

Maria Valtorta



THE GOSPEL  
AS REVEALED  
TO ME

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AS REVEALED  
TO ME

*7 parts*

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

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

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

*The third year of the Public Life of Jesus*  
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Preparation for the Passion of Jesus  
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*Passion and Death of Jesus*  
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*Glorification of Jesus and Mary*  
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*Farewell to the Work, chapter 652*

*10 volumes*

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*Volume Two*, chapters 79-159

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*Volume Ten*, chapters 601-652

Maria Valtorta

THE GOSPEL  
AS REVEALED  
TO ME

VOLUME TWO  
Chapters 79-159

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

# The first year of Public Life of Jesus.

79. Going to the shepherds. The jewels of Aglae  
and a parable about his conversion.

15<sup>th</sup> January 1945.

<sup>1</sup>Jesus is walking with His disciples on a road along the torrent. The road is not really running along the torrent. The torrent is below; high above, on the side of the mountain, there is a twisting road, as can be normally found in mountain places. John is almost purple, laden like a porter, with a big heavy satchel. Judas is carrying Jesus' bag and his own. Simon has only his bag and the mantles. Jesus is now wearing his own clothes and sandals. But Judas' mother must have had His tunic washed, because it is no longer creased.

79. 1

«How much fruit! How beautiful are those vineyards on those hills! » says John, who is always in good spirits, despite the heat and the fatigue. «Master, is this the river on the banks of which our fathers picked\* the miraculous grapes? »

«No, it is another one, farther south. But the whole region was blessed with rich fruit. »

«It is not so blessed now, although still beautiful. »

«Too many wars have devastated the country. Israel was made here... but it had to be fecundated by its own blood and by the blood of its enemies. »

«Where will we find the shepherds? »

«Five miles from Hebron, on the banks of the river you were enquiring about. »

«Beyond that hill, then. »

«Correct. »

«It's very warm. The summer... Where are we going after, Master? »

«To a place which is even warmer. But I ask you to come.

\* our fathers picked, in Num 13: 23-24.

We shall travel by night. The stars are so bright that there is no darkness. I want to show you a place... »

«A town? »

«No... A place... that will make you understand the Master... perhaps even better than His words. »

79.2 <sup>2</sup>«We lost some days over that stupid incident. It spoiled everything... and my mother who had prepared so much, was disappointed. I cannot understand why You wanted to segregate Yourself with the purification... »

«Judas, why do you call something that was a grace for a true believer stupid? Would you not like such a death for yourself? He had waited all his life for the Messiah, and although an elderly man, he had gone along uncomfortable roads, to adore Him, when he was told: “He is here”. He had kept My Mother’s word for thirty years in his heart. He was enraptured by the fire of love and faith in the last hour granted to him by God. His heart broke out of joy and was burnt, like a pleasing holocaust, by the fire of God. Which destiny could be better? He spoiled the feast you had prepared? You can see the answer of God in that. The things of man are not to be mixed with the things of God... Your mother will have Me again. The old man would not have had Me again. The whole of Kerioth can come to Christ, the old man had no more strength to do so. I am happy that I held the old dying father against My heart and I commended his soul. With regards to the rest... Why give scandal lacking respect for the Law? One must walk in front of the others if one wants to say: “Follow me”. And to lead people on to a holy path, one must walk on the same path. How could I have said, or how could I say: “Be faithful”, if I were without faith? »

«I think that error is the cause of our decay. The rabbis and Pharisees crush the people with their precepts and then... then they behave like the man who desecrated John’s house, making it a place of sin» remarks Simon.

«He is one of Herod’s... »

«Yes, Judas, but the same faults are to be found also in the classes which are said — by themselves of course — to be holy. What do you think about it, Master? » asks Simon.

«I say that only if there is a handful of *træ* yeast and *træ* incense in Israel, the bread will be made and the altar perfumed. »

«What do you mean? »

«I mean that if there is anyone coming to the Truth with a sincere heart, the Truth will spread like the yeast in the mass of flour and like incense all over Israel. »

«What did that woman say to You? » asks Judas.

Jesus does not reply. He instead addresses John: «Your load is heavy and you are tired. Give it to Me. »

«No, Jesus, I am used to carrying weights and in any case... the thought of Isaac's joy makes it light. »

<sup>79. 3</sup>They go round the hillock. Elias' sheep are in the shade of the wood, on the other side. And the shepherds, sitting in the shade are watching them. When they see Jesus they start running.

«Peace to you. You are here? »

«We were worried about You... because of the delay... and we didn't know whether to come and meet You or obey... then we decided to come this far... and thus obey Your instructions and satisfy our love at the same time. You have probably been here for many days. »

«We had to stay... »

«Nothing... wrong? »

«No, My friends, nothing. A faithful believer died on My breast. Nothing else. »

«What do you think should have happened, shepherd? When things are well arranged... Certainly one must know how to prepare them and also prepare hearts to receive them. My town paid every honour to Christ. Did they not, Master? »

«Yes, they did. Isaac, on our way back we called at Sarah's. Also the town of Juttah, without any preparation other than its simple goodness and the truth of Isaac's words, understood the essence of My doctrine and learned how to love with a holy, practical, unselfish love. She sent you some clothes and food, Isaac, and everybody wanted to add something to the alms you left on your bed, because you are now back in the world and you lack everything. Take this. I never take money. But I accepted this because it is purified by charity. »

«No, Master, You keep It. I... I am used to doing without it. »

«You will now have to go to the various villages to which I will send you. And you will need it. A workman is entitled to his pay, also if he deals with souls... because there is still a body to

be nourished, as if it were a donkey helping its master. It is not much. But you will manage. John has some clothes and sandals in that bag. Joachim gave some of his own. They may be too big... but there is so much love in the gift! »

Isaac takes the bag and goes behind a bush to dress. He was still barefooted and was wearing his strange gown made from a blanket.

79.4     4«Master» says Elias. «That woman... the woman who is in John's house... three days after You left and we were pasturing the sheep on the meadows of Hebron — they belong to everybody, the meadows, and they could not send us away — she sent her maid to us with this bag and told us that she wanted to speak to us... I don't know whether I did the right thing... but the first time I gave the bag back to her and said: "I do not want to listen to her"... Then she sent this message: "Come in Jesus' name" and I went. She waited until her... well, the man who keeps her, had gone... She wanted to know so many things. But I... didn't tell her very much. Out of prudence. She is a prostitute. I was afraid it might be a trap for You. She asked me who You are, where You live, what You do, if You are a gentleman... I said: "He is Jesus of Nazareth, He goes everywhere, because He is a Master, and He goes around Palestine teaching"; I said You are a poor man, a simple workman, made wise by Wisdom... Nothing else. »

«You did well» says Jesus, and Judas at the same moment exclaims: «You did the wrong thing! Why did you not say that He is the Messiah, the King of the world? The proud Roman woman should be crushed under the blow of God's splendour. »

«She would not have understood me... In any case how could I be sure that she was sincere? When you saw her, you said what she is. Was I to throw holy things, and everything that is Jesus is holy, into her mouth? Was I to endanger Jesus, giving too much information? Anyone may hurt Him, but I will not. »

«John, let us go and tell her who the Master is, and explain the holy truth to her. »

«Not me. Unless Jesus tells me. »

«Are you afraid? What can she do to you? Do you loathe her? The Master did not. »

«I am not afraid neither do I loathe her. I feel sorry for her. But I think that if Jesus wanted, He could have stopped to teach

her. He did not do it... it is not necessary for us to do it. »

«At that time there were no signs of a conversion... Now...

<sup>5</sup>Show me the bag, Elias. » And Judas, who is sitting on the grass, <sup>79. 5</sup> empties the bag on his mantle. Rings, armlets, bracelets and a necklace roll out: yellow gold on the dark gold of Judas' mantle.

«They are jewels!... What can we do with them? »

«They can be sold» says Simon.

«They are troublesome things» remarks Judas, who, however, admires them.

«That's what I told her, when I took them; I also said: "Your master will beat you". She replied: "They do not belong to him. They are mine and I do what I want with them. I know it is the gold of sins... but it will become good if used for the poor and the holy. That they may remember me" and she was crying. »

«Go and see her, Master. »

«No. »

«Send Simon. »

«No. »

«Well, I'll go. »

«No. » Jesus' «No» is sharp and peremptory.

«Was I wrong, Master, in speaking to her and taking that gold? » asks Elias, when he sees Jesus so serious.

«You did nothing wrong. But there is nothing more to be done. »

<sup>6</sup>«But perhaps that woman wants to redeem herself and she <sup>79. 6</sup> needs to be taught... » Judas objects once again.

«There are already in her so many sparks capable of starting a fire which will burn her vices and purify her soul and repentance will render her innocent once again. A few minutes ago I spoke to you of the yeast which is mixed with the flour and turns it into holy bread. Listen now to a short parable.

That woman is the flour. A flour in which the Evil One has mixed his hellish powders. I am the yeast. That is, My word is the yeast. But if there is too much chaff in the flour, or if sand, or little stones or ashes are mixed in it, is it possible to make bread with it, even if the yeast is good? It is not possible. It is necessary to patiently remove the chaff, the ashes, stones and sand from the flour.

Then Mercy passes by and offers the first sieve... The first

one: made from short basic truths, which may be understood by one entangled in the net of total ignorance, vice and Gentilism. If the soul accepts it, the first purification begins. The second takes place by means of the sieve of the soul itself, which compares its own being with the Being that revealed Itself. And the soul is horrified. And it starts *its* work. By means of a more and more particular operation, after the stones, the sand and the ashes, it reaches the point of also removing that part of the flour consisting of grains too heavy and too coarse to make good bread. The soul is now ready. Mercy then passes by once again and penetrates into the flour now ready — that is a preparation too, Judas — and raises it and turns it into bread. But it is a long operation: an operation of the “will power” of the soul.

That woman already has within herself the minimum which was fair to give her and which may be used by her to accomplish her work. Let her do it, if she wishes to, but we must not disturb her. Everything upsets a soul which is working: curiosity, unadvised zeal, intolerance as well as excessive compassion. »

79. 7     7«We are not going to see her, then? »

«No. And that none of you may be tempted to, let us leave at once. There is shade in the wood. We will stop at the foot of the Terebinth Valley. And we will part there. Elias will go back to his pastures with Levi: Joseph will come with Me as far as the Jericho ford. Later... we will meet again. You, Isaac, continue what you did at Juttah, going from here, through Arimathaea and Lydda, to Doco. We will meet there. It is necessary to prepare Judaea, and you know how to do it. Exactly as you did at Juttah».

«And what about us? »

«You? You will come, as I said, to see My preparation. Also I am prepared for My mission. »

«Did You go to a rabbi's? »

«No. »

«Did You go to John? »

«I was only baptised by him. »

«Well, then? »

«Bethlehem spoke with its stones and its hearts. Also where I am taking you, Judas, the stones and a heart, Mine, will speak to you and give you the answer. »

79. 8     8Elias, who has brought some milk and brown bread, says:

«While waiting for You, I tried, and Isaac tried with me, to convince the people in Hebron... But they will not believe, they will not take an oath, they do not want anyone but John. He is their “holy man” and they do not want anyone else. »

«It is a sin quite common to many places and many present and future believers. They look at the workman, not at the master who sent the workman. They ask the workman questions and they do not even say to him: “Tell your master”. They forget that there is a workman only because there is a master and that it is the master who instructs the workman and enables him to work. They forget that the workman can intercede, but only the master can concede. In this case God and His Word with Him. It does not matter. The Word is sorry but bears no grudge. Let us go. »

The vision ends.

## 80. With three apostles on the mount of abstinence and temptation.

17<sup>th</sup> January 1945.

<sup>1</sup>A most beautiful dawn in the wilderness, seen from the height of a mountain side. It is daybreak. A few stars are still visible and a very thin arc of a waning moon looks like a silver comma on the dark blue velvet of the sky. 80.1

The mountain is completely isolated, that is, it is not linked to any other chain of mountains. But it is a real mountain, not a hill. The top is much higher up, but even from the middle of its slope a very wide horizon can be seen, because one is well above ground level. In the fresh morning air, as the faint white-greenish dawn light becomes clearer and clearer, profiles and details slowly become visible, whereas before they were hidden in the fog that precedes daybreak, a fog that is darker than night, because the light of the stars seems to diminish and fade away in the transition from night to day. I thus see that the mountain is rocky and barren, split by gorges forming grottoes, caves and inlets in its side. It is a real wilderness: only where there is some earth capable of receiving and retaining the moisture of the rain, are there a few green tufts, mainly stiff thorny plants, with very few leaves, and low hard bushes of grass similar to thin green



sticks, the name of which I do not know.

Below there is an even more barren plain, a flat stony ground that becomes more arid as it stretches out towards a dark spot, much longer than wider, at least five times longer than wider, which I think must be a thick oasis, which has sprung up in so much bleakness, because of underground waters. But when the light becomes brighter, I see that it is nothing but water. Stagnant, dark, dead water. A lake of infinite sadness. In the still feeble light it reminds me of the vision of the dead world. It seems to be drawing to itself all the darkness of the sky and all the gloominess of the surrounding area, dissolving in its still water the deep green of the thorny shrubs and stiff grass that for miles and miles around it and above it, are the only decoration of the earth. And after filtering so much gloom it seems to spread it around once again. How different it is from the sunny, smiling lake of Gennesaret!

High above, looking at the clear blue sky, which is becoming clearer and clearer, looking at the light progressing from the east in deeper and deeper brightness, one's soul rejoices. But looking at the huge, dead lake gives one a stab in the heart. Not one bird flies over the water. Not one animal is on its shore. Nothing.

80.2 <sup>2</sup>While I am watching so much desolation, I am aroused by the voice of my Jesus: «Here we are at the place I wanted. » I turn around. I see Him behind me, with John, Simon and Judas, near the rocky slope of the mountain, where there is a little path, or rather, where the long erosion of water, in the rainy months, has formed a very shallow channel throughout centuries, a drain for the water flowing from the mountain top and which is a path for wild goats rather than for men.

Jesus looks around and repeats: «Yes, this is the place that I wanted to bring you to. Here Christ prepared for His mission. »

«But there is nothing here! »

«You are quite right, there is nothing. »

«Who were You with? »

«With My soul and with the Father. »

«Ah! You stayed only for a few hours! »

«No, Judas. Not a few hours. Many days... »

«But who served You? Where did You sleep? »

«My servants were the wild asses that came to sleep in their

caves, where I also had taken shelter. My maidservants were the eagles that said to Me with their harsh cries: "It's daylight" and they flew away to attack their prey. My friends were the little hares that came up almost to My feet, gnawing at the wild herbs. My food and My drink were the same food and drink of the wild flower: the night dew and the sunshine. Nothing else. »

«But why? »

«To prepare well, as you say, for *My* mission. Things well prepared for are successful. You said so yourself. And *My* thing was not a small, a useless thing which would glorify Me, the Servant of the Lord, but it was to make men understand what the Lord is, and by means of such understanding, make Him loved in the spirit of truth. The servant that is concerned with his own triumph, and not with the Lord's, is a miserable man! The servant who is anxious to make a profit, who dreams he will sit on a high throne built on the interests of God, which have been lowered down to the earth, whereas they are celestial interests, is also a miserable servant. He is no longer a servant, except in his external appearance. He is a merchant, a trafficker, a deceitful person, who deceives himself and men and would like to deceive God as well... a wretched man who believes he is a prince, whilst he is a slave. He belongs to the Evil One, his king of falsehood. Here, in this cave, Christ for many days lived fasting and praying to get ready for *His* mission. <sup>3</sup>And where would you have suggested I should have gone to prepare, Judas? »

80. 3

Judas is puzzled and bewildered. Eventually he replies: «I would not know... I was thinking... to a rabbi... or with the Essenes... I do not know. »

«And was it possible for Me to find a rabbi who would tell Me more than the power and wisdom of God were telling Me? And could I — I the Eternal Word of the Father, Who was present when the Father created man and am aware of the immortal soul by which he is animated and of the power of free capable judgement with which he was endowed by the Creator — would I have gone to derive science and skill from those who deny the immortality of souls, final resurrection and also the freedom of man to act, attributing virtues and vices, holy and wicked deeds to a destiny, which they say is fatal and uncontrollable? Certainly not!

You have a destiny. Yes you do. In the mind of God Who creates you, there is a destiny for you. It is the wish of the Father. And it is a destiny of love, of peace, of glory: "the holiness of being His children". That is the destiny that was present in the divine mind when Adam was made from mud and will be present until the creation of the last soul of man.

But the Father does not denigrate you in your position of kings. If a king is a prisoner, he is no longer a king: he is an out-cast. You are kings because you are free in your small individual kingdoms. In your "*ego*". You can do what you like and how you like. <sup>80.</sup> <sup>4</sup> Before you and on the boundaries of your small kingdom you have a friendly King and two enemy powers. The Friend shows you the rules that He gives to make His followers happy. He shows them and says: "Here they are. With them, your eternal victory is certain". He, The Wise and Holy One, shows them to you so that you may put them into practice, if you want to, and thus receive eternal glory.

The two enemy powers are Satan and the flesh. By flesh I mean your flesh and the world: they are the pomps and enticements of the world, that is, the riches, feasts, honours and powers which are obtained from the world and in the world, but are not always obtained honestly and they are used even less honestly when eventually a man reaches them. Satan, the master of the flesh and of the world, speaks also on behalf of the world and of the flesh. He, too, has his rules... Oh! He certainly has! And as your "*ego*" is enveloped in the flesh, and the flesh is attracted by the flesh, as metal chips are attracted by a magnet, and the singing of the Seducer is sweeter than the warble of a nightingale in love in the moonlight and among perfumed rose bushes, it is easier to follow those rules, and incline towards those powers and say to them: "I consider you my friends. Come in". Come in... Have you ever seen an ally who remains honest forever, without asking a hundredfold return for the help he has given? That is what those powers do. They go in... And they become the masters: Masters? No: galley sergeants. They tie you, men, to the galley bench, they fasten you with chains, they do not allow you to raise your head from their yoke, and their lash leaves bleeding marks on your backs if you attempt to escape. You either must bear to be torn to pieces and become a heap of shattered flesh, so

useless, as flesh, as to be rejected and kicked aside by their cruel feet, or you must die under their blows.

If you can bear that martyrdom, then Mercy will come, the Only One who can still have mercy on that revolting misery, which the world, one of the masters, now loathes and at which the other master, Satan, throws the arrows of his revenge. And Mercy, the Only One, passes by, bends down, picks it up, doctors it, cures it and says: "Come. Do not be afraid. Do not look at yourself. Your wounds are but scars, but they are so numerous that you would be horrified, as they disfigure you. But I do not look at them. I look at your goodwill. Because of your goodwill, you are marked. Therefore I say to you: I love you. Come with Me". And He takes it to His Country. You then understand that Mercy and the friendly King are the same person. You find the rules He had shown you and you did not want to follow. Now you want them... and first you reach the peace of your conscience, then the peace of God.

Tell Me, now. Was that destiny imposed by the Only One on everybody, or did each choose it for himself? »

«It was chosen by each person. »

«You are right, Simon. Was it possible for Me to go to those who deny the blessed resurrection and the gift of God, to be taught? <sup>80. 5</sup>I came here. I took My soul of the Son of man and I gave it its finishing touches and I thus finished the work of thirty years of humbleness and preparation in order to be perfect when starting My mission. Now I ask you to stay with Me for a few days in this cave. Our stay will be less depressing because we shall be four friends joining in our efforts against sadness, fears, temptation and the desires of the flesh. I was by Myself. It will be less painful because it is now summer and up here the mountain winds lessen the heat. I came here at the end of the Tebeth moon and the wind blowing down from the snowy tops was harsh. It will be less trying because it will be shorter and also because we have the necessary food to satisfy our hunger and in small leather flasks that I asked the shepherds to give you, there is enough water to last us for the days of our stay. I... I must snatch two souls from Satan. It can only be done by penance. I ask you to help Me. It will be training for you. You will learn how to snatch victims from Mammon: not so much with words but with sacri-

face... Words!... The satanic uproar prevents one from hearing them... Every soul which is a prey of the Enemy is enveloped in a turbine of infernal voices... Do you want to stay with Me? If you do not want to, you may go and we will meet at Tekoah, near the market. »

«No, Master, I will not leave You» says John, while Simon at the same time exclaims: «You raise us by wanting us to be with You in this redemption. » Judas... does not appear to be terribly enthusiastic. But he puts a good face on... destiny and says: «I will stay. »

«Well, take the flasks and the bags and put them inside, and before the sun gets hot, break some wood and gather it near the crevice. The nights are severe, even in summer, and not all the animals are gentle. Light a branch at once. Over there, a branch of that gummy acacia. It burns very well. We will search in the crevices and with the fire we will drive out asps and scorpions. Go. »...

80.6 <sup>6</sup>... The same spot on the mountain. But it is night now. A starry night. I think that the beauty of such a nocturnal sky can be enjoyed only in such almost-tropical countries. The stars are wonderfully large and bright. The bigger constellations seem like clusters of diamond chips, of clear topazes, of pale sapphires, of mild opals and soft rubies. They tremble, they light up, they go out like glances hidden for an instant by eyelashes, and light up again more beautiful than before. Now and again a star swoops across the sky and I wonder where it disappears to. A streak of light that seems like a jubilant cry of a star, capable of flying over wide landscapes.

Jesus is sitting at the entrance of the cave and is speaking to the three disciples who are sitting in a circle around Him. They must have lit a fire, because in the middle of them, some branches are still as bright as embers and they cast their ruddy glow on the four faces.

«Yes. Our stay is over. The last time it lasted forty days... And I would repeat that it was still winter up here... and I had no food. A little more difficult than this time, was it not? I know that you have suffered even now. The little food we had and I gave you was nothing, particularly for hungry young people. It was barely sufficient to prevent you from collapsing. And the

water even less so. The heat is intense during the day. And you will say that it was not so in winter. But then there was a dry wind blowing from that mountain top and it parched My lungs, and it rose from the plain loaded with desert dust and it dried more than this summer heat which can be alleviated by sucking the juice of those acidulous fruits that are almost ripe. The mountain in winter gave only wind and frost-bitten herbs near bare acacias. I did not give you everything because I kept the last bread and cheese and the last flask of water for our way back... I know what My return journey was like, exhausted as I was in the desert solitude... Let us pick up our things and go. Tonight is even clearer than the night we came here. There is no moon. But light is pouring from the sky. Let us go. Remember this place. Remember how Christ prepared and how the apostles prepare. Let the apostles prepare as I teach them. »

<sup>7</sup>They get up. Simon stirs the embers with a stick, and before scattering them with his foot, he rekindles the fire throwing some dry herbs on it, and from the flame he lights a branch of acacia and holds it up at the entrance of the cave, while Judas and John pick up mantles, bags and small leather flasks of which only one is still full. He then puts the branch out, rubbing it against the rock, he takes his satchel, puts on his mantle like all the rest, and ties it at his waist so that it may not hinder him in walking.

80.7

Without speaking, one behind the other, they go down a very steep path, scaring away small animals grazing on the scanty grass not yet parched by the sun. It is a long and uncomfortable journey. At last they reach the plain. It is not easy to walk even there, where stones and stone splinters undermine their feet, sliding under them and even hurting them, because the thick dust of the path conceals them and it is therefore impossible to avoid them. Further, naked thorny bushes scratch them and catch the lower part of their garments. But they can walk faster.

High above, the stars are lovelier and lovelier.

They walk and walk for hours. The plain is more and more barren and depressing. Little scales sparkle in small crevices and holes in the ground. They look like dirty scales of diamond chips. John bends down to look at them.

«It is the salt of the subsoil which is saturated with them. It

comes to the surface with the spring waters and then dries up. That is why life is impossible here. The Eastern Sea spreads its death for many miles around, through deep veins in the ground. Only where fresh spring waters counteract its effects, is it possible to find plants and comfort» explains Jesus.

80.8      8They go on walking. Jesus stops at the hollow rock where I saw Him tempted by Satan. «Let us stop here. Sit down. It will soon be daybreak. We have walked for six hours and you must be hungry, thirsty and tired. Take this. Eat and drink, sitting here, near Me, while I tell you something that you will repeat to your friends and to the world. » Jesus has opened His satchel and has pulled out bread and cheese, which He cuts and hands out, and from His flask He pours out some water into a small jug which He hands round too.

«Are You not eating, Master? »

«No, I will speak to you. Listen. Once a man asked Me whether I had ever been tempted. He asked\* Me whether I had ever committed sin, and whether, when tempted, I had ever given in. And he was surprised because, in order to resist temptation, I, the Messiah, had asked the Father for help, saying: “Father, lead Me not into temptation”. »

Jesus speaks slowly, calmly as if He were relating an event with which none of them was acquainted... Judas lowers his head as if he were embarrassed. But the others are so intent on looking at Jesus, that they do not notice him.

Jesus goes on: «Now, My friends, you will learn something of which that man had only a faint idea. After My Baptism I came here: I was clean, but one is never clean enough with regards to God, and the humility in saying: “I am a man and a sinner” is already a baptism which makes the heart clean. I had been called “the Lamb of God” by the holy prophet who saw the Truth and saw the Spirit descend upon the Word and anoint Him with its chrism of love, while the voice of the Father filled the Heavens saying: “This is My beloved Son in Whom I am very pleased”. You, John, were present when the Baptist repeated those words... After being baptised, although I was clean both by My nature and by appearance, I wanted to “prepare”. Yes, Judas. Look at

\* asked in 69. 5.

Me. May My eyes tell you what My mouth does not yet speak. Look at Me, Judas. Look at your Master, Who although was the Messiah, did not consider Himself superior to man, on the contrary, knowing He was the Man, He wanted to be so in everything, except in yielding to evil. Exactly so. »

Judas has now raised his head and looks at Jesus in front of him. The light of the stars causes Jesus' eyes to sparkle as if they were two stars fixed in a pale face.

9«If one wants to prepare to be a teacher one must have been a pupil. I, as God, knew everything. My intelligence enabled Me to understand also the struggles of man, both by intellectual power and in an intellectual way, that is without any practical experience. But then some poor friend of Mine, some poor son of Mine, could have said to Me: "You do not know what it is to be a man and have senses and passions". And it would have been a fair reproach. I came here, or rather on that mountain, to prepare... not only for My mission... but also for temptation. See? I was tempted where you are now sitting. By whom? By a mortal being? No. His power would have been too limited. I was tempted by Satan himself.

I was exhausted. I had not eaten for forty days... But while I was engrossed in prayer, everything had been forgotten in the joy of speaking to God, rather than forgotten, it had been made endurable. I felt it as a discomfort of a material nature, confined to matter only... I then came back to the world... I was back in the ways of the world... And I felt the needs of those who are in the world. I was hungry. I was thirsty. I felt the biting cold of the desert night. My body was worn out due to lack of rest, of a bed and with a long journey made in such a state of weariness that I could go no farther...

Because I am made of flesh too, My dear friends. *Real* flesh. And my flesh is subject to the weakness common to all flesh. And, with My flesh, I have a heart. Yes, I took the first and second of the three parts that form man. I took the physical part with all its needs and the morals with their passions. And whilst, with My will, I subdued all the bad passions at birth, I let the holy passions grow like mighty age-old cedars, that is filial love, love for the fatherland, friendship, work, everything that is best and holy. And here I felt nostalgia for My far away Mother, here



I felt the need for Her care for My human frailty, here I felt once again the pain of parting from the Only One Who loved Me with perfect love, here I realised what sorrow is laid aside for Me and I was grieved at Her sorrows, poor Mother, Who will have to shed so many tears for Her Son and because of the wickedness of men, that She will be left tearless. And here I experienced the weariness of the hero and of the ascetic who in an hour of forewarning realise the uselessness of their efforts... I cried... Sadness... a lure for Satan. It is not a sin to be sad in painful circumstances. It is a sin to go beyond sadness and fall into inertness and despair. But Satan comes at once when he sees anyone in spiritual languor.

He came. Dressed as a kind traveller. He always takes on a kind appearance... I was hungry... and thirty years old. He offered to help Me. First he said to Me: "Tell these stones to become bread". But before... yes... even before, he spoke to Me about woman. Oh! He knows how to speak of her. He knows her very well. He corrupted her first, to make her his ally in corruption. I am not only the Son of God. I am Jesus, the workman of Nazareth. I said to that man, who was speaking to Me then, the one who asked Me whether I had experienced temptations and almost accused Me for being unjustly blessed, because I had not sinned: "The act subsides when satisfied. A rejected temptation does not fade away, but becomes stronger also because Satan instigates it". I resisted the temptation both of lust for woman and hunger for bread. And you must know that Satan proposed woman to Me as the best ally to succeed in the world, and he was quite right, from a human point of view.

Temptation did not give up because of My comment: "Man does not live on his senses only" and he spoke to Me of My mission. He wanted to seduce the Messiah after failing with the young Man. And he incited Me to crush the unworthy ministers of the Temple with a miracle... A miracle, the fire of Heaven, is not to be bent to form a wicker wreath to crown ourselves... And we must not put God to the test, asking for miracles for human purposes. That is what Satan wanted. The reason mentioned by him was an excuse: the truth was: "Boast of being the Messiah", as he wanted to lead Me to another lust: the lust for pride.

He was not daunted by My reply: "You must not put the Lord

your God to the test” and he circumvented Me with the third power of his nature: gold. Oh! gold. Bread is a great thing, and woman an even greater one for those longing for food or pleasure. To be acclaimed by the crowds is a very great thing for man. How many crimes are committed for these three things! But gold... gold! It is a key that opens, a circle that joins, it is the beginning and end of ninety-nine percent of human actions. For bread and a woman man becomes a thief. For power he also becomes a murderer. But for gold he becomes an idolator. The king of gold, Satan, offered Me his gold if I adored him. I pierced him with the eternal words:

“You shall worship the Lord your God, and serve Him only”.

It happened here. »

<sup>10</sup>Jesus is now standing. He seems taller than usual in the flat <sup>80. 10</sup> nature surrounding Him, in the slightly phosphorescent light of the stars. The disciples also get up. Jesus carries on speaking, staring intently at Judas.

«Then the angels of the Lord came... The Man had won the triple battle. The Man knew what it meant to be a man and had won. He was exhausted. The struggle had been more exhausting than the long fast... But the spirit was triumphant... I think that Heaven was startled at My becoming a perfect creature endowed with knowledge. I think that from that moment I got the power of working miracles. I was God. I had become the Man. Now, by defeating the animal nature connected with man’s nature, I was the Man-God. And I am. And as God I am omnipotent. And as Man I am omniscient. Do as I did, if you want to do what I do. And do it in memory of Me.

That man was amazed at My asking for the Father’s help, and at My praying not to be led into Temptation. That is, not to be left at the mercy of temptation beyond My strength. I think that that man will no longer be amazed, now that he knows. I ask you to do the same in My memory and to win as I did. And never doubt My nature of true Man and true God, seeing how strong I was in all the temptations of life, and how I won the battles of the five senses, of sensuality and of sentiments. Remember all of that.

<sup>11</sup>I promised to take you where it would be possible for you <sup>80. 11</sup> to know the Master... from the dawn of His day, a dawn which is as pure as the one which is now rising, to the noon of His life.

The noon which I left to go and meet My human evening... I said to one of you: "I also prepared"; you now see it is true. I thank you for your company in the return to the place of My birth and the place of My penance. My first contacts with the world had sickened and depressed Me. It is too ugly. My soul has now been nourished with the lion's marrow: the union with the Father in prayer and solitude. And I can go back to the world and take My cross upon Me once again, the first cross of the Redeemer: the cross of the contact with the world. With the world, in which there are too few souls called Mary, called John...

Now listen, and you in particular, John. We are going back towards My Mother and our friends. I beg you not to mention to My Mother the harshness which has been opposed to the love of Her Son. She would suffer too much. She will suffer so much because of man's cruelty... but do not let us give Her the chalice now. It will be so bitter when it is given to Her! So bitter that it will creep like poison into Her holy viscera and veins and will gnash them and freeze Her heart. Oh! Do not tell My Mother that Bethlehem and Hebron rejected Me like a dog! Have mercy on Her! You, Simon, are old and good, and thoughtful as you are, you will not speak, I know. You, Judas, are a Judean, and will not speak out of patriotic pride. But you, John, are a Galilean, and young, do not commit a sin of pride, criticism and cruelty. Be silent. Later... later you will tell the rest what I now ask you to be silent about. There is already so much to be said about Christ. Why add to it what is Satan's work against Christ? My dear friends, do you promise Me that? »

«Oh! Master! We do promise. Be certain of it. »

«Thank you. Let us go to that small oasis. There is a spring, a well full of cold water and there is shade and greenery. The road towards the river passes near it. We shall find food and refreshment till evening. By starlight, we will reach the river, the ford. And we will wait for Joseph or join him if he is already back. Let us go. »

And they set out while the first pinkish hue in the sky, in the east, announces the rising of a new day.

81. On the ford of the Jordan river.  
Meeting with the shepherds Simeon,  
John and Matthias. A plan to free the Baptist.

18<sup>th</sup> January 1945.

<sup>81.1</sup> I see the Jordan ford once again: the green road coasting the river on both banks, beaten by many travellers on account of its shade. Lines of little donkeys come and go, as well as many people. On the bank of the river, three men are pasturing a few sheep.

Joseph is on the road, waiting, and he looks up and down.

Jesus appears in the distance, with His three disciples, at the junction of the river path with the main road. Joseph calls the shepherds, who lead the sheep onto the road, driving them along the grassy bank. They walk fast towards Jesus.

«I haven't got the courage... What shall I say to greet Him? »

«Oh! He is so good! Say: "Peace be with You". He always says that. »

«Yes, He... but we... »

«And what about me? I am not even one of His first worshippers. and He is so fond of me... oh! so fond! »

«Which one is it? »

«The tallest One, with fair hair. »

«Matthias, will we tell Him of the Baptist? »

«Of course we will! »

«Will He not think that we preferred the Baptist to Him? »

«No, Simeon. If He is the Messiah, He can see into the hearts of men, and in ours He will see that in the Baptist we were still looking for Him. »

«Yes, you are right. »

The two groups are now a few yards apart. Jesus is already smiling His smile that cannot be described. Joseph hastens his step. Also the sheep begin to run urged by the herdsmen.

«Peace be with you» says Jesus raising His arms as if He were embracing them. And He specifies: «Peace to you, Simeon, John and Matthias, faithful to Me, and faithful to John the Prophet! Peace to you, Joseph» and He kisses him on his cheeks. The other three are now on their knees. «Come, My friends. Under these trees, on the river-bank and let us talk. »

They go down and Jesus sits on a large protruding root, the others on the ground. Jesus smiles and looks at them intently, one by one: «Let Me become familiar with your faces. Your souls are already known to Me, souls that seek and love what is good contrary to all worldly yearnings. Isaac, Elias and Levi send you their regards, and there are other greetings, from My Mother.

81. 2 <sup>2</sup>Have You any news of the Baptist? »

The men, so far gagged by embarrassment, take heart. They find their words at last: «He is still in jail. Our hearts tremble for him, because he is in the hands of a cruel man who is dominated by an infernal creature and is surrounded by a corrupted court. We love him... You know that we love him and that he deserves our love. After you left Bethlehem, we were persecuted by men... but we were distressed and disheartened because we had lost You, rather than by their hatred, and we were like trees uprooted by the wind. Then, after years of suffering, like a man, whose eyelashes have been stitched, endeavours to see the sun, but cannot, also because he is closed in a prison, but feels the warmth of the sun on his body, we felt that the Baptist was the man of God, foreseen by the Prophets to prepare the way to His Christ and we went to him. We said: "If the Baptist precedes Him, if we go to the Baptist, we will find Him. " Because, my Lord, it was You we were looking for. »

«I know, and you found Me. And now I am with you. »

«Joseph told us that You came to the Baptist. But we were not there on that day. Perhaps he had sent us somewhere. We served him, in spiritual matters, when he asked us, with so much love, and we listened to him with love, although he was so severe, because he was not You — the Word— but he always spoke words of God. »

81. 3 <sup>3</sup>«I know. And do you know this man? » and He points to John.

«We saw him with the other Galileans in the crowds that were most faithful to the Baptist. And, if we are not mistaken, you are the one whose name is John, and of whom he used to say to us, his closest disciples: "Here: I am the first, he is the last. And then: he will be the first and I the last". But we never understood what he meant. »

Jesus turns round to His left side where John is and He draws him against His heart and with a most kind smile He explains:

«He meant that he was the first to say: “Here is the Lamb” and that John here will be the last of the friends of the Son of man, to speak of the Lamb to the crowds; but that in the heart of the Lamb, John is the first, because he is dearer than any other man to the Lamb. That is what he meant. But when you see the Baptist — You will see him again, and you will serve him again until the predetermined hour — tell him that he is not the last in Christ’s heart. Not so much because of the blood, as on account of his holiness, he is loved as much as John. And remember that. If the saint in his humbleness proclaims himself “last”, the Word of God proclaims him equal to the disciple who is dear to Me. Tell him that I love this disciple because he has the same name and because I find in him the signs of the Baptist, who prepares the souls for Christ. »

«We will tell him... But shall we see him again? »

«Yes, you will. »

4«Yes, Herod dare not kill him for fear of the people and at his 81. 4 court, which is full of greed and corruption, it would be easy to free him if we had a lot of money. But, although there is quite a lot — because friends have given a lot — there is still a lot missing. And we are afraid we will not be in time... and he may be killed. »

«How much do you think you need for the ransom? »

«Not for his ransom, Lord. He is hated too much by Herodias and she has too much control of Herod, to think of the possibility of a ransom. But I think that all the greedy people of the kingdom have gathered at Machaerus. Everybody is anxious to have a good time and stand out, from the ministers down to the servants. And to do that, they need money... We have also found who would let the Baptist out for a large sum of money. Perhaps also Herod would prefer that... because he is afraid. Not for any other reason. He is afraid of the people and afraid of his wife. In that way, he could please the people, and his wife could not accuse him of disappointing her. »

«And how much does that person want? »

«Twenty silver talents. But we have only twelve and a half. »

5«Judas, you said that those jewels are beautiful. »

81. 5

«Yes, beautiful and valuable. »

«How much will they be worth? I think you are an expert. »

«Yes, I am a good judge. Why do You want to know how much

they are worth, Master? Do You want to sell them? Why? »

«Perhaps... Tell Me: how much will they be worth? »

«At least six talents, if they are sold well. »

«Are you sure? »

«Yes, Master. The necklace by itself, so big and heavy, of the purest gold, is worth at least three talents. I have examined it carefully. And also the bracelets... I don't know how Aglae's thin wrists could hold them. »

«They were her shackles, Judas. »

«That's true, Master... But so many would like to have such beautiful shackles! »

«Do you think so? Who? »

«Well... many people! »

«Yes, many who are human beings only by name... And do you know a possible buyer? »

«So, do You want to sell them? And is it for the Baptist? But look, it's cursed gold! »

«Oh! Human inconsistency! You have just said with evident desire, that many people would love to have that gold, and then you say it is cursed?! Judas, Judas!... It is cursed indeed. But she said: "It will be sanctified if it is cursed for poor and holy people" and that is why she relinquished it, whoever benefits from it may pray for her poor soul which like the embryo of a future butterfly swells in the seed of her heart. Who is holier and poorer than the Baptist? He is equal to Elijah in his mission but greater than Elijah in holiness. He is poorer than I am. I have a Mother and a home... And when one has such things, and pure and holy as I have, one is never forlorn. He no longer has a home, and he has not even got the tomb of his mother. Everything has been violated and desecrated by human iniquity. <sup>81.6</sup>So who is the buyer? »

«There is one in Jericho and there are many in Jerusalem. But the one in Jericho!!! He is a shrewd Levantine gold-beater, a usurer, a middleman, a pander, he is certainly a thief, probably a killer, he is definitely persecuted by Rome. He has changed his name to Isaac, to be considered a Hebrew... But his real name is Diomedes. I know him very well... »

«Yes, we see that! » intervenes Simon Zealot, who speaks little, but notices everything. And he asks: «How come you know him so well? »

«Well,... you know... In order to please certain mighty friends. I went to see him... and did some business... You know... we of the Temple... »

«I know... you do *all* sorts of jobs» Simon ends with cold irony. Judas flares up, but keeps silent.

