to a misinterpretation and your great respect for the Most High. You were told: "The Messiah is coming" and you thought, like many in Israel, that Messiah and king were the

same thing. Raise your minds higher up. Look at this beautiful summer sky. Do you think it ends there, where the air seems a sapphire vault? No, the most pure, the most azure spheres are beyond it, up as far as Paradise, which no one can imagine, where the Messiah will lead all the just who die in the Lord. The same difference exists between the Messiah's royalty, as understood by men, and His true Royalty: which is entirely divine. »

«But will we, poor men, be able to raise our minds so far up? »

«Yes, if you only want to. And if you want to, I will help you. »

«How shall we call You, if You are not a king? »

«Call Me Master, or Jesus, as you wish. I am a Master and I am Jesus, the Saviour. »

78. 8    «An old man says: «Listen, my Lord. Some time ago, a long time ago, at the time of the edict, we heard here that the Saviour was born in Bethlehem... and I went there with other people... I saw a little Baby, exactly like all other new-born babies. But I adored Him with faith. Later I heard that there was a holy man, whose name is John. Which is the true Messiah? »

«The One you adored. The other is His Precursor: a great saint in the eyes of the Most High. But he is not the Messiah. »

«Was it You? »

«It was I. And what did you see around the new-born Child? »

«Poverty and cleanliness, honesty and purity... A kind serious carpenter, whose name was Joseph, a carpenter but of the House of David, a young mother, fair and kind, whose name was Mary, before whose grace the most beautiful roses of Engedi turn pale and the lilies of the royal flower beds seem mis-shapen, and a Child with large blue eyes and pale gold hair... I saw nothing else... And I can still hear the voice of the Mother say to me: "On behalf of My Creature I say to You: may the Lord be with you until the eternal meeting and may His Grace come towards you on your way". I am eighty-four years old... my way is near its end. I was no longer expecting to meet the Grace of God. Instead I have found You... and now I do not wish to see any other light than Yours... Yes. I see You as You are in this merciful attire, which is the flesh You have taken. I see You! Listen to the voice of a man who sees the Light of God while dying! »

The people press around the old inspired man, who is in Jesus' group. No longer leaning on his walking stick, he lifts his trem-

bling arms and raises his white head, which, with its separated beard, seems the head of a patriarch or a prophet.

«I see Him: The Chosen, Supreme, Perfect One, Who descended here out of love, I see Him rise again to the right hand side of the Father and become One with Him. But... Oh! He is not just a Voice or an incorporeal Essence, as Moses saw the Most High, or as Genesis tells the First Parents heard Him and spoke to Him in the evening breeze. I see Him as real Flesh rising to the Eternal Father. Blazing Flesh! Glorious Flesh! Oh! Pomp of Divine Flesh! Oh! Beauty of the Man-God! He is the King! Yes. The King. Not of Israel: of the world. All the royalties of the earth bow to Him and all the sceptres and crowns fade away in the splendour of His sceptre and jewels. He has a crown on His head and a sceptre in His hand. He wears a rational on His chest: it is adorned with pearls and rubies, the brightness of which was never seen before. Flames issue from it as if it were a blazing furnace. There are two rubies on His wrists and buckles with rubies are on His holy feet. There is so much light from the rubies! Admire, peoples, the Eternal King! I see You! I see You! I am rising with You... Ah! Lord! Our Redeemer!... The light increases within my soul... The King is decorated with His own Blood! The crown is a wreath of bleeding thorns. The sceptre is a cross... Here is the Man! He is here! It is You! '... Lord, for the sake of Your sacrifice have mercy on Your servant, Jesus, I commend my soul to Your mercy.»

The old man, who so far had stood up, rejuvenated by the fire of prophecy, suddenly collapses and would fall if Jesus were not quick in holding him up against His chest.

«Saul.»

«Saul is dying! »

«Help! »

«Be quick.»

«Peace to the just man who is dying» says Jesus, Who has slowly knelt down to support the old man, who has become heavier and heavier.

There is silence.

Then Jesus lays him down on the ground. And He stands up. «Peace to his soul. He died seeing the Light. In his expectation, which will be a short one, he will already see the face of God and

will be happy. There is no death, that is parting from life, for those who died in the Lord. »

78.9     <sup>9</sup>The people, after a little while, go away commenting. The elders, Jesus, His disciples and the head of the synagogue remain.

«Did he prophesy, Lord? »

«His eyes saw the Truth. Let us go. » They go out.

«Master, Saul died enraptured by the Spirit of God. We touched him, are we clean or unclean? »

«Unclean. »

«And what about You? »

«I am just like the others. I do not change the Law. The Law is law and an Israelite fulfils it. We are unclean. Within the third and the seventh day we shall get purified. Till then, we are unclean. Judas, I am not going back to your mother's. I do not want to take uncleanliness to her home. Send her word by someone who can go there. Peace to this town. Let us go. »

I do not see anything else.