«Will he buy? » asks Jesus.

«I think so. He has plenty money. Of course, one must be skilful in selling because the Greek is shrewd and if he realizes he is dealing with an honest person, with a nestling dove, he plucks him mercilessly. But if he has to deal with a vulture like himself... »

«You ought to go, Judas. You are the right man. You are as sly as a fox and as raptorial as a vulture. Oh! Forgive me, Master. I spoke before You! » says Simon Zealot again.

«I am of the same opinion, and I will therefore tell Judas to go. John, you will go with him. We will meet again at sunset, and the meeting place will be the market square. Go. And do your best. »

Judas gets up at once. John's eyes are imploring like a chastened puppy's. But Jesus is speaking to the shepherds and does not notice John's imploring look. And John sets out behind Judas.

<sup>7</sup>«I would like to see you happy» says Jesus.

81. 7

«You will always make us happy, Master. May God bless You for it. Is that man a friend of Yours? »

«Yes, he is. Do you think he should not be? »

The shepherd John lowers his head, and keeps silent. Simon, the disciple, speaks: «Only who is good, can see. I am not good, and therefore I do not see what Bounty sees. I see the exterior. He who is good penetrates into the interior too. You, John, see as I do. But the Master is good... and sees... »

«What do you see in Judas, Simon? I want you to tell Me. »

«Well, when I look at him, I think of certain mysterious places which look like dens of wild beasts and malarial ponds. Only a huge tangle can be seen and one is frightened and keeps clear... Instead... behind it there are turtle-doves and nightingales and the soil is rich in healthy waters and beneficial herbs. I want to believe that Judas is like that... I think he must be, because You chose him. And You know... »

«Yes, I know... There are many flaws in the heart of that



man... But he has some good points. You saw that yourself in Bethlehem and in Kerioth. And his good points which are humanly good are to be raised to a spiritual goodness. Judas will then be as you would like him to be. He is young... »

«Also John is young... »

«And in your heart, you conclude that he is better. But John is John! Love poor Judas, Simon, I beg you. If you love him,... he will appear to be better. »

«I endeavour to love him, for Your sake. But he breaks all my efforts as if they were water canes... But, Master, there is only one law for me: to do what You want. I will therefore love Judas, although something within me shouts against him and towards myself. »

«What, Simon? »

«I do not know exactly what it is: something that resembles the cry of the night watchman... and says to me: "Do not sleep! Watch! " I do not know. That something has no name. But it is here... in me, against him. »

«Forget about it, Simon. Do not worry about giving it a definition. It is better not to know certain truths... and you might be mistaken. Leave it to your Master. Give Me your love, and you can be sure that it makes Me happy... »

And it all ends.

## 82. In Jericho. The Iscariot tells of how he sold Aglae's jewels.

19<sup>th</sup> January 1945.

- 82.1 <sup>1</sup>The market place in Jericho. It is not morning, but evening: a very warm summer evening at sunset. There are only traces of the morning market: remains of vegetables, heaps of excrement, straw fallen from donkeys' baskets and rags... All is covered with flies and in the heat of the sun ferments and stinks disgustingly. The large square is empty. There are few passers-by, some quarrelsome urchins throwing stones at the birds perched on the trees. Some women go to the fountain. Nothing else.

Jesus arrives from a side street and looks around. He does not see anybody yet. He waits patiently, leaning against the trunk of

a tree, and finds the opportunity of speaking to the boys about charity, that starts with God and from the Creator descends to all creatures.

«Do not be cruel. Why do you want to annoy the birds of the air? They have their nests up there, and their little ones. They do not harm anyone. They give us their chirping and cleanliness, because they eat the rubbish left by men and the insects that are harmful to crops and fruit. Why wound them, or kill them, depriving the little ones of their fathers and mothers, or the latter of their little ones? Would you be glad if a wicked man came to your house and destroyed it, or killed your parents, or took you away from them? No, you would not be happy. Well, then, why do to these innocent creatures what you would not like done to yourselves? How will you refrain one day from doing harm to men if, children as you are now, you harden your hearts and hurt defenceless, kind little creatures such as these birds? Do you not know that the Law says: "Love your neighbour as yourself"? He who does not love his neighbour does not even love God. And he who does not love God, how can he go to His House and pray to Him? God might say to him, and he does say it in Heaven: "Go away. I do not know you. You, My son? No, you are not. You do not love your brothers, you do not respect in them the Father Who created them, so you are not a brother and a son, but an illegitimate child: a stepson to God, a stepbrother to your brothers". See how the Eternal Lord loves? In the cold months, He makes His little birds find the barns full of hay, so that they may nest there. In the hot months, He protects them from the sun with the foliage of trees. In winter the corn in the fields is just covered with earth and it is easy for them to find the seed and nourish themselves. In summer they quench their thirst with the juice of fruits, and they build solid, warm nests with hay and the wool left on brambles by sheep. And He is the Lord. You, little men, created by Him like the little birds, and therefore their brothers in creation, why do you want to differ from Him and think that you can be cruel to these little animals? Be merciful with everybody, not depriving anyone of what is due to one: both amongst men and animals, your servants, your friends and God... »

«Master? » calls Simon «Judas is coming. »

«... and God will be merciful with you, and will give you eve-

rything you need, as He does with these innocent creatures. Go and take the peace of God with you. »

82.2 <sup>2</sup>Jesus makes His way through the boys and some of the adults who had joined them, and goes towards Judas and John, who are coming from another street. Judas is jubilant. John smiles at Jesus... but does not seem very happy.

«Come, come, Master. I think I have done well. But come with me. It is not possible to speak here in the street. »

«Where, Judas? »

«To the inn. I have already booked four rooms... oh! nothing special, don't worry. Only to rest in a bed after so much discomfort in all this heat, and to have a meal like men and not like birds perched on branches, and also to talk in peace. I sold the jewels very well, didn't I, John? »

John nods in assent but not very enthusiastically. But Judas is so pleased with his work that he does not notice either that Jesus is not very happy at the prospect of comfortable lodgings or that John is even less enthusiastic about his transactions. And he goes on: «As I had sold at a higher price than I had estimated, I said: "It is fair that I should take a small amount, one hundred coins, for our beds and meals. If we are exhausted, although we always had something to eat, Jesus must be completely worn out". I am obliged to ensure that my Master is not taken ill! An obligation of love, because You love me, and I love You... There is room also for you and the sheep» he says to the shepherds. «I have seen to everything. »

Jesus does not say one word. He follows him with the others.

They arrive in a smaller square. Judas says: «See that house without any windows opening on the street and with such a narrow little door that it looks like a crack? It's Diomedes, the gold-beater's house. It looks like a poor house, doesn't it? But there is enough gold in there to buy the whole of Jericho and... ah! ah! » Judas laughs maliciously... «amongst all that gold many jewels and plates can be found, as well as other things, belonging to the most influential people in Israel. Diomedes... oh! they all pretend they do not know him, whereas they are all acquainted with him: from the Herodians down to... to everybody. On that plain, smooth wall, one could write: "Mystery and Secret". If those walls could speak! Then you would not be scandalised

at the way I negotiated this business, John! You... you would die, choked with amazement and scruples. By the way, listen, Master. Never send me again with John on certain business. He almost ruined everything. He cannot take a hint, he cannot deny things, whereas with shrewd men like Diomedes one must be quick and outspoken. »

John grumbles: «You were saying certain things. So unforeseen and so... so... Yes, Master. Do not send me again. I am only good at being kind and loving... I... »

«It is most unlikely that we shall ever need such transactions again» answers Jesus, very seriously.

«That is the hotel over there. Come, Master. I will do the talking, because I arranged everything. »

<sup>3</sup>They go in, and Judas speaks to the landlord, who has the sheep taken to a stable, while he himself takes the guests into a little room where there are two mat-beds, some chairs and a table already laid. He then withdraws. 82. 3

«I will tell you what happened at once, Master, while the shepherds are settling the sheep. »

«I am listening. »

«John can say whether I am telling the truth. »

«I do not doubt it. No oath or witness is required among honest men. Tell Me. »

«We arrived in Jericho at midday. We were wet with perspiration, like pack-animals. I did not want to give Diomedes the impression that I was in urgent need. So first of all, I came here, I refreshed myself, I put on clean clothes, and I got John to do the same. Oh! He would not hear of having his hair sorted and perfumed. But I had made out my plans, on my way here!... When it was almost evening, I said: “Let’s go”. By that time, we were well rested and fresh like two wealthy people on a pleasure trip. When we were about to arrive at Diomedes’ abode, I said to John: “Always agree to what I say. Do not contradict me, and be quick in taking a hint”. But I should have left him outside! He did not help at all. On the contrary... Fortunately, I am as quick as two people, and I managed.

The exciseman was coming out of his house. “Very well! ” I said. “If he is coming out, we will find the money and what I want to make a comparison”. Because the exciseman, being

a usurer and a thief like all his kind, always has necklaces taken with threats and usury from the poor people whom he taxes more than is fair, in order to have plenty to spend in feasting and women. And he is very friendly with Diomedes, who buys and sells gold and flesh... We went in after I had made myself known. I said: we went in. Because there is a difference between going into the entrance hall, where he pretends to be doing an honest job, and going down into the underground room, where he does his real business. One must be *well* known to him to be introduced there. As soon as he saw me, he said: "Do you want to sell more gold? We are going through hard times, and I have little money". His usual old story. I replied: "I have not come to sell, but to buy. Have you any jewels for a lady? But they must be beautiful, valuable, heavy, in pure gold!" Diomedes was amazed. And he asked me: "Do you want a woman?" "Never mind that" I replied to him. "They are not for me. They are for this friend of mine who is getting married and wishes to buy the jewels for his beloved bride".

At this point, John began to behave like a child. Diomedes, who was looking at him, saw him turn purple, and being a filthy old man, he said: "Ah! the boy has only heard the mention of his bride, and he is on heat. Is your woman very beautiful?" he asked. I kicked John to rouse him, and to make him understand not to behave foolishly. But he replied "Yes" as if he had been strangled and Diomedes became suspicious. Then I spoke: "Whether she is beautiful or not is none of your business, old man. She will never be one of the women on account of whom you will go to hell. She is an honest virgin, and will soon be an honest wife. Show us your gold. I am his best man and it is my task to help the young man... I am a Judaeon citizen". "He is a Galilean, is he not?" Your hair always gives you away. "Is he rich?" "Yes, very".

We then went downstairs, and Diomedes opened his coffers and treasure-chests. But tell the truth, John. Did we not seem to be in Heaven with all the jewels and all the gold? Necklaces, wreaths, bracelets, earrings, hairnets of gold and precious stones, hairpins, buckles, rings... ah! what magnificence! With much haughtiness, I picked a necklace more or less like Aglae's, and rings, buckles, bracelets, everything like I had in my bag, and the same quantity. Diomedes was surprised and he kept ask-

ing: "What! Some more? But who is this man? And who is the bride? A princess?" When I had everything I wanted, I said: "The price?".

Oh! What a chain of preparatory moaning on the times, taxes risks, thieves! And another chain of assurances on his honesty! And then his reply: "Just because it's you, I'll tell you the truth. Without any exaggeration. But not even one penny less. I want twelve silver talents". "Thief!" I said. And I went on: "Let's go, John. In Jerusalem we will find someone who is not such a thief as he is" and I pretended I was going out. He ran after me. "My great friend, my beloved friend, come, listen to your poor servant. I cannot accept less. It's impossible. Look. I'll make an effort at the cost of ruining myself. I'll do it because you have always honoured me with your friendship, and you made me do good business. Eleven talents, there you are. That is what I would pay if I had to buy that gold from someone starving. Not a penny less. It would be like bleeding my veins". Is that not what he said? He made me laugh and he disgusted me at the same time.

When I saw he was quite determined on the price, I pulled a fast one on him. "Dirty old rascal. Bear in mind that I do not want to buy, on the contrary, I want to sell. This is what I want to sell. Look. It is as beautiful as yours. Gold from Rome in the latest fashion. It will sell immediately. You can have it for eleven talents. Exactly what you asked for yours. You fixed the price, and you pay". You should have heard him. "This is treachery! You betrayed the esteem I held you in! You want to ruin me! I cannot pay all that!" he shouted. "You appraised its value. So pay!" "I cannot". "Look, I'll take it to somebody else". "No, my friend, don't", and he stretched out his hooked hands towards Aglae's heap of gold. "Well, then, pay: I should ask for twelve talents. But I will be satisfied with the last price you asked". "I cannot". "Usurer! Look, I have a witness here and I can report you as a thief..." and I mentioned other virtues of his which I will not repeat on account of this boy...

At last, as I was anxious to sell and settle the matter quickly, I whispered a promise in his ear, something that I will not keep... What weight has a promise made to a thief? And I sealed the bargain at ten and a half. We came away while he was crying and offering his friendship and... women. And John was almost in

tears. What does it matter if they think you are a depraved man! Nothing, providing you are not. Don't you know that the world is like that, and that you are a failure in the world? A young man who has not had any experience of women? Who do you think will believe you? Or if they believe you, well! I would not like them to think of me what they may think of you, if they believe you do not desire women.

82. 4 Here, Master. Count them Yourself. I had a pile of coins. But I went to the exciseman and I said to him: "Take this rubbish and give me the talents Isaac gave you". That was the last bit of information I got after closing the matter. <sup>4</sup>But the last thing I said to Isaac-Diomedes was: "Remember that the Judas of the Temple no longer exists. Now I am the disciple of a holy man. Pretend therefore that you never met me, if your life is dear to you". And I was on the point of wringing his neck because he gave me a sharp answer. »

«What did he say to you? » asks Simon, coldly.

«He said: "You, the disciple of a holy man? I will never believe it, or I will soon see your holy man here, asking for a woman". He said: "Diomedes is an old disgrace of the world. But you are a new one. And I may still change, because I became what I am when I was old. But you will not change. You were born like that". Filthy old man! He denies Your power, see? »

«And being a good Greek, he speaks the truth. »

«What do you mean, Simon? Are you referring to me? »

«No. I am referring to everyone. He is a man who knows gold and men's hearts the same way. He is a thief, the most filthy of all the filthy trades. But one perceives in him the philosophy of the great Greeks. He knows man, the animal with seven sinful jaws, the octopus that suffocates goodness, honesty, love and many other things, both in itself and in others. »

«But he does not know God. »

«And would you like to teach him? »

«Yes, I would. Why? It's the sinners that need to know God. »

«True. But... the Master must know Him to teach Him. »

«And do I not know Him? »

«Peace, My friends. The shepherds are coming. Do not let us upset their souls with our quarrels. Have you counted the money? That is enough. Fulfil all your actions as you fulfilled this

one, and I repeat it once again, in future, if you can, do not tell lies, not even to accomplish a good deed. »

<sup>5</sup>The shepherds come in.

82.5

«My friends. Here are ten and a half talents. The amount is short of one hundred coins which Judas has kept for the inn expenses. Take them. »

«Are You giving them all? » asks Judas.

«Yes, every penny. I do not want a forthing of that money. We have the offerings of God and of those who honestly seek God... and we shall never lack what is necessary. Believe Me. Take the money and be happy, as I am, for the Baptist. Tomorrow, you will go towards his prison. Two of you: that is John and Matthias. Simeon and Joseph will go to Elias to report to him and to be taught for the future. Elias knows. Later, Joseph will come back with Levi. The meeting place, in ten days time, is at the Fish Gate in Jerusalem, at sunrise. And now, let us eat and rest. Tomorrow, at dawn, I will leave with My disciples. I have nothing else to tell you for the time being. Later, you will hear from Me. »

And everything fades out while Jesus is breaking the bread.

### 83. Jesus suffers on account of Judas, who is a living lesson for the apostles of all times.

20<sup>th</sup> January 1945.

<sup>1</sup>The country where Jesus is, is very fertile. There are magnificent orchards and vineyards, with huge bunches of grapes beginning to turn gold or ruby. Jesus is sitting in an orchard, and is eating some fruit offered to Him by a farmer.

83.1

Perhaps He has just finished speaking, because the man says to Him: «It's a pleasure for me, Master, to quench Your thirst. Your disciple had spoken to us of Your wisdom, nevertheless, we were astonished when we listened to You. Close as we are to the Holy City, we often go there to sell our fruit and vegetables, and we then go up to the Temple and listen to the rabbis. But they do not speak as You do. We used to come away saying: "If that is so, who will tie saved? " With You, it is entirely different! Oh! We seem to be so light-hearted! Although adults, we feel like children in our hearts. I am a... rough man and I am not good at



making myself understood. But I am sure You understand me! »

«Yes, I do. You mean that, although you have an adult's knowledge and maturity after listening to the Word of God, You feel simplicity, faith and purity revive in your heart, as if you were a child once again, without fault or malice, but with so much faith, as when you were taken to the Temple for the first time by your mother, or you prayed on her knees. That is what you mean. »

«Yes, that, just that. You are fortunate because you are always with Him» he then says to John, Simon and Judas who are sitting on a low wall, eating juicy figs. And he ends by saying: «And I am honoured because You were my guest for one night. <sup>83.2</sup> I am not afraid of any misfortune in my house, because You have blessed it. »

Jesus replies: «A blessing is efficient and lasting if the souls of men are faithful to the Law of God and to My doctrine. On the contrary, grace comes to an end. And it is only fair. Because if it is true that God grants sunshine and fresh air to the good and to the bad, that they may live, and that they may become better if they are good, and they may be converted if they are bad, it is also just that the Father's protection should turn elsewhere as a punishment for the wicked, to remind them of God, by means of some pain. »

«Is pain not always evil? »

«No, My friend, It is evil from a human point of view, but from a supernatural one it is good. It increases the merits of just people, who accept it without despairing or rebelling and they offer it, as they offer themselves with resignation, as a sacrifice to expiate their own imperfections and the faults of the world, and it is a redemption for those who are not good. »

«It is so difficult to suffer! » says the farmer, who has been joined by his relatives, about ten people in all, adults and children.

«I know that man finds it difficult. And knowing that he would find it so difficult, the Father had not given His children any sorrow. It came due to sin. But how long does sorrow last on the earth? In the life of a man? A short time. It is always short, even if it lasts a whole lifetime. Now I say: is it not better to suffer for a short time rather than forever? Is it not better to suffer here than in Purgatory? Consider that time there is multiplied

one thousand fold. Oh! I solemnly tell you: you ought not to curse pain, but bless it, and you should call it “grace” and “mercy”. »

«Oh! Your words, Master! They are as pleasant to us as honeyed water from a cool amphora is to a man parched with thirst in summer. Are You really going away tomorrow, Master? »

«Yes, I am going tomorrow. But I will come back again. To thank you for what you have done for Me and My friends, and to ask you for some more bread and rest. »

«You will always find them here, Master. »

<sup>3</sup>A man with a donkey laden with vegetables approaches.

83. 3

«Here I am. If your friend wishes to go... My son is going to Jerusalem for the big Paraseve market. »

«Go, John. You know what you have to do. In four days time we will meet again. My peace be with you. » Jesus embraces John and kisses him. Simon does the same.

«Master» says Judas. «If You will allow me, I would like to go with John. I am anxious to see a friend of mine. He goes to Jerusalem every Sabbath. I would go with John as far as Bethphage and then I will proceed on my own... He is a friend of our family... You know... my mother told me... »

«I did not ask you anything, My friend. »

«It breaks my heart having to leave You. But in four days' time I will be with You once again. And I will be so faithful that I will even bore You. »

«You may go. In four days time, at dawn, be at the Fish Gate. Goodbye and may God watch over you. »

Judas kisses the Master and goes near the little donkey that begins to trot along the dusty road.

It is evening and the country becomes silent. Simon watches the peasants watering their fields.

<sup>4</sup>Jesus has not moved from the place where He was sitting. He then gets up, goes round to the back of the house, and walks along the orchard. He wants to be alone. He goes as far as a thicket of huge pomegranate trees and low bushes, which I think must be gooseberries. But I am not sure, because there are no berries on them and I am not familiar with the leaves of these plants. Jesus hides behind the thicket. He kneels down. He prays... and then He bends down with His face on the ground, on the grass and He weeps. I realise that He is crying because of His deep, interrupt-

83. 4

ed sighs. A disheartened crying, without sobs, but so sad.

Some time passes in this way. It is now twilight. But it is not yet so dark as to prevent seeing. And in the faint light Simon's disfigured but honest face suddenly appears above a bush. He looks around for something and sees the crouched figure of the Master, completely covered by His dark blue mantle which confuses Him with the dark ground. Only His fair hair and His hands joined in prayer catch his eye: His hands protrude above His head which rests on His wrists. Simon looks at Him with his large kind eyes. He understands that Jesus is sad because of His sighing and he utters: «Master», with his thick almost purple lips.

Jesus looks up.

«You are crying, Master? Why? May I come near You? » Simon's expression is one of astonishment and sorrow. He is definitely not a handsome man. In addition to his disfigured features and his dark olive complexion, he bears the deep bluish marks of the scars caused by his disease. But his glance is so gentle that his ugliness disappears.

«Come, Simon, My friend. »

Jesus is sitting on the grass. Simon sits beside Him.

«Why are You sad, Master? I am not John and I am not capable of giving You what John gives you. But I would like to give You every possible comfort, and I am only sorry that I am not able to do so. Tell me. Have I hurt You these last few days to the extent that it depresses You to stay with me? »

«No. My good friend. You have never hurt Me since the first moment I saw you. And I think you will never cause Me to shed tears. »

«Well, then, Master? I am not worthy of Your confidence. But, on account of my age, I could be Your father and You know how anxious I have always been to have children... Allow me to caress You as if You were my son and let me be a father and mother to You in this hour of pain. It is Your Mother that You are in need of to forget so many things... »

«Oh! Yes! It is My Mother! »

83. 5 «Well, while waiting to have comfort in Her, grant Your servant the joy of consoling You. <sup>5</sup>You are crying, Master, because someone has hurt You. For several days Your face has been like the sun darkened by clouds. I have been watching You. Your

goodness hides the wound, that we may not hate him who wounds You. But the wound is a painful and abhorrent one. But tell me, my Lord: why do You not remove the source of Your pain? »

«Because it would be useless from a human point of view and it would not be charitable. »

«Ah! You are aware that I am speaking of Judas! It is because of him that You are suffering. How can You, the Truth, tolerate that liar? He lies shamelessly. He is more deceitful than a fox and more closed than a rock. He has now gone away. What for? How many friends has he got? I am sorry to leave You. But I would like to follow him and see... Oh! My Jesus! That man... send him away, my Lord. »

«It is useless. What is to be, shall be. »

«What do You mean? »

«Nothing special. »

«You were pleased to let him go, because You were disgusted with his behaviour at Jericho. »

«It is true, Simon. I tell you once again: what is to be, shall be. And Judas is part of this future. He is to be there, too. »

«But John told me that Simon Peter is very frank and full of ardour... Will he put up with Judas? »

«He *must* stand him. Also Peter is destined for a part, and Judas is the canvas on which he must weave *his* part, or, if you prefer so, Judas is the school where Peter will learn more than with anyone else. Also idiots are capable of being good with John and understanding souls like John's. But it is difficult to be good with people like Judas, and to understand souls like Judas' and to be a doctor and priest for them. Judas is your living teachings

«Ours? »

«Yes. *Yours*. The Master will not be on the earth forever. He will leave after eating the hardest bread and drinking the most sour wine. But you will stay to continue Me... and you must know. Because the world does not end with the Master. It will last longer, until the final return of Christ and the final judgement of man. And I solemnly tell you that forevery John, Peter, Simon, James, Andrew, Philip, Bartholomew, Thomas, there are at least seven Judases. And many, many more!... »

Simon is thoughtful and silent. He then says: «The shepherds are good. Judas scorns them. But I love them. »

«I love them and praise them. »

«They are simple souls, just like the ones You like. »

«Judas has lived in town. »

83. 6 «His only excuse. But there are many people who have lived in towns, and yet... <sup>6</sup>When will You come to my friend? »

«Tomorrow, Simon. And I will come with pleasure, because we are by ourselves, just you and I. I believe he is a learned and experienced man, like you. »

«And he suffers a lot... In his body and even more in his heart. Master... I would like to ask You a favour: if he does not speak to You of his grief, please do not ask him any question about his family. »

«I will not. I am on the side of those who suffer, but I do not force anybody's confidence. Tears deserve respect. »

«And I did not respect them... But I felt so sorry for You... »

«You are My friend and you have already given a name to My sorrow. I am an unknown Rabbi for your friend. When he knows Me... then... Let us go. It is dark. Do not let us keep our tired guests waiting. Tomorrow at dawn we will go to Bethany. »

83. 7 <sup>7</sup>Jesus then says:

«My little John, how many times have I cried with My face on the ground because of men! And you would like to be less than Me?

Also amongst you, good people are in the proportion that existed between good people and Judas. And the better one is, the more one suffers. But also for you it is necessary to learn by studying Judas, and I say that particularly for those who are responsible for the spiritual care of souls. Each of you, priests, is a "Peter". And you have to forgive and retain. But how much power of observation you must have, how much union with God, what great pains you must take and how many comparisons with the method of the Master you must make, in order to be a priest as it is your duty to be!

Some people may think that what I am saying is useless, human, impossible. They are the usual people who deny the human phases of Jesus' life and they make of Me a being so remote from human life as to be only a divine being. What happens then to the most holy Humanity, to the sacrifice of the Second Person

in becoming flesh? Oh! I was truly a Man amongst men. I was the Man. And that is why I suffered in seeing the traitor and ungrateful people. That is why I rejoiced on account of those who loved Me or were converted to Me. That is why I shuddered and cried before Judas' spiritual corpse. I shuddered and cried before My dead friend. But I knew that I would call him back to life and I rejoiced seeing his soul already in Limbo. Here... I had the Demon in front of Me. And I will say no more;

Follow Me, John. Let us give men also this gift. And then... Blessed are those who listen to the Word of God and strive to do what it says. Blessed are those who want to know Me in order to love Me. In them and to them I shall be a blessing. »

#### 84. The meeting with Lazarus of Bethany.

21<sup>st</sup> January 1945.

<sup>1</sup>It is a very clear summer dawn. Rather than dawn, it is early morning, because the sun is already above the horizon and is rising higher and higher smiling at the smiling earth. Every stem is sparkling with dew. All the night stars seem to have turned into gold and gem dust for all the stems and all the leaves; even for the stones strewn on the ground, the silicious chips of which, wet with dew, seem diamond powder or gold dust. 84. 1

Jesus and Simon are walking along a little road which departs from the main one at a sharp angle like a V. They are going towards magnificent orchards and fields of flax as tall as a man, almost ready to be cut. Other fields, farther away, show only large bright red spots of poppies amongst the yellow stubble.

«We are already in the property of my friend. You can see, Master, that the distance was within the prescription of the Law. I would never take the liberty of deceiving You. Behind that apple-orchard there is the garden wall and the house. I made You come along this short cut to be within the prescribed mile. »

«Your friend is very wealthy! »

«Yes, very. But he is not happy. He owns property elsewhere. »

«Is he a Pharisee? »

«His father was not. He... is very observant. I told You: a true Israelites.»

They walk a little farther. There is a high wall, and beyond it, trees and trees, with the house just emerging through them. There is a rise in the ground here, which, however, does not allow one to see the garden, so vast that we would call it a park.

They go round the corner. The wall runs level and from its top entwined branches of roses and sweet smelling jasmins hang, splendid in their dewy corollas. <sup>84.2</sup>There is the heavy wrought-iron gate. Simon knocks with the heavy bronze knocker.

«It is too early to go in, Simon» remarks Jesus.

«Oh! My friend gets up at sunrise, as he finds comfort only in his garden or in books. Night is a torture for him. Please do not delay further to give him Your joy. »

A servant opens the gate.

«Good morning, Aseus. Tell your master that Simon Zealot has come with his Friend. »

The servant runs away after letting them in, saying: «Your servant greets you. Come in, Lazarus' house is open to his friends. »

Simon, who is familiar with the place, does not go to the central path, but he turns along a path running in the direction of a jasmin bower between rose hedges.

Shortly afterwards Lazarus comes forward from the bower. He is thin and pale, as I have always seen him, and tall; his short hair is neither thick nor curly, while his little sparse beard is confined to the lower part of his chin. He is wearing a snow white linen garment, and walks with difficulty like one suffering from leg trouble.

When he sees Simon he waves his hand affectionately and then, as best as he can, he runs towards Jesus and throws himself on his knees, bending down to the ground to kiss the hem of Jesus' tunic, saying: «I am not worthy of so much honour. But since Your holiness stoops to my misery, come, my Lord, come in and be the Master in my poor house. »

«Rise, My friend. And receive My peace. »

Lazarus gets up and kisses Jesus' hands and looks at Him with veneration not devoid of curiosity. They walk towards the house.

«How anxiously have I waited for You, Master! Every morning, at dawn, I would say: "He will come today", and every even-

ing I said: "I have not seen Him today, either". »

«Why were you expecting Me so anxiously? »

«Because... <sup>3</sup>whom are we in Israel expecting, but You? »

«And do you believe that I am the Expected One? »

«Simon has never lied, neither is he a boy that gets excited over nothing. Age and sorrow have made him as mature as a wise man. In any case... even if he had not recognised Your true nature, Your deeds would have spoken and said that You are a "Saint". He who accomplishes the deeds of God, must be a man of God. And You accomplish them. And You do things in a way that says how truly You are the Man of God. My friend came to You because of the fame of Your miracles and he received a miracle. And I know that Your way is strewn with miracles. Why, then, not believe that You are the Expected One? Oh! It is so sweet to believe what is good! We have to pretend to believe as good, many things which are good, for peace sake, because it would be useless to change them; many dubious words that seem adulation, praise, kindness of heart, and instead are sarcasm and blame, poison concealed by honey, we must pretend we believe them, although we know they are poison, blame, sarcasm... we must do so because... it is not possible to do otherwise, and we are weak against a whole world which is strong, and we are alone against a whole world which is hostile to us... why, then, should we have difficulty in believing what is good? On the other hand the time is ripe and the signs of the time are here. What might still be missing to make belief certain and beyond all possible doubt, should be supplied by our anxiety to believe and to appease our hearts in the certainty that the expectation is finished and that the Redeemer has come, the Messiah is here... He Who will give peace to Israel, and to the children of Israel, Who will let us die without anguish, knowing that we have been redeemed, and will enable us to live without that nostalgic feeling for our dead ones... Oh! the dead! Why mourn their death, if not because, as they have no longer any children, they have not yet the Father and God? »

«Has your father been dead long? »

«Three years, and my mother seven... but I no longer lament their deaths... I also would like to be where I hope they are awaiting Heaven. »

«In which case you would not have the Messiah as your guest. »



84.4 «That is true. Now I am in a better position than they are, because I have You... and my heart is calmed by this joy. <sup>4</sup>Come in, Master. Grant me the honour of making my house Yours. Today is the Sabbath and I cannot invite friends to honour You... »

«Neither do I wish that. Today I am all for Simon's friend and Mine. »

They go into a beautiful hall, where some servants are ready to receive them. «Please follow them» says Lazarus. «You will be able to refresh yourselves before the morning meal. » And while Jesus and Simon go into another room, Lazarus gives instructions to the servants. I can see that the house belongs to wealthy people and it is also a very refined one...

... Jesus drinks some milk, which Lazarus insists on serving Him personally, before sitting at the table for the morning meal.

I hear Lazarus addressing Simon and saying to him: «I have found the man who is willing to purchase your property, and to pay the price which your agent fixed as a fair one. He will not deduct one drachma. »

«But is he willing to comply with my conditions? »

«Yes, he is. He accepts everything, providing he gets the property. And I am happy because at least I know who my neighbour is. However, as you do not want to be present at the transaction, so he also wishes to remain unknown to you. And I would ask you to yield to his request. »

«I see no reason why I should not. You, my friend, will take my place... Whatever you do, is well done. It is enough for me that my faithful servant is not put out... Master, I am selling, and as far as I am concerned, I am happy that I have nothing more that may tie me to anything which is not Your service. But I have an old faithful servant, the only one left after my misfortune and, as I have already told You, he has always helped me during my isolation, looking after my property, as if it were his own, and what is more, with the help of Lazarus, passing it off as his own, in order to save it and thus subsidise me. Now it would not be fair if I should leave him homeless, now that he is old. I have decided that a small house, near the boundary of the property, should be his and that part of the money should be given to him for his future maintenance. Old people, You know, are like ivy: having lived always in one place, they suffer too much being torn away from it.

Lazarus wanted my servant with him, because he is good. But I preferred it this way. The old man will not suffer so much... »

«You are good, too, Simon. <sup>5</sup>If everybody were as just as you 84.5 are, My mission would be easier... » remarks Jesus.

«Do You find the world averse, Master?» asks Lazarus.

«The world?... No. The strength of the world: Satan. If he were not the master of men's hearts and did not hold them in his possession, I would not find any resistance. But Evil is against Good, and I have to defeat evil in every man to put good into them... and they are not all willing... »

«It is true. They are not willing! Master: what words do You use to convert and convince those who are sinful? Words of severe reproach, like the ones that fill the history of Israel against guilty people, and the Precursor is the last to use them, or words of mercy? »

«I use love and mercy. Believe Me, Lazarus, a loving glance has more power on those who have fallen, than a curse. »

«And if love is mocked at? »

«One must insist again. Insist to the very utmost. Lazarus, do you know of those lands where quicksands swallow unwary people? »

«Yes, I do. I have read about them, because in my situation I read a lot, both out of enthusiasm and to pass the long sleepless hours at night. I know there are some in Syria and in Egypt, as well as some near the Chaldeans. And I know that they are like suckers. They suck what they catch. A Roman says they are the mouths of Hell, where pagan monsters live. Is that true? »

«No, it is not true. They are only special formations of the earth. Olympus has nothing to do with them. People will stop believing in Olympus, and they will still exist, and the progress of mankind will only be able to give a more truthful explanation of the fact, but will not eliminate it. Now I say to you: since you read about them, you may also have read how a person who has fallen into them can be saved. »

«Yes, by means of a rope thrown to the person, or by means of a pole or even a branch. Sometimes a small thing is sufficient to give a sinking man the minimum support to hold onto, and in addition, the necessary calm, without struggling, to await rescue. »

«Well. A sinner, a man possessed, is one who has been swal-

lowed by a deceitful soil, the surface of which is covered with flowers, whereas underneath it is quicksand. Do you think that if a man knew what it means to give Satan the possession of even an atom of himself, he would do it? But he does not know... and after... Either the astonishment and the poison of Evil paralyse him, or drive him mad and to avoid the remorse of being lost he struggles, he clings to other sands, he stirs up huge waves with his rash movements, and thus hastens his own end. Love is the rope, the wire, the branch mentioned by you. We must insist, insist... until it is caught. A word... forgiveness... a forgiveness greater than the fault... just to stop the sinking and await God's assistance. Lazarus, do you know the power of forgiveness? It

84. 6 brings God to assist the rescuer... <sup>6</sup>Do you read much? »

«Yes, I do. But I do not know whether I do the right thing. My disease and... and other things have deprived me of many of the delights of men... and now I have but the passion for flowers and books... For plants and also for horses... I know that I am criticised for it. But how can I go to my estate in this condition (and he uncovers two huge legs all bandaged up) on foot or riding a mule? I must use a cart, and a fast one. That is why I bought some horses, of which I am now very fond, I admit. But if You tell me that that is wrong... I will have them sold. »

«No, Lazarus. These are not corrupting things. What upsets the soul and drives away from God is cause of corruption. »

«Now, Master. What I would like to know is this. I read a lot. I have but this comfort. I like to learn... I think that after all it is better to know than to do wrong, it is better to read than to do other things. But I do not read only our pages. I like to learn about the world of other peoples and I am attracted by Rome and Athens. Now, I am aware of the great evil that befell Israel when she became corrupted by the Assyrians and the Egyptians and of the great harm done to us by Hellenistic governments. I do not know whether a man can do himself the same harm that Judas\* did himself and us, his children. What is Your opinion on the matter? I am anxious to be taught by You, as You are not a rabbi, but the wise and divine Word. »

Jesus stares at him for a few seconds, His glance is penetrat-

\* Judas: the reign, then called *Judaea*.

ing and distant at the same time. He seems to pierce Lazarus' opaque body and scrutinise his heart and penetrating even further, He appears to see... I wonder what... At last He speaks: «Are you upset by what you read? Does it detach you from God and His Law? »

«No, Master. On the contrary, it urges me to make comparisons between our true God and pagan falseness. I make comparisons and I meditate on the glories of Israel, her just people, the Patriarchs, the Prophets, and the questionable figures of other peoples' histories. I compare our philosophy, if we can call so the Wisdom that speaks in our sacred texts, with the poor Greek and Roman philosophies which contain sparks of fire, but not the blaze that burns and shines in the books of our Wise Men. And after, with greater veneration, I bow down with my soul to adore our God Who speaks in Israel through deeds, people and our books. »

«Well, then, continue to read... It will help you to understand the pagan world... Continue. You may continue. There is no ferment of evil or of spiritual gangrene in you. You, therefore, may read without any fear. The love you have for your God makes sterile the profane germ, that reading might spread in you. In all man's actions there is the possibility of good and of evil. It depends on how they are accomplished. Love is not a sin, if one loves in a holy way. Work is not a sin, if one works when it is the right time. To earn is not a sin, if one is satisfied with what is honest. To educate oneself is not a sin, providing the education does not kill the idea of God in us. Whereas it is a sin to serve at the altar, if one does it for one's own benefit. Are you convinced, Lazarus? »

«Yes, Master. I asked other people the same question and they scorned me... But You give me light and peace. Oh! If everybody heard You! Come, Master. Amongst the jasmins there is a cool breeze and silence. It is sweet to rest under their cool shade awaiting the evening. »

They go out and it all finishes.

85. Jesus with Simon Zealot at the Temple, where the Iscariot is speaking, then on to Gethsemane.

22<sup>nd</sup> January 1945.

85.1 <sup>1</sup>Jesus is with Simon in Jerusalem. They make their way through a crowd of vendors and little donkeys that look like a procession in the street, and while doing so Jesus says: «Let us go up to the Temple before going to Gethsemane. We will pray for the Father in His House. »

«Only that, Master? »

«Only that. I cannot stay. Tomorrow at dawn there is the meeting at the Fish Gate, and if the crowd should insist, how could I be free to go there? I want to see the other shepherds. I will send them, as true shepherds, throughout Palestine, that they may gather the sheep together and the Owner of the sheep may be known, at least by name, so that when I pronounce that name, they may know that I am the Owner of the flock and they may come to Me to be caressed. »

«It is sweet to have a Master like You! The sheep will love You. »

«Yes, the sheep will... but not the billy-goats... After seeing Jonah, we shall go to Nazareth and then to Capernaum. Simon Peter and the others are suffering because of such a long absence... We will go to make them happy and to make ourselves happy. Also the summer season induces us to do that. Night is made to rest and those who prefer the knowledge of the Truth to a rest are too few. Man... Oh! Man! He forgets too easily that he has a soul and he thinks of and worries only about his body. The sun during the day is scorching. It prevents us from travelling and teaching in the squares and in the streets. It is so exhausting that it makes the Souls as drowsy as the bodies. So... let us go and teach My disciples. Let us go to sweet Galilee, rich in green

85.2 fields and cool waters. <sup>2</sup>Have you ever been there? »

«I passed through once, in winter, during one of my painful pilgrimages from one doctor to another. I liked it... »

«Oh! It is beautiful. Always. In winter and even more in the other seasons. Now, in summer, its nights are so angelical... Yes, they really seem made for the flights of angels, so pure they are. The lake... The lake surrounded by mountains, more or less close

to it, seems to be made just to speak of God to souls seeking God. It is a piece of the sky which has fallen into the green vegetation, and the vault of Heaven does not forsake it, but is reflected in it with its stars, which are thus multiplied... to be presented to the Creator strewn on a sapphire plate. The olive-trees reach down almost to its shores and are full of nightingales, and they also sing their praise to the Creator Who lets them live in such a sweet and placid place.

And My Nazareth! All ready to be kissed by the sun, all white and green, charming, between the two giants of the Great and Small Hermon, and the pedestal of mountains supporting the Tabor: a pedestal with sweet green slopes, which raise their lord, often covered with snow, up towards the sun. The Tabor is so beautiful when the sun shines on its top, which then becomes pinkish alabaster, whereas on the other side, Mount Carmel is the hue of lapislazuli in certain hours of great heat, when all the veins of marbles or of waters, of forests and meadows, appear in their various hues; and it is like a gentle amethyst at daybreak. In the evening, instead, it is violet-sky beryl and is a solid block of sardonyx when the moon shows it all black in her milky-silver light. And further down, to the south, is the fertile flowery plain of Esdraelon.

And then... then, oh! Simon! There is a Flower there! There is a Flower that lives solitary, fragrant with purity and love for Her God and Her Son! There is My Mother. You will meet Her, Simon, and then you will be able to tell Me whether there is a creature like Her, also in human grace, on the earth. She is beautiful, but everything is surpassed by what emanates internally from Her. If a brute should divest Her of all Her clothes, should disfigure Her and send Her roving, She would still appear as a Queen in a royal dress, because Her holiness would cover Her as a mantle and confer splendour on Her. The world can give Me all possible evil, but I will forgive the world everything, because to come into the world and redeem it, I had Her, the humble and great Queen of the world, Whom the world does not know, but through Whom it has received Good and will receive still more throughout centuries.

Here we are at the Temple. Let us keep the Judaic form of worship. But I solemnly tell you that the true House of God, the

Holy Ark, is Her Heart, the veil of which is Her most pure flesh and its embroidery work are all Her virtues. »

85.3 <sup>3</sup>They have gone in and are walking through the first floor. They go through a porch, towards a second floor.

«Master, look, there is Judas in that crowd of people. And there are also some Pharisees and members of the Sanhedrin. I am going to hear what he is saying. May I go? »

«Go. I will wait for you at the Great Porch. »

Simon walks away quickly and he stands where he can hear without being seen.

Judas is speaking with firm belief: «...and there are people here whom you all know and respect, who can tell you who I was. Well, I tell you that He has changed me. I am the first redeemed. Many amongst you venerate the Baptist. He venerates him, too, and calls him “the saint equal to Elijah because of his mission, but even greater than Elijah”. Now, if the Baptist is such, He Whom the Baptist calls “the Lamb of God” and by his own holiness swears that he saw Him crowned with the fire of the Spirit of God while a voice from Heaven proclaimed Him “Beloved Son of God to be listened to”, can but be the Messiah. And He is. I swear to it. I am neither a coarse nor a silly man. I have seen His deeds and heard His words. And I tell you, it is He: the Messiah. Miracles serve Him as a slave serves his master. Diseases and misfortunes disappear like dead things and are replaced by joy and good health. And hearts change even more than bodies. You can tell toy me. Have you sick people or pains to he relieved? If you have, come to the Fish Gate, tomorrow morning at dawn. He will be there and will make you happy. In the meantime, here, in His name I give this help to the poor. »

And Judas hands out some coins to two cripples and three blind men and then forces an old woman to accept the last ones.

85.4 <sup>4</sup>He then dismisses the crowd and remains with Joseph of Arimathaea, Nicodemus and three other people whom I do not know.

«Ah! Now I feel better! » exclaims Judas. «I have nothing left. I am as He wants me to be. »

«To tell you the truth, I don't recognise you any longer. I thought it was a joke. But I see that you are in earnest» exclaims Joseph.

«I am in earnest. Oh! I am the first not to recognise myself.

I am still a filthy beast as compared to Him. But I have already changed a lot. »

«And will you no longer belong to the Temple?» asks one of the unknown men.

«Oh! no. I belong to Christ. Whoever approaches Him, can but love Him, unless one is really wicked. And one wishes nothing else out Him. »

«Will He not come here any more? », Nicodemus asks,

«Of course He will. But not now. »

«I would like to hear Him. »

«He has already spoken here, Nicodemus. »

«I know. But I was with Gamaliel... I saw Him, but I did not stop. »

«What did Gamaliel say, Nicodemus? »

«He said: "Some new prophet". Nothing else. »

«And did You not say to him what I told you, Joseph? You are his friend... »

«I told him. But he replied: "We already have the Baptist and according to the doctrine of the Scribes there must be at least one hundred years between this one and that one, to prepare the people for the coming of the King. I say that it will take less", he added, "because the time is now complete". And he concluded: "But I cannot admit that the Messiah should reveal Himself thus... One day I thought that the Messianic manifestation was about to begin, because His first ray was really a heavenly flash. But after... there was a great silence and I think I was mistaken". »

«Try and speak to him again. If Gamaliel were with us and you with him... »

«I would not advise that» objects one of the three unknown men. «The Sanhedrin is powerful and Annas rules over it cunningly and greedily. If your Messiah wants to live, I advise Him to live in obscurity. Unless He imposes Himself with strength. But then there is Rome... »

«If the Sanhedrin heard Him, they would convert to Christ. »

«Ah! Ah! Ah!» laugh the three strangers and say: «Judas, we believed you had changed, but we thought that you were still intelligent. If what you say about Him is true, how can you believe that the Sanhedrin would follow Him? Come, come, Joseph. It is



better for all of us. May God give you protection, Judas. You need it. » And they go away. Judas remains alone with Nicodemus.

85. 5 <sup>5</sup>Simon disappears and goes to the Master. «Master, I accuse myself of a sin of slander both in my words and with my heart. That man puzzles me. I thought he was almost an enemy of Yours, but I heard him speak of You in a way, that few amongst us do, particularly here where hatred might suppress first the disciple and then the Master. And I saw him give money to the poor, and try to persuade the members of the Sanhedrin... »

«See, Simon? I am glad that you saw him just then. You will tell the others when they accuse him. Let us bless the Lord for the joy you are giving Me, because of your honesty in saying: "I have sinned", and on account of the work of the disciple, whom you considered wicked, which he is not. »

They pray for a long time, then they go out.

«Did he not see you? »

«No, I am sure. »

«Do not say anything to him. He is a *very* weak soul. Praise would be like food given to a convalescent from a high temperature due to stomach trouble. It would make him worse, because he would boast of being noticed. And where pride enters... »

85. 6 «I will be quiet. <sup>6</sup>Where are we going? »

«To see John. At this hot hour of the day, he will be at the Olive-grove.»

They walk fast, moving wherever possible to shady spots in the streets which are burning in the scorching sun. They cross the dusty suburb and through the wall gate they go out into the dazzling country, they reach the olive-grove and finally the house.

In the kitchen, which is cool and dark because of the curtain at the door, there is John. He is dozing and Jesus calls him: «John! »

«You, Master? I was expecting You this evening. »

«I came earlier. How did you manage, John? »

«Like a lamb which had lost its shepherd! I spoke of You to everybody, because to speak of You was like being with You, somehow. I spoke to relatives, acquaintances, strangers. Also to Annas... And to a cripple, with whom I made friends, by giving him three coins. They were given to me and I gave them to him.

I spoke also to a poor woman, who was crying on her doorstep, with a group of women. I asked her: "Why are you crying?" She replied: "The doctor said to me: 'Your daughter is ill, she has tuberculosis. Yield to this. At the first storms in October she will die'. I have but her: she is beautiful and good, she is fifteen years old. She was to get married in spring, but instead of her wedding chest, I have to prepare her tomb!" I said to her: "I know a Doctor Who can cure her for you, if you have faith!" "No one can cure her now. She has been visited by three doctors. She is already spitting blood". "Mine" I said, "is not a doctor like yours. He does not cure with medicine, but with His own power. He is the Messiah!" A little old woman then said: "Oh! Believe, Eliza! I know a blind man who can now see because of Him!" And the mother then passed from distrust to hope and she is waiting for You... Did I do the right thing? That's all I have done. »

«You have done well. This evening we shall go to your friends. Have you seen Judas again? »

«No, Master. He sent me some food and money which I gave to the poor. And he sent word that I should rise it, because it was his own money. »

«It is true. John, tomorrow we are going towards Galilee... »

«I am glad, Master. I am thinking of Simon Peter. Goodness knows how he is longing to see You.! Shall we pass also by Nazareth? »

«Yes, and we shall stop there waiting for Peter, Andrew and your brother James. »

«Oh! Are we staying in Galilee? »

«We will stay for some time. »

John is happy and it all ends with his happiness.

## 86. The meeting with the soldier Alexander at the Fish Gate.

24<sup>th</sup> January 1945.

<sup>1</sup>It is dawn once again. And once again there are long lines of <sup>86.1</sup> donkeys crowding at the Gate which is still closed. Jesus is with Simon and John. Some traders recognise Him and move around Him. Also a guard runs towards Him when the Gate is opened

and sees Him. And he greets Him: «Hail, Galilean. Tell these restless people to be less rebellious. They complain about us. But they do nothing but curse us and disobey. And they say it is a form of cult for them. What religion have they got if it is based on disobedience? »

«Bear with them, My soldier. They are like those who have a guest in their house who is not wanted, but is stronger than they are. And they can only take vengeance with their tongues and by being spiteful. »

«Yes. But we must do our duty. And so we have to punish them. And thus we become more and more the unwanted guest. »

«You are right. You must do your duty. But do it always with humanity. You should always say: “If I were in their position, what would I do?” You will then see that you feel pity for the subjects. »

«I like to hear You speak. You are free from contempt and haughtiness. The other Palestinians spit at us, and loathe us,... unless they can skin us properly for a woman or some purchase. Then the gold of Rome is no longer loathsome. »

«Men are men, soldier. »

«Yes and man is a bigger liar than a monkey. It is not pleasant, however, to be among those who are like snakes lying in wait... We also have homes, mothers, wives and children and our lives are dear to us. »

«There you are: if everybody remembered that, there would be no more hatred. You asked: “What religion have they?” I will answer you: a holy religion which prescribes as first commandment love for God and for our neighbour. A religion that teaches obedience to the laws. Also of enemy countries.

86.2     <sup>2</sup> Because listen, My brothers in Israel, nothing happens unless God permits it. Also dominations: a misfortune without equal for a population. But if that population should examine itself in all fairness, almost always they should say that they brought on such a misfortune by their way of living contrary to God. Remember the Prophets. How many times have they spoken about that! How often have they shown with past, present and future events that a ruler is a punishment, the lash of castigation on the back an ungrateful son. And how many times have they taught how to avoid it: by going back to the Lord. Neither

rebellion nor war can cure wounds or tears, neither do they undo chains. To live as just people does all that. Then God intervenes. And what can arms and armies do against the splendour Of the angelical cohorts fighting for good people? Have we been struck? Let us deserve to be no longer so, by living as children of God. Do not double your chains by committing new sins. Do not allow the Gentiles to think that you are without any religion or more pagan than they are because of your way of living. You are the people who received the Law from God Himself. Respect it. Get the rulers to bow down before your chains saying: "They are subjects but they are greater than we are, of a greatness that is not based on numbers, money, arms, power, but on the fact that they come from God. Here shines the divine paternity of a perfect, holy, powerful God. Here is the sign of real Divinity. It shines through its children". And may they meditate on that and come to the truth of the true God, abandoning their errors. Everyone, even the poorest, the most ignorant amongst the people of God can be a teacher to a Gentile by his way of living and can preach God to the heathens by the deeds of a holy life.

Go. Peace be with you. »

<sup>3</sup>«Judas is late and also the shepherds» points out Simon.

86. 3

«Are You expecting someone, Galilean? » asks the soldier who has listened carefully.

«Some friends. »

«Come into the cool of the passageway. The sun is hot from the very early hours. Are You going to town? »

«No, I am going back to Galilee. »

«On foot? »

«I am poor: on foot. »

«Are You married? »

«I have My Mother. »

«Me too. Come... if You do not loathe us as the others do. »

«Only sin disgusts Me. »

The soldier looks at Him, surprised and thoughtful. «We will never have to interfere with You. Our swords will never be lifted against You. You are good. But the others!... »

Jesus is in the half-light of the passageway. John is facing towards the town. Simon is sitting on a large stone which acts as a bench.

«What is Your name? »

«Jesus. »

«Ah! You are the one who works miracles also on deceased people?! I thought You were only a magician... We have some, too. A good magician, however. Because there are some... But ours cannot cure sick people. How do You do it? »

Jesus smiles and is silent.

«Do You use magic words? Have You ointments of dead people's marrows, dried snakes reduced to powder, magic stones taken from the Python's caves? »

«None of that. I have only My power. »

«Then You really are a saint. We have the haruspices and the vestals... and some of them work wonders and they say that they are the most holy ones. But do You believe it? They are worse than the rest. »

«Well, then, why do you venerate them? »

«Because... because it is the religion of Rome. And if a citizen does not respect the religion of his country, how can he respect Caesar, his fatherland, and so on, many things? »

Jesus stares at the soldier. «Truly you are well advanced on the way of Justice. Proceed, o soldier, and you will get to know what your soul feels it has in itself, without being able to give a name to it. »

«Soul? What is it? »

«When you die, where will you go? »

«Who knows?... I don't know. If I die as a hero, on the funeral pyre of heroes... if I am a poor old man, a mere nothing, perhaps I will rot in my hole or on the side of a road. »

«That is as far as your body is concerned. But where will your soul go? »

«I don't know whether all men have a soul or only those destined by Jupiter to the Elysian Fields after a wonderful life, unless he takes them up to Olympus as happened to Romulus. »

«Every man has a soul and it is the thing that distinguishes men from animals. Would you like to be a horse? Or a bird? A fish? Flesh, that dying, is only rot? »

«Oh! no. I am a man and I prefer to be such. »

«Well, what makes you a man is your soul. Without it you would be nothing more than a speaking animal. »

«And where is it? What is it like? »

«It has no body. But it exists. It is in you. It comes from Him Who created the world and goes back to Him after the death of the body. »

«From the God of Israel, according to You. »

«From the only, one, eternal, supreme God, Lord and Creator of the universe. »

«And also a poor soldier like me, has a soul and it goes back to God? »

«Yes. Also a poor soldier, and his soul will have God as a Friend, if it was always good, or God as a Punisher, if it was bad. »

<sup>4</sup>«Master, there is Judas with the shepherds and some women. If I am correct, there is the girl we spoke of yesterday» says John. 86. 4

«I am going, soldier. Be good. »

«Will I not see You again? I would like to know... »

«I will stay in Galilee until September. Come, if you can. At Capernaum or Nazareth anyone will tell you where I am. At Capernaum ask for Simon Peter. At Nazareth for Mary of Joseph. She is My Mother. Come. I will speak to you of the true God. »

«Simon Peter... Mary of Joseph. I'll come, if I can. And if You come back, remember Alexander. I belong to the Jerusalem Century. »

Judas and the shepherds are already in the passageway.

«Peace to you all» says Jesus.

And He is about to say more, when a slender smiling girl makes her way through the group and throws herself at His feet: «Your blessing on me again, Master and Saviour and my kiss again to You! » And she kisses His hands.

«Go. Be happy and good. A good daughter, then a good wife, and then a good mother. Teach your future children My Name and My doctrine. Peace to you and to your mother. Peace and blessings to all those who are friends of God. Peace also to you, Alexanders

Jesus goes away.

<sup>5</sup>«We are late. But some women besieged us» explains Judas. 86. 5  
«They were at Gethsemane and wanted to see You. We had gone there without knowing of them, to join You and come here together. But You had already gone away and the women instead

were there. We wanted to leave them... But they were more insistent than flies. They wanted to know so many things... Have You cured the girl? »

«Yes. »

«And have You spoken to the Roman? »

«Yes. He has an honest heart. And he is seeking the Truth... »

Judas sighs.

«Why are you sighing, Judas? » asks Jesus.

«I am sighing because I wish our people would seek the Truth. Instead they avoid it, or sneer at it, or remain indifferent. I feel discouraged. I feel as if I do not want to come back here again, but do nothing else but listen to You. In any case, as a disciple, I am good for nothing. »

«And do you think that I am very successful? Do not be discouraged, Judas. It is the struggle of the apostolate. There are more defeats than victories. Defeats here. Up there they are always victories. The Father sees your goodwill and even if you are not successful He blesses you just the same. »

«Oh! You are good! » Judas kisses His hand. «Will I ever become good? »

«Yes, if you want to. »

«I think I have been good these past days... I suffered to be so... because I have many desires... but I always thought of You. »

«Persist, then. You give Me so much joy. And what news have you got for Me? » He asks the shepherds.

«Elias sends You his greetings, and also some food. And he asks You not to forget him. »

«Oh! I have My friends in My heart! Let us go as far as that little village, surrounded by green fields. Then we will proceed in the evening. I am happy to be with you, I am glad that I am going to My Mother and that I have spoken of the Truth to an honest man. Yes, I am happy. If you knew what it is for Me to do My mission and see souls coming to it, that is to the Father, oh! you would follow Me more and more with your souls!... »

I see nothing else.

87. With shepherds and disciples near  
Doco. Isaac remains in Judaea.

25<sup>th</sup> January 1945.

<sup>1</sup>«And I tell You, Master, that humble people are better. The ones I spoke to either laughed at me or ignored me. Oh! The little ones at Juttah! » It is Isaac speaking to Jesus. They are all in a group sitting on the grass on the river bank. Isaac seems to be giving a report on his work. 87.1

Judas intervenes and, an exceptional case, he calls the shepherd by his name: «Isaac, I agree with you. We waste our time and lose our faith dealing with them. I give up. »

«I will not. But it makes me suffer. I will give up only if the Master tells me. For years I have been accustomed to suffering out of loyalty to truth. I could not tell lies to get into the good graces of the mighty ones. And do you know how many times they came to make fun of me, in the room where I was ill, promising help — oh! they were certainly false promises — if I would say that I had lied, and that You, Jesus, were not the New-Born Saviour?! But I could not lie. If I had lied I would have denied my own joy, I would have killed my only hope, I would have rejected You, my Lord! Reject You! In my dark misery, in my dreary illness there was always a sky strewn with stars above me: the face of my mother, the only joy of my orphan life, the face of a bride, who was never mine and whom I continued to love even after her death. These were the two minor stars. And the two major stars, like two most pure moons: Joseph and Mary smiling at the New-Born Baby and at us poor shepherds, and Your bright, innocent, kind, holy, holy, holy face, in the centre of the sky of my heart. I could not reject that sky of mine! I did not want to deprive myself of its light, as there is no other so pure. I would have rather rejected my own life, or I would have lived in torture, rather than reject You, My blessed remembrance, my New-Born Jesus! »

Jesus lays His hand on Isaac's shoulder and smiles.

Judas speaks again: «So you insist? »

«I do. Today, tomorrow, and the day after that. Someone will come. »

«How long will the work last? »

«I don't know. But believe me. It is enough not to look either



ahead or back. And to do things day by day. And in the evening, if we have worked with profit, we say: "Thank You, my God", if without any profit, just say: "I hope in Your help for tomorrow". »

«You are wise. »

«I don't even know what it means. But I do in my mission what I did during my sickness. Thirty years of infirmity is no trifling matter! »

«Ehi! I believe that. I was not yet born and you were already an invalid. »

«I was ill. But I never counted those years. I never said: "Now it is the month of Nisan again, but I am not blossoming again with the roses. Now it is Tishri and I still languish here". I went on, speaking of Him, both to myself and to good people. I realised that the years were passing, because the little ones of by-gone days came to bring me their wedding cakes or the cakes for the birth of their little ones. Now, if I look back, now from an old man I have become young, what do I see of my past? Nothing. It is past. »

«Nothing here. But in Heaven it is "everything" for you, <sup>87.2</sup> Isaac, and that "everything" is waiting for you» says Jesus. <sup>2</sup>And then speaking to everyone: «You must do so. I do so Myself. We must go on. Without getting tired. Tiredness is one of the roots of human pride. And so is haste. Why is man annoyed by defeats, why is he upset by delays? Because pride says: "Why say 'no' to me? So much delay for me? This is lack of respect for the apostle of God". No, My friends. Look at the whole universe and think of Him Who made it. Meditate on the progress of man, and consider his origin. Think of this hour which is now being completed and count how many centuries have preceded it. The universe is the work of a calm creation. The Father did not do things in a disorderly way. But He made the universe in successive phases. Man is the work of patient progress, the present man, and he will make more and more progress in knowledge and in power. And such knowledge and power will be holy or not holy, according to his will. But man did not become skilled all at once. The First Parents, expelled from the Garden, had to learn everything, slowly, gradually. They had to learn the most simple things: that a grain of corn is more tasty if ground into flour, then kneaded and then baked. And they had to learn how to grind it and bake it. They

had to learn how to light a fire. How to make a garment by observing the fleece of animals. How to make a den by watching beasts. How to build a pallet, by watching nests. They learned how to cure themselves with herbs and water, try observing animals, which do so by instinct. They learned to travel across deserts and seas, studying the stars, breaking in horses, learning how to balance boats on water, by watching the shell of a nut floating on the water of a stream. And how many failures before success! But man succeeded. And he will go farther. But he will not be happier on account of his progress, because he will become more skilled in evil than in good. But he will make progress. Is Redemption not a patient work? It was decided centuries and centuries ago, it is happening *now* after being prepared for centuries. Everything is patience. Why be impatient, then? Could God not have made everything in a flash? Was it not possible for man, gifted with reason, created by the hands of God, to know everything in a flash? Could I not have come at the beginning of centuries? Everything was possible. *But nothing must be violence.* Nothing. Violence is always against order; and God, and what comes from God is order. Do not attempt to be superior to God. »

<sup>3</sup>«But, then, when will You be known? »

«By whom, Judas? »

«By the world! »

«Never! »

«Never? But are You not the Saviour? »

«I am. But the world does not want to be saved. Only one in a thousand will be willing to know Me, and only one in ten thousand will really follow Me. And I will say even more. I will not be known even by My most intimate friends. »

«But if they are Your intimate friends, they will know You. »

«Yes, Judas. They will know Me as Jesus, as Jesus the Israelite. But they will not know Me as He Who I am. I solemnly tell you that I will not be known by all My intimate friends. To know means to love with loyalty and virtue... and there will be those who do not know Me.» Jesus takes the attitude of resigned discouragement which is customary to Him when He announces His future betrayal: He opens His hands and holds them out, turned outwards, His sorrowful face looking at neither man nor

Heaven, but only at His future destiny of a betrayed person.

«Do not say that» implores John.

«We follow You, to know You more and more» says Simon, and the shepherds join their voices to his.

«We follow You, as we would follow a bride and You are dearer to us than she could be; we are more jealous of You than of a woman. Oh! no. We know You already so much that we cannot ignore You any longer. He (and Judas points at Isaac) says that to deny Your remembrance of a New-Born Baby would have been more distressing than losing his life. And You were but a new-born baby. We know You as Man and Master. We listen to You and see Your works. Your contact, Your breath, Your kiss: they are our continuous consecration and our continuous purification. Only a satan could deny You after being Your close companions

«It is true, Judas. But there will be one. »

«Woe to him! I will be his executioner. »

87. 4 «No. Leave justice to the Father. Be his redeemer. The redeemer of this soul that is inclined towards Satan. 4But let us say goodbye to Isaac. It is evening. I bless you, My faithful servant. You now know that Lazarus of Bethany is our friend and is willing to help My friends. I am going. You stay here. Prepare the parched land of Judaea for Me. I will come later. In case of need you know where to find Me. My peace be with you» and Jesus blesses and kisses His disciple.

88. In the plain of Esdraelon. The love of John and the very few like him. Visit to the shepherd Jonah.

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

88. 1 <sup>1</sup>Jesus is walking along a little path which runs between parched fields, covered with stubble and full of crickets. Levi and John are walking beside Him. Joseph, Judas and Simon are behind in a group.

It is night. But there is no relief from the heat. The soil seems to be still burning after the great heat of the day. Dew is of no avail in so much heat. I think it evaporates even before reaching the ground, such is the burst of heat rising from the furrow and

the cracks in the soil.

They are silent, exhausted and hot. But I see Jesus smile. It is a clear night although the setting moon is hardly visible in the far east.

«Do You think he will be there? » Jesus asks Levi.

«He will certainly be there. This is the time when the crops are stored away, but they have not yet started picking the fruit. Farmers are therefore busy protecting their vineyards and orchards against thieves and they do not go away, particularly when their masters are as stingy as Jonah's. Samaria is not far and when those renegades get a chance... oh! they are happy to cause damage to us Israelites. Do they not know that the servants get beaten for it? Of course they do. But they hate us, that's all. »

«Do not cherish resentment, Levi» says Jesus.

«No. But You will see how Jonah was wounded five years ago because of them. Since then he lives watching at night. Because scourge is a cruel punishment... »

«Is there still a long way to go? »

«No, Master. See where this dreariness ends and there is a dark area? The orchards of Doras, the cruel Pharisee, are there. If You will allow me, I will go on in front of "You, to let Jonah hear me. »

«Yes, go. »

<sup>2</sup>«Are all the Pharisees like that, my Lord? » asks John. «Oh! I 88. 2  
Would not like to be in their service! I prefer my boat. »

«Is your boat your dearest thing? » asks Jesus half serious.

«No, You are! It was the boat when I did not know that Love was on the earth» answers John promptly.

Jesus smiles at his impetuosity. «You did not know that love was on the earth? And how were you born then, if your father did not love your mother? » asks Jesus, jokingly.

«That love is beautiful, but it does not attract me. You are my love, You are the love on the earth for poor John. »

Jesus embraces him and says: «I was anxious to hear you say so. Love is greedy for love and man gives and will always give tiny drops to its thirst, like these which are falling from the sky and are so small that they vanish in the mid-air, in the great summer heat. Also man's drops of love will vanish in the

mid-air, killed by the heat of too many things. Hearts will still squeeze them out... but interests, love, business, greed, so many human things will burn them. And what will rise to Jesus? Oh! too little! The remains, the few surviving human pulsations, men's throbs interested in asking, asking, and asking, in urgent need. To love Me out of pure love will be the characteristic of few people... of people like John... Look at an ear of corn grown after the end of the season. It is perhaps a seed that fell at harvest time. But it was able to spring up, to resist sunshine and dry weather, to grow up, to form an ear... Feel it: it is already formed. In these stripped fields it is the only living thing. Before long the ripe grains will fall on the ground, breaking the smooth husk that holds them close to the stem, and they will become charity food for the little birds, or yielding one hundred per one, they will grow again and before winter brings the plough back to the earth, they will be ripe once again and will satisfy the hunger of many birds already starving in the dreariest season... See, My John, what *one* brave seed can do? And the few people that will love Me out of pure love, will be like that. One only will satisfy the hunger of many. One only will make beautiful the area which before was ugly. One only will give life where there was death and all the hungry ones will come to that one. They will eat a grain of its active love and then, selfish and absent-minded, they will fly away. But also without their knowing it, that grain will put vital germs in their blood, in their souls... and they will come back. And today, tomorrow and the day after, as Isaac said, the knowledge of the Love will increase in their hearts. The stripped stem will no longer be a living thing: a parched straw. But how much good from its sacrifice! And how much reward for its sacrifice! »

Jesus, Who had stopped for a moment before a thin ear of corn, grown at the edge of the path, in a little ditch, which in rainy weather was perhaps a little stream, has moved on, while John listens to Him all the time in his usual attitude of an ardent admirer, who takes in not only the words but also the movements of the beloved person.

The others, who are speaking among themselves, are not aware of the tender conversation. They have now reached the orchard and they stop, forming one group. The heat is such that

they are all perspiring, although they are not wearing mantles. They wait silently.

<sup>3</sup>From the dark thicket, which is faintly lit up by moonlight, <sup>88. 3</sup> Levi, visible in his light clothes, appears, followed by a person of darker dress. «Master, Jonah is here. »

«May My peace come to you! » greets Jesus, before Jonah reaches Him.

But Jonah does not reply. He runs and throws himself weeping at His feet and kisses them. When he is fit to speak he says: «How long have I waited for You! How long! How depressing it was to feel that my life was passing away, that death was approaching, and I had to say: “I have not seen Him!” And yet, no, not all hopes were destroyed. Not even when I was about to die. I would say: “She said so: ‘You will serve Him again’ and She could not have said something that was not true. She is the Mother of the Immanuel. No one, therefore, possesses God more than She does, and who has God knows what is of God”. »

«Get up. She sends you Her greetings. You have been near Her and You are still near Her. She lives at Nazareth. »

«You! She! At Nazareth? Oh! I wish I had known. At night, in the cold winter months, when the fields rest and evil people cannot cause damage to farmers, I would have come, I would have run there, to kiss Your feet and I would have come back with my treasure of certainty of faith. Why did You not show Yourself, Lord? »

«Because it was not the time. The time has now come. We must learn to wait. You said: “In the winter months when the fields rest”. And yet they have been sown, have they not? Well, I was like a grain that had been sown. And you saw Me when I was being sown. Then I disappeared. Buried in necessary silence. That I might grow and reach harvest time and shine in the eyes of the world and of those who had seen Me a New-Born Baby. That time has come. The New-Born is now ready to be the Bread of the world. And I am looking first for My faithful ones, and I say to them: “Come. I will satisfy your hunger”. »

The man is listening to Him, smiling happily, and he keeps saying to himself: «Oh! You are really here! You are really here! »

«You were about to die? When? »

«When I was thrashed to death, because they had stripped

two vineyards. Look how many wounds! » He lowers his tunic and shows his shoulders all marked by irregular scars. «He beat me with an iron rod. He counted the bunches of grapes that had been picked, he could see where the stalks had been torn off, and he gave me a blow forevery bunch. And then he left me there, half dead. Mary helped me, she is the young wife of a friend of mine, and she has always been fond of me. Her father was the land-agent before me and when I came here I became very fond of the little girl, because her name was Mary. She took care of me and I recovered after two months, for the sores had become infected because of the heat, and had given me a high temperature. I said to the God of Israel: "It does not matter. Let me see Your Messiah again, and this misfortune is of no importance to me. Accept it as a sacrifice. I can never offer You a sacrifice. I am the servant of a cruel man and You know. He does not even allow me to come to Your altar at Passover. Accept me as a victim. But give me Him! "»

88. 4 «And the Most High has satisfied you. <sup>4</sup>Jonah, do you wish to serve Me, as your friends are already doing? »

«Oh! How shall I do that? »

«As they do. Levi knows and he will tell you how simple it is to serve Me. I only want your goodwill. »

«I have given You that since the time You cried in the manger. It made me overcome everything. Both dejection and hatred. The fact is... we cannot speak very much here... The master once kicked me because I was insisting that You existed. But when he was away, and with those I could trust, oh! I did tell the wonder of that night! »

«And now tell the wonder of your meeting. I have found almost everyone, and everyone is faithful. Is that not a wonder? Only because you contemplated Me with faith and love you have become just in the eyes of God and men. »

«Oh! Now I will have courage! And how much courage! Now that I know that You are alive I can say: "He is there. Go to Him!..." » But where, my Lord? »

«All over Israel. I will be in Galilee up until September. I will often be at Nazareth or Capernaum, and I can be traced from there. After... I will be everywhere. I have come to gather the sheep of Israel. »

«Oh! My Lord! You will find many billy-goats. Beware of the great ones in Israel! »

«They will not do Me any harm, if it is not the time. Say to the dead, the sleepers, the living: “The Messiah is amongst us”.»

«To the dead, Lord? »

«To those whose souls are dead. The others, the just who died in the Lord, are already rejoicing for their imminent liberation from Limbo. Say to the dead: “I am the Life”. Say to the sleepers: “I am the Sun that rises awaking from sleep”. Say to the living: “I am the Truth they are seeking”. »

«And You cure also sick people? Levi told me about Isaac. Is the miracle only for him, because he is Your shepherd, or is it for-everybody? »

«For good people, a miracle is a just reward. For those who are not so good, it urges them toward true goodness. It is also for bad people, to shake them and make them understand that I am and that God is with Me. A miracle is a gift. Gifts are for good people. But He Who is Mercy and sees the human burden, which can be lightened only by powerful events, has resort also to this means, that He may say: “I have done everything for you, but all in vain. Tell Me, therefore, what else I must do”. »

<sup>5</sup>«Lord, do You mind entering my house? If You give me assurance that no robber will come into the estate, I would like to give You hospitality, and invite also the few people who know You because I spoke to them of You. Our master has bent and broken us like ignoble stems. We have but the hope of an eternal reward. But if You will show Yourself to downcast hearts, they will feel new strengths

88. 5

«I will come. Do not be afraid for your trees and vineyards. Can you believe that the angels will watch them faithfully? »

«Oh! My Lord. I saw Your heavenly servants. I do believe. And I will come with You and feel safe. Blessed these trees and vineyards which have the breeze and songs of angelical wings and voices! Blessed is the soil which is sanctified by Your feet! Come, Lord Jesus! Listen, trees and vines. Listen, soil. Now I will say to Him the Name that I confided to you for my own peace. Jesus is here. Listen, and may the sap exult through branches and vine-shoots. The Messiah is with us. »

It all ends with these joyful words.



89. The farewell from Jonah, whom Simon Zealot hopes to free. The arrival of Jesus in Nazareth.

27<sup>th</sup> January 1945.

89.1

<sup>1</sup>The light is so faint it seems to be blinking. At the door of a very poor hut — it would be an overstatement to call it a house — there is Jesus with His disciples, Jonah and other poor peasants like him. It is departure time.

«Will I not see You again, my Lord? » asks Jonah. «You have brought light to our hearts. Your kindness has turned these days into a feast that will last all our lives. But You have seen how we are treated. A mule is taken more care of than we are. And trees receive more human attention. They are money. We are only millstones that earn money. And we are used until we die of excessive toil. But Your words have been as many loving caresses. Our bread seemed more plentiful and it tasted better because You shared it with us, this bread which he does not even give to his dogs. Come back to share it with us, my Lord. Only because it is You, I dare say that. It would be an insult to offer anyone else shelter and food which even a beggar would disdain. But You... »

«But I find in them a heavenly perfume and flavour, because in them there is faith and love. I will come, Jonah. I will come back. You stay in your place, tied like an animal to the shafts. May your place be Jacob's ladder. And in fact angels come and go from Heaven down to you, carefully gathering all your merits and taking them up to God. But I will come to you. To relieve your spirit. Be faithful to Me, all of you. Oh! I would like to give you also human peace. But I cannot. I must say to you: go on suffering. And that is very sad for One Who loves... »

«Lord, if You love us, we no longer suffer. Before we had no one to love us... Oh! If I could, at least I, see Your Mother! »

«Do not worry. I will bring Her to you. When the weather is milder, I will come with Her. Do not risk incurring cruel punishments on account of your anxiety to see Her. You must wait for Her as you wait for the rising of a star, of the evening star. She will appear to you all of a sudden, exactly as the evening star, which is not there one moment, and a moment later it shines in the sky. And you must consider that even now She is lavishing Her gifts of love on you. Goodbye everybody. May My peace

protect you from the harshness of him who torments you. Good-bye, Jonah. Do not cry. You have waited for so many years with patient faith. I now promise you a very short wait. Do not weep. I will not leave you alone. Your kindness wiped My tears when I was a New-Born Baby. Is Mine not sufficient to wipe yours? »

«Yes... but You are going away... and I have to stay here... »

«Jonah, My friend, do not make Me go away depressed because I cannot comfort you... »

«I am not crying, my Lord... But how will I be able to live without seeing You, now that I know that You are alive? »

Jesus caresses the forlorn old man once again and then goes away. But standing on the edge of the miserable threshing-floor, Jesus stretches His arms out and blesses the country. He then departs.

«What have You done, Master? » asks Simon who has noticed the unusual gesture.

«I put a seal on everything. That no demon may damage things and thus cause trouble to those unhappy people. I could do no more... »

<sup>2</sup>«Master, let us walk on a little faster. I would like to tell You something which I do not want the others to hear. » They move farther away from the group and Simon begins to speak: «I wanted to tell You that Lazarus has instructions to use my money to assist all those who apply to him in Jesus' name. Could we not free Jonah? That man is worn out and his only joy is to be with You. Let us give him that. What is his work worth here? If instead he were free, he would be Your disciple in this beautiful yet desolate plain. The richest people in Israel own fertile estates here and they exploit them with cruel usury, exacting a hundredfold profit from their workers. I have known that for years. You will not be able to stop here long, because the sect of the Pharisees rules over the country and I do not think it will ever be friendly to You. These oppressed and hopeless workers are the most unhappy people in Israel. You heard it Yourself, not even at Passover have they peace, neither can they pray, whilst their severe masters, with solemn gestures and affected exhibitions, take up prominent positions in front of all the people. At least they will have the joy of knowing that You exist, and of listening to Your words, which will be repeated to them by one who

will not alter one single letter. If You agree, Master, please say so, and Lazarus will do the necessary. »

89.3 «Simon, I knew why you gave all your property away. The thoughts of men are known to Me. And I loved you also because of that. By making Jonah happy, you make Jesus happy. <sup>3</sup>Oh! How it torments Me to see good people suffer! My situation of a poor man despised by the world afflicts Me only because of that. If Judas heard Me, he would say: “But are You not the Word of God? Give the order, and these stones will become gold and bread for the poor people”. He would repeat Satan’s snare. I am anxious to satisfy people’s hunger. But not the way Judas would like. You are not yet sufficiently mature to grasp the depth of what I want to say. But I will tell you: if God saw to everything He would rob His friends. He would deprive them of the chance of being merciful and fulfilling the commandment of love. My friends must possess this mark of God, in common with Him: the holy mercy consisting in deeds and words. And the unhappiness of other people gives My friends the opportunity to practise it. Have you understood what I mean? »

«Your thought is a deep one. I will ponder Your words. And I humble myself, as I see how dull-minded I am and how great God is Who wants us to be gifted with all His most sweet attributes, so that He may call us His children. God is revealed to me in His manifold perfections by every ray of light with which You illuminate my heart. Day by day, like one proceeding in an unknown place, the knowledge of the immense Thing which is the Perfection Which wants to call us His “children” is progressing in me and I seem to be climbing like an eagle or to be diving like a fish into two endless depths, such as sky and sea, and I climb higher and higher and dive deeper and deeper, but I never touch the end. But what is, therefore, God? »

«God is the unattainable Perfection, God is the perfect Beauty, God is the infinite Power, God is the incomprehensible Essence, God is the unsurpassable Bounty, God is the indestructible Mercy, God is the immeasurable Wisdom, God is the Love that became God. He is the Love! He is the Love! You say that the more you know God in His perfection, the higher you seem to climb and the deeper to dive into two endless depths of shadeless blue... But when you understand what is the Love that be-

came God, you will no longer climb or dive into the blue, but into a blazing vortex and you will be drawn towards a beatitude which will be death and life for you. You will possess God, with a perfect possession, when, by your will, you succeed in understanding and deserving Him. You will then be fixed in His perfections

«0 Lord... » Simon is overwhelmed.

<sup>4</sup>There is silence. They reach the road. Jesus stops, waiting for the others. When they are all together again, Levi kneels down: «I should be leaving, Master. But Your servant asks You a favour. Take me to Your Mother. This man is an orphan like me. Do not deny me what You give him, that I may see the face of a mother... » 89. 4

«Come. What is asked in My Mother's name, I grant in My Mother's name. »

<sup>5</sup>...Jesus is by Himself. He is walking fast among the thick olive-trees laden with small fruits which are already well shaped. The sun, although almost setting, is blazing down in the grey-green dome of the precious peaceful trees, but it does not penetrate the tangle of branches beyond providing for a few tiny bright eyelets of light. The main road, on the other hand, embedded in two banks, is a dusty blazing dazzling ribbon. 89. 5

Jesus proceeds smiling. He reaches a cliff... and smiles even more happily. There is Nazareth... its panorama seems to be flickering, such is the heat of the blazing sun. Jesus goes down even faster. He reaches the road now, without minding the sun. He is walking so fast that He seems to be flying: He has protected His head with His mantle, which blows at His sides and behind Him. The road is deserted and silent as far as the nearest houses. Now and again the voices of a child or a woman can be heard from the inside of a house or a kitchen garden, the trees of which extend their branches over the road. Jesus avails Himself of such shady spots to avoid the merciless sunshine. He turns into a half shaded road. There are some women gathered around a cool well. Almost every one of them greets Him welcoming Him in their shrill voices.

«Peace to you all... But please be silent. I want to give My Mother a surprises

«Her sister-in-law has just gone away with a pitcher of cool water. But she is coming back. They are left without any water.

The spring is either dry or the water is absorbed by the parched land before reaching Your garden. We don't know. That's what Mary of Alphaeus was saying. There she is... she is coming. »

The mother of Judas and James is coming carrying an amphora on her head and another one in her hand. She does not see Jesus at once; she is shouting: «I'll be quicker this way. Mary is very sad, because Her flowers are dying of thirst. They are the ones planted by Joseph and Jesus and it breaks Her heart to see them withering. »

«But now that She sees Me... » says Jesus appearing from behind the group of women.

«Oh! My Jesus! Blessed You are! I'll go and tell. »

«No. I will go. Give Me the amphoras. »

«The door is half shut. Mary is in the garden. Oh! How happy She will be! She was speaking of You also this morning. But why come in this heat! You are all sweaty! Are You alone? »

«No. With friends. But I came ahead of them. To see My Mother first. And Judas? »

«He is at Capernaum. He often goes there. » Mary does not say anything else. But she smiles while drying Jesus' wet face with her veil.

89.6 <sup>6</sup>The pitchers are ready. Jesus takes two, He ties one at each end of His belt which He throws across His shoulder and takes the third one in His hand.

He walks away, turns round a corner, reaches the house, pushes the door, enters the little room which seems dark in comparison with the bright sunshine outside. He slowly lifts the curtain protecting the door of the garden and He watches.

Mary is standing near a rose-bush, with Her back to the house and is pitying the parched plant. Jesus lays the pitcher on the floor and the copper tinkles against a stone. «Are you here already, Mary? » says His Mother without turning round. «Come, come, look at this rose! And these poor lilies. They will all die, if we do not assist them. Bring also some small canes to hold up this falling stalk. »

«I will bring You everything, Mother. »

Mary springs round. She remains for a moment with Her eyes wide open, then with a cry She runs with outstretched arms towards Her Son, Who has already opened His arms and is waiting

for Her with the most loving smile.

«Oh! My Son! »

«Mother! Dear! »

Their embrace is a long and loving one and Mary is so happy that She does not feel how hot is Jesus. But then She notices it: «Why, Son, did You come at this time of the day? You are purple red and are perspiring like a sodden sponge. Come inside. That I may dry and refresh You. I will bring You a fresh tunic and clean sandals. My Son! My Son! Why go about in this heat! The plants are dying because of the heat and You, My Flower, are going about. »

«It was to come to You as soon as possible, Mother. »

«Oh! My dear! Are You thirsty? You must be. I will now prepare... »

«Yes, I am thirsty for Your kisses, Mother. And for Your caresses. Let Me stay like this, with My head on Your shoulder, as when I was a little boy... Oh! Mother! How I miss You! »

«Tell Me to come, Son, and I will. What did You lack because of My absence? The food You like? Clean clothes? A well made bed? Oh! My Joy, tell Me what You lacked. Your servant, My Lord, will endeavour to provide. »

«Nothing, but You... »

Jesus goes into the house hand in hand with His Mother. He sits on the chest near the wall, embraces Mary Who is in front of Him, resting His head on Her heart and kissing Her now and again. Now He stares at Her: «Let Me look at You, to My heart's content, holy Mother of Mine. »

«Your tunic first. It is not good for You to remain so damp. Come. »

Jesus obeys. <sup>7</sup>When He comes back wearing a fresh looking tunic, they resume their sweet conversation. <sup>89.7</sup>

«I have come with My disciples and friends. But I left them in Melcha's wood. They will come tomorrow at dawn. I... I could not wait any longer. My Mother!... » and He kisses Her hands. «Mary of Alphaeus has gone away to leave us alone. She also understood how anxious I was to be with You. Tomorrow... tomorrow You will attend to My friends and I to the Nazarenes. But this evening You are My Friend and I am Yours. I brought You... Oh! Mother: I found the shepherds of Bethlehem. And I brought

You two of them: they are orphans and You are the Mother. Of all men. And more so of orphans. And I brought You also one who needs You to control himself. And another one who is a just man and has suffered so much. And then John... And I brought You the recollections of Elias, Isaac, Tobias, now called Matthew, John and Simeon. Jonah is the most unhappy of them all. I will take You to him... I promised him. I will continue to look for the others. Samuel and Joseph are resting in the peace of God. »

«Were You at Bethlehem? »

«Yes, Mother. I took the disciples who were with Me there. And I brought You these little flowers, that were growing amid the stones of the threshold. »

«Oh! » Mary takes the withered stems and kisses them. «And what about Anne? »

«She died in Herod's slaughter. »

«Oh! Poor woman! She was so fond of You! »

«The Bethlehemites suffered a lot. But they were not fair to the shepherds. But they suffered a lot... »

«But they were good to You then! »

«Yes. And that is why they are to be pitied. Satan is jealous of their past kindness and urges them to evil things. I was also at Hebron. The shepherds, persecuted... »

«Oh! To that extent?! »

«Yes, they were helped by Zacharias, who got them jobs and food, even if their masters were hard people. But they are just souls and they turned their persecutions and wounds into merits of true holiness. I gathered them together. I cured Isaac... and I gave My name to a little boy... At Juttah, where Isaac was languishing and where he came back to life again, there is now an innocent group, called Mary, Joseph and Jesai... »

«Oh! Your Name! »

«And Yours and the name of the Just One. And at Kerioth, the fatherland of a disciple, a faithful Israelite died resting on My  
89.8 heart. Out of joy, having found Me... <sup>8</sup>And then... ah! how many things I have to tell You, My perfect Friend, sweet Mother! But first of all, I beg You, I ask You to have so much mercy on those who will be coming tomorrow. Listen: they love Me... but they are not perfect. You, Teacher of virtue... oh! Mother, help Me to make them good... I would like to save them all...» Jesus has

slipped smoothly to Mary's feet. She now appears in Her Motherly majesty.

«My Son! What do You want Your poor Mother to do better than You do?

«To sanctify them... Your virtue sanctifies. I brought them here deliberately, Mother... one day I will say to You: "Come", because it will then be urgent to sanctify souls, that I may find them willing to be redeemed. And I will not be able by Myself... Your silence will be as eloquent as My words. Your purity will assist My power. Your presence will keep Satan away... and Your Son, Mother, will feel stronger knowing that You are near Him. You will come, will You not, My sweet Mother? »

«Jesus! Dear Son! I have a feeling that You are not happy... What is the matter, Creature of My heart? Was the world hostile to You? No? It is a relief to believe it... but... Oh! Yes. I will come. Wherever You wish, as and when You wish. Even now, in this blazing sunshine, or by night, in cold or wet weather. You want Me? Here I am. »

«No. Not now. But one day... How sweet is our home. And Your caresses! Let Me sleep thus, with My head on Your knees. I am so tired! I am still Your little Son... »

And Jesus really falls asleep, tired and exhausted, sitting on the mat, His head on the lap of His Mother, Who happily caresses His hair.

## 90. The arrival of the disciples and of the shepherds in Nazareth.

28<sup>th</sup> January 1945.

<sup>1</sup>I see Mary moving about the house, barefooted and active, at daybreak. In Her pale blue dress, She is like a butterfly lightly and noiselessly touching walls and other things. She goes to the front door and opens it carefully without making any sound, She leaves it half open, after having a look at the still deserted road. She tidies up, opens doors and windows, goes into the workshop, where She now keeps Her looms, since it was abandoned by the Carpenter, and bustles about also in there. She carefully covers one of the looms, where weaving has just begun and smiles at one



of Her thoughts, while looking at it.

She goes out into the garden. The doves gather on Her shoulders. And with short flights from one shoulder to the other, to have the best place, quarrelsome and jealous of Her love, they accompany Her to a closet where foodstuffs are stored. She takes some grain for them and says: «Here, stay here today. Don't make any noise. He is so tired! » She then takes some flour and goes into a small room near the stone oven and starts making the bread. She kneads it and smiles. Oh! How Mother smiles today. She is like the young Mother of the Nativity, so much joy has made Her young again. From the dough She takes a lump and puts it aside, covering it, and then resumes Her work, getting hot, while Her hair looks lighter in colour as it becomes slightly powdered with flour.

90. 2 <sup>2</sup>Mary of Alphaeus comes in quietly. «Are You working already? »

«Yes, I am baking bread, and look: the honey cakes He likes so much. »

«You make the cakes. The dough is quite bulky. I'll work it for You. »

Mary of Alphaeus, a more robust country woman, works at the bread with enthusiasm, while Mary mixes butter and honey to the cakes. She makes many round shaped ones and places them on a metal plate.

«I do not know how to tell Judas... James does not dare... and the others... » Mary of Alphaeus sighs.

«Simon Peter is coming today. He always comes with the fish on the second day after the Sabbath. We will send him to Judas. »

«If he is willing to go... »

«Oh! Simon never says no to Me. »

90. 3 <sup>3</sup>«May peace be on this day of yours» says Jesus appearing.

The two women start hearing His voice.

«Are You already up? Why? I wanted You to sleep... »

«I slept like a child in its cradle, Mother. I am afraid You have not slept... »

«I watched You sleeping... I always did so when You were a baby. You always smiled in Your sleep and that smile of Yours remained all day long in My heart like a pearl... But last night, Son, You were not smiling. You kept sighing as one who is af-

flicted... » Mary, sore at heart, looks at Him.

«I was tired, Mother. The world is not like this house, where everything is honesty and love. You... You know Who I am and can thus understand what it is for Me to be in touch with the world. It is like walking along a foul muddy road. Even if a man is careful, he will get splashed with mud and the stench will penetrate him, even if he endeavours not to breathe... and if he is a man who loves cleanliness and pure air, You can imagine how troublesome it is... »

«Yes, Son, I understand. But it grieves Me that You should suffer... »

«Now I am with You and I do not suffer. There is only the memory... But it serves to increase the joy of being with You. » And Jesus bends down to kiss His Mother.

He caresses also the other Mary, who has just come in all flushed, after lighting the oven fire.

«We will have to inform Judas. » It is the worry of Mary of Alphaeus.

«It is not necessary. Judas will be here, today. »

«How do You know? »

Jesus smiles and is silent.

«Son, every week, this day, Simon Peter comes. He comes to bring the fish caught early in the night. And he arrives here shortly after daybreak. He will be happy today. Simon is good. He always helps us, while he is here. Does he not, Mary? »

«Simon Peter is honest and good» says Jesus. «But also the other Simon whom You will see shortly, is a kind-hearted man. I am going to meet them. They must be about to arrive. »

And Jesus goes out whilst the women, after putting the bread into the oven, go into the house, where Mary puts on Her sandals and then comes back wearing a snow-white linen dress.

Some time goes by and while waiting, Mary of Alphaeus says: «You did not have time to finish that work. »

«It will soon be finished. And My Jesus will have the relief of shade without having His head burdened. »

<sup>90.4</sup>The door is pushed from outside. «Mother: here are My friends. Come in. »

The disciples and shepherds go in all together. Jesus is holding by their shoulders the two shepherds and He leads them to-

wards His Mother: «Here are two sons looking for a mother. Be their joy, Woman. »

«You are welcome... You?.. Levi... You? I do not know, but according to your age, as He told Me, you must be Joseph. That name is sweet and sacred in this house. Come, come. It is with joy that I say to you: My house welcomes you and a Mother embraces you, in remembrance of the love you, in your father, had for My Child. »

The shepherds seem spellbound, they are so enraptured.

«Yes, I am Mary. You saw the happy Mother. I am still the same. Also now I am happy seeing My Son among faithful hearts. »

«And this is Simon, Mother. »

«You deserved the grace because you are good. I know. And may the grace of God be always with you. »

Simon, who is more experienced in the customs of the world, bows down to the ground, his arms crossed over his chest, and says: «I salute You, true Mother of Grace and now that I have met both the Light and You, Who are more gentle than the moon, I will not ask the Eternal Father for anything else. »

«And this is Judas of Kerieth. »

«I have a mother but my love for her fades away, compared to the veneration I feel for You. »

«No, not for Me. *For Him*. I am, only because He is. I want nothing for Myself. I only ask for Him. I know how you honoured My Son in your town. But I say to you: let your heart be the place where He receives the highest honour from you. Then I will bless you with a motherly heart. »

«My heart is under the heel of your Son. A happy oppression. Only death will undo my loyalty. »

«And this is our John, Mother. »

«I have not been worried ever since I knew you were with My Jesus. I know you and My mind is at peace when I know that you are with My Son. I bless you, My peace. » She kisses him.

90.5 <sup>5</sup>Peter's harsh voice is heard from outside: «Here is poor Simon bringing his greetings and... » He has come in and is dumb-founded.

He then throws onto the floor the round basket which was hanging from his shoulder and he throws himself on his knees saying: «Ah! Eternal Lord! But... No, You should not have done

that to me, Master! You were here... and did not let poor Simon know! May God bless You, Master! How happy I am! I could not bear to be without You any longer! » And he caresses Jesus' hand Without listening to Him Who keeps repeating: «Get up, Simon. Will you get up? »

«Yes, I will get up. But... Hey, you, boy! (the boy is John) At least you could have come to tell me! Now run quick. Go to Capernaum and tell the others... and Judas' household first of all. Your son is about to arrive, woman. Be quick. Just imagine that you are a hare chased by dogs. »

John leaves laughing.

Peter has got up at last. He is still holding Jesus' thin hand in his short thickset ones, marked by swollen veins, and he kisses it without letting it go, although he appears to be anxious to hand over the fish, which are in the basket on the floor. «Eh! no. I don't want You to go away again without me. Never again, never again such a long time without seeing You! I will follow You as a shadow follows a body and the rope follows the anchor. Where have You been, Master? I kept wondering: "Oh! Where will He be? What will He be doing? And will that boy, John, be able to look after Him? Will he make sure that Jesus does not get too tired? That He is not left without food? " Eh! I know You... You have lost weight! Yes, You have. He did not take proper care of You! I will tell him that... But where have You been, Master? "You are not telling me any thing! »

«I am waiting for you to give Me a chance to say one word! »

«It's true. But... Ah! To see You is like having a new wine. It goes to your head just with its smell. Oh! My Jesus. » Peter is almost in tears out of joy.

«I also missed you. I missed you all, although I was with dear friends. <sup>6</sup>Here, Peter. These two men have loved Me since I was a <sup>90.6</sup> New-Born Baby. Even more! They have suffered because of Me. Here is a son who lost his father and mother on account of Me. But now he has so many brothers in you all, has he not? »

«Of course, Master. If by chance, the Devil should love You, I would love him because he loves "You. I see that you are poor, too. So we are equal. Come here that I may kiss you. I am a fisherman but my heart is more tender than a dove's. And it is sincere. Don't pay attention if I am rough. I am hard outside. Inside I am all but-

ter and honey. But with good people... because with evil ones... »

«And this is the new disciple. »

«I think I have already met him... »

«Yes, he is Judas of Kerioth, and Your Jesus was made welcome in that town because of him. I ask you to love each other, even if you are from different regions. You are all brothers in the Lord. »

«And I will treat him as such, if he will be such. Eh! Yes... (Peter stares at Judas, a frank warning glance), yes, I may as well say so, so you will understand me at once *and properly*. I will tell you: I do not think much of Judaeans in general, and of the citizens of Jerusalem in particular. But I am honest. And upon my honesty I can assure you that I will put aside all the ideas I have of you, and that I want to see in you only a brother disciple. It is up to you now not to make me change my mind and my decisions

«Have you such preconceived ideas, Simon, also with regards to me? » asks the Zealot smiling.

«Oh! I had not seen you. With regards to you? Oh! no. Honesty is painted on your face. Goodness comes from your heart, like sweet smelling oil from a porous vase. And you are an elderly man, which is not always a merit. Sometimes, the older one gets, the more false and worse one becomes. But you are one of those who behave like vintage wines. The older they get, the better and purer they become. »

90. 7 «You have judged correctly, Peter» says Jesus. 7«Now come. While the women are working for us, let us stop under the cool bower. How lovely it is to be with friends! We will then go all together through Galilee and farther. Well, not all. Now that Levi is satisfied, he will go back to Elias to tell him that Mary sends him Her greetings. Is that alright, Mother? »

«That I bless him, as well as Isaac and the others. My Son has promised to take Me along with Him... and I will come to you, the first friends of My Child. »

«Master, I would like Levi to take to Lazarus the letter You know about. »

«Have it ready, Simon. Today is a full feast day. Levi will go away tomorrow evening. In time to be there before the Sabbath. Come, My friends... »

They go into the green kitchen garden and it all ends.

## 91. Lesson to the disciples in the olive-grove at Nazareth.

29<sup>th</sup> January 1945.

<sup>1</sup>I see Jesus coming out of His house and going out of Nazareth <sup>91. 1</sup>  
with Peter, Andrew, John, James, Philip, Thomas, Bartholomew,  
Judas Thaddeus, Simon and Judas Iscariot and the shepherd Jo-  
seph. They stop in the neighbourhood, in a thicket of olive-trees.

He says: «Come around Me. During these months of pres-  
ence and absence I have weighed you up and studied you. I have  
known you and I have known the world with the experience of a  
man. Now I have decided to send you into the world. But before  
I must teach you, I must make you capable of facing the world  
with the kindness and wisdom, the calm and perseverance, the  
conscience and science necessary for your mission. This period  
of excessive heat, which makes any long journey through Pales-  
tine impossible, will be used by Me for your education and for-  
mation as disciples. Like a musician, I have heard what is disso-  
nant in you and I will now tune you to the celestial harmony you  
must convey to the world in My name. I am keeping this son (and  
He points at Joseph) because I will delegate to him the task of re-  
ferring My words to his companions, so that also there an effi-  
cient group may be formed, that will announce Me not by simply  
stating that I exist, but by explaining the most essential features  
of My doctrine.

<sup>2</sup>First of all I tell you that it is absolutely necessary for you to <sup>91. 2</sup>  
love one another and be united. Who are you? Men of every so-  
cial condition, of different age, from everywhere. I preferred to  
choose those who are not indoctrinated, because it will be much  
easier to instil My doctrine into them, and also because — as you  
are destined to evangelise those who are in complete ignorance  
of the true God — I want them not to disregard their previous ig-  
norance of God, when they remember it, and to teach them with  
charity, remembering with how much charity I taught them.

You may object: “We are not heathens, even if we are not in-  
tellectually cultured”. No, you are not. However, not only you but  
also those among you who represent the learned and rich people,  
are involved in a religion which has only the name of religion,  
as its nature has been perverted by too many factors. I tell you

that there are many who boast of being children of the Law. But eight out of ten of them are but idolaters who have confused the true, holy, eternal Law of the God of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, in the haze of a thousand petty human religions. Therefore, looking at one another, both you humble fishermen without culture, and you merchants or sons of merchants, and you officials or sons of officials, and you wealthy people or sons of wealthy people, you must say: "We are all equal. We have all the same faults and we all need the same teaching. Since we are brothers in our personal or national faults, from now on we must become brothers in the knowledge of the Truth and in our efforts in practising it".

Exactly: brothers. I want you to call and to consider one another as such. You are like one family. When does a family thrive and when does the world admire it? When its members are united and of the same mind. If one son becomes the enemy of another, if one brother harms another, is it possible for the prosperity of that family to last long? No. In vain the father of the family strives to work, to eliminate difficulties, to impose himself on the world. His efforts are not successful, because the wealth of the family falls to pieces, their difficulties increase, the world laughs at their perpetual quarrels by which hearts and possessions — which united were powerful against the world — are broken into a small knot of tiny opposite interests, and the enemies of the family take more and more advantage of them to hasten their ruin. You must never be like that. Be united. Love one another. You must love one another to help one another.

91.3 <sup>3</sup>Look. Also what surrounds us teaches us this great strength. Look at this army of ants running all to the same place. Let us follow them. We will discover the reason for their sensible rushing to one spot... Here it is. This little sister of theirs, with her tiny organs which are invisible to us, has discovered a great treasure under this large wild chicory leaf. It is a bread crumb which perhaps was dropped from the hands of a peasant who had come here to look after his olive-trees, or from the hands of a wayfarer who rested here in the shade eating his food, or of a child who was playing happily on the grass full of flowers. How could she trail this treasure to the hole by herself, as it is a thousand times her size? So she called a sister and said to her: "Look. Go quickly and tell our sisters that there is food here for the whole

tribe and for many days. Go before a bird discovers this treasure and calls his friends and they devour it". And the little ant ran, panting because of the rough ground, up and down pebbles and stalks, until she reached the anthill and she said: "Come. One of us is calling you. She found enough for us all. But she can't bring it here by herself. Come". And all the ants ran, also the ones who, already tired because of a hard day's work, were resting along the tunnels of the nest; also the ones who were laying in the store cells. One, ten, a hundred, a thousand... Look... They grasp it with their jaws, they lift it supporting it with their bodies and they drag it pushing their tiny feet on the ground. This one has fallen... that one there is almost crippled because the edge of the crumb, turning over, is squeezing her against a stone; and this one, so small, obviously one of the youngest in the tribe, is stopping exhausted... but having caught her breath, she is starting again.

Oh! How united they are! Look: now the bread crumb has been completely embraced by them and it is moving, very slowly, but it is moving. Let us follow it... A little more, little sisters, still a little more, and your efforts will be rewarded... They are exhausted. But they do not give up. They rest and start again... Now they are reaching the ant nest. And now? Now they work to break the big crumb into little bits. Look how they work! Some *cut* bits off, some carry them away... It's all finished. Now it is all safely stored and they happily disappear into the crevices, down along the tunnels. They are ants. Nothing but ants. And yet they are strong because they are united.

Meditate on that. <sup>4</sup>Have you anything to ask Me? »

91. 4

«I would like to ask You: are we not going back to Judaea again? » asks Judas Iscariot.

«Who said so? »

«You did, Master. You said that You want to prepare Joseph so that he may teach the others in Judaea! Have You felt so hurt, that You do not want to go there again? »

«What have they done to You in Judaea? » asks Thomas anxiously and Peter, at the same time, vehemently: «Ah! I was right then in saying that You had come back much thinner. What did the "perfect ones" in Israel do to You? »

«Nothing, My friends. Nothing more than what I will find



even here. If I went round the whole world, I would find friends and enemies everywhere. But, Judas, I asked you to be quiet... »

«That's true, but... No, I cannot be quiet when I see that You prefer Galilee to my fatherland. You are unfair. You were honoured also there... »

«Judas! Judas... Oh! Judas. Your reproach is unfair. And you accuse yourself, giving vent to wrath and jealousy. I had done My best to make known only the good I had received in your Judaea and without lying I was able to mention such good with joy, so that you people of Judaea might be loved. I did so with joy. Because for the Word of God there is no distinction of regions, there are no antagonisms, enmities, differences. I love all men. All of them... How can you say that I prefer Galilee when I worked the first miracles and the first demonstrations on the holy ground of the Temple and of the Holy City, so dear to every Israelite? How can you say that I am partial, if of My eleven disciples, or rather ten, because My cousin is one of the family, not just a friend, four are Judaeans? And if I take into account also the shepherds, who are all from Judaea, you can see how many friends I have in Judaea. How can you say that I do not love you, if, knowing all things, I arranged My journey so as to give My name to a newborn in Israel and receive the soul of a dying just man of Israel? How can you say I do not love you Judaeans, if I wanted two Judaeans and only one Galilean to be present at the revelation of My birth and of My preparation to My mission? You accuse Me of injustice. But examine yourself, Judas, and consider whether you are not the unjust one. »

Jesus has spoken with majesty and kindness. But even if He had not said anything else, the three ways in which He pronounced «Judas» at the beginning of His speech, would have been sufficient to give him a good lesson. The first «Judas» was pronounced by the majestic God Who demands respect, the second by the Master Who teaches in a fatherly manner, the third was the prayer of a friend grieved at the behaviour of a friend. Judas lowers his head mortified, but still bad-tempered, and ugly looking because of low sentiments coming to light.

<sup>91.5</sup> Peter cannot keep silent. «At least beg His forgiveness, boy. If I had been in Jesus' place, you would not have got off just with words! You are more than unfair! You are lacking in respect, my

fine gentleman! Is that how they educate you in the Temple? Or is it you that cannot be educated? Because, if it is, then... »

«That is enough, Peter. I said what was to be said. This will be a starting point for tomorrow's teaching. And now I will repeat to everybody what I told these disciples in Judaea: do not tell My Mother that Her Son was ill-treated by the Judaeans. She is already quite sad because She has realised that I am suffering. Respect My Mother. She lives in seclusion and silence. She is active only in virtue and prayer for Me, for you, for everybody. Let the gloomy lights of the world and harsh quarrels be far away from Her retreat, which is protected by discretion and purity. Do not put even the shadow of hatred where everything is love. Please respect Her. She is braver than Judith, as you will see. But do not compel Her, before Her time, to taste the dregs, which are the sentiments of the wicked people of the world. That is, the sentiments of those who have not even a rough idea of God and God's Law. I spoke to you of them at the beginning: they are the idolaters who consider themselves the wise men of God and they thus add idolatry to pride. Let us go. »

And Jesus sets out back to Nazareth.

## 92. Lesson to the disciples in the house of Nazareth.

30<sup>th</sup> January 1945.

<sup>1</sup>Jesus is once again teaching His disciples, whom he has taken under the shade of a huge walnut-tree, situated above Mary's garden, part of which is shaded by the protruding branches of the tree. It is a stormy day and a storm is impending, that is probably the reason why Jesus did not go too far from His house. Mary comes and goes from the garden to the house, and each time She looks up and smiles at Her Jesus, sitting on the grass near the tree-trunk, surrounded by His disciples. 92. 1

Jesus says: «I told you yesterday that today's lesson would be on what was caused yesterday by a careless word. And here is the lesson.

You must consider as certain, and it should be your rule when acting, that nothing of what is hidden will remain such forever. It is either God Who takes care to make known the work of

one of His children by means of His miracles, or by means of the words of just people who acknowledge the merits of a brother. Or it is Satan who, through the mouth of a careless person, I will not say more, reveals what good people preferred to say nothing about, so as not to provoke uncharitable situations; or Satan distorts the truth in order to create confusion in the minds of people. Therefore the moment always comes when hidden things are made known.

You must always bear that in your minds. And may it restrain you from doing evil, without, however, encouraging you to refrain from doing good. How often one acts out of goodness, true goodness, but human goodness! And as such acting is human, that is, its intention is not perfect, one wishes it to be known to men and one is worried and gets enraged seeing that it remains unknown, and strives to make it known. No, My friends. Do not do that. Do good and give it to the eternal Lord. He knows how to make it known also to men, if it is for your own good. If instead that should impede your just actions, owing to a burst of proud satisfaction, then the Father will keep it secret, and will give you glory in Heaven in the presence of all the celestial Cohort.

92. 2     <sup>2</sup>And never judge a deed by its appearance. Never accuse anyone, because the actions of men may at times seem bad and yet conceal other reasons. A father, for instance, may say to his lazy glutton son: “Go away” which may seem hard and contrary to his paternal duties. But it is not always so. His “Go away” is seasoned with bitter tears shed more by the father than by the son, and it is accompanied by words and by the wish that the words may be true: “You will come back when you are sorry for your indolence”. And it is also an act of justice with regards to the other sons, because it prevents a glutton from squandering in vice what also belongs to the others. It is bad, instead, if that word is pronounced by a father, who is at fault himself, against God and his own children, because in his selfishness he considers himself above God and deems he has rights also on the soul of his son. No. The spirit belongs to God and not even God violates the freedom of the soul, which is thus free to give itself or not. All actions seem identical to the world. And yet how much one differs from another! One is justice, the other a faulty arbitrary act. Therefore never judge anybody.

<sup>3</sup>Peter yesterday asked Judas: “Who was your teacher? ” Let him never ask that again. Let no one accuse the other of what one sees in anybody. Teachers have the same words for all the pupils. How is it, then, that ten become just and ten wicked? It is because each adds of his own what he has in his heart, and that turns the scale towards good or towards bad. How can the teacher then be accused of teaching wrongly, if the good he inculcated is overcome by the excessive evil reigning in a heart? The first factor of success depends upon you. The teacher works at your *ego*. But if you are not susceptible to improvement, what can the teacher do? What am I? I solemnly tell you that there will be no teacher more patient, wise and perfect than I am. And yet, also of some of My disciples it will be said: “Who was his teacher? ” 92. 3

<sup>4</sup>When judging do not allow yourselves to be overwhelmed by personal reasons. Yesterday Judas, who loves his region more than is fair, thought I was unfair to it. Man is often subject to such imponderable elements as love for his fatherland, or attachment to an idea, and like a kingfisher that has lost its bearings, he deviates from his destination. God is the destination. It is necessary to see everything in God, to see properly, without putting oneself or anything else above God. And if one makes a mistake... Peter, and you all, do not be intolerant! Have you really never made the mistake that hurts you so much when made by someone else? Are you sure? And supposing you never made it, what are you to do? Thank God and nothing else. And watch carefully. And unceasingly, so that tomorrow you will not fall into what has been avoided so far. See? The sky today is dark because of an impending hailstorm. And looking at the sky we said: “Do not let us go too far from home”. Well, if we can judge things, which however dangerous they may be, are nothing as compared to the danger of losing God’s friendship by sinning, why can we not discern where there may be a danger for our souls? 92. 4

<sup>5</sup>Look, there is My Mother over there. Can you conceive an inclination to evil in Her? Well, since love urges Her to follow Me, She will leave Her home when *My* love so wishes. But this morning, after asking Me once again — because She, My Teacher, used to say to Me: “Son, let Your Mother be among Your disciples. I want to learn Your doctrine”; She, Who possessed that doctrine 92. 5

in Her womb and even before in Her soul, as a gift of God to the future Mother of His Incarnate Word — She said: “But... decide whether I can come without losing My union with God, and without My heart being corrupted by what there is in the world and which You say penetrates with its stench, because My heart has always been, is and wants to be only of God. I search My heart, and as far as I know, I think I can do it, because... (and at this point unknowingly, She gave Herself the highest praise)... because I find no difference between the spotless peace I enjoyed as a flower in the Temple and the peace I have now within Me, now that I have been a housewife for over thirty years. But I am an unworthy servant who does not know the things of the spirit well and is even less capable of judging them. You are the Word, the Wisdom, the Light. And You may be the light of Your poor Mother Who is agreeable not to see You any longer, rather than not be grateful to the Lord”. And I had to say to Her, while My heart trembled with admiration: “Mother, I tell You: It is not You that will be corrupted by the world. But it is the world that will be purified by You”.

My Mother, as you have just heard, has been able to see the dangers of living in the world, dangers also for Her. And You,<sup>92.6</sup> men, should you not see them? <sup>6</sup>Oh! Satan is really lying in wait. And only those on the alert will win. And the others? You are asking about the others? For the others it will be as it was written. »

«What was written, Master? »

«And Cain set on Abel and killed him. And the Lord said to Cain: ‘Where is your brother? What have you done with him? The voice of his blood is crying to Me. Now you shall be accursed on the earth that has tasted human blood at the hands of a brother who has opened the veins of his brother and that horrid thirst of the earth for human blood will never cease. And the earth, poisoned by that blood, will be more sterile than a woman withered by age. And you shall be a fugitive seeking peace and bread. And you shall not find them. On account of your remorse, you shall see blood on every flower and blade of grass, on all waters and food. The sky will seem blood to you and the sea blood and from the sky, from the earth and the sea three voices will reach you: the voice of God, of the Innocent, of the Demon. And you will kill

yourself not to hear them”». »

«Genesis does not say that» remarks Peter.

«No. Genesis does not. But I do. And I am not mistaken. And I say so for the new Cains of the new Abels. For those who not watching over themselves and the Enemy, will become one thing with him. »

«But none of us will be such, is that right, Master? »

«John, when the Veil of the Temple will be torn, a great truth will be written brightly all over Zion. »

«Which, my Lord? »

«That the children of darkness have in vain been in touch with the Light. Remember that, John. »

«Will I be a son of darkness, Master? »

«No, not you. But remember that, to explain the Crime to the world. »

«Which crime, Lord? Cain's? »

«No: that is the first chord of Satan's hymn. I am referring to the perfect Crime. The inconceivable Crime. The one, to understand which, it is necessary to look at it through the sun of divine Love and through Satan's mind. Because only the perfect Love and the perfect hatred, only the infinite Good and the infinite Evil can explain such Offer and such Sin. Do you hear that? Satan seems to be listening and shouting out of the desire to commit it. Let us go before the cloud bursts with lightning and hail stones. »

And they run down the cliff jumping into Mary's garden while the storm begins to rage.

93. Lesson to the disciples in the presence of  
Holy Mary in the garden of the house of Nazareth.  
Comfort to Judas of Alphaeus.

31<sup>st</sup> January 1945.

<sup>1</sup>Jesus goes into the kitchen garden, which looks as if it has been washed by the storm of the previous evening. And He sees His Mother bending over some little plants. He goes up to Her and greets Her. How sweet is their kiss! Jesus embraces Her shoulders with His left arm and draws Her to Himself kissing

Her forehead, just under Her hair line and He then bows down to be kissed by His Mother on the cheek. But what completes the sweetness of the gesture is the glance that accompanies it. Jesus' look is full of love, although majestic and protective; Mary's is all veneration and love. When they kiss each other like that, Jesus seems to be the older of the two, and Mary is like a young daughter receiving the morning kiss from her father or from a much older brother.

93.2 <sup>2</sup>«Were Your flowers damaged by yesterday evening's hail-stones and by last night's wind? » asks Jesus.

«No harm, Master. Only the branches were badly ruffled» answers Peter in a somewhat hoarse voice, before Mary can speak.

Jesus looks up and sees Simon Peter, with only his short tunic on, busy straightening some fig-tree branches which were bent upwards. «Are you working already? »

«Eh! We fishermen sleep like the fish: at any time, anywhere, but only as long as they let us rest. And one gets used to it. This morning I heard the door squeak at dawn and I said: "Simon, She is already up. Be quick! Go and help Her with your strong hands". I thought She might be worrying about Her flowers in such a windy night. And I was not wrong. Eh! I know what women are like!... My wife also tosses about in her bed, like a fish in the net, when there is a storm and she worries about her plants... Dear woman! Sometimes I say to her: "I bet you do not toss so much when your Simon is thrown about like a straw on the lake! " But it is not fair, because she is a good wife. It seems impossible that her mother is... Well, be quiet, Peter. That's got nothing to do with it. It is not right to grumble and imprudently tell people what out of kindness we should not mention. See, Master, Your word has entered also my stubborn head! »

Jesus replies laughing: «You are saying everything yourself. I can but approve and admire your wisdom as a farmer. »

«He has already tied all the shoots which had become loose, he has supported the pear-tree which is too heavily laden, and he placed those ropes under that pomegranate-tree, which is growing all on one side» says Mary.

«Yes! It looks like an old Pharisee. It leans to the side that suits it. And I straightened it up as if it were a sail and I said to it: "Don't you know that you must keep to a happy medium? Come

here, you blockhead, or you will crash down because of your excessive weight". Now I am working at this fig-tree. But out of selfishness. I am thinking of everybody's appetite: fresh figs and new bread! Ah! Not even Antipas has such a good meal! But I must be careful, because the branches of a fig-tree are as tender as a young girl's heart, when she says her first words of love, and I am heavy, and the best figs are at the top. They have already been dried by the early sun. They must be delicious. <sup>3</sup>Eh! Boy. <sup>93.3</sup> Don't stand there looking at me. Wake up! Give me that basket. »

John, who has just come out of the workshop, obeys and climbs up the big fig-tree. When the two fishermen come down, also Simon Zealot, Joseph and Judas Iscariot have come out from the workshop. I do not see the others.

Mary brings some new bread: small round brown loaves, which Peters cuts with his pocket knife and then places the split figs onto them, and offers them first to Jesus, then to Mary and the others. They eat with relish in the cooled kitchen garden, which is so beautiful in the bright morning sunshine, also because of the recent rain which has cleaned the air.

Peter says: «This is Friday... Master, tomorrow is the Sabbath... »

«We all know that» remarks the Iscariot.

«Of course. But the Master knows what I mean... »

«Yes, I know. This evening we will go to the lake, where you left your boat and we will sail to Capernaum. Tomorrow I will speak there. »

Peter is overjoyed.

Thomas, Andrew, James, Philip, Bartholomew and Judas Thaddeus, who must have slept elsewhere, come in all together. They greet one another.

<sup>4</sup>Jesus says: «Let us stay here all together. There will be also a <sup>93.4</sup> new disciple. Mother, come. »

They sit down, some on stones, some on stools, forming a circle around Jesus, Who has sat on the stone bench against the wall with His Mother beside Him and at His feet John, who preferred to sit on the ground in order to be close.

Jesus begins speaking slowly and solemnly as usual.

«To what shall I compare the apostolic formation? To the nature surrounding us. See. The earth in winter seems dead. But



inside it the seeds are active and the lymphs feed on moisture which they store in the underground branches — I could call the roots thus — so that they may have plenty for the upper branches when it is time to blossom. You also can be compared to the winter earth: barren, naked, ugly looking. But the Sower has passed on you and has spread the seed. The Tiller has come near you and has broken up the soil around your trunks, which are as hard and rough as the soil in which they are planted, so that the roots may receive nourishment from the clouds and from the air and the trunks may be strengthened for the future fruit. And you have received the seed and the tillage because you are willing to bear fruit in the work of God.

I will also compare your apostolic formation to the storm which struck and bent and seemed a purposeless violence. But see how much good it has done. The air today is purer, fresher, without dust or sultriness. The sun is the same sun as yesterday's. But it is not so scorching as yesterday when it seemed like a high temperature, because its rays reach us through purified and fresh air. The herbs and plants are relieved as well as men, because cleanliness and serenity cheer up all things. Also contrasts help to attain a more precise knowledge and clarification. Otherwise they would be nothing but wickedness. And what are contrasts if not the storms that stir up different types of clouds? And do such clouds not pile up slowly in the hearts of men in useless bad moods, petty jealousies and vain pride? Then the wind of Grace blows and gathers them together that they may discharge their ill humours and the sky may clear up again.

And your apostolic moulding is like the work that Peter was doing this morning for the delight of My Mother: which is to straighten, tie, support or undo, according to the varying situations and necessities, to make you "strong workers" at the service of God. It is necessary to correct wrong ideas, to tie and subdue the rebelling flesh, to support weaknesses, to cut off evil inclinations if necessary, and to free from slavery and timidity. You must be free and strong. Like eagles, that leave their native mountain tops and fly higher and higher. The service of God is the flight. Affections are the mountain tops.

93.5     <sup>5</sup>One among you is sad today because his father's life is on the decline. And he is declining with his heart closed to the Truth

and to his son who is following the Truth. More than closed: hostile. The father has not yet said the unfair: "Go away", of which I spoke to you yesterday, thus declaring himself to be above God. But his closed heart and sealed lips are not yet capable of saying at least: "Follow the voice that is calling you". Neither the son nor I Who am speaking to you, would expect to hear those lips say: "Come and let the Master come with you. And may God be blessed because He chose a servant in my family, creating thus with the Word of the Lord, a kinship which is more sublime than blood". But at least I, for his own sake, and the son for more complicated reasons, would not like to hear hostile words from him.

But this son must not cry. He must know that I bear no grudge or ill-feeling towards his father. I feel only pity for him. I have come and stopped here, although I knew it would be useless, so that one day the son may not say to Me: "Oh! Why did You not come? " I have come that he may be fully convinced that everything is quite useless, when a heart is hardened by hatred. I have also come to comfort a good woman who is suffering because of this family division, as if her heart were torn to pieces. But both the son and the good mother must be convinced that I do not return hatred for hatred. <sup>93.6</sup>I respect the honesty of the old believer who is faithful to what has been so far his religion, although his faith has gone off the right path.

There are many like him in Israel... That is why I say to you: I will be more accepted by the heathens than by the children of Abraham. Mankind has depraved the idea of the Saviour and has lowered His supernatural royalty to the poor idea of a human sovereignty. I must break the hard bark of Hebraism, penetrate it, and cut it till I reach the bottom and then place the fruitful new Law exactly where the heart of Hebraism is. Oh! Israel, brought up around the vital stone of the Law of Sinai, has become like a monstrous fruit, the pulp of which is formed by layers of harder and harder fibres, protected outside by a hard shell against every penetration and also against the ejection of the germ, so much so that the Eternal Father deems the moment has come to create the new plant of the faith in the one and triune God. To allow the will of God to be fulfilled and Hebraism to become Christianity, I must notch, pierce, penetrate and make My way to the very stone, then warm it with My love, so that it

will awake and swell, sprout and grow more and more and thus become the mighty plant of Christianity, the perfect, eternal, divine religion. And I solemnly tell you that it will be possible to penetrate Hebraism only in the proportion of one part to a hundred.

I therefore do not deem reprobate this Israelite who does not want Me and is not willing to give Me his son. That is why I say to the son: do not cry on account of the flesh and blood that suffer being rejected by the flesh and blood that generated them. That is why I say: do not even cry on account of the soul. Your suffering operates more than anything else in favour of your soul and his, in favour of your father who does not understand and does not see. <sup>93.7</sup>And I also say to you: do not feel remorse for being more of God than of your father.

And I say to you all: God is more than father, mother, brothers. I have come to join people not according to the world, to flesh and blood, but according to the spirit and to Heaven. I therefore must separate flesh and blood to take with Me the souls which, even when on this world, are fit for Heaven, to take the servants of Heaven. So I have come to call the "strong ones", and make them even stronger, because My army of meek people is made of "strong" people. Meek towards their brothers, strong against their own *ego* and the selfishness of family blood.

Do not cry, My cousin. I can assure you that your pain is operating before God in favour of your father and brothers more than any word, not only yours, but also Mine. Believe Me, words cannot enter where preconceived ideas form a barrier. But Grace enters. And a sacrifice draws graces.

I solemnly tell you that when I call someone as a disciple, there is no obedience greater than this one. And we must obey without even stopping to reckon how and how much others will react to our going towards God. One must not even stop to bury one's father. And you will receive a reward for your heroism, a reward not only for yourselves, but also for those from whom you are torn away, broken hearted, and whose words often strike you more painfully than a slap in the face, because they accuse you of being ungrateful children and in their selfishness they curse you as rebels. No, not rebels. Saints.

The first enemies of those who are called, are their relatives.

But we must learn to distinguish between love and to love in a supernatural way. That is to love more the Master of the supernatural than the servants of the Master. We must love our relatives in God. But not more than God. »

<sup>8</sup>Jesus is silent, He gets up and goes near His cousin who, with lowered head, can hardly hold back his tears. Jesus caresses him. «Judas... I left My Mother to follow My mission. This should remove all doubts about the honesty of your behaviour. If it had not been a good deed, would I have done it to My Mother, Who, above all, has no one but Me? » 93. 8

Judas presses Jesus' hand to his face and nods his head. But he cannot say anything.

«Let us go, the two of us by ourselves, as when we were boys and Alphaeus thought I was the most sensible boy in Nazareth. Let us go and take these beautiful bunches of golden grapes to the old man, so that he may not think that I am neglecting him or that I am hostile to him. Also your mother and James will be pleased. I will tell him that I will be in Capernaum tomorrow and that his son will be entirely devoted to him. You know, old people are like children: they are jealous. And they always suspect they are being neglected. We must pity them... »

Jesus has gone, leaving in the garden the disciples dumbfounded at the revelation of pain and incompatibility between a father and a son because of Jesus. Mary has gone with Jesus as far the door and now She comes back sighing in distress.

It all ends.

#### 94. Healing of the Beauty of Korasim. Jesus speaks in the synagogue of Capernaum.

1<sup>st</sup> February 1945.

<sup>1</sup>Jesus comes out of the house of Peter's mother-in-law together with His disciples, except Judas Thaddeus. A boy is the first to see Him and he also informs those who are not even interested. Jesus, Who is on the shore of the lake, sitting in Peter's boat, is immediately surrounded by people who welcome Him and ask Him endless questions, which Jesus answers with His unsurpassed patience, smiling gently as if all the chattering were a 94. 1

celestial harmony.

Also the archsynagogue comes. Jesus gets up to greet him. Their mutual greeting is full of oriental respect. «Master, may I expect You to come and teach the people? »

«Of course, if you and the people wish so. »

«We have been wishing it for so long. They can tell You. » The people in fact shout their confirmation.

«Well then, I will be with you this evening. Now you may go. I have to go to see a person who wants Me. »

The people go away reluctantly, while Jesus, Peter and Andrew go onto the lake in the boat. The other disciples remain on the shore.

94. 2 <sup>2</sup>The boat sails for a short distance and then the two fishermen steer it into a small bay, between two low hills, which look as if originally they were one hill only, the central part of which had collapsed either because of water erosion or because of an earthquake, thus forming a very small fiord. However, since it is not a Norwegian fiord, there are no fir-trees, but only ruffled olive-trees which, no one knows how, have grown on the steep slopes, among slipping rocks and huge protruding splinters. Blown by the winds of the lake, which obviously must be very strong here, the branches of the trees are all interwoven, and form a kind of roof, under which a freakish little torrent foams: it is very noisy because of its many cascades and full of foam because it falls every yard or so, but in actual fact it is only a little rivulet among the streams.

Andrew jumps into the water to beach the boat as far up as possible and tie it to a tree-trunk, while Peter takes in the sail and fastens a board as a bridge for Jesus. But he says, «I would advise You to take off Your sandals and Your tunic, as we do. That mad thing there (and he points at the little torrent) causes the water of the lake to rise and the board is not safe with all this rolling. »

Jesus obeys without question. On the shore they put on their sandals again and Jesus also puts on His tunic. The two disciples are wearing only their short dark undertunics.

94. 3 <sup>3</sup>«Where is she? » asks Jesus.

«She must be hiding in the wood, after hearing voices. You know... with all she's got to wear... »

«Call her. »

Peter shouts out loud: «I am the disciple of the Rabbi of Capernaum. The Rabbi is here. Come out. »

There is no sign of life.

«She does not feel safe» explains Andrew. «One day someone called her and said: “Come, there is some food for you” and then threw stones at her. We saw her then for the first time, because I did not remember her when she was the Beauty of Korazim. »

«And what did you do then? »

«We threw her a loaf of bread and some fish and a rag, a piece of an old sail cloth with which we used to dry ourselves, because she was naked. We then ran away not to be contaminated. »

«And what made you come back? »

«Master... You were away and we were thinking what we should do to get people to know You. We thought of all the sick people, the blind, the crippled, the mute... and also of her. We said: “Let us try”. You know... many... oh! it was certainly our fault, said we were mad and would not listen to us. Others instead believed us. I spoke to her myself. I came here by boat, all by myself, for several moonlight nights. I used to call her and say to her: “On the stone, at the foot of the olive-tree, there is some bread and fish. Don't be afraid, come” and I would then go away. She must have waited until she saw me disappear before she came, because I never saw her. The sixth time I saw her standing on the shore, exactly where You are now. She was waiting for me... How horrible she was! I did not run away because I thought of You...

She said to me: “Who are you? Why have mercy on me? ” I replied: “Because I am the disciple of Mercy”.

“Who is He? ”

“He is Jesus of Galilee”.

“And does He teach you to have mercy on us? ”

“On everybody”.

“But do you know who I am? ”

“You are the Beauty of Korazim, now a leper”.

“And is there mercy also for me? ”

“He says that His mercy is foreverybody, and we, to be like Him, must have mercy on everybody”.

At this point, Master, the leper blasphemed without realising

what she was saying. She said: “He must have been a big sinner Himself”.

I said to her: “No. He is the Messiah, the Holy Man of God” I wanted to say to her: “Be you accursed for your tongue”, but I did not say anything else, because I thought: “In her distress she cannot think of divine mercy”. She then started crying and said: “Oh! If He is a Holy Man He cannot have mercy on the Beauty. He might pity the leper... but not the Beauty. And I was hoping... ”

I asked her: “What were you hoping for, woman? ”

“To be cured... to go back into the world... amongst men... to die begging, but amongst people... not like a beast in the den of wild beasts which are horrified at the sight of me”.

I said to her: “Will you swear to me that if you go back to the world, you will be honest? ”

She replied: “Yes. God has justly punished me for my sins. I now repent. My soul is expiating its sins, but it abhors sin forever”.

I thought I could then promise her salvation in Your name.

She said to me: “Come back, come back again... Speak to me of Him that my soul may know Him before my eyes see Him... “. And I came and spoke to her of You as best as I could... »

«And I have come to grant salvation to the first convert of My Andrew. » (It is Andrew who has been speaking all the time, while Peter has gone up the torrent, jumping from stone to stone, calling the leper).

94. 4 <sup>4</sup>She at last shows her horrid face among the branches of an olive-tree. She sees and gives forth a cry.

«Come down, then» exclaims Peter. «I am not going to stone you! Over there, can you see Him? There is the Rabbi Jesus. »

The woman tumbles down the slope, I say this, because she runs down so fast, and she reaches Jesus’ feet before Peter is back near the Master. «Mercy, Lord! »

«Can you believe that I am able to grant you it? »

«Yes, because You are a saint and I repent. I am Sin, but You are Mercy. Your disciple was the first to have mercy on me, and he brought me bread and faith. Cleanse me, Lord, my soul before my body, because I am impure three times, and if You want to give me one purity, *only one*, I beg You to give me the purity of my sinful soul. Before hearing Your words, that he repeated to

me, I used to say: "To be cured and to go back amongst people". Now that I know, I say: "To be forgiven, that I may have eternal life". »

«And I grant you forgiveness. But nothing else... »

«May You be blessed! I shall live in my den with the peace of God... free... oh! free from remorse and free from fear! No longer afraid of God, now that You have absolved me! »

<sup>5</sup>«Go into the lake and wash yourself. Stay in until I call you. » <sup>94.5</sup>

The woman, reduced to a miserable skeleton, all corroded, her white coarse hair all ruffled, gets up from the ground and goes into the lake clothed in her meagre rags, that cover so little of her.

«Why did You send her to wash herself? It is true that the foul smell is infective, but... I do not understand» says Peter.

«Woman, come out of the water and come here. Take that cloth on that branch» (it is the piece of cloth used by Jesus to dry Himself after wading from the boat to the shore).

The woman comes out obediently, completely naked, as she left her rags in the water to take the dry piece of cloth. The first to shout is Peter, who is looking at her, whilst Andrew, more bashful, is turning his back on her. But he turns around when his brother shouts and he shouts, too. The woman, who is staring at Jesus so intently that she is aware of nothing else, when she hears the shouts and sees the hands pointed at her, looks at herself... And she sees that her leprosy has been left in the lake with her rags. She does not run as one might expect her to. She throws herself down, crouching on the shore, ashamed of her nakedness, excited to such an extent that she is only fit to weep with a long feeble lament, which is more heart-breaking than any cry.

Jesus moves towards her... He reaches her... He throws the cloth on her, caresses her head very lightly, says to her: «Good-bye. Be good. You deserved the grace because of the sincerity of your repentance. Grow in the faith of Christ. And fulfil the purification law. »

The woman is weeping all the time... Only when she hears the noise of the board that Peter is drawing into the boat, she looks up, stretches out her hands and shouts: «Thanks, my Lord. Thanks, Blessed Lord. Oh! Blessed, blessed!... »

Jesus waves her goodbye before the boat disappears round the



rocky promontory of the little fiord.

94.6 <sup>6</sup>...Jesus with His disciples goes into the synagogue at Capernaum after crossing the square and the street leading to it. The news of the recent miracle has already spread, because many people whisper and make comments.

Just on the threshold of the synagogue door I see Matthew, the future apostle. He is standing there, half inside half outside and I do not know whether he is shy or is annoyed at all the meaningful glances cast at him and at some rather unpleasant raillery of which he is the subject. Two richly dressed Pharisees gather their wide mantles carefully, as if they were afraid of being infected by the plague, if they touched Matthew's tunic even slightly.

When Jesus is going in, He stares at him and stops for a moment. But Matthew lowers his head: that is all.

As soon as they are inside, Peter whispers to Jesus: «Do You know who that curly headed man is, the one who is more scented than a woman? He is Matthew, our tax collector... What has he come here for? It's the first time. Perhaps he did not find his friends and above all his women, with whom he spends the Sabbaths, squandering in orgies the doubled and trebled taxes he squeezes out of us, to have plenty for the revenue and his vices. »

Jesus looks at Peter so severely, that Peter becomes as red as a poppy, lowers his head and stops, so that he ends up at the back of the apostolic group.

<sup>7</sup>Jesus has reached His place. After some songs and prayers said with the people, He turns around to speak. The archsynagogue asks Him whether He wants a roll of the Bible, but Jesus answers: «It is not necessary. I already have a subject. »

And He begins: «The great king of Israel, David of Bethlehem, after committing his sin, cried with a penitent heart, shouting to God his repentance and asking for God's forgiveness. David's soul had been darkened by the fog of sensuality which prevented him from seeing the Face of God and understanding His word.

His Face, I said. In the heart of man there is a spot which reminds us of the Face of God: the most noble spot, which is our "Sancta Sanctorum", from which holy inspirations and decisions originate, the point that is scented like an altar, shines like a fire, and sings like a chorus of Seraphim. But when sin rages

in us, that area grows so dark, that light, perfume and singing fades out and only the stench of thick smoke and the taste of ashes are left. But when the light returns, because a servant of God brings it to the dimmed man, he then sees his own ugliness, his inferior condition and struck with horror he exclaims like king David: "Have mercy on me, Lord, in your goodness, in Your great tenderness wipe away my faults" and he does not say: "I cannot be forgiven, I will therefore go on sinning". But he says: "I am humiliated and contrite, but, I beg You, You know that I was born guilty, but wash me and purify me, that I may become as white as the snow on mountain tops". He also says: "My holocaust will not consist of rams and bulls, but of the true contrition of my heart. Because I know that this is what You want from us and You do not scorn it".

That is what David said after his sin, after the servant of God, Nathan, made him, repent. That is what sinners must say, even more so, now that the Lord has sent not a servant, but the Redeemer Himself, His Word, Who, as a just ruler not only of men, but also of celestial and infernal beings, has risen amongst His people, like the light at dawn, which at sunrise shines in a cloudless sky.

<sup>94.8</sup> You have already read how a man, a prey to Mammon, is weaker than a person dying of tuberculosis, even if before he was the "strong" one. You know how Samson was worthless after yielding himself up to sensuality. I want you to understand the lesson of Samson, the son of Manoah, destined to beat the Philistines, the oppressors of Israel. The first condition to be such was that from his conception he was to be kept virgin from everything that stirs up basic sensations, and contaminates the intestines with impure foodstuffs: that is wine, cider and fat meats, which kindle the loins with an impure fire. The second condition: to be the deliverer he was to be sacred to the Lord from his childhood and to remain as such by an uninterrupted nazirite. He is sacred who remains holy not only externally but also internally. Then God is with him.

But flesh is flesh and Satan is Temptation. And Temptation, to fight God in the hearts of men and in His holy decrees, uses as a weapon the flesh that excites men: woman. The strength of the "strong" man then quivers and he becomes a weakling that

spoils the gift of God. Now listen: Samson was tied with seven cords of fresh sinews, with seven new ropes, he was fixed to the ground with seven plaits in his hair. And he had always won. But one must not tempt God not even in His goodness. It is not lawful. He forgives, He always forgives. But He exacts the firm will to abandon sin, that He may continue to forgive. He who says: "Lord, forgive" but does not shun what induces him to continual sin, is foolish! Samson, three times the winner, did not avoid Delilah, sensuality, sin, and bored to death, says the Book, and having lost heart, says the Book, he revealed his secret: "My strength is in my seven plaits".

Is there anyone amongst you, who, tired of the great tiredness of sin, is losing heart, because nothing is so depressing as a bad conscience, and is about to surrender to the Enemy? No, whoever you are, do not do it. Samson revealed to temptation the secret to defeat his seven virtues: the seven symbolical plaits, his virtues, that is his faithfulness to nazirite; tired as he was he fell asleep in the lap of the woman and was defeated. He was blind, a slave, powerless, because he had not been faithful to his vow. Neither did he become again the "strong man", the "deliverer", until he found his strength again in the grief of repentance. Repentance, patience, perseverance, heroism and then, o sinners, I promise you will be your own deliverers. I solemnly tell you that no baptism, no rite is of any avail, if there is no repentance and will to forgo sin. And I tell you that no-one is so big a sinner that he cannot revive with his tears the virtues which sin had torn from his heart.

94.9     <sup>9</sup>Today a woman, a guilty woman of Israel, punished by God for her sins, received mercy on account of her repentance. I said: mercy. Those who had no mercy on her and treated the punished woman pitilessly, shall receive less mercy. Had they no guilty leprosy in their hearts? Let everybody examine themselves... and have mercy to receive mercy. I hold My hand out on behalf of this repentant woman, who is coming back to the living after a segregation of death. Simon of Jonas, not I, will collect the offerings for the repentant woman, who from the threshold of life is coming back to true Life. And do not grumble, you older people. Do not grumble. I was not here when she was the Beauty. But you were. I will say no more. »

«Are You accusing us of being her lovers? » asks one of the two resentful old men.

«Let everyone put his heart and his actions before him. I do not accuse. I am speaking in the name of Justice. Let us go. » And Jesus goes out with His disciples.

Judas Iscariot is detained by two people who appear to know him. I hear them say: «Are you with Him, too? Is He really a holy man? »

Judas has one of his disconcerting outbursts: «I hope you will at least be able to understand His holiness. »

«But He cured on the Sabbath. »

«No, He forgave on a Sabbath. And which day is more suitable than the Sabbath for forgiveness? Are you not giving me anything for the redeemed woman? »

«We do not give our money to prostitutes. It is offered to the holy Temple. »

Judas laughs disrespectfully and leaves them in the lurch. He joins the Master, Who is entering the house of Peter who is saying to Him: «Here, just outside the synagogue, little James gave two purses today, instead of one, on behalf of the unknown man. Who is he, Master? You know... Tell me. »

Jesus smiles: «I will tell you when you learn not to speak ill of anyone. »

And it all ends.

## 95. James of Alphaeus is received among the disciples. Jesus preaches near Matthew's Customs Bench.

2<sup>nd</sup> February 1945.

<sup>1</sup>It is market morning at Capernaum. The square is full of <sup>95.1</sup>traders selling all kinds of goods.

Jesus, coming from the lake, arrives in the square and sees His cousins Judas and James coming towards Him. He quickens His pace in their direction and after embracing them affectionately, He asks them solicitously: «How is your father? What has happened? »

«Nothing new, as far as his life is concerned» answers Judas.

«Why did you come then? I told you to stay. »

Judas lowers his head and is silent. But James exclaims: «It is my fault if he did not obey You. Yes, it's my fault. But I could not put up with the situation any longer. They are all against me. Why? Is there any harm in loving You? Are we wrong in being fond of You? So far I was held back by my doubts of doing the wrong thing. But now that I know, now that You said that not even a father is above God, I could not bear the situation any longer. Oh! I have tried to show respect, to make him understand my reasons, to clarify the situation. I said: "Why are you against me? If He is the Prophet, the Messiah, why do you want the world to say: 'His own family was against Him? The world followed Him, His family did not?' Because, if He is as insane as you say, should we of the family not be close to Him to prevent His insanity from harming Him and us? " O Jesus, that's what I said arguing in a human way, as they did. But You know that Judas and I do not believe that You are insane. You know that we consider You the Holy Man of God. You know that we have always looked at You as our Major Star. But they would not understand us. They would not listen to us anymore. And I came away. Between Jesus and the family, I chose You. Here I am, if You want me. If You do not want me, I'll be the most unhappy of all men, because I will not have anything: neither Your friendship nor the love of the family. »

«Have we got to this stage? O James, My poor James, I wish I had not seen you suffer so, because I love you! But if Jesus-Man is crying with you, Jesus-Word is jubilant on account of you. Come. I am sure that the joy of bringing God to men will increase your happiness every hour of the day until it reaches its full rapture in the last hour of the earth and in the eternal hour of Heaven. »

95.2 <sup>2</sup>Jesus turns around and calls His disciples, who had discreetly stopped a few yards away. «Come here, My friends. My cousin James is now one of My friends and thus a friend of yours. How I longed for this hour, for this day, because he was a perfect friend in My childhood and a good brother in My youth! »

The disciples welcome the newcomer and Judas, whom they had not seen for several days.

«We looked for you at home... but you were on the lake »

«Yes, I was on the lake for two days with Peter and the others. Peter had a good haul. Is that right? »

«Yes, but what annoys me is that now I will have to give many didrachmas to that thief over there... » and he points at Matthew, the exciseman, whose bench is besieged by people paying for the stall ground, I think, or for food.

«It will all be proportioned, I suppose. The better the haul, the more you pay and the more you earn. »

«No, Master. The more I catch, the more I earn. But if the weight of my draught of fish is doubled, that man there does not make me pay twice as much. He charges me four times as much... The profiteer! »

«Peter! Well, let us go just there. I want to speak. There is always a lot of people near the customs bench. »

«No wonder! » grumbles Peter. «Lots of people and imprecations. »

«Well, I will go and grant blessings. Perhaps some honest feeling will enter the exciseman's heart. »

«You need not worry about that. Your words will never go through his crocodile skin. »

«We shall see. »

«What are You going to say to him? »

«Nothing directly. But I will speak in such a way that My words will be addressed to him too. »

«Say that a thief is both who assails people in the road and who fleeces poor people who work for their daily bread and not for women and orgies. »

«Peter, do you want to speak in My place? »

«No, Master: I would not be able to speak properly. »

«And with your acrimony you would harm yourself and him. »

<sup>3</sup>They have reached the customs bench. Peter is about to pay. <sup>95. 3</sup> Jesus stops him and says: «Give Me the money. I will pay today. » Peter looks at Him amazed and then gives Him a leather purse containing some money.

Jesus waits for His turn and when He is before the exciseman He says: «I am paying for eight baskets of fish belonging to Simon of Jonas. The baskets are over there, where the servants are standing. You can check, if you wish. But honest people should be able to trust each other's word. And I think that you will believe that I am honest. How much do I pay? »

Matthew, who was sitting at his bench, when Jesus says: «And

I think that you will believe that I am honest», stands up. He is a small and rather elderly man, about Peter's age, but his face has the weary look of the pleasure-lover and he is obviously bewildered. At first he lowers his head, then he raises it and looks at Jesus. And Jesus stares at him seriously, dominating him from His imposing height.

«How much? » Jesus asks again, after a few seconds.

«There is no taxation for the disciple of the Master» replies Matthew. And in a lower voice he adds: «Pray for my soul. »

«I carry it within Me, because I am gathering sinners. But... why do you not look after it? » And Jesus turns His back on him at once and goes back to Peter, who is struck with wonder. Also the others are dumbfounded. They whisper and wink meaningfully...

95. 4 <sup>4</sup>Jesus leans against a tree, about ten yards from Matthew and begins speaking.

«The world may be compared to a large family, the members of which are in different trades, all of which are necessary. There are farmers, shepherds, vine-dressers, carpenters, fishermen, brick-layers, joiners and blacksmiths, and then clerks, soldiers, officers responsible for special missions, doctors, priests. There is everything. The world could not consist of only one class of people. They are all necessary, all holy, if they do what they should do with honesty and justice. How can they achieve that if Satan tempts them on all sides? By turning their thoughts to God, Who sees everything, also the most concealed deeds, and to His Law, that says: "Love your neighbour as you love yourself, do not do to other people what you do not want done to yourself, do not steal *in any way*".

Tell Me, you who are listening to Me: when a man dies, does he take his purses of money with him? And even if he were so silly as to have them buried with him in his tomb, could he make use of them in the other world? No. Money becomes a piece of metal corroded on the rot of a decomposed corpse. But his soul would be naked elsewhere and even poorer than blessed Job, it would be deprived of the smallest coin, even if he had left heaps of talents here in his tomb. Nay, listen, listen! I solemnly tell you that it is difficult to gain Heaven with riches, on the contrary Heaven is generally lost because of riches, also if they are ob-

tained honestly or by inheritance, because only few rich people know how to make use of their wealth honestly.

What is necessary then to gain Paradise and rest on the Father's bosom? It is important not to be greedy for wealth. That is, not to be eager by wanting wealth at all costs, even by going against honesty and love. Not to be eager to such an extent as to love the wealth one possesses more than Heaven and one's neighbour, refusing to assist a needy neighbour. Not to be greedy for what wealth can offer, that is: women, pleasures, a bountiful table, magnificent garments, which are an insult to those who are cold and hungry. There is a currency that can change the unjust money of the world into a currency having legal tender in the Kingdom of Heaven. And that is the holy wisdom in turning into eternal riches, the human riches which are often unjust or the cause of injustice. That is, you must earn honestly, give back what you obtained unfairly, make use of your riches with parsimony and detachment, learning how to become detached from them, because sooner or later they will leave us, whereas good deeds will never leave us. You must consider that!

We would all like to be called "just" and to be considered as such and to be rewarded by God for being just. But how can God reward him who is just only by name but in fact is not so? How can He say: "I forgive you", when repentance is expressed only by word of mouth and is not supported by a real change of the spirit? There is no real repentance as long as the lust for the thing for which we sinned lasts. But when a man humbles himself, when he severs all links with evil passions, such as women or gold and says: "For Your sake, O Lord, I will have no more of this", he is really repentant. And God receives him saying: "Come, you are as dear to Me as an innocent child, and a hero". »

Jesus has finished. He goes away without even turning towards Matthew, who had come near the crowd of listeners after the very first words.

<sup>95.5</sup>When they are near Peter's house, his wife runs to meet her husband and says something to him. Peter beckons Jesus to go near him. «The mother of James and Judas is here. She wants to speak to You but does not want to be seen. What shall we do? »

«Thus. I will go into the house as if I wanted to rest and you will all go and give alms to the poor. Take also the money that



was not wanted for the taxation. Go. » Jesus waves them all farewell, while Peter harangues them persuading them to go with him.

«Where is the mother, woman?» Jesus asks Peter's wife.

«On the terrace, Master. It is still in the shade and is cool. You may go up. And there is more privacy than in the house. »

Jesus climbs up the tiny staircase.

In a corner, under the thick vine pergola, there is Mary of Alphaeus, sitting on a little bench against the parapet, dressed completely in black, with her veil pulled over her face. She is weeping, silently.

Jesus calls her: «Mary! My dear aunt! »

She lifts her poor sorrowful face and stretches out her hands. «Jesus! How sad at heart I am! »

Jesus is near her. He makes her remain seated. He remains standing with His mantle on, one hand on His aunt's shoulder, while the other is clasped within hers. «What is the matter with you? Why are you crying so much? »

«Oh! Jesus! I came away from home saying: "I am going to Cana to get some eggs and wine for the invalid". Your Mother is with Alphaeus and is nursing him and You know how capable She is, and I am not worried. But actually I came here. I have been running for two nights to get here quicker. I am exhausted... But the exertion is nothing... It's the pain in my heart that hurts so much!... My Alphaeus... my Alphaeus... my children... Why is there... so much difference between those who are of the same blood and why is such difference as hard as millstones to crush a mother's heart? Are Judas and James with You? Are they? Then You know... Oh! Jesus! Why does my Alphaeus not understand? Why is he dying? Why does he want to die like that? And Simon and Joseph? Why are they against You and not with You? »

«Do not cry, Mary. I bear them no grudge. I already told Judas. I understand and I am sorry for them. If that is the reason why you are crying, please cry no more. »

«Yes, that's why, because they offend You. That's one reason and then... then... I do not want my husband to die being hostile to You. God will not forgive him... and I, oh! I will not have him... not even in future life... » Mary is really distressed. She is crying her heart out and her tears fall on Jesus' left hand, which

she is still holding in her own and now and again kisses it and lifts her poor face tortured by pain.

«No» says Jesus. «No. Do not say that. I forgive. And if I forgive... »

<sup>6</sup>«Oh! Come, Jesus. Come and save his soul and his body. 95.6  
Come... People are saying also, to accuse You, they are already saying that You have taken away two sons from a dying man, that's what they are saying in Nazareth, see? They also say: "He works miracles everywhere, but He is not capable of working them in His own home" and they contend with me when to defend You I say: "What can He do if you have practically driven Him away with your reproaches and if you do not believe? »

«You said the right words: if you do not believe. What can I do where there is no faith? »

«Oh! You can do everything. I believe for them all. Please come. Work a miracle... for Your poor aunt... »

«I cannot. » Jesus is most sad in saying so. Standing up and clasping the head of the crying woman to His chest, he seems to be confessing His inability to nature itself and to he calling nature as a witness to His pain at not being able because of an eternal decree.

The woman is crying even louder.

«Listen, Mary. Be good. I swear that if I could, if it were the right thing to do, I would do it. Oh! I would snatch this grace from the Father, for you, for My Mother, for Judas and James, and also for Alphaeus, Joseph and Simon. But I cannot. You are now so broken-hearted that you cannot understand the justice of My inability. I will tell you, although you will not understand. When it was the hour of My father's death, I did not bring him back to life again, and you know how just he was and how much My Mother loved him. I did not bring him back to life again. It is not just that a family should be exempt from the inevitable misfortunes of life only because one of its members is a holy person. If that was the case, I should remain on the earth forever, and yet I will soon die, and Mary, My holy Mother, will not be able to snatch Me from death. I cannot. This is what I can do and I will do. » Jesus has sat down and is holding His relative's head against His shoulder. «This is what I will do. I promise peace for your Alphaeus on account of your pain and I give you assur-

ance that you will not be separated from him and I give you My word that our family will be united again in Heaven forever; and as long as I live and even afterwards, I will grant you so much peace and so much strength that you will become My apostle for so many poor women, whom it will be easier for you, a woman, to contact. You will be My beloved friend in this time of evangelization. Alphaeus' death — do not cry — will free you from your duties of a wife and will raise you to the more sublime status of a mystical female priesthood, so necessary near the altar of the Great Victim and amongst so many heathens, who will yield more willingly to the holy heroism of female disciples than of male ones. Oh! your name, dear aunt, will be like a bright star in the Christian sky... Do not cry anymore. Go in peace. Be strong, resigned and holy. My Mother... became a widow before you... and will console you as She can console. Come. I do not want you to go away in this heat. Peter will take you in his boat as far as the Jordan and then to Nazareth on a donkey. Be good. »

«Bless me, Jesus. Give me strengths

«Yes, I bless you and kiss you, My good aunt. » And He kisses her tenderly, pressing her for a long while to His heart until He sees that she has calmed down.

## 96. Jesus answers to the accusation of having cured the Beauty of Korazim on the Sabbath.

3<sup>rd</sup> February 1945.

96.1 <sup>1</sup>Jesus is at Bethsaida. He is speaking standing on the boat which has taken Him there and is now almost beached, tied to a pole of a little rough pier. Many people, sitting in a semicircle on the sand, are listening to Him. Jesus has just started His speech.

«...and I see here that you people of Capernaum love Me too, because you have followed Me, neglecting your business and comforts to hear the words that teach you the truth. I am aware that your behaviour causes you to be insulted and may also do you social harm, worse than any financial loss, which may be the consequence of your neglecting your business. I know that Simon, Eli, Uriah and Joachim are against Me. Now they are against Me, in future they will be My enemies. And as I do not

wish to deceive anyone, neither do I wish to deceive you, My faithful friends, I tell you that the mighty ones in Capernaum will make use of all means to harm Me, to make Me suffer, to defeat Me by isolating Me... They will throw out innuendos as threats and insults as slander. The common enemy will make use of everything to snatch souls from Christ and take possession of them. I tell you: he who perseveres will be saved; but I also tell you that he who loves his life and welfare more than eternal salvation, is free to go away, to leave Me and take care of his petty life and temporary welfare. I will not hold anybody back.

<sup>2</sup>Man is free. I have come to make him even more free. Free from sin, and that concerns the spirit. And free from the chains of a distorted oppressive religion, which with torrents of words, clauses and precepts suffocates the true word of God, a word which is clear, short, light, easy, holy and perfect. I have come to sieve consciences. I gather My corn on the threshing-floor, and I thresh it with the doctrine of sacrifice, and I sift it with the sieve of its own will. The light useless chaff, sorghum, vetch, darnel will be blown away and will fall heavy and harmful, and will be eaten by birds, and only the pure, selected, solid good corn will enter My granary. The corn: the saints. 96. 2

Satan has challenged the Eternal Father for centuries. Elated with his first victory over man, Satan said to God: "Your creatures will be mine forever. Nothing, not even punishment, not even the Law You want to give them, will enable them to earn Heaven, and that Abode of Yours, from which You expelled me, me, the *only intelligent* being in Your creation, will remain empty, useless and sad, like all useless things". And the Eternal Father replied to the Cursed One: "You will be able to do that as long as your poison is the only thing to rule over man. But I will send My Word and His word will counteract your poison, it will restore hearts to health, curing them of the madness with which you made them wicked, and they will come back to Me. Like lost sheep that find the shepherd, they will come back to My Fold and Heaven will be filled with souls. I made it for them. And you will be grinding your horrible teeth, out of powerless fury, down there in your horrid kingdom, a cursed prisoner, and the stone of God will be turned over on you and sealed by the angels and darkness and hatred will be with you and with your followers,

while Mine will enjoy light and love, songs and beatitude and infinite, eternal, sublime freedom". And Mammon with a burst of sneering laughter swore: "And upon my Gehenna I swear that I will come when it is time. I will always be present wherever Your evangelised people are and we shall see whether I am or You are the winner".

Satan, of course, lays snares for you, to sift you. And I also allure you to sift you. The contestants are two: Me and him. You are in the middle. The duel of Love and Hatred, of Wisdom and Ignorance, of Good and Evil is over you and around you. I am sufficient to ward off any wicked blow against you. I come between the satanic weapon and you and I am willing to be wounded in your stead, because I love you. But you must ward off your internal blows, with your will, running towards Me, following My way which is Truth and Life. He who is not desirous of Heaven will not possess Heaven. He who is not suitable to become a disciple of Christ, will be like light chaff, that will be blown away by the wind of the world. He who is Christ's enemy is pernicious seed that will grow in the satanic kingdom.

96.3

<sup>3</sup>I know why you people of Capernaum have come here. My conscience is so clear of the sin I am accused of, on account of which non-existent sin people speak ill of Me behind My back, suggesting that to listen to me and to follow Me is to become associated with the sinner, that I am not afraid to make the reason known to the people of Bethsaida. Among you, citizens of Bethsaida, there are some elderly people, who for various reasons have not forgotten the Beauty of Korazim. There are men who sinned with her, there are women who cried because of her. They cried — I had not yet come to say: "Love those who hurt you!" — they cried and then they rejoiced when they heard that she was bitten by putrefaction which transuded outside from her impure intestines, onto her magnificent body, and which is the symbol of that more serious leprosy that had corroded her soul of an adulteress, a homicide and a prostitute. An adulteress seventy times seven, with anyone who was a "man" and had money. A homicide seven times seven of her illegitimate conceptions; a prostitute for pleasure not for need.

Oh! I understand you, wives, whose husbands were unfaithful! I understand your rejoicing when you were told: "The flesh

of the Beauty is more fetid and putrid than a carrion lying in the ditch of a main road, a prey to crows and worms". But I say to you: you must forgive. God took your vengeance and then God forgave. You must forgive, too. I forgave her also on your behalf, because I know that you are good, o women of Bethsaida, who greet Me shouting: "Blessed the Lamb of God! Blessed He who is coming in the name of the Lord!" If I am the Lamb and you know Me as such, if I, Lamb, come amongst you, you must all become meek sheep, also those whom the pain of an unfaithful husband, a pain of a long time ago, provides with the instinct of a beast that defends its den. If you were tigers and hyenas, I, the Lamb, could not stay with you.

He Who has come in the most holy name of God to gather just people and sinners and lead them to Heaven, went also to the repentant woman and said to her: "Be cleansed. Go and expiate". I did that on a Sabbath. And that is what I am accused of. A formal accusation. The second accusation is that I approached a prostitute. A woman who *had been* a prostitute. But now was a soul bewailing her sins.

Well, I say: I did it and I will do it. Bring Me the Book, pry into it, study it, examine it thoroughly. Find, if you can, one passage that forbids a doctor from curing a sick person, or a Levite from taking care of the altar, or a priest from listening to a believer, only because it is the Sabbath. And if you find it and show it to Me, I will beat My chest and say: "Lord, I have sinned before You and before men. I am not worthy of forgiveness. But if You have mercy on Your servant, I will bless You as long as I live". Because that soul was diseased. And sick people need a doctor. It was a desecrated altar and a Levite was required to clean it. He was a believer going to cry in the true Temple of the true God, and he needed a priest to introduce it. I solemnly tell you that I am the Doctor, the Levite, the Priest. I solemnly tell you that if I do not do My duty, and I lose only one of the souls anxious to be saved, God the Father will ask Me to account for it and will punish Me for losing it.

That is My sin, according to the mighty ones in Capernaum. I could have waited till the following day to do it. Yes. But why delay twenty four hours to grant a contrite heart the peace of God? In that heart there was true humbleness, pure sincerity, perfect

repentance. I saw into her heart. Leprosy was still on her body. But her heart had already been cured by the balm of years of repentance, of tears and expiation. Only My reconsecration was needed to draw that heart near God, without contaminating the pure air around God with its nearness. And I did it. She came out of the lake cleansed also in her flesh. But even more cleansed in her heart.

96. 4     <sup>4</sup>How many of those who entered the water of the Jordan to obey the Precursor's exhortation have not come out as cleansed as she was! Because their baptism was not the voluntary, sincere, heart-felt action of a soul eager to be ready for My coming. It was only a formality to appear perfectly holy in the eyes of the world. It was therefore hypocrisy and pride. Two sins that increased the mass of faults already existing in their hearts. John's baptism is but a symbol. It means: "Get rid of your pride by humiliating yourselves and admitting that you are sinners; get rid of your lust by washing yourselves of its mud". Your souls are to be baptised by your will to be clean and ready for God's banquet. No sin is so serious that it cannot be removed first by repentance, then by Grace and finally by the Saviour. There is no sinner so bad that he may not lift his humble face and smile at the hope of redemption. It is sufficient for him to forgo sin completely, to be heroic in resisting temptations, to be sincere in his desire to be born to a new life.

96. 5     <sup>5</sup>I will now tell you something which is true, and yet may seem blasphemy to My enemies. But you are My friends. I am speaking with particular regard to you, My disciples already chosen, and to you all who are listening to Me. The angels, pure and perfect spirits, living and rejoicing in the light of the Most Holy Trinity, although perfect, are inferior to you men, who are far from Heaven, and they admit their inferiority. Their inferiority consists in their impossibility to sacrifice themselves and suffer to cooperate in the redemption of man. What do you think of that? God does not take an angel and say to him: "Be the redeemer of mankind!" But He takes His own Son. And although the Son's sacrifice is of incalculable value and His power is infinite, the Father, knowing that there is still something missing from the amount of merits to be opposed to the amount of sins that mankind accumulates hourly, does not take other angels to fill the

measure and does not say to them: "Suffer to imitate Christ", but He says that to you, men. Such is His fatherly goodness that He makes no difference between the Son of His love and the children of His power. He says to you: "Suffer, sacrifice yourselves, be like My Lamb. Be co-redeemers...!" Oh! I can see cohorts of angels who stop rotating for an instant in their adoring ecstasy around the Triune Fulcrum, and kneel down, looking towards the earth and say: "Blessed are you who can suffer with Christ for your and our Eternal God! "

Many will not yet understand such greatness. It is too superior to men. But when the Victim will be sacrificed, when the eternal Corn will rise from the dead never to die again, after being reaped, threshed, husked and buried in the bowels of the earth, then the super-spiritual Enlightener will come and will enlighten the spirits, even the most retarded ones, but still faithful to Christ the Redeemer, and then you will understand that I have not blasphemed, but I have announced the highest dignity of man to you: to be co-redeemers, even if before you were sinners.

<sup>96. 6</sup> In the meantime get ready for such dignity with pure hearts and intentions. The purer you are the more you will understand. Because impurity whichever it may be, is always smoke that dims and makes heavy both your sight and your intellect. Be pure. Begin with your bodies and then pass onto your souls. Start from your five senses and then go on to the seven passions.

Start from your eye, the king of senses, that makes way to the most painful and complicated appetites. The eye sees the body of a woman and it lusts after a woman. The eye sees the wealth of rich people, and it lusts after gold. The eye sees the power of rulers and it lusts after power. Let your eyes be peaceful, honest, sober, pure and your desires will be peaceful, honest, sober and pure. The purer your eye is, the purer your heart will be. Keep a watch on your eye, a greedy discoverer of tempting apples. Be chaste in your looks if you want to be chaste in your bodies. If you possess the chastity of the flesh, you will possess the chastity of riches and power. You will possess all chastities and be the friend of God.

Do not be afraid of being mocked at because of your chastity. Be afraid only of being an enemy of God. One day I heard someone say: "You will be scoffed at as a liar or an eunuch if you show



no lust for women". I solemnly tell you that God instituted marriage to make you His imitators in procreating and His assistants in filling Heaven with people. But there is a higher condition, before which the angels bow down, as they see its sublimeness which, however, they cannot imitate. A condition, which is perfect when it lasts from birth to death, but that does not preclude those who are no longer virgins, who forgo their fecundity, whether male or female, and give up their sensual virility, to become prolific and virile only in the spirit. It is the condition of an eunuch without any physical imperfection or voluntary or violent mutilation. The condition that does not prohibit a person from going near the altar, on the contrary, in future centuries, the altar will be served and surrounded by such persons. It is the highest eunuch condition: where amputation is brought about by the will of belonging only to God, of preserving one's body and heart chaste for Him, that they may forever be refulgent with the purity so dear to the Lamb.

96.7 <sup>7</sup>I have spoken for the people and for those chosen among the people. Now, before entering Philip's house to share his bread and salt, I bless you all: the good people as a reward, the sinners to encourage them to come to Him Who came to forgive. May peace be with you all. »

Jesus gets off the boat and walks through the crowd pressing around Him. At a corner of a house there is Matthew who has listened to the Master, from that spot, not daring to go nearer. Jesus stops when He arrives there and as if He were blessing everybody, He blesses once again, looks at Matthew and then goes away, surrounded by His disciples and followed by the crowd and disappears into a house.

It all ends.

## 97. The call of Matthew.

4<sup>th</sup> February 1945.

[...].

97.1 <sup>1</sup>Almost immediately afterwards I see the following.

We are once again in the market square in Capernaum. But it is warmer today. The market is already over and in the square

there are only a few idlers chatting and some children playing.

Jesus, in the middle of His group, is coming from the lake towards the square, caressing the children who come to meet Him and taking an interest in their little snippets of news. A little girl shows a large bleeding scratch on her forehead and accuses her little brother of doing it.

«Why did you hurt your sister? You should not do that. »

«I didn't do it on purpose. I wanted to pick those figs and I took a stick. But it was too heavy and it fell on her... I wanted to pick them also for her... »

«Is that true, Johanna? »

«Yes, it is. »

«Well, then, you can see that your brother did *not want* to hurt you. On the contrary he wanted to make you happy. So make peace at *once* and give each other a kiss. Good little brothers and sisters, and all good children, must never bear a grudge. Come on... »

The two weeping children kiss each other. They are both crying: one because of the suffering of the scratch, the other because he is sorry that he caused the pain.

Jesus smiles at the kisses sprinkled with big tears. «Well. Now that I see you are being good, I will pick the figs for you. And without a stick. » No wonder! Tall as He is and with such long arms, He can do it without any trouble. He picks them and hands them out.

A woman rushes to the spot. «Take them, take them, Master. I'll bring You some bread at once. »

«No, not for Me. They are for Johanna and Toby. They wanted them. »

«And you have troubled the Master? Oh! How troublesome they are! Forgive them, my Lord. »

«Woman, there was peace to be made... and I got them to make it with the very subject of their war: with figs. Children are never a nuisance. They like sweet figs and I... I like their sweet innocent souls. They take so much bitterness away from Me... »

«Master... it's the gentry who don't love You. But we, poor people, we do. And they are very few, whereas we are so many... »

«I know, woman. Thanks for your encouragement. Peace be with you. Goodbye, Johanna! Goodbye, Toby! Be good. Do not

harm each other and bear no grudges. Alright? »

«Yes, Jesus» answer the children.

97.2 <sup>2</sup>Jesus walks away and He says smiling: «Now that with the help of figs we have cleared the sky of all clouds, we are going to... Where do you think we are going? »

The apostles do not know. Some mention one place, some another. But Jesus shakes His head every time and laughs.

Peter says: «I give up. Unless You tell us... I am in a bad mood today. You did not see him. But when we were coming off the boat, there was Eli, the Pharisee. And he was green with envy... more than ever! And the way he looked at us! »

«Let him look. »

«Eh! That's all we can do. But I can assure You, Master, that two figs won't be enough to make peace with him! »

«What did I say to Toby's mother? "I made peace with the very subject of their war". And I will try to make peace by paying My respects to the eminent people in Capernaum, since they feel that I offended them. So someone else will be happy. »

«Who? »

Jesus does not answer the question and He goes on: «Probably I will not be successful, because they are not willing to make peace. But listen: if in all contests the wiser of the two would give in, and instead of persisting in wanting to be right, he came to an agreement, even sharing equally what, I would also admit, might belong to him by full right, the situation would be a better and a more holy one. People are not always harmful on purpose. Sometimes one does harm without wishing to. You must always consider that and forgive. Eli and the others are convinced that they are serving God with justice by acting as they do. With patience and perseverance, and with humbleness and good grace, I will endeavour to persuade them that new times have come and that, God, *now*, wants to be served according to My teaching. Good grace is the shrewdness of an apostle, perseverance is his weapon, his example and prayers for those to be converted are his success. »

97.3 <sup>3</sup>They arrive in the square. Jesus goes straight to the taxation counter where Matthew is making up his accounts and checking the coins, which he divides into various denominations and puts into bags of different colours, and then into a metal coffer, which

two servants are waiting to take elsewhere.

As soon as the shadow of Jesus' tall figure appears on the bench, Matthew looks up to see who is the late taxpayer. In the meantime Peter, pulling Jesus by His sleeve, says: «There is no payment to be made, Master. What are You doing? »

But Jesus does not listen to him. He stares at Matthew who has risen to his feet immediately in a reverent attitude. A further piercing glance. But it is not the glance of a severe judge, as the last time. It is a glance of a call and love. It enraptures him and fills him with love. Matthew blushes. He does not know what to do or what to say...

«Matthew, son of Alphaeus, your hour is striking. Come. Follow Me! » orders Jesus majestically.

«I? Master, Lord! But do You know who I am? I am saying that for Your sake, not for mine... »

«Come, follow Me, Matthew, son of Alphaeus» He repeats more kindly.

«Oh! How can I have found grace before God? I... I... »

«Matthew, son of Alphaeus, I have seen into your heart. Come, follow Me. » This third invitation is a caress.

«Oh! At once, my Lord! » and Matthew, weeping, comes out from behind the counter, without bothering to pick up the coins spread over it or to close the coffer. Nothing. «Where are we going, my Lord? » he asks when he is near Jesus. «Where are You taking me? »

«To your house. Will you give hospitality to the Son of man? »

«Oh!... but... but what will those who hate You say? »

«I listen to what is said in Heaven and they are saying there: "Glory be to God for a sinner, who is being saved!" and the Father says: "Mercy will rise forever in Heaven and will hover over the earth, and since I love you with an eternal perfect love, I will have mercy also on you". Come. And with My coming, as well as your heart, may also your house be sanctified. »

«I have already purified it, because of a certain hope I had in my heart... but I could not reasonably believe it might come true... Oh! I with Your holy friends... » and he looks at the disciples.

«Yes. With My friends. Come. I am joining you together. Be like brothers. »

The disciples are so amazed, that they have not yet been able to utter one word. In a group, they have walked behind Jesus and Matthew in the bright sunshine in the square, where there is not a soul left, and then for a short distance along a street which is burning in the blazing sun. There is not a soul in the streets. There is nothing but sunshine and dust.

97.4 <sup>4</sup>They go into a house. A beautiful house with a large front door opening onto the road. There is a cool shady hall, beyond which I can see a large yard cultivated as a garden.

«Come in, my Master! Bring water and drinks. »

The servants immediately bring what was requested.

Matthew goes out to give instructions, while Jesus and His disciples refresh themselves. He then comes back. «Come now, Master. The dining room is cooler... My friends are coming... Oh! I want a big celebration! It's my regeneration... It's my... my true circumcision... You have circumcised my heart with Your love... Master, it will be the last feast... No more feasts now for Matthew, the exciseman. No more worldly feasts... Only an internal rejoicing because I have been redeemed and I am serving You... and I am loved by You... How much have I cried... How much, during the past months... I have been crying for almost three months... I did not know what to do... I wanted to come... But how could I, with my unclean soul, come to You, the Holy One?.. »

«You were cleansing it with repentance and charity. Towards Me and your neighbour. Peter? Come here. »

Peter, who is so astonished that he has not yet said one word, comes forward. The two men, both elderly, thickset and stout, are now facing each other, and Jesus, handsome and smiling, is between them.

«Peter, you asked Me many times who was the unknown man of the purse which James used to bring us. Here he is, in front of you. »

«Who? That rob... Oh! forgive me, Matthew! Who could have imagined it was you? And that you were able to tear out a piece of your heart every week and make that rich offering, you who were our despair on account of your usury? »

«I know. I taxed you unfairly. But now, I kneel down before you all and I say to you: do not reject me! He has accepted me. Don't be more severe than He is. »

Peter, who sees Matthew at his feet, suddenly lifts him bodily, roughly but affectionately: «Stand up. You don't have to ask me or the others to forgive you. You must ask Him. We... well, never mind, we are more or less thieves like you... Oh! I have said it! Cursed be my tongue! But that's me: I say what I think, and what's in my heart is also on my lips. Come, let us make a pact of peace and love» and he kisses Matthew on his cheeks.

The others do the same, more or less affectionately. I say so, because Andrew is somewhat reserved, out of shyness, and Judas Iscariot is icy. He seems to be embracing a bundle of snakes, so aloof and brief is his embrace.

<sup>5</sup>Matthew hears a noise and goes out.

97.5

«Master» says Judas Iscariot «I do not think that is wise. The Pharisees are already accusing You, and You... An exciseman as one of Your disciples! An exciseman... after a prostitute!... Do you want to ruin Yourself? If so, tell us, that... »

«That we may make ourselves scarce, is that it? » concludes Peter ironically.

«Who spoke to you? »

«I know that you are not speaking to me, I, instead, am speaking to your noble soul, to your most pure and wise soul. I know that you, a member of the Temple, smell the stench of sin in us poor people, who are not of the Temple. I am aware that you, a full Judaeen, a blend of Pharisee, Sadducee and Herodian, half a scribe and a dash of an Essene — do you wish any more noble words? — I am aware you do not feel at home with us and you are like a magnificent alose caught in a net full of gudgeons. What can we do? He caught us and we... are staying. If you feel uncomfortable... you had better go away. We shall all have some respite. Also He, Who, see? is irritated with me and with you. With me because I lack patience and also... yes, also charity, but even more with you, because you understand nothing, notwithstanding all your alleged attributes, and you have neither charity, nor humbleness, nor respect. You have nothing, my boy. Except a lot of hot air... and God grant it is harmless. »

Jesus has allowed Peter to speak while He is standing with folded arms, pressed lips, a stern look and piercing eyes. At the end He says: «Have you finished, Peter? Have you also cleansed your heart of the yeast that was inside it? You have done the right

thing. Today is Passover for a son of Abraham. Christ's call is like the blood of the lamb on your souls, and where His call is, there will be no more faults. There will be no fault if he who receives it is faithful to it. My call is redemption and is to be celebrated without any yeast. »

Not a word is spoken to Judas. Peter is quiet and mortified.

«Our host is coming back» says Jesus. «And with some friends. Do not let us show them anything but virtue. He who is not capable of doing so, should go out. Do not be like Pharisees, who oppress people with precepts which they cannot keep themselves. »

97.6 <sup>6</sup>Matthew comes back in with some other men and the banquet starts. Jesus is in the middle between Peter and Matthew. They speak of many things and Jesus patiently explains to this and that one what they want to know. There are also complaints about the Pharisees who despise them.

«Well, come to Him Who does not despise you. And behave in such a way that at least good people may not scorn you» answers Jesus.

«You are good. But You are the only one! »

«No. These are like Me and then... there is the Father God Who loves him who repents and wants to become his friend again. If man should lack everything, but the Father should still remain, would man's joy not be full? »

The banquet is at the end when a servant nods to the landlord and says something to him.

«Master: Eli, Simon and Joachim are asking to come in and speak to You. Do You wish to see them? »

«Certainly. »

«But... my friends here are excisemens

«And that is what they are coming to see. Let them see. It would be no use hiding it. It would not serve any good purpose, because evil tongues would make the situation worse stating that there were also prostitutes here. Let them come in. »

97.7 <sup>7</sup>Three Pharisees come in, they look around with ironical smiles and are about to speak.

But Jesus, Who has stood up and goes to meet them with Matthew, precedes them. He lays one hand on Matthew's shoulder and says: «O true children of Israel, I greet you and I give you a

great piece of news that will bring great joy to your hearts, the hearts of perfect Israelites, pining for the observance of the Law in every heart, to give glory to God. Here: Matthew, the son of Alphaeus, as from today is no longer the sinner, the scandal of Capernaum. A mangy sheep of Israel has been cured. Rejoice! After him, other mangy sheep will be cured and your town, in the holiness of which you are so interested, will be pleasing to God for its holiness. He leaves everything to serve God. Give the kiss of peace to the Israelite led astray, who is returning to Abraham's bosom. »

«Is he returning with excisemen? In a joyful banquet? Oh! It is truly a gracious conversion! Look over there, Eli: that is Josiah, the procurer of women »

«And that is Simon of Isaac, the adulterer. »

«And that one? That's Azariah, the gambling-house keeper, in whose gambling-house Romans and Judaeans play, quarrel and go with women. »

«Master, do You know who these are? Did You know? »

«I did. »

«Well, then, why did you people of Capernaum, you disciples, why did you allow all this? I am surprised at you, Simon of Jonas! »

«And you, Philip, you are known here, and you, Nathaniel, I am surprised! You, a true Israelite! Why did you allow your Master to eat with excisemen and sinners? »

«Is there no more restraint in Israel? » The three Pharisees are thoroughly scandalised.

Jesus says: «Leave My disciples in peace. I wanted it. Only I»

«Obviously! When one acts as a saint and is not a saint, one soon falls into unforgivable errors! »

«And when disciples are taught not to have respect, they do not have respect even for the Law. I am still smarting under the disrespectful laughter at me, Eli, the Pharisee, from this man, a Judaeon of the Temple. One teaches what one knows. »

«You are wrong, Eli. You are all wrong. One teaches what one knows. It is true. And I know the Law and I teach those who do not know it, that is, sinners. I know that you are already masters of your souls. Sinners are not. I am looking for their souls, which I give back to them, so that they may bring them to Me again, as



they are: sick, wounded, soiled and I may cure and cleanse them. I have come for that. It is sinners that need the Saviour. And I have come to save them. Try and understand Me... and do not hate Me without cause. »

Jesus is gentle, convincing, humble... But the three Pharisees are hispid thistles all covered with aculei... and they go out showing disgust.

«They have gone... We will now be criticised everywhere» whispers Judas Iscariot.

«Let them do as they wish. Make sure that the Father does not criticise you. Do not be upset, Matthew, nor you, his friends. Our conscience says: "Do no harm". That is enough. »

Jesus sits down and it all ends.

## 98. Meeting with the Magdalene on the lake of Galilee. A lesson to the disciples at Tiberias.

5<sup>th</sup> February 1945.

98.1

<sup>1</sup>Jesus is with His thirteen disciples on the lake of Galilee. There are two boats with seven people in each. Jesus is in Peter's, the first one, with Peter, Andrew, Simon, Joseph and His two cousins. In the other boat there are the two sons of Zebedee with Judas Iscariot, Philip, Thomas, Nathanael and Matthew.

The boats are sailing fast before a cool Boreas, which ripples the water very lightly and the ripple-marks are outlined by a thin veil of foam which resembles fine lace-work on the blue turquoise of the beautiful clear lake. The boats leave behind them two wakes, which meet almost immediately, thus forming a bright sparkling froth, most pleasant to be seen, as they sail in company, Peter's boat being only a few yards ahead of the other one.

From boat to boat, only a few yards apart, the disciples exchange remarks and comments. I thus understand that the Galileans are illustrating and explaining to the Judaeans the various spots of the lake, their trades, the important people who live in the area, the distance from their starting point to the place of arrival, that is from Capernaum to Tiberias. The boats are not being used for fishing, they are only carrying passengers.

Jesus is sitting on the prow and is clearly enjoying the beauties of nature around Him, the quietness, the blue sky and lake, the latter encircled by green shores, where many white villages stand out against the green of the countryside. Almost lying on a bundle of sails, in the very front of the prow, He pays no attention to the conversation of the disciples, and often lowers His head looking at the sapphire mirror of the lake, as if He were studying its depth and were interested in the creatures living in the pellucid water. I wonder what He is thinking about... Peter speaks to Him twice to find out whether the sun is annoying Him — as it has already risen from the east and is shining full on the boat, and is already warm, although not hot; and the second time he asks Him if He wants some bread and cheese like the others. But Jesus does not want a tent or any bread. And Peter leaves Him alone.

<sup>2</sup>A few small leisure boats, almost the size of a shallop, but fitted with purple canopies and soft cushions, cut across the course of the fishermen's boats. Shouts, bursts of laughter and the smell of perfumes go by with them. 98. 2

They are full of beautiful women, many merry Romans, some Palestinians and a few Greeks. This I gather from the words of a thin slender young man, as brown as an almost ripe olive, smartly dressed in a short red tunic, bordered by a heavy Greek fret and held tight at his waist by a belt, which is the masterpiece of a goldsmith. He says: «Hellas is beautiful! But not even my Olympic fatherland has this blue and these flowers. It is really not surprising that the goddesses left it to come here. Let us spread flowers, roses and our compliments to the goddesses, no longer Greek but Judaeen... » And he spreads on the women in his boat the petals of magnificent roses and he throws some into a nearby boat.

A Roman replies to him: «Spread them, spread them, Greek! But Venus is with me. I do not spread roses, I pick them from this beautiful mouth. It is sweeter! » And he bends down to kiss the open smiling lips of Mary of Magdala, who is leaning on cushions with her blond head in the lap of the Roman.

By now the little boats are in front of the two big ones and both because of the inexperience of the rowers and because of a sudden gust of wind, the boats almost collide.

«Be careful, if your lives are dear to you» shouts Peter, who

is wild when he veers, shifting the helm, to avert a collision. Insults from the men and shouts of fear from the women go from boat to boat.

The Romans insult the Galileans saying: «Get out of the way, you dirty Jewish dogs. »

Peter and the other Galileans do not let the insults pass and Peter in particular, flushing like a cockerel, standing on the edge of the boat, which is pitching heavily, with his hands on his hips, gives tit for tat and does not spare Romans or Greeks or Jews or Jewesses. In fact, he assails the women with such courteous titles that I prefer to omit. The squabble lasts until the tangle of keels and oars is loosed and they all go their own ways.

- 98.3 <sup>3</sup>Jesus has not moved from His place. He has remained seated, His mind far away, without a glance or a word to the boats or the passengers. Leaning on one elbow, He has continued to look at the far away shore, as if nothing was happening. Also a flower is thrown at Him, I do not know by whom, certainly by a woman, because I can hear a woman laugh when it is being thrown. But He... does not stir. The flower almost hits His face, then falls on to the boards and ends up under the feet of the furious Peter.

When the little boats are about to move away, I see the Magdalene stand up and follow the indication of one of her partners in vice, that is, she turns her beautiful eyes towards the serene face of Jesus, Whose mind is so far away. How far from this world that face is!...

- 98.4 <sup>4</sup>«Say, Simon! » asks Judas Iscariot. «Since you are a Judean like me, tell me. That beautiful blonde in the Roman's lap, the one who stood up a few minutes ago, isn't she the sister of Lazarus of Bethany? »

«I don't know» is the sharp reply of Simon the Cananean. «I came back amongst the living only a short while ago, and she is a young woman... »

«You are not going to tell me that you do not know Lazarus of Bethany, I hope! I know very well that you are his friend and that you have been there also with the Master. »

«And if it were so? »

«And since *it is so*, I say that you must know also the sinner who is Lazarus' sister. Even the dead know her! People have been talking about her for the last ten years. She began to be

light-headed as soon as she reached the age of puberty. But for over four years! You must be aware of the scandal, even if you were in the "valley of the dead". The whole of Jerusalem talked about her. And Lazarus shut himself up at Bethany... He did the right thing, after all. No one would have set foot in his magnificent house in Zion, where she also came and went. I mean: no holy living person. In the country... well!... In any case she is always around, but never at home... She is certainly at Magdala now... With a new lover... Are you not answering me? Can you say that I am lying? »

«I am not saying that you are lying. I am silent. »

«So it is she! You have recognised her, too! »

«I saw her when she was a child and she was pure then. I have seen her again now... But I recognise her. Although lewd, she is the living image of her mother, a holy woman. »

«Well, then, why were you on the point of denying that she is your friend's sister? »

«We always endeavour to conceal our sores and those of the people we love. Particularly when one is honest. »

Judas gives a forced laugh.

<sup>5</sup>«You are quite right, Simon. And you are honest» remarks Peter. 98. 5

«And did you recognise her? You certainly go to Magdala to sell your fish, and I wonder how many times you have seen her!... »

«My boy, you must know that when your back is broken after an honest day's work, you are not interested in women. You only love the honest bed of your wife. »

«Eh! Everybody likes beautiful things! At least, if for no other reason than to look at them. »

«Why? To say: "It is no food for my table"? No, certainly not. I have learned many things from the lake and from my job, and this is one of them: a fish of fresh and calm water is not fit for salt water or a vortucose water course. »

«What do you mean? »

«I mean that everybody should stay in his place, to avoid dying an evil death. »

«Did the Magdalene make you feel as if you were dying? »

«No, I am tough. But tell me: are you not feeling well, per-

haps? »

«Me? Oh! I didn't even look at her!... »

«You liar! I am sure that you were consumed with envy because you were not on this boat, to be closer to her... you would have put up even with me, to be nearer... So much so, that you are honouring me with your conversation, because of her, after so many days of silence. »

«Me? She would not have even seen me! She was always looking at the Master! »

«Ah! Ah! Ah! And he says that he was not looking at her! How could you see where she was looking, if you did not look at her? »

They all laugh at Peter's remark, except Judas, Jesus and Simon Zealot.

98. 6 <sup>6</sup>Jesus puts an end to the discussion which He feigns He has not heard by asking Peter: «Is that Tiberias? »

«Yes, Master, it is. I will now haul. »

«Wait. Can you stop in that quiet small bay? I would like to speak to you only. »

«I will measure the depth and let You know. » And Peter lowers a long pole into the water and moves slowly towards the shore. «Yes, I can, Master. Shall I go closer to the shore? »

«As far as you can. There is shade and solitude. I like it. »

Peter steers towards the shore. The land is about fifteen metres away, at the most. «I would now touch. »

«Stop. And you come as close as possible and listen. »

Jesus leaves His place and sits in the middle of the boat, on a plank placed from one side to the other. The other boat is in front of Him, while the disciples in His boat are sitting around Him.

«Listen. You may think that I do not pay attention to your conversation and that consequently I am a lazy teacher who does not look after his pupils. You must know that My soul does not leave you one moment. Have you ever seen a doctor who studies a patient affected by a disease not yet identified and presenting contrasting symptoms? He keeps an eye on him, after visiting him, he watches him both when he sleeps and is awake, in the morning and in the evening, when he speaks and when he is silent, because every symptom may help to identify the hidden disease and suggest a cure. I do the same with you. I hold you by means of invisible but most sensitive threads, which are grafted into

Me, and they transmit even the lightest vibrations of your *egos* to Me. I allow you to believe that you are free, that you may reveal yourselves for what you are, which happens when a schoolboy or a maniac thinks he is not being watched by his overseer.

<sup>98.7</sup> You are a group of people, but you form a nucleus, that is, one thing only. You are therefore a unit, which is formed as a body and which is to be studied in its individual features, which are more or less good, in order to shape it, amalgamate it, round it off, increase it in its polyhedric sides, and make it a perfect unit. That is why I study you. And I study you also when you are sleeping.

What are you? What are you to become? You are the salt of the earth. That is what you must become: the salt of the earth. With salt, meat is preserved from putrefaction and many other victuals as well. But if the salt were not salty, could it be used to salt? I want to salt the world with you, to have it seasoned with a celestial flavour. But how can you salt if you become tasteless?

What causes you to lose a celestial flavour? That which is human. Sea water, that is: the water of the real sea, is so salty that it is not good to drink, is it? And yet, if one takes a cup of sea water and pours it into an amphora of fresh water, then one can drink it, because the sea water is so diluted that it has lost its biting strength. Mankind is like fresh water mixed to your celestial saltiness. Again, suppose we could take a little stream of water from the sea and get it to flow into this lake, would you be able to trace that tiny stream? No. It would have been lost in the fresh water. That is what happens to you when you immerse, or rather, you submerge your mission in so much humanity.

You are men. I know. And who am I? I am He Who has all possible strength. And what do I do? I communicate such strength to you after calling you. But what is the use of communicating it to you, if you dissipate it under avalanches of human influences and sentiments?

You are, you must be the light of the world. I chose you: I, the Light of God amongst men, that you may continue to illuminate the world, after I have gone back to the Father. But can you illuminate if you are smoky lamps which have gone out? No. On the contrary, with your smoke — an ambiguous smoke is worse than a completely extinguished wick — you would darken the

dim light that the hearts of men may still have.

Oh! Miserable are those who will apply to the apostles seeking God, and instead of light will receive smoke! It will be scandal and death for them. But the unworthy apostle will be cursed and punished. <sup>98.6</sup> <sup>8</sup>Your destiny is a great one! And a great tremendous commitment as well! But remember that he who has been given more, is obliged to give more. And you have been given the most, both in the way of education and of gifts. You are educated by Me, the Word of God, and you receive from God the gift of being “the disciples”, that is, the continuators of the Son of God.

I would like you to meditate upon your election, to examine yourselves thoroughly, to weigh yourselves... and if anyone feels that he is suitable only to be a believer — I will not even say: if anyone feels he is but an unrepentant sinner; I only say: if anyone feels that he is suitable only to be a believer — but does not feel the strength of an apostle, let him withdraw.

The world is large, beautiful, sufficient, varied enough for those who love it! It offers all the flowers and all the fruit suitable for the stomach and the senses. I offer but one thing: holiness. And on the earth it is the meanest, the poorest, the roughest, the thorniest and the most persecuted thing that exists. In Heaven its meanness is changed into immensity, its poverty into riches, its thorniness into a flowery carpet, its hardness into a smooth pleasant path, its persecution into peace and beatitude. But here it is a hero's labour to be a saint. That is all I can offer.

Are you willing to remain with Me? Do you not feel like staying? Oh! Do not be amazed or sorry. You will hear Me ask you this question many times. And when you hear it, please think that My heart weeps asking it, because it is wounded by your insensibility to your vocation. So examine your own consciences, then judge with honesty and sincerity, and then make up your minds. Make up your minds, so that you may not become reprobates. Say “Master, friends, I realise that I am not made for this life. I kiss you goodbye and I say to you: pray for me”.

Better so than to betray. Better so... What do you say? Betray whom? Whom? Me. My cause, which is the cause of God, because I am one thing with the Father. And yourselves, yes, you would betray yourselves, you would betray your souls, giving them away to Satan. Do you wish to remain Jews? I will not force you

to change. But do not betray. Do not betray your souls, Christ and God. I swear that neither I, nor those faithful to Me will criticise you, neither will they have you despised by the faithful crowd. A short while ago one of your brothers said a *great* word: "We always endeavour to conceal our sores and those of the people we love". And he who would go away, would be a sore, a cancer, which after growing in our apostolic body, would come off, because of its total gangrene, leaving a painful mark which we would carefully keep hidden.

<sup>9</sup>No, do not cry, you who are the better ones. Do not cry. I hear you no grudge, neither am I intolerant seeing you so slow. You have just been chosen and I cannot expect you to be perfect. I will not even demand it after some years, after repeating one hundred or two hundred times the same things in vain. In fact, listen: in a few years' time you will be less fervent than now, that you are neophytes. Such is life... such is mankind... You lose impetus after the first leap. But (Jesus springs to His feet) I swear to you that I will win. Purified by natural selection, fortified by a supernatural mixture, you, better ones, will become My heroes. The heroes of Christ. The heroes of Heaven. The power of the Caesars will be like dust as compared to the regality of your priesthood. You, poor fishermen of Galilee, you, unknown Judaeans, you, mere numbers in the mass of present men, will become more famous, more acclaimed, more venerated than Caesar, and than all the Caesars the world ever had or will have. You will be known and blessed in the near future and in the most remote centuries, until the end of the world. 98. 9

<sup>10</sup>I appoint you to such sublime destiny, because you are honestly willing. And I will outline the essential features of the apostolic character, so that you may be fit for your destiny. 98. 10

Be always vigilant and ready. Your loins should be always girded up, and your lamps always lit, as if you were to leave any moment or to run to meet someone who is arriving. You are in fact, and will tie until your death, the indefatigable pilgrims looking for wanderers; and until death puts them out, your lamps are to be held high up and lit to show the way to misguided souls coming towards the fold of Christ.

You are to be faithful to the Master Who appointed you to such service. That servant will be rewarded whom the master



always finds vigilant and upon whom death comes in the state of grace. You cannot and must not say: "I am young, I have time for this and for that, and then I will think about my Master, my death, my soul Young people die like old ones, and strong men like weak ones. And old and young, strong and weak are equally subjected to the assaults of temptation. Be careful, because the soul can die before the body and you may unknowingly carry around a putrid soul. The dying of a soul is so imperceptible! Like the death of a flower. Not a cry, not a convulsion... it inclines its flame like a tired corolla, and goes out. Later, sometimes after a long time, sometimes immediately after, the body realises it is carrying a verminous corpse within itself, it becomes mad with fear and commits suicide to avoid such union... Oh! it does not avoid it! It falls onto a swarm of snakes in Gehenna with its very verminous soul.

Do not be dishonest like brokers or pettifoggers who side with two opposite customers, do not be as false as politicians, who call this man and that man a "friend", whereas they are enemies to both of them. Do not act in two different ways. You cannot laugh at God or deceive Him. Behave with men as you do with God, because an insult to man is an insult to God. Let God see you as you wish to be seen by men.

98.11 <sup>11</sup>Be humble. You cannot reproach your Master for not being so. I set the example. Do as I do. Be humble, gentle, patient. That is how the world is conquered. Not by violence or force. Be strong and violent against your vices. Extirpate them, at the cost of breaking your hearts. Some days ago I told you to watch over your eyes. But you do not know how to do it. I tell you: it would be better to become blind by pulling out covetous eyes, rather than become lustful.

Be sincere. I am the Truth: both in sublime and human things. I want you to be genuine, too. Why be deceitful with Me, or your brothers, or your neighbour? Why cheat people? Proud as you are, why do you not say: "I do not want people to find out that I am a liar"? And be sincere with God. Do you think you can deceive Him with long manifest prayers? Oh! poor children! God sees into your hearts!

Be chaste in doing good. Also in giving alms. An exciseman knew how to be so before his conversion. And are you not ca-

pable? Yes, I am praising you, Matthew, for your chaste weekly offer, which only the Father and I knew was yours and I am quoting you as an example. Also that is a form of chastity, My friends. Do not disclose your goodness as you would not undress a young daughter before a crowd of people. Be virgins in doing good. A good act is virgin when it is free from any connection with thoughts of pride and praise, or from incentives of pride.

Be faithful to your vocation to God. You cannot serve two masters. A nuptial bed cannot hold two brides at the same time. God and Satan cannot share your embraces. Man cannot, neither can God nor Satan, share a treble embrace contrasting with the three embracing one another. Be averse to the lust for gold as well as to the lust for the flesh, to the lust for the flesh as to the lust for power. That is what Satan offers you. Oh! his deceitful riches! Honour, success, power, wealth: obscene markets where your souls are the legal currency. Be satisfied with little. God gives you what is necessary. It is enough. He guarantees that for you as He does for the birds of the air, and you are worth much more than birds. But He wants reliance and moderation from you. If you rely on Him, He will not disappoint you. If you are moderate, His daily gift will be sufficient for you.

<sup>12</sup>Do not be heathens, by being of God only by name. Those are <sup>98.12</sup> heathens who love gold and power, to appear as demigods, more than they love God. Be holy and you will be like God in eternity.

Do not be intolerant. Since you are all sinners, behave to others as you would like others to behave to you: that is, with mercy and forgiveness.

Do not judge. Oh! do not judge! You have only been with Me for a short time, and yet you have seen how many times I, although innocent, have been wrongly judged and accused of non-existent sins. A bad judgement is an insult. And only true saints do not pay back in the offender's coin. Refrain therefore from offending so that you may not be offended. Thus you will not fail in your duties either to charity, or to holy, dear, kind humbleness, which is Satan's enemy, together with chastity. Forgive, always forgive. Say: "I forgive, Father, that I may be forgiven by You of my numberless sins".

Improve hourly, with patience, perseverance, heroism. Who

told you that it is not painful to become good? On the contrary, I tell you: it is the greatest labour. But the reward is Heaven and it is therefore worthwhile getting exhausted in such labour.

98.13 <sup>13</sup>And love. Oh! What words shall I use to persuade you to love? None is suitable to convert you to love, poor men, instigated by Satan! So I say: "Father, hasten the hour of purification. This land and this flock of Yours are dry and diseased. But there is a dew that can cleanse and soothe them. Open its fountain. Open Me, Father. Here I am burning with the desire to fulfil Your will, which is also Mine and of the Eternal Love. Father, Father. Father! Look at Your Lamb and be Its Sacrificer". »

Jesus is really inspired. Standing, His arms stretched out in the shape of a cross, His face raised towards the sky, in His linen tunic and with the blue lake behind Him, He seems a praying archangel.

The vision ends on this gesture of His.

## 99. At Tiberias, in the house of Chuza.

6<sup>th</sup> February 1945.

99. 1 <sup>1</sup>I see the beautiful new town of Tiberias. Its whole lay-out leads me to believe that it is a new and wealthy town: the town plan is neater than that of any other town in Palestine and shows a civilized and harmonious ensemble not to be found even in Jerusalem. There are beautiful avenues and straight roads, already provided with a sewer system whereby water and rubbish are cleared away. There are also wide squares with large fountains, the bases of which are built with the most beautiful marble.

Many buildings copy the Roman style, with spacious arcades. Through some front doors, already open at this early hour, one can see large halls, marble peristyles decorated with valuable curtains, chairs and tables; in almost every building there is a central yard, paved with marble, with a jet-fountain and marble vases full of blossoming flowers. It is definitely an imitation of the Roman architecture, which has been copied very well and very richly. The loveliest houses are in the streets nearest to the lake. The first three streets, parallel to the lake, are really luxurious. The first one follows the gentle curve of the lake and is ab-

solutely magnificent. The last part of it borders a series of “villas” with the main facades on the back street, and on the lake side they have luxuriant gardens, which stretch so far down as to be lapped by the waves of the lake. Almost every one has a little harbour, in which there are leisure boats with precious canopies and purple seats.

Jesus does not seem to have disembarked from Peter’s boat in the harbour of Tiberias, but somewhere else, probably in the suburbs and is now walking along the avenue alongside the lake.

«Have You ever been to Tiberias, Master?» asks Peter.

«No. Never.»

«Eh! Antipas has done things well and in great style to flatter Tiberius! He is corrupted indeed!...»

«It seems more a holiday resort than a business town.»

«The trading centre is on the other side. It has a lot of trade and is wealthy.»

«And these houses? Do they belong to Palestinians?»

«Some do, some don’t. Many belong to Romans, and many... although full of statues and similar trash, belong to Jews.» Peter sighs and mumbles: «... I wish they had only taken away our independence... but they have taken away our faith as well... We are becoming more heathen-minded than they are!...»

«Not through their fault, Peter. They have their habits and they do not force us to adopt them. We want to become corrupted ourselves. Because of material interest, of the fashion, servilism...»

«You are right. And the Tetrarch is the first one...»

<sup>2</sup>«Master, here we are» says the shepherd Joseph. «This is the house of Herod’s stewards <sup>99.2</sup>

They stop at the end of the avenue, where there is a fork and the avenue becomes the second street, so that the “villas” are situated between it and the lake. The house indicated by Joseph is the first one and is really beautiful, with a flower garden all around it. Branches of jasmin and roses and their sweet smell spread out as far as the lake.

«Is this where Jonathan lives?»

«I was told that he lives here. He is the steward’s steward. He has been fortunate. Chuza is not a bad man and is just in acknowledging the merits of his steward. He is one of the few hon-

est men at the court. Shall I go and call him? »

«Go. »

Joseph goes to the tall front door and knocks. The door-keeper comes to the door. They exchange a few words. I see that Joseph shows disappointment and the porter puts out his grey head and looks at Jesus; he then asks something and Joseph nods assent. They go on speaking.

Joseph then comes towards Jesus Who has been waiting patiently under the shade of a tree. «Jonathan is not here. He is up on High Lebanon. He has taken Johanna up there, in the fresh and pure air, because she is very ill. The servant said that Jonathan went because Chuza is at court and he cannot come away after the scandal of the escape of the Baptist. She was getting worse and the doctor said that she would die here. <sup>99.3</sup>But the servant says that You should go in and rest. Jonathan has spoken of the baby Messiah and also here You are known by name and You are expected. »

«Let us go. » The group begins to move.

The porter, after casting a sidelong glance, calls other servants and opens wide the door, so far only half open, and runs towards Jesus, with the utmost respect: «Bless us, Lord, and this sad house. Come in. Oh! Jonathan will be very sorry that he is not here! He was hoping so much to see You. Please come in with Your friends. »

In the hall there are servants and maids of all ages. They all bow down respectfully, greeting Jesus, and they are curious at the same time. A little old woman is weeping in a corner.

Jesus goes in and blesses with His usual gesture and His greeting of peace. They offer Him refreshments. Jesus sits on a chair and they all gather round Him. «I can see that I am not unknown to you» remarks Jesus.

«Oh! Jonathan brought us up, telling us about You. Jonathan is good. He says that he is good because the kiss he gave You made him good. But it is also because he is good. »

«I have given and received kisses..., but, as you say, it is only in good people that they increase their goodness. Is he absent just now? I came to see him. »

«As I said: he is up in Lebanon. He has friends there... It is the last hope for our young mistress, if it does not help... »

<sup>4</sup>The little woman in the corner cries louder. Jesus looks at her <sup>99.4</sup> inquisitively.

«She is Esther, the mistress's wet-nurse. She is crying because she cannot resign herself to losing her. »

«Come, mother. Do not cry like that» Jesus encourages her.

«Come here near Me. A disease does not necessarily mean death! »

«Oh! it is death! it is death! After she had her only unfortunate childbirth, she is dying! Adulteresses have deliveries secretly and yet they live, and she, so good, so honest, dear, so dear, she must die! »

«What is the matter with her now? »

«She has a fever that consumes her... She is like a lamp that burns in a very windy place... it gets stronger every day and she gets weaker. Oh! I wanted to go with her. But Jonathan wanted young maids, because she has no strength left and she has to be lifted bodily and I am no longer capable... Not capable of that... but I am capable of loving her. I received her from her mother's womb... I was a servant and I was married, and I had a child one month old and I suckled her, because her mother was very weak and could not... I acted as her mother when she became an orphan and she could hardly say mummy. I have grown old and wrinkled watching at her bedside when she was ill... I dressed her as a bride and led her to her nuptial bed... I smiled at her hopes of becoming a mother... I wept with her over her dead baby... I have gathered all the smiles and all the tears of her life... I have given her all the smiles and all the consolation of my love... and now she is dying and I am not beside her... » One can but feel sorry for the old woman.

Jesus caresses her, but to no avail. «Listen, mother. Have you faith? »

«In You? Yes, I have. »

«In God, woman. Do you believe that God can do everything? »

«I do, and I believe that You, His Messiah, can do it, too. Oh! They already speak in town of Your power! That man there (and she points to Philip) some time ago was speaking of Your miracles near the synagogue. And Jonathan asked him: "Where is the Messiah? " and he replied: "I do not know". Jonathan then said to me: "If He were here, I swear it, she would be cured". But You

were not here... and he has gone away with her... and now she will die... »

«No. Have faith. Tell me exactly what you feel in your heart: can you believe that she will *not* die because of your faith? »

«Because of my faith? Oh! If that is what You want, here it is. Take also my life, my old life... just let me see her cured. »

«I am the Life. I give life and not death. You gave life to her, one day, with the milk of your breast, and it was a poor life that could finish. Now with your faith, you are giving her an endless life. Smile, mother! »

«But she is not here... » The old woman is uncertain between hope and fear. «She is away, and You are here... »

«Have faith. Listen. I am now going to Nazareth for a few days. Also there there are some friends of Mine who are ill... I will then go to Lebanon. If Jonathan comes back within six days, send him to Nazareth, to Jesus of Joseph. If he does not come, then I will go. »

«How will you find him? »

«Tobias' archangel will guide Me. Fortify your faith. That is all I ask of you. Do not cry any longer, mother. »

The old woman, instead, cries louder. She is at Jesus' feet, resting her head on His divine knees, kissing and crying on His blessed hand.

Jesus caresses her with His other hand and as the other servants gently reproach her because she is getting exhausted weeping, He says: «Leave her alone. It is a relief for her to shed tears now. It will do her good. Are you all glad that your mistress may be restored to health? »

«Oh! She is so good! When one is like her, one is not a master, but a friend and is loved as such. We love her, believe us. »

«I can see into your hearts, Be always good, too. I am going. I cannot wait. I have a boat. I bless you. »

«Come back, Master. Come back again! »

«I will come back. I will often come back. Goodbye. Peace to this house and to you all. »

Jesus goes out with His disciples, in the company of the servants cheering Him.

99. 5 <sup>5</sup>«You are better known here than in Nazareth» remarks His cousin James sadly.

«This house has been prepared by a man who had true faith in the Messiah. As far as Nazareth is concerned, I am only a carpenter... Nothing else.»

«And... we have not the strength to preach You for what You are...»

«Have you not?»

«No, my cousin. We are not heroes like Your shepherds...»

«Do you think so, James?» Jesus smiles looking at His cousin who is so much like His putative father, with his brown eyes and hair and swarthy face, whereas Judas looks paler, as his face is framed by a very dark beard and curly hair, and his eyes are almost a violet blue hue, and are vaguely like Jesus'. «Well, I tell you that you do not know yourself. You and Judas are two strong characters.»

His cousins shake their heads.

«You will realize that I am not mistaken.»

«Are we really going to Nazareth?»

«Yes. I want to speak to My Mother and... and do something else. Who wants to come, can come.»

*They all* want to go. The cousins are the happiest of the lot. «It is because of our father and mother, see?»

«Yes, I understand. We will go to Cana and then to Nazareth.»

«To Cana? Oh! Well, we will go to Susanna's. She will give us eggs and fruit for our father, James.»

«And she will certainly give us some of her good honey. He likes it so much!»

«And it is very nourishing.»

«Poor father! He suffers so much! Like an uprooted tree, he feels his life is fading away... and he would like not to die...» James looks at Jesus. With a silent prayer... Jesus pretends not to see him. «Joseph also died like that, with severe pains, did he not?»

«Yes, he did» replies Jesus. «But he suffered less because he was resigned.»

«And he had You.»

«Also Alphaeus could have Me...»

The cousins sigh sadly and it all ends.



100. In Nazareth, in the house of the old and sick Alphaeus. The life of an apostle is not an easy one.

7<sup>th</sup> February 1945. St. Romuald.

100.1 <sup>1</sup>Jesus is on the beautiful hills of Galilee with His disciples. To escape the sun which is still high in the sky, although beginning to set, they walk under trees, mainly olive-tress.

«Beyond that edge there is Nazareth» says Jesus. We shall soon be there. I now tell you that at the entrance to the town, we will part. Judas and James will go at once to see their father, as their hearts desire. Peter and John will give alms to the poor people, who will certainly be near the fountain. The others and I will go home for supper and then we will think about resting.

«We will go back to good Alphaeus. We promised him the last time. But I will come only to say hello to him. I give my bed to Matthew who is not yet accustomed to hardships and privations» says Philip.

«No, not you, you are old. I will not allow that. I have had very comfortable beds so far, but I suffered the pains of hell in them! Believe me: I am enjoying so much peace now, that even if I lie down on stones, I seem to be resting on feathers. Oh! It's your conscience that makes you sleep or not!» replies Matthew.

A charity competition starts among the disciples Thomas, Philip, Bartholomew and Matthew who are obviously the ones who the last time stayed in the house of this Alphaeus (who is certainly not James' father, because James speaking to Andrew says: «There will always be room for you, as the last time, even if his father's health has got worse»).

Thomas wins: «I am the youngest in the group. I am giving my bed. Never mind, Matthew. Little by little you will get used to it. Do you think that I will be put to a lot of trouble? No. I am like a young man in love who says: "I may be lying on a hard bed, but I am near my love". » Thomas, about thirty eight years old, laughs happily and Matthew gives in to him.

The first houses of Nazareth are now only a few yards away.

«Jesus... we are going» says Judas.

«Yes, go. »

The two brothers almost run away.

«Eh! A father is a father» whispers Peter. «Even if he is

sulky with us, he is always our same blood, and blood is thicker than water. In any case... I like Your cousins. They are very good. »

«Yes, they are very good. And they are humble, so humble that they do not even try to ascertain how humble they are. They always think that they are at fault, because they see good in everybody except themselves. They will go a long way... »

<sup>2</sup>They are now in Nazareth. Some women see Jesus and greet Him, also men and children do likewise. But there is not the excitement for the Messiah as in other places: here it is friends greeting a friend who has come back. And they greet Him more or less effusively. In many I see an ironic curiosity while they watch the heterogenous group of Jesus' disciples, which is certainly not a train of regal dignitaries or stately priests. Hot, dusty, modestly dressed as they are, with the exception of Judas Iscariot, Matthew, Simon and Bartholomew — I have mentioned them in a descending order of smartness — they look more like a crowd of country folk going to a market, than followers of a king. Which king has of His own only His imposing stature and above all His stately countenance. 100. 2

They walk for a few yards, then Peter and John leave and go to the right, whereas Jesus and the others proceed as far as a little square crowded with children shouting round a basin full of water, from which their mothers are drawing supplies.

<sup>3</sup>A man sees Jesus and he makes a gesture of pleasant surprise. He rushes towards Him and greets Him: «You are welcome! I was not expecting You so soon! Here: kiss my last grandson. He is little Joseph. He was born during Your absence» and he hands Him the little baby he is holding in his arms. 100. 3

«Have you named him Joseph? »

«Yes. I cannot forget him who was almost a relative of mine, and even more than a relative, my *great* friend. Now I have given all the dearest names also to my grandchildren: Anne, my friend when I was a little boy, and Joachim. Then Mary... oh! what a celebration when she was born! I remember when they gave me her to kiss and they said to me: “See? That beautiful rainbow was the bridge on which she came down from Heaven. The angels use that road there” and she really looked like a little angel, she was so beautiful... Now here is Joseph. If I had known that

You were coming back so soon, I would have awaited You for his circumcision. »

«I thank you for your love for My grandparents, My father and My Mother. He is a beautiful child. May he be forever as just as the just Joseph. » Jesus tosses the baby who smiles at Him babyishly.

«If You wait for me, I'll come with You.. I am waiting for the amphoras to be filled. I don't want my daughter Mary to get tired. Or better still, this is what I will do. I'll give the amphoras to Your disciples, if they will take them, and I'll speak to you for a little while, all by ourselves. »

«Of course we will take them! We are not Assyrian kings» exclaims Thomas, who is the first to take hold of an amphora.

«Well then, look. Mary of Joseph is not at home. She is at Her brother-in-law's, you know. But the key is in my house. Ask them to give it to you, so that you may enter the house, the workshop, I mean. »

«Yes, go. You may also go into the house, I will come later. »

The apostles go away and Jesus is left with Alphaeus.

«I wanted to tell You... I am a true friend of Yours... And when one is a true friend, and is older, and is from the same place, one may speak. I think that one *ought* to speak... I... I do not want to give You any advice. You know better than I do. I only want to warn You that... Oh! I do not want to play the spy, neither do I wish to place Your relatives in an unfavourable light. But I believe in You, the Messiah, and... and it hurts me to hear them say that You are not Him, that is the Messiah, that You are unsound, that you are the ruin of the family, and of Your relatives. The town... You know, Alphaeus is held in high esteem and so people listen also to them, and he is now ill and I feel sorry for him... Also sufferings at times cause people to do wrong things. See, I was there that evening when Judas and James defended You and their liberty to follow You... Oh! what a row! I don't know how Your Mother can stand it! And that poor woman Mary of Alphaeus? Women are always the victims in certain family situations. »

«My cousins are now at their father's... »

«At their father's? Oh! I feel sorry for them! The old man is beside himself, it must be his age and his illness, but he is behaving like a madman. If he were not mad, I would feel even more

sorry for him because... he would ruin his soul. »

«Do you think that he will treat his sons badly? »

«I am sure he will. I am sorry for them and for the women...

Where are You going? »

«To Alphaeus' house. »

«Don't, Jesus. Don't let them be disrespectful to You! »

«My cousins love Me more than themselves and it is fair that I should reward them with equal love... There are two women there, who are dear to Me. I am going. Do not keep Me back. »

And Jesus hurries towards Alphaeus' house, whereas the other man remains pensive in the street.

<sup>4</sup>Jesus is walking fast. There He is, at the entrance to Alphaeus' kitchen garden. He hears the crying of a woman and the unbecoming shouting of a man. Jesus walks faster the few yards that separate the street from the house, across the very green kitchen garden. He is almost on the threshold of the house when His Mother looks out of the door and sees her Son. 100.4

«Mother! »

«Jesus! »

Two cries of love.

Jesus is going to enter, but Mary says: «No, Son. » And She stands on the threshold with Her arms stretched out, clasping the door jambs with Her hands: a barrier of body and love, and She repeats: «No, Son. Do not go in. »

«Let Me in, Mother. Nothing will happen. » Jesus is very calm, although Mary's growing pallor is certainly upsetting Him. He takes Her slender wrist, moves Her hand away from the door jamb and goes in.

There are strewn on the kitchen floor, reduced to a slimy pulp the eggs, the grapes and the jar of honey brought from Cana. From another room a querulous voice is heard, that of an old man who is cursing, accusing, complaining in one of those senile fits of temper, so unfair, impotent and painful to be seen, and so sorrowful to endure. «... there you are, my house is ruined, we have become the laughing-stock of the whole of Nazareth, and I am here, alone, helpless, struck in my heart, in the respect due to me, in my needs!... That is what is left for you, Alphaeus, for behaving as a true believer! Why? Why? Because of a madman. A madman who has made my foolish sons insane. Ah! Ah! What pain! »

And Mary of Alphaeus' tearful voice implores: «Be good, Alphaeus, be good! Don't you see that you are hurting yourself? Come, let me help you to lie down... You are always good, always just... Why are you doing thus to yourself? To me? To the poor children?.. »

«No! No! Don't touch me! I don't want you! The children are good? Ah! They certainly are! Two ungrateful sons! They brought me honey after filling me with bitterness. They brought me eggs and grapes, after feeding on my heart! Go away, I tell you. Away! I don't want you. I want Mary. She knows how to do things. Where is that weak woman now, who can't get Her Son to obey Her? »

Mary of Alphaeus, chased out, enters the kitchen while Jesus is about to go into Alphaeus' room. She sees Him and collapses on Him, sobbing desperately, while Mary, the Virgin, goes humbly and patiently near the old angry man.

«Do not cry, aunt. I will go in now. »

«No, no! Don't let him insult You! He seems to be mad. He has a stick. No, Jesus, no. He struck also his sons. »

«He will not do anything to Me» and Jesus, resolutely, though kindly, moves His aunt to one side and goes in.

100. 5 <sup>5</sup>«Peace to you, Alphaeus. »

The old man, who is on the point of lying down with endless complaints and reproaches to Mary, because She is not capable of doing anything (before he had said that only She knew how to do things) suddenly turns round. «You are here? Here to scoff at me? This too? »

«No. To bring you peace. Why are you so cross? You are making your condition worse. Mother, leave him. I will lift him. I will not hurt you and you will not have to make any effort. Mother, lift the blankets. » And Jesus carefully gets hold of the heavy-breathing, weak, wicked, weeping, miserable little heap of bones and lays him with great care, as if he were a new-born baby, on his bed. «There you are. As I used to do to My father. Let us lift this pillow. It will raise you up and you will breathe better. Mother, put that little one there, under his back. He will be more comfortable. And now the light like that, that it may not hurt his eyes, while letting in the fresh air. That is it. Now... I saw a decoction on the fire. Bring it to Me, Mother. And make it very

sweet. You are all sweaty and you are getting cold. It will do you good. »

Mary goes out obediently.

«But I... but I... Why are You good to me? »

«Because I love you, you know that. »

«Before I loved You, too... but now... »

«Now you no longer love Me. I know. But I love you, and that is enough for Me. After... you will love Me... »

«Well then... Ah, ah,... how painful! then if it is true that You love me, why do You offend my grey hair? »

«I do not offend you, Alphaeus, in any way. I honour You. »

«Honour me? I am the laughing stock of Nazareth. »

«Why do you say so, Alphaeus? In what way have I made you a laughing stock? »

«With regard to my sons. Why are they rebels? Because of You. Why am I mocked at? Because of You. »

«Tell Me: if Nazareth should praise you because of the destiny of your sons, would you feel the same pain? »

«In that case, I would not! But Nazareth does not praise me. They would praise me if You were a conqueror. But that they should leave me on account of one who is little less than an insane man who roams about the world, drawing upon himself hatred and derision, a poor man amongst the poor! Ah! Who would not laugh? My poor home! What has come of you, poor house of David! And I was to live so long to see this misfortune? To see You, the last shoot of the glorious family, become corrupt with insanity because of excessive servility! Ah! Misfortune has befallen us since the day my faint-hearted brother agreed to be united to that insipid yet overbearing woman who had full control over him. I then said: "Joseph is not cut out for marriage. He will be unhappy!" And he was. He knew what it was like, and he never wanted to have anything to do with marriage. Cursed be the Law of orphan heiresses! Cursed be fate. Cursed be that wedding. »

The «Virgin heiress» has come back with the decoction in time to hear Her brother-in-law's jeremiad. She is even more pale. But Her patient gracefulness is not upset. She goes near Alphaeus and with a gentle smile helps him to drink.

«You are unfair, Alphaeus. But you are so ill, that you are for-

given everything» says Jesus, Who is holding up is head.

«Oh! Yes! Very ill! You say that You are the Messiah! You work miracles. So they say. If at least You cured me, to compensate me for the sons You have taken. Cure me... and I will forgive You. »

«Forgive your sons. Endeavour to understand their souls, and I will give you relief. If you have still a grudge against them, I can do nothing. »

«Forgive them? » The old man has an outburst of rage, which, of course, sharpens his agonies of pain and that makes him enraged again. «Forgive them? Never! Go away! Away, if that is what You have to tell me! Go away! I want to die without being troubled any further. »

Jesus makes a gesture of resignation. «Goodbye, Alphaeus, I am going away... Must I really go? Uncle... must I really go? »

«If You are not going to satisfy me, yes, go away. And tell those two serpents that their old father is dying with a grudge against them. »

«No. Do not do that. Do not lose your soul. Do not love Me, if you wish so. Do not believe that I am the Messiah. But do not hate. Do not hate, Alphaeus. Scoff at Me. Call Me insane. But do not hate. »

«But why do You love me, if I insult You? »

«Because I am He Whom you do not want to acknowledge. I am the Love. Mother, I am going home. »

«Yes, My Son. I will not be long. »

«I leave My peace with you, Alphaeus. If you want Me, send for Me, at any time, and I will come. »

Jesus goes out, as calm as if nothing had happened. He only looks paler.

«Oh! Jesus, Jesus, forgive him» moans Mary of Alphaeus.

«Of course, Mary. There is not even any need to forgive him. Who suffers, is forgiven everything. Now he is already calmer. Grace works also unknown to one's heart. And then there are your tears, and certainly Judas' and James' sufferings, and their loyalty to their vocations. May peace be in your anguished heart, aunt.» He kisses her and goes out into the kitchen garden to go home.

100.6 <sup>6</sup>When He is about to set foot on the road, Peter comes in, and behind him John, panting as if they had been running. «Oh!

Master! What's the matter? James said to me: "Run to my house. I wonder how Jesus is being treated!" No, I'm wrong. Alphaeus came in, the man of the fountain, and he said to Judas: "Jesus is in your house" and then James said so. Your cousins are distressed. I don't understand what it is all about. But I see You... and I take heart. »

«It is nothing, Peter. A poor invalid, made intolerant by pain. It is all over now. »

«Oh! I am glad! And why are you here? » Peter asks the Iscariot, who has rushed there too, and his tone is not very kind.

«You are here too, are you not? »

«I was asked to come and I came. »

«I came too. If the Messiah was in danger, *and in His own fatherland*, I, having already defended Him in Judaea, can defend Him also in Galilee. »

«We are quite capable of that. But there is no need *in Galilee*. »

«Ha! Ha! Ha! Indeed! His fatherland is ejecting Him like heavy food. Well. I'm glad for you, who were scandalised by a little incident, which took place in Judaea, where He is unknown. Here, instead!... » and Judas ends whistling a tune which is a masterpiece of a satire.

«Listen, boy. I am not in the right mood to put up with you. Stop it, therefore... if... something is dear to you. Master, did they hurt You? »

«No, My dear Peter. I can assure you. <sup>7</sup>Let us walk faster to comfort My cousins. » 100. 7

They go and enter the large workshop. Judas and James are near the big carpenter's bench. James is standing, Judas is sitting on a stool, his elbow on the bench, his head resting on his hand. Jesus goes towards them, smiling, to reassure them at once that His heart loves them: «Alphaeus is calmer, now. His pains are subsiding and everything is peaceful again. You must be calm, too. »

«Did You see him? And mother? »

«I saw everybody. »

Judas asks: «Also our brothers? »

«No, they were not in. »

«They were there. They did not want to be seen by You. But



with us! Oh! If we had committed a crime, we would not have been treated like that. And we flew from Cana for the joy of seeing him again and bringing him what he is fond of! We love him... but he no longer understands us... he no longer believes us. » Judas bends his arm and cries, his head resting on the bench. James is stronger. But his internal torture can be read on his face.

«Do not cry, Judas. And you... do not suffer. »

«Oh! Jesus! We are his children... and he cursed us. But even if that tears our hearts, no, we are not turning back! We belong to You and we will remain Yours, even if they threaten us with death to detach us from You! » exclaims James.

«And you said that you were not capable of heroism? I knew. But you have said it yourself. Really, you will be faithful also against death. And you, too» Jesus caresses them. But they are suffering. The stony vault resounds with Judas' crying.

100.8 <sup>8</sup>And it is thus possible for me to become better acquainted with the disciples' souls.

Peter, whose honest face is sorrowful, exclaims: «Yes! It is painful... A sad situation. But, my dear boys (and he shakes them affectionately) not everybody deserves such words... I... I realise that I have been fortunate in my vocation. That good woman, my wife, always says to me: "It is as if I were repudiated, because you are no longer mine. But I say: 'Oh! happy repudiation! '. "You should say that, too. You lose your father but you gain God. »

The shepherd Joseph, an orphan, devoid of experience of family life is amazed that a father can be the cause of so many tears, and says: «I thought I was the most unhappy of all, because I am fatherless. But I see that it is better to moan over his death than to bewail him as an enemy. »

John kisses and caresses his friends.

Andrew sighs and is quiet. He is pining to speak but his shyness gags him.

Thomas, Philip, Matthew and Nathanael are speaking in low voices in a corner, with the respect due to real sorrow.

James of Zebedee is praying, just about understandably, that God may grant peace.

Simon Zealot, oh! how much I like his gesture! He leaves his corner and comes near the two distressed men, he lays one hand on Judas's head and with his other arm he embraces James' waist

and says: «Don't cry, son. Jesus did say to us, to you and to me: "I am uniting you: you who are losing your father because of Me, and you who have a father's heart, without having any children". And we did not understand how much of a prophesy there was in His words. But He knew. Now: I beg you. I am old and I always dreamt of being called "father". Accept me as such, and I, as a father, will bless you every morning and evening. Please accept me as such. » The two brothers nod in assent sobbing more loudly.

<sup>9</sup>Mary comes in and hastens towards the two sad men. She caresses Judas' dark head and James' cheeks. She is as pale as a lily. Judas takes Her hand, kisses it and asks: «What is he doing? » 100. 9

«He is sleeping, son. Your mother sends you her kisses» and She kisses them both.

Peter's harsh voice bursts out: «Listen, come here a moment, I want to tell you something» and I see Peter get hold of an arm of the Iscariot with his strong hand and take him out to the street. And then he comes back in alone.

«Where did you send him? » asks Jesus.

«Where? To get some fresh air, or I would have ended up by giving him some myself, but in a different way... and I did not do it only because of You. Oh! I feel better now. He who laughs in the presence of sorrow is an asp, and I crush snakes. You are here... and I only sent him out in the moonlight. It may well be... but I will become even a scribe, a change that only God can work in me, as I hardly know that I am in this world, but he... he will not become good, not even with the help of God. Simon of Jonas can assure You, and I am not mistaken. No! Don't worry! He could not believe that he was getting away from a sad situation. He is more arid than a flint stone in the sun in August. Come on, boys! There is a Mother here that not even Heaven has a sweeter one. There is a Master here Who is more loving than Paradise, and there are so many hearts that sincerely love you. Storms do a lot of. good: they clear away the dust. Tomorrow you will be fresher than flowers, swifter than birds, to follow our Jesus. »

And it all ends on these simple good words of Peter.

<sup>10</sup>Then Jesus says:

«After this vision you will put the one I gave you in spring

100. 10

1944, the one in which I asked My Mother Her impression on the apostles. By now their moral characters are sufficiently clear to allow that vision to be put here without scandalising anybody. I did not need anybody's advice. But when we were alone, and the disciples were scattered among friendly families or in nearby villages, when I stopped in Nazareth, how pleasant it was to speak to and ask advice of My kind Friend: My Mother, and have confirmation from Her graceful wise lips of what I had already seen. I have never been anything but "Her Son" with Her. And among those born of woman there was never a mother more "mother" than She, in all the perfections of human and moral motherly virtues, neither was there a son more "son" than I in terms of respect, confidence and love.

100. 11 <sup>11</sup> And now that you also have had at least a little knowledge of the Twelve, of their virtues, faults, characters, struggles, is there still anyone who believes that it was an easy task for Me to keep them together, elevate and perfect them? And is there still anyone who considers the life of an apostle to be easy, and that to be an apostle or, as very often is the case, to *consider oneself such*, one is entitled to an easy life, free from sorrows, contrasts, defeats? Is there still anybody who, only because he serves Me, expects Me to be *his* servant and to work miracles uninterruptedly in his favour, making his life as beautiful as a flowery carpet, easy and glorious from a human point of view? My way, My work, My service is the cross, sorrow, abnegation, sacrifice. I did that. Let those who say that they are "My" friends do the same. The above is not for the Johns, but for discontented and difficult doctors.

100. 12 <sup>12</sup> And also for doctors of captious objections I say that I made use of the words: uncle and aunt, which are unusual in Palestinian languages, to clarify and settle a disrespectful question concerning My condition of only-begotten Son of Mary and the Virginity of My Mother pre and post-partum; She in fact had Me through spiritual divine union, and let Me repeat it once again, *She knew no other union*, neither did She give birth to any other child: Inviolate Flesh, which even I did not rend, closed on the mystery of a tabernacle-womb, the throne of the Trinity and of the Incarnate Word. »

## 101. Jesus questions His Mother about His disciples.

The evening of 13<sup>th</sup> February 1944.

[...].

<sup>1</sup>About two hours after the above vision, I now see the house of Nazareth. I recognise the room of the farewell\*, open onto the little kitchen garden, where the plants are all covered with leaves. 101. 1

Jesus is with Mary. They are sitting beside each other on the stone bench set against the wall. It looks as if they have already had their supper and that Mother and Son are taking delight in sweet conversation, while the others have already withdrawn, if there are other people, as I do not see anybody. My internal voice informs me that it is one of the first times that Jesus goes back to Nazareth after His Baptism, His fasting in the desert and above all, after the formation of the apostolic college. He tells His Mother of His first days of evangelization, and the first hearts He conquered.

Mary is hanging onto the words of Her Jesus. Mary is thinner and paler, as if She had suffered during this period of time. Two dark shadows have formed under Her eyes, as if She had been crying and worrying a great deal. But now She is happy and smiling. She smiles caressing Her Jesus' hand. She is happy to have Him there, talking heart to heart with Him in the silence of the oncoming evening.

It must be summer time, because the fig tree already has its first ripe fruits, which stretch out as far as the house and Jesus, standing up, picks some and gives the best ones to His Mother, peeling them carefully and offering them in the crown of skins pulled down inside out, as if they were white buds streaked in red, amidst a corolla of petals white inside and violet outside. He offers them in the palm of His hand and smiles seeing that His Mother relishes them.

<sup>2</sup>Then He asks Her point blank: «Mother, have You seen the disciples? What do You think of them?» 101. 2

Mary, Who is about to put a third fig to Her mouth, starts, stops Her hand, lifts Her head and looks at Jesus.

\* the room of the farewell: in 44. 1.

«What do You think of them now that I have shown them all to You? » urges Jesus.

«I think that they love You and that You will get a lot out of them. John... Love John, as You know how to love. He is an angel. I do not worry when I think that he is with You. Peter, too... is good. Somewhat harder, because he is older, but sincere and convinced. And his brother, too. They love You as best as they can, just now. Later, they will love You more. Also our cousins, now that they are convinced, will be faithful to You. But the man from Kerioth... I do not like him, Son. His eye is not crystal-clear and his heart even less so. He frightens Me. »

«He is full of respect for You. »

«*Too much respect.* He is full of respect also for You. But not for You, the Master; for You the future King, from Whom he hopes to receive wealth and glory. He was a nobody, just a little more than the others at Kerioth. He hopes to play an important role at Your side and... Oh! Jesus! I do not want to be uncharitable, but I think, even if I do not want to believe it, that in case You should disappoint him, he will not hesitate to take Your place, or endeavour to do so. He is ambitious, greedy and vicious. He is more suitable to be the courtier of a worldly king, than Your apostle, My Son. He frightens Me! » And the Mother looks at Jesus with two eyes full of dismay in Her pale face.

101.3 <sup>3</sup>Jesus sighs. He ponders. He looks at His Mother. He smiles to encourage Her. «Also *that* is needed, Mother. If it were not he, it would be someone else. My College must represent the world, and in the world they are not all angels, neither are they all of the same character as Peter and Andrew. If I chose everything perfect, how could the poor diseased souls dare hope to become My disciples? I have come to save what is lost, Mother. John is saved as he is. But how many are not! »

«I am not afraid of Levi. He redeemed himself because he wanted to. He forsook his sin and his customs desk and acquired a new soul to come with You. But Judas of Kerioth did not. On the contrary, pride is becoming more and more the master of his ugly old soul. But You already know that, Son. Why do You ask Me? I can but pray and cry for You. You are the Master. Also of Your poor Mother. »

The vision ends here.

## 102. Meeting with the ex-shepherd Jonathan and the healing of Johanna of Chuza.

8<sup>th</sup> February 1945.

<sup>1</sup>The disciples are having their supper in Joseph's large workshop. The big bench is used as a table, on which there is everything that is needed. But I see that the workshop is used also as a dormitory. The other two carpenter's benches have been changed into beds by placing mats on them, and little low beds (mats on hurdles) have been placed along the walls. The apostles are speaking to one another and to the Master.

«So You are really going up to Lebanon?» asks the Iscariot.

«I never promise what I am not going to keep. In this case I promised twice: the shepherds and Johanna of Chuza's nurse. I have waited for five days as I told her, and I have added today for caution sake. But now I am going. We shall start as soon as the moon rises. It will be a long way even if we go by boat as far as Bethsaida. But I want My heart to rejoice, greeting also Benjamin and Daniel. You have seen what souls the shepherds have. Oh! It is well worthwhile going to honour them, because not even God lowers Himself by honouring one of His servants, on the contrary He increases His justice.»

«In this heat? Watch what You are doing. I am telling You for Your own sake.»

«Nights are already less sultry. The sun will be in Leo only for a short time now, and the storms are mitigating the heat. And I tell you once again. I am not compelling anyone to come. Everything must be spontaneous in Me and around Me. If you have business to attend to, or if you feel tired, stay here. We will meet later.»

«Well, You said so. I have to attend to some family matters. Vintage time is near and my mother asked me to see certain friends... You know, I am the head of the family, after all. I mean: I am the man in the family.»

Peter grumbles: «It is a good thing that he remembers that a mother always comes first after a father.»

Judas, whether he does not hear or he does not want to hear, shows no sign that he has heard the grumbling, which in any case Jesus checks by casting a glance, while James of Zebedee,

who is sitting near Peter, gives a tug at his tunic to make him keep quiet.

«You may go, Judas. In fact, *you must go*. We must never be wanting in obedience to our mothers. »

«Well, I will *go* at once, if You allow me. I will be at Nain in time to find accommodation. Goodbye, Master. Goodbye, friends. »

«Be the friend of peace and deserve always to have God with you. Goodbye» says Jesus, whereas the others say goodbye altogether.

There is not much grief at seeing him depart, on the contrary... Peter, perhaps because he is afraid that he may change his mind, helps him to tie the straps of his bag and to sling it across his back, he takes him to the door of the workshop, which is already open like the other door opening on to the kitchen garden, obviously to ventilate the sultry room after a very hot day. He remains at the door looking at Judas going away, and when he sees that he is really departing, he makes a gesture of joy and of ironical farewell and comes back in rubbing his hands. He says nothing... but has already said everything. Some of the disciples who have been watching, sneer.

102.2 <sup>2</sup>But Jesus does not notice them, because He is scanning the face of His cousin James, who has blushed and looks serious, and has stopped eating his olives. He asks him: «What is the matter? »

«You said: “We must not lack obedience to our mother... ” What about us, then? »

«Have no scruples. As a general rule that is how one must behave. When one is but a *man* and a child of the same flesh. But not when one has taken another nature and a different paternity. Such higher paternity is to be followed in its orders and desires. Judas came before you and Matthew... but he is still so far behind. He must form, and he will do so very slowly. You must all be charitable to him, you, too, Peter, be charitable! I understand... but I say to you: be charitable. To tolerate annoying people is not an easy virtue. Make use of it. »

«Yes, Master... But when I see him so... so... Well, be quiet, Peter, because in any case He understands... I seem to be a sail too taut because of the wind... I creak under the stress, and something always breaks within me... But You know, or rather,

You do not know because You are worth nothing as a boatman, so I tell You, if all the sheets of a sail snap because of excessive tension, I can assure You that the sail gives the stupid boatman such a slap, that it stuns him... Now I feel that... I risk having all the sheets broken... and then... It is better, yes, if now and again he goes away. So the sail droops because of lack of wind and I have time to reinforce the sheets. »

Jesus smiles and shakes His head, pitying the just and fiery Peter.

<sup>3</sup>A loud noise of ironshod hooves and the shouting of children is heard in the street. «He is here! He is here! Stop, man. » And before Jesus and the disciples realise what is happening, the dark body of a horse steaming with sweat appears before the door, a horseman dismounts, rushes in and prostrates himself at Jesus' feet, kissing them with veneration. 102. 3

They all look at him quite amazed. «Who are you? What do you want? »

«I am Jonathan. »

Joseph responds with a cry: as, sitting behind the high bench, and, because of the flashing arrival, it had been impossible for him to recognise his friend. The shepherd rushes toward the prostrated man: «You, it is you!... »

«Yes. I am worshipping my beloved Lord! Thirty years of hope, oh! What a long wait! Here: those years have now blossomed like the flower of a solitary agave, all of a sudden, in a blissful ecstasy, even more blissful than the one of long ago! Oh! My Saviour! »

Women, children and some men, amongst whom also good Alphaeus of Sarah, still holding a piece of bread and cheese in his hand, gather at the door and even inside the large room.

«Stand up, Jonathan. I was about to come and look for you, Benjamin and Daniel... »

«I know... »

«Stand up, that I may give you the kiss that I gave your friends. » Jesus forces him to stand up and kisses him.

«I know» repeats the robust old man, who is well preserved and well dressed. «I know. <sup>4</sup>*She* was right. It was not the delirium of a dying person! Oh! Lord God! How a soul hears and perceives You, when You call it! » Jonathan is moved. 102. 4



But he recovers. He does not waste time. Full of adoration and yet active, he comes to the point. «Jesus, our Saviour and Messiah. I have come to beg You to come with me. I have spoken to Esther and she told me... But earlier, Johanna had spoken to You and she told me... oh! do not laugh at a happy man, you who hear me, for I am happy and yet distressed, until I hear You say “I will come”. You know that I was travelling with my dying mistress. What a journey! It was quite good from Tiberias to Bethsaida. But after we left the boat and took a wagon, although I had fitted it out as well as I could, it was a torture. We travelled slowly, by night, but she suffered. At Caesarea Philippi she was on the point of death, vomiting blood. We stopped... The third morning, seven days ago, she sent for me. She was so pale and exhausted, that she looked as if she were already dead. But when I called her, she opened her mild eyes, like those of a dying gazelle and smiled at me. With her little ice-cold hand she beckoned me to bend down, her voice being so weak, and she said to me: “Jonathan, take me home. But at *once*”. Her effort in giving the order was so great that, although she is always more gentle than a good little child, her cheeks turned scarlet and for a moment her eyes brightened up. She continued: “I dreamed of my house at Tiberias. There was in it One Whose face was like a star, He was tall, fair-haired, His eyes were as blue as the sky and His voice sweeter than the sound of a harp. He was saying to me: ‘I am the Life. Come. Come back. I am waiting for you to give you it. I want to go’. I said: “My mistress! "You cannot! "You are not well! When you are better, we will see”. I thought it was the delirium of a dying person. But she was weeping and then... — oh! it is the first time she said so during the six years that she had been my mistress, and she even sat up in her anger, whereas before she could not move — and then she said to me: “Servant, I want to go. I am your mistress. Obey! ” and she then fell back vomiting blood. I thought she was dying... and I said: “Let us make her happy. She will die one way or the other!... I will feel no remorse for displeasing her at the end, after pleasing her all the time”. What a journey! She would not rest except in the morning between the third and the sixth hour. I wore the horses out to come quickly. We arrived at Tiberias today at the ninth hour... And Esther told me... I then understood that it was You Who had called her. Be-

cause that was the hour and the day You promised Esther a miracle and You appeared to the soul of my mistress. She wanted to start again immediately after the ninth hour and she sent me on first... Oh! come, my Saviour! »

«I will come at once. Faith deserves a reward. He who wants Me, will have Me. Let us go. »

«Wait. I threw a purse of money to a young man, saying: "Three, five, as many donkeys as you like, if you have no horses, and at once, at Jesus' house". They are about to come. We will be quicker. I hope to meet her near Cana. If at least... »

«What, Jonathan? »

«If at least she is alive... »

<sup>5</sup>«She is alive. But even if she were dead, I am the Life. Here is My Mother. » 102. 5

The Virgin, Who has obviously been informed by someone, is hastening towards them followed by Mary of Alphaeus. «Son, are You going away? »

«Yes, Mother. I am going with Jonathan. He has come. I knew I would be able to let You see him. That is why I waited an extra day. »

Jonathan at first has bowed down deeply, with his arms crossed over his chest, he now kneels down and lightly lifts the hem of Mary's dress and kisses it saying: «I greet the Mother of my Lord! »

Alphaeus of Sarah says to the curious onlookers: «Oh! What do you say? Should we not be ashamed of being the only faithless ones? »

The noise of many hooves is heard in the street. It is from the little donkeys. I think that all the donkeys in Nazareth are there, and they are so many that they would be sufficient for a squadron. While Jonathan picks the best and negotiates, paying without haggling over the price, and takes two Nazarenes with some more donkeys, lest some might lose a shoe, and that the two men might bring back all the braying herd of donkeys, Mary and the other Mary help to close the haversacks and sacks.

Mary of Alphaeus says to her sons: «I will leave your beds here. And I will caress them... And I will feel as if I were caressing you. Be good, worthy of Jesus, sons,... and I... I will be happy... » and in the meantime she is shedding large tears.

Mary instead helps Jesus and caresses Him lovingly, giving Him much advice and many messages for the other two Lebanese shepherds, because Jesus states that He will not be back until He finds them.

102. 1     <sup>6</sup>They depart. It is evening and the first quarter of the moon is rising now. Jesus is in front with Jonathan, all the others are behind. While they are in town they go at a walking pace, because of the people gathering near them. But as soon as they are out, they break into a gallop, while the caravan resounds with hooves and harness bells.

«She is in the wagon with Esther» explains Jonathan. «Oh! My mistress! What a joy to make you happy! To bring Jesus to you! Oh! my Lord! To have You here, beside me! To have You! Your face is really like the star that she saw and Your hair is fair and Your eyes like the sky and Your voice is really the sound of a harp... oh! But Your Mother! Will You bring Her to my mistress, one day? »

«Your mistress will come to Her. They will be friends. »

«Will they? Oh!... Yes, she can. Johanna is married and had a child. But her soul is as pure as a virgin's. She can be near the blessed Mary. »

Jesus turns around because of a hearty laugh from John, which all the others imitate.

«It's me, Master, that makes them laugh. On the boat I am more steady than a cat... but here! I am like a barrel left loose on the deck of a boat caught in a southwest wind» says Peter.

Jesus smiles and encourages him, promising that the trot will soon be over.

«Oh! It's all right. It's all right if the boys laugh. Let us go and make this good woman happy. »

Jesus turns around again at another outburst of laughter. Peter exclaims: «No, I will not tell You that one, Master. But why not? Yes, I will tell You. I was saying "Our *supreme* minister will be upset when he finds out that he was absent when there was the possibility of strutting about with a lady of rank". And they laugh. But it is so. I am sure that if he had imagined that, he would not have had paternal vineyards to look after. »

Jesus does not reply.

102. 7     <sup>7</sup>The road is quickly covered by the well-fed little donkeys.

Cana is soon left behind them in the clear moonlight.

«If You allow me, I will go ahead. I will stop the wagon. Its jolting makes her suffer so much. »

«Yes, go. »

Jonathan puts his horse to the gallop.

They go a long way in the moonlight. Then they meet the dark shape of a large covered wagon, stopped at the roadside. Jesus spurs His donkey which breaks into a canter. He is now near the wagon and dismounts.

«The Messiah! » announces Jonathan.

The old nurse rushes out of the wagon onto the road, and then throws herself down onto the dust. «Oh! save her! She is dying. »

«Here I am. » And Jesus climbs into the wagon, where there is a pile of cushions and a slender body on them. There is a little lamp in a corner, and cups and amphoras. A young maid servant is weeping, while wiping the cold perspiration from the dying woman. Jonathan hastens in with one of the wagon lamps.

Jesus bends over the unconscious woman, who is really dying. There is no difference between the whiteness of her linen dress and the palor, which is even faintly bluish, of her emaciated hands and face. Only her thick eyebrows and her very dark long eyelashes give some colour to the snow white face. Her cheeks do not even have the ominous bright scarlet of consumptives. Her lips are only a shade of violet pink, half open while breathing is difficult.

Jesus kneels down beside her and watches her. The nurse takes her hand and calls her. But her soul, already on the threshold of death, does not give any response.

The disciples have arrived with the two young men from Nazareth and they gather round the wagon.

Jesus lays His hand on the forehead of the dying woman, who for one instant opens her dimmed hazy eyes and then closes them again.

«She no longer hears» moans the nurse. And she cries louder.

Jesus makes a gesture: «Mother, she will hear. Have faith. » He then calls her: «Johanna! Johanna! It is I! I am calling you. I am the Life. Look at Me, Johanna. »

The dying woman opens her large dark eyes with a brighter glance and looks at the face bending over her. She shows joy and

smiles. She slowly moves her lips forming a word which, however, has no sound.

«Yes. It is I. You have come and I have come. To save you. Can you have faith in Me? »

The dying woman nods her head. All her vitality and all the words which she is unable to express otherwise are concentrated in her glance.

«Well (Jesus, while still kneeling down and holding His left hand on her forehead, straightens Himself up, exerting His Heavenly power) Well: I want it. Be cured. Rise. » He removes His hand and stands up.

A fraction of a second, then Johanna of Chuza, without any help whatsoever, sits up, gives a cry and throws herself at Jesus' feet, calling in a loud happy voice: «Oh! To love You, my Life. Forever! Yours! Forever Yours! Nurse! Jonathan! I am cured! Oh! Quick! Run and tell Chuza. That he may come to adore the Lord! Oh! bless me again, and again, and again! Oh! My Saviour. » She weeps and smiles, kissing Jesus' tunic and hands.

«Yes, I bless you. What else shall I do for you? »

«Nothing, Lord. Beside loving me and allowing me to love You. »

«And would you not like to have a child? »

«Oh! a child!... Do as You please, Lord. I leave everything to You: my past, my present and my future. I owe You everything and I give You everything. Give Your servant what You know is better. »

102. 8     <sup>8</sup>«Eternal life then. Be happy. God loves you. I am going. I bless you, and I bless you all. »

«No, my Lord. Stop in my house, which now is, oh! is really a flowery rose-garden. Allow me to go back in there with You... Oh! How happy I am! »

«I will come. But I have My disciples. »

«My brothers, Lord. Johanna will have for them, as for You, food and drinks and every refreshment. Make me happy! »

«Let us go. Send the donkeys back and follow us on foot. The road is a short one now. We shall go slowly, that you may follow us. Goodbye, Ishmael and Aser. Give greetings to My Mother on My behalf and My friends. »

The two Nazarenes, dumbfounded, depart with their braying

donkeys, whereas the wagon starts its return journey, this time with its load of joy. The disciples follow in a group making their comments.

And it all ends.

### 103. On the Lebanon with the shepherds Benjamin and Daniel.

10<sup>th</sup> February 1945.

1 Jesus is walking beside Jonathan along a green shady embankment. The apostles are behind talking among themselves. But Peter parts from them and comes forward and, as frank as usual, he asks Jonathan: «But was the road to Caesarea Philippi not quicker? We have taken this one... but when will we arrive? You went that way with your mistress, didn't you? » 103. 1

«With an invalid I dared everything. But you must realise that I am a courtier of Antipas, and Philip after that filthy incest does not approve of Herod's courtiers... You know, I am not afraid for myself. But I do not want to cause trouble to you, and particularly to the Master, and make enemies for you. In Philip's Tetrarchy, the Word is required, as in Antipas'... and if they hate you, how will you manage? On your way back you can come that way, if you prefer to do so. »

«I praise your prudence, Jonathan. But coming back I intend passing through the Phoenician region» says Jesus.

«They are enveloped in the darkness of errors. »

«I will call at the border areas to remind them that there is a Light. »

«Do you think that Philip would revenge himself on a servant for the wrong he received from his brother? »

«Yes, Peter. They are both alike. They are dominated by the lowest instincts and they make no distinction. They seem animals, not men, believe me. »

«And yet he should be fond of us, that is, of Him, a relative of John's. John after all spoke in his name and on his behalf, when he spoke in the name of God. »

«He would not even ask you where you came from or who you are. If you were seen with me, if he recognised me or if I was point-

ed out to him by an enemy of Antipas' household as the servant of his Procurator, you would be imprisoned at once. If you knew how much mud there is behind purple dresses! Revenge, abuse of power, betrayals, lust, thefts are the nourishment of their souls. Souls?... Well! Let us say so. I think they have no souls any longer. You can see. It ended well. But why was John freed? Because of a feud between two court officials. One, to get rid of the other, who was so favoured by Antipas that John was placed in his custody, for a sum of money opened the jail at night... I think he must have dulled his rival's senses with a drugged wine, and the following morning... the poor fellow was beheaded instead of the Baptist who had escaped. Disgusting, I tell you. »

«And your master stays there? He seems to be a good man. »

«He is. But he cannot do otherwise. His father and his grandfather were at the court of Herod the Great, and the son was compelled to be there. He does not approve. But he can only keep his wife away from that vicious court. »

«Could he not say: "You are disgusting" and go away? »

«He could. But, although he is so good, he is not yet capable of such a deed. It would almost certainly mean death. And who is anxious to die because of his soul's honesty, elevated to the highest degree? A saint like the Baptist. But we, poor people! »

103.2

<sup>2</sup>Jesus, Who has allowed them to speak among themselves, comes in: «Before long in all known areas of the world, the saints happy to die for such fidelity to Grace and for the love of God will be as thick as flowers on a meadow in April. »

«Really? Oh! I would like to greet those saints and say to them: "Pray for poor Simon of Jonas! " » says Peter.

Jesus looks steadfastly at him smiling.

«Why are You looking at me like that? »

«Because you will see them as their assistant and you will see them when they assist you. »

«For what, Lord? »

«To become the Stone consecrated by the Sacrifice, on which My Testimony will be celebrated and built. »

«I do not understand You. »

«You will understand

The other disciples, who have come near and have listened, talk among themselves.

Jesus turns round: «I solemnly tell you that you will all be tested by one torture or another. For the time being it is the renunciation of comfort, of affections, of material profit. Afterwards it will be a greater and greater thing, up to the sublime thing that will crown you with an immortal diadem. Be faithful. And you will all be faithful. And that is what you will have. »

«Will the Jews, the Sanhedrin, perhaps kill us because of our love for You? »

«Jerusalem washes the thresholds of its Temple in the blood of its Prophets and its Saints. But also the world is waiting to be washed... There are many temples of dreadful gods. They will, in the future, be temples of the true God, and the leprosy of paganism will be cleansed by the lustral water made with the blood of martyrs. »

«Oh! Most High God! Lord! Master! I am not worthy of so much! I am so weak! Afraid of evil! Oh! Lord!... Either send Your useless servant away or give me strength. I would not like to shame You with my cowardice. » Peter has thrown himself at the feet of the Master and He truly implores Him with heartfelt words.

«Stand up, My dear Peter. Do not be afraid. You still have a long way to go... and the time will come when you will wish only to endure your final trial. And then you will have everything, both from Heaven and from yourself. I will be looking at you full of admiration. »

«You say so... and I believe it. But I am such a poor man! »

<sup>3</sup>They resume walking... and after a long interruption I begin to see again when they have already left the plain to climb up a very high wooded mountain. Probably it is not even the same day, because while then it was a very torrid morning, now a beautiful dawn causes tiny liquid diamonds to sparkle on all the stems. Endless coniferous forests have been left behind and they dominate from their height and like green cathedrals they receive the untiring pilgrims amongst their columns. 103.3

Lebanon is really a wonderful mountain chain. I do not know whether the whole chain is Lebanon or only this mountain. I know that I can see well-wooded mountain ranges rise in a high tangle of ridges and cliffs, of valleys and plateaux, along which torrents like light green-blue silver ribbons flow and then fall



into the valleys. All kinds of birds fill the forests of conifers with their warblings and their flights, and the morning air is perfumed with the fragrance of resins. Turning towards the valley, or rather, to the west, one can see the wide, quiet, solemn sea, so pleasant to the view, and the coast, which stretches northwards and southwards, with its towns, its harbours, and the few water-courses, that flow into the sea, and look like shiny commas on the arid land, so scarce is their water, which the summer sun dries up, and seem yellowish finger marks on the blue sea.

«These are lovely places» remarks Peter.

«And it is not even very warm» says Simon.

«The sun is no trouble because of the trees» adds Matthew.

103. 4 «Did they get the Temple cedars here?» asks John.

«Yes, they did. These forests yield the most beautiful wood. Daniel and Benjamin's master owns many of them as well as large herds. They saw the trunks on the spot and then carry them down to the valley along those gullies or by strength of arms. It is hard work when the trunks are to be used totally undressed, as it was in the case of the Temple. But he pays well and many work for him. And then he is quite good. He is not like cruel Doras. Poor Jonah!» replies Jonathan.

«Why are his servants almost slaves? When I said to Jonah: "Leave him in the lurch and come with us. Simon of Jonas will always have some bread for you"; he replied: "I cannot, unless I redeem myself". What is the situation?»

«Doras, and he is not the only one in Israel, is used to doing this: when he sees a good servant, he makes him a slave by subtle cunning. He debits him with false amounts of money, which the poor man cannot pay, and when the sum is sufficient he says: "You are my slave by debt". »

«Oh! What a shame! And he is a Pharisee!»

«Yes, as long as Jonah had some savings, he was able to pay... then... one year there was a hailstorm, the next year a drought. Corn and vineyards yielded little and Doras multiplied the damage tenfold, and tenfold again... Then Jonah was taken ill through excessive fatigue. And Doras lent him the money for the cure, but he multiplied repayment twelve to one, and as Jonah could not pay, he added it to the rest. In short: after a few years there was a debt that made him a slave. And he will not let him

go... He will always find other excuses and other debts... » Jonathan is sad thinking of his friend.

«And could your master not... »

«What? Have him treated as a human being? And who would go against the Pharisees? Doras is one of the most powerful ones; I think that he is also a relative of the High Priest... At least so they say. Once, when he was thrashed almost to death, and I was told, I wept so much that Chuza said to me: "I will redeem him to make you happy". But Doras laughed in his face and would not accept anything. Eh! That rascal... He owns the best fields in Israel... but I can assure You: they are fertilised by the blood and tears of his servants. »

Jesus looks at the Zealot and the Zealot looks at Him. They are both grieved.

«And is Daniel's master good? »

«At least he is human. He exacts, but he does not oppress. And, as the shepherds are honest, he treats them with affection. They are responsible for the pastures. He knows and respects me because I am a servant of Chuza... and I maybe useful to him... But why, my Lord, is man so selfish? »

«Because love was strangled in the earthly Paradise. But I have come to loosen the noose and to give life back to love. »

<sup>5</sup>«Here we are in Elisha's estate. The pastures are still far-  
away. But at this time the sheep are almost always in the folds  
because of the heat. I'll go and see if they are there. » And Jonathan runs away. 103. 5

He comes back after some time with two robust grey-haired herdsmen, who truly rush down the slope to meet Jesus.

«Peace to you. »

«Oh! Oh! Our Baby of Bethlehem! » says one, and the other: «May the peace of God, which has come to us, be blessed. » The two men are prone on the grass. The reverence paid to an altar is not so deep as the present reverence for the Master.

«Stand up. I exchange your blessing, and I am happy to do so because it descends joyfully on whoever is worthy of it. »

«Oh! We worthy! »

«Yes, you are, because you have always been faithful. »

«And who would not have been faithful? Who can forget that hour? Who can say: "It is not true what we saw?" Who can for-

get that You smiled at us for months, when we used to call You in the evening, when we came back with our sheep and you clapped your hands to the sound of our pipes?... Do you remember, Daniel? Almost always dressed in white in Your Mother's arms, You appeared to us in the sun rays in Anne's meadow or at the window, and You looked like a flower on Your Mother's snow-white dress. »

«And once You came, taking Your first steps, to caress a little lamb, not quite so curly as You! How happy You were! And we did not know what to do with our rustic persons. We would have liked to be angels to be less coarse... »

«Oh! My friends. I saw your hearts, and I still see them now. »

«And You smile at us as You did then! »

«And You came here to see us poor shepherds! »

«To My friends. I am happy now. I have found you all and I will not lose you anymore. Can you give hospitality to the Son of man and His friends? »

«Oh! Lord! Do You have to ask us? We are not short of bread and milk. But if we had only one morsel, we would give it to You, to have You here with us. Is that right, Benjamin? »

«We would give You our hearts as food, our longed for Lord! »

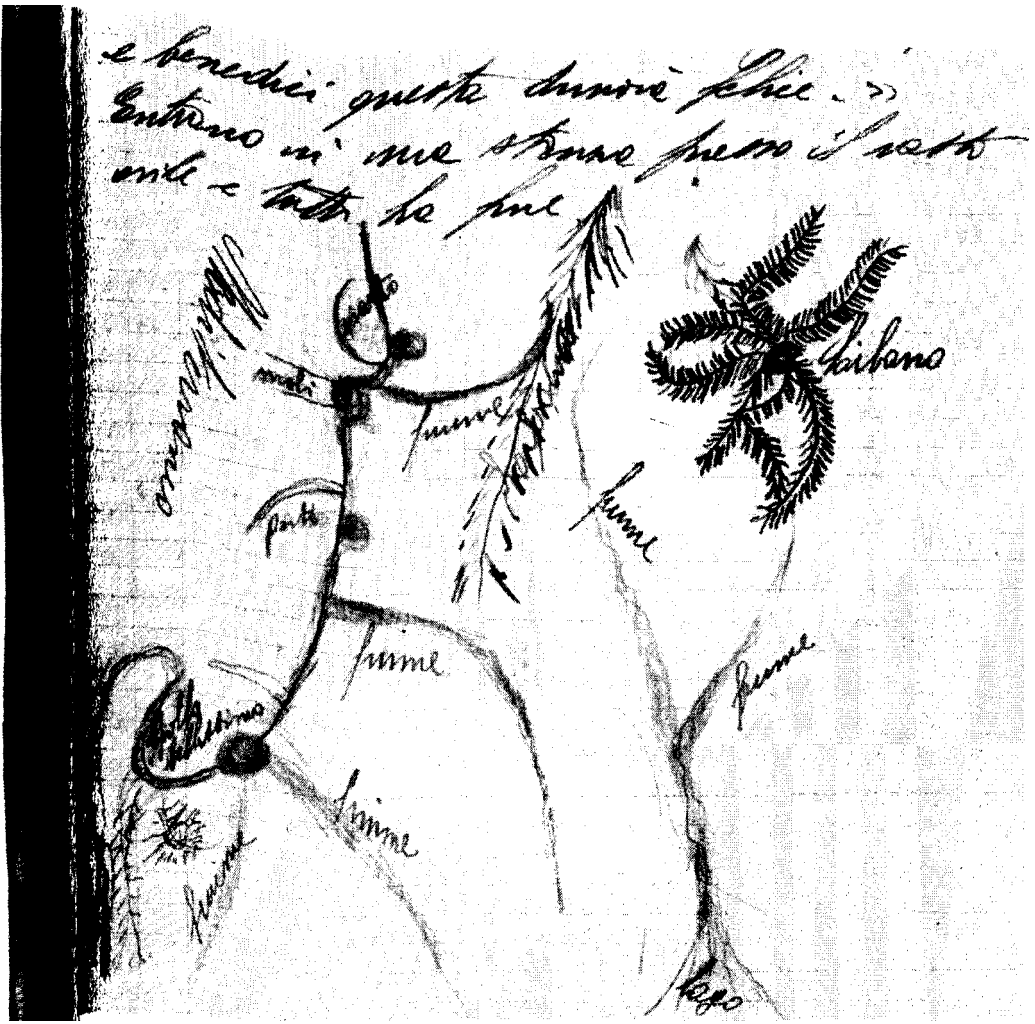
«Let us go then. We shall speak of God... »

«And of Your relatives, Lord. Joseph, so good! Mary... Oh! She: the Mother! See, look at this dewy narcissus. It is beautiful and pure and its top is like a diamond star. But She... Oh! this flower is insignificant when compared to the Mother! A smile of Hers was purification, to meet Her was a feast, to listen to Her was to be sanctified. Do you remember Her words, too, Benjamin? »

«Yes, and I can repeat them for you. Because what She told us, during the months we could listen to Her, is written here (and he strikes his chest). It is the page of *our* wisdom. And we also understand it, because it is a word of love. And love... oh! love is understood by everybody! Come, Lord, come in and. bless our happy abode. »

They enter a room near the large fold and it all ends\*.

\* it all ends, in M. V. 's notebooks her drawing follows. Inscriptions: the lines on top are those ending the chapter. N 1: *the Mediterranean Sea*, 2: *(twice) port*, 3: *piers*; 4: *Lebanon*; 5: *(six times) river*; 6: *beautiful Gulf*; 7: *lake*.



104. Aava reconciled with her husband. News of the death of Alphaeus and the ransom of Jonah.

11<sup>th</sup> February 1945.

<sup>1</sup>Jesus is in the beautiful sea-town, which on the map has a <sup>104.1</sup> natural wide and well-protected gulf, with a capacity for taking many ships, made even safer by a large harbour wall. It must be used also a great deal for military purposes, because I see Ro-

man triremes with soldiers on board. They are disembarking, though I do not know whether because they are relieving troops or because they are reinforcing the garrison. The harbour, that is the port, vaguely reminds me of Naples, dominated by the Vesuvian mountains.

Jesus is sitting in a humble house near the harbour. It is certainly the house of fishermen, probably friends of Peter and John, because I see that they feel at ease in the house and with its residents. I do not see the shepherd Joseph. And, of course, I do not see the Iscariot, still absent. Jesus is speaking informally to the members of the family and to other people who have come to listen to Him. But it is not a real sermon. His words are full of advice and comfort, such as only He can give.

Andrew comes in, he seems to have gone out on some errand, because he has some loaves in his hands. He blushes when drawing near, because it must be a real torture for him to attract people's attention to himself, and rather than speak he whispers: «Master, could You come with me? There... there is some good to be done. But only You can do it. »

Jesus gets up without even asking what is the good.

104. 2 <sup>2</sup>But Peter asks: «Where are you taking Him? He is so tired. It is supper time. They can wait for Him till tomorrows

«No... it must be done at once. It is... »

«Why don't you speak, you frightened gazelle? How can a great big strapping man be like that!... You look like a little fish caught in the net! »

Andrew blushes even more. Jesus defends him by drawing him to Himself. «I like him thus. Leave him alone. Your brother is like wholesome water. It works noiselessly in the depths, it comes out from the earth like a very fine stream, but it cures those who go near it. Let us go, Andrew. »

«I'm coming, too! I want to see where he takes You» insists Peter.

Andrew implores: «No, Master. Only You and I, alone. If there is a crowd it is impossible. It's a matter of love... »

«What's that? Are you playing the paronymph now? »

Andrew does not reply to his brother. He says to Jesus: «A man wants to repudiate his wife and... and I have spoken. But I am not capable. But if You speak... oh! You will succeed, because

the man is not a bad person. He is he is... he will tell You. »

Jesus goes out with Andrew without saying anything else.

Peter is somewhat undecided, he then says: «I will go. At least I want to see where they go. » And he goes out, although the others tell him not to do so.

Andrew is about to come out from a narrow modest street. And Peter follows him. He goes round a little square full of old women. And Peter follows him. He threads his way through a large door that opens onto a wide yard surrounded by poor little low houses. I call it a large door because there is an arch. But there is no door. And Peter follows him. Jesus enters one of the little houses with Andrew. Peter lies in wait outside. A woman sees him and asks: «Are you a relative of Aava? And those two? Have you come to take her away? »

«Be quiet, you cackle of a hen! I am not to be seen. »

To keep a woman quiet! It is a difficult task. And since Peter casts withering glances at her, she goes to chat with the other old women. Poor Peter is immediately surrounded by a circle of women, boys and also men, who simply by commanding one another to be silent, make a noise that gives away their presence. Peter is consumed with anger... but to no avail.

<sup>3</sup>Jesus' full, calm, beautiful voice comes from inside the house, together with the broken voice of a woman and the hoarse voice of a man. «If she has always been a good wife, why repudiate her? Have you ever wronged him? »

104. 3

«No, Master, I swear it! I have loved him like the pupil of my eye» moans the woman.

And the man, sharp and hard: «No. She never wronged me except in being sterile. And I want children. I don't want God's curse on my name. »

«It is not your wife's fault, if she is such. »

«He puts the blame on me. On me and my relatives, as if we had betrayed... »

«Woman, be sincere. Did you know that you were sterile? »

«No. I was and I am like all women. Also the doctor said so. But I am not successful in having children. »

«You can see that she has not betrayed you. She suffers for that, too. Will you answer sincerely, too: if she were a mother, would you repudiate her? »

«No. I swear it. There is no reason. But the rabbi said so, and also the scribe: “A barren woman is the curse of God on a house and it is your right and duty to give her a divorce libel and not to <sup>104.4</sup> vex your virility by depriving yourself of children”. <sup>4</sup>I am doing what the Law states. »

«No. Listen. The Law says: “Do not commit adultery” and you are about to commit it. That is the original commandment and nothing else. And if on account of the hardness of your hearts Moses granted divorce, it was to prevent intrigues and concubines hateful to God. Then *your* vice expanded more and more Moses’ clause, creating the wicked chains and murderous stones which are the present lot of women, always victims of your arrogance, of your whims, of your deafness and your blindness to affections. I tell you: it is not legal to do what you want to do. Your action is an offence to God. Did Abraham perhaps repudiate Sarah? And Jacob, Rachel? And Elkanah, Anna? And Manoah, his wife? Do you know the Baptizer? You do? Well: was his mother not sterile up to her old age and then gave birth to the holy man of God, as Manoah’s wife gave birth to Samson, and Anna of Elkanah to Samuel, and Rachel to Joseph, and Sarah to Isaac? To the husband’s continence, to his compassion for his sterile wife, to his fidelity to marriage, God grants a prize, and a prize celebrated through centuries, as He grants consolation to the weeping sterile women, no longer sterile nor depressed, but glorious in the exultation of being mothers. You are not allowed to offend her love. Be just and honest. God will reward you beyond your merit. »

«Master, You are the only one to speak in this way... I did not know. I asked the doctors and they said to me: “Do it”. But not one word to tell me that God rewards a good deed with gifts. We are in their hands... and they close our eyes and our hearts with an iron hand. I am not a bad man, Master. Don’t be angry with me. »

«I am not angry. I feel sorry for you more than I do for this weeping woman. Because her pain will end with her life. Yours will begin then, to last forever. Think about it. »

«No, it will not begin. I don’t want it to begin. Will You swear to me by the God of Abraham that what You say is the truth? »

«I am the Truth and Wisdom. Whoever believes in Me will

have justice, wisdom, love and peace. »

«I want to believe You. Yes, I want to believe You. I feel there is something in You which is not in the others. Well. I will now go to the priest and I will say to him: “I am not going to repudiate her any longer. I will keep her and I will only ask God to help me to feel less the pain of being childless”. Aava: do not cry. We will ask the Master to come again to keep me good, and you... continue to love me. »

The woman cries louder, because of the contrast between her previous sorrow and her present joy.

Jesus instead smiles. «Do not cry. Look at Me. Look at Me, woman. »

She looks up. She looks at His bright face through her tears.

«Come here, man. Kneel down beside your wife. I will now bless you and sanctify your union. Listen: “Lord God of our fathers, Who made Adam with the dust of the soil and gave him Eve as a helpmate, that they might populate the earth with men, bringing them up in Your holy fear, descend with Your blessing and Your mercy, open and fecundate the womb that the Enemy had closed to lead them to a double sin of adultery and despair. Have mercy on these two children, Holy Father, Supreme Creator. Make them happy and holy. May she be as prolific as a vineyard, and he her protector, as the elm-tree supports the vine. Descend, o Life, to give life. Descend, o Fire, to inflame. Descend, o Power, to activate. Descend! Grant them that for the praise feast for the fruitful crops next year they may offer You their living sheaf, their first born, a son, sacred to You, Eternal Father, Who bless those who hope in You”.» Jesus has prayed in a thundering voice, His hands stretched out over their bowed heads.

<sup>5</sup>The people no longer restrain themselves and they gather together, Peter in front of them all. 104.5

«Stand up. Have faith and be holy. »

«Oh! Stay, Master! » beg the reconciled couple.

«I cannot. I will come back. I will be here very often. »

«Stay, stay. Speak also to us! » shout the crowd. Jesus blesses but does not stop. He promises only to come back soon. And He goes to His hospitable house, followed by a small crowd.

«Inquisitive man: what should I do to you? » He asks Peter on the way.



«Whatever You wish. However, I was there... »

They enter the house, they dismiss the crowd that make comments on the words they heard, and they sit down to supper.

Peter is still inquisitive. «Master, will there really be a son? »

«Have you ever seen Me promise things that do not come true? Do you think that I would take the liberty of using the confidence in the Father to lie and deceive? »

«No... but... Could You do that to all married couples? »

«I could. But I do it only where I see that a son can be an incentive to holiness. I do not do it where it would be a hindrance

Peter ruffles his grizzled hair and turns quiet.

104. 6 «The shepherd Joseph comes in. He is covered in dust like one who has walked a long way.

«You? Why are you here? » asks Jesus after a greeting kiss.

«I have some letters for You. Your Mother gave me them and one is from Her. Here they are. » And Joseph hands Him three small rolls of a kind of thin parchment, tied with a little ribbon. The largest one is also sealed. The second one has only a knot, the third one shows a broken seal. «This one is from Your Mother» says Joseph, pointing at the one with the knot.

Jesus unfolds it and reads it. First in a low voice and then loud. «“To My beloved Son, peace and blessings. A messenger from Bethany arrived here at the first hour on the calends of the month of Elul. It was the shepherd Isaac, to whom I gave the kiss of peace and refreshments in Your name and out of gratitude on my part. He brought Me these two letters which I am sending on to You, and he told Me that Your friend Lazarus of Bethany presses You to consent to his request. My beloved Jesus, blessed Son and Lord, I also have two things to ask You. One is to remind You that You promised Me to call Your poor Mother to instruct Her in the Word. The other is that You should not come to Nazareth without speaking to Me first”. »

Jesus stops all of a sudden, He stands up and goes towards James and Judas. He embraces them tightly and ends repeating by heart the words: «“Alphaeus has returned to the bosom of Abraham at the last full moon, and great was the mourning of the town...”. » The two sons weep on Jesus' chest, Who goes on: «“At the last hour he wanted You. But You were far away. But it is a consolation for Mary, who considers it a sign of God's for-

givenness, and it must give peace also to My nephews". Have you heard? She says so. And She knows what She is saying. »

«Give me the letter» implores James.

«No, it would hurt you. »

«Why? What can it say more painful than the death of a father?... »

«That he cursed us» sighs Judas.

«No. Not so» says Jesus.

«You say so... not to pierce us. But it is so. »

«Read, then. »

And Judas reads: «"Jesus: I beg You, and also Mary begs You; do not come to Nazareth until the mourning is over. Their love for Alphaeus makes the Nazarenes unfair towards You and Your Mother cries because of that. Our good friend Alphaeus comforts Me and calms the town. The report by Aser and Ishmael on Chuzza's wife caused a great stir. But Nazareth is now a sea agitated by different winds. I bless You, My Son, and I ask Your peace and blessing for My soul. Peace to My nephews. Mother". »

The apostles make their comments and comfort the weeping brothers.

<sup>7</sup>But Peter says: «Are You not reading those? »

104. 7

Jesus nods assent and opens Lazarus' letter. He calls Simon Zealot. They read together, in a corner. They then open the other roll and read it as well, they discuss between themselves; and I see that the Zealot endeavours to persuade Jesus about something, but he is not successful.

Jesus, with the rolls in His hand, comes to the centre of the room and says: «Listen, friends. We are one family and there are secrets among us. And if it is compassion to conceal evil, it is justice to make good known. Listen to what Lazarus of Bethany writes: "To Lord Jesus peace and blessing, and peace and health to my friend Simon. I received Your letter and, a servant as I am, placed my heart, my speech and all my means at Your service to make You happy and to have the honour of not being a useless servant. I went to Doras, to his castle in Judaea, to ask him to sell me his servant Jonah, as You wish. I confess that if I had not been requested by Simon, a faithful friend, on Your behalf, I would not have faced that mocking, cruel, impious jackal. But for You, my Master and Friend, I feel I can also face Mammon. Because

I think that who works for You, is near You and consequently is protected. And I have certainly been helped, because, contrary to expectations, I won. The discussion was a hard one and his first refusals humiliating. Three times I had to bow down to that powerful slave-driver. He then forced me to wait a few days. At last here is the letter. It befits the asp he is. And I almost dare not say to You: — Give in to gain Your ends —, because he is not worthy to have You. But there is no other way. I accepted on Your behalf and I signed. If I did the wrong thing, rebuke me. But believe me: I tried to serve You as well as I could. Yesterday a Judean disciple of Yours came, stating that he came in Your name to find out whether there was any news to be taken to You. He said he was Judas of Kerioth. But I preferred to wait for Isaac to send the letter. And I was surprised that You had sent someone else, since You know that Isaac comes here every Sabbath to rest. I have nothing else to tell You. Only, kissing Your holy feet, I beg You to bring them to Your servant and friend Lazarus, as promised by You. Health to Simon. To You, Master and Friend, a kiss of peace and a prayer for blessing. Lazarus”.

And now the other one: “Health to Lazarus. I decided. You will have Jonah for twice the amount. But I make the following terms and I will not change them for any reason. I want Jonah to finish the harvests of the year, that is he will be handed over at the moon of Tishri, at the end of the moon. I want Jesus of Nazareth to come personally to take him, and I will ask Him to enter my house, that I may meet Him. I want payment immediately after signing the contract. Goodbye. *Doras*”. »

104.8    8«What a scoundrel! » shouts Peter. «But who is paying? I wonder how much he wants and we... we are always without a farthing! »

«Simon is paying. To make Me and poor Jonah happy. He is buying only the wreck of a man, who will not serve him at all. But he gains great merit in Heaven. »

«You? Oh! » They are all surprised. Even Alphaeus’ sons forget their sorrow because of their amazement.

«It is he. It is just that it should be known. »

«It would also be just if it were known why Judas Iscariot went to Lazarus. Who sent him? Did You? »

But Jesus does not reply to Peter. He is very serious and pen-

sive. He comes out of His meditation only to say: «Give some refreshment to Joseph and then let us go and rest. I will prepare a reply for Lazarus... Is Isaac still at Nazareth? »

«He is waiting for me. »

«We shall all go. »

«No. Your Mother says... » They are all in utter confusion.

«Be quiet. That is what I want. My Mother speaks with Her loving heart. I judge with My reason. I prefer to do it while Judas is away. And I want to hold out a friendly hand to My cousins Simon and Joseph, and mourn with them before the mourning is over. We will then go back to Capernaum, to Gennesaret, that is to the lake, awaiting the end of the month of Tishri. And we will take the Marys with us. Your mother needs affection. We will give it to her. And Mine needs peace. I am Her peace. »

«Do You think that at Nazareth?... » asks Peter.

«I do not think anything. »

«Oh! Well! Because, if they should hurt Her, or cause Her sorrow!... They will have to deal with me! » says Peter completely upset.

Jesus caresses him, but He is lost in thought. He is sad, I would say. He then goes between Judas and James and sits down embracing them to comfort them.

The others speak in low voices not to disturb their sorrow.

## 105. In Nazareth for the death of Alphaeus. The gradual conversion of the cousin Simon.

12<sup>th</sup> February 1945.

<sup>1</sup>The sun is falling in a bright red sunset, that like a fire about <sup>105.1</sup> to go out, is becoming deeper and deeper until it becomes ruby-violet: a beautiful rare hue, that fading slowly, colours all the western sky, until it shades into the dark cobalt-blue sky, where the east is steadily advancing with its stars and its crescent moon, now beginning her second phase. Farmers are hastening back to their homes, where spirals of smoke from the low little houses in Nazareth reveal that fires have already been lit.

Jesus is about to go back to town, and contrary to the opinion of the others, He does not want anyone to go and inform His

Mother. «Nothing will happen. Why upset Her beforehand? » He says.

He is now in the streets. Some people greet Him, some whisper behind His back, some rudely turn their backs and slam their doors when the group of the apostles passes by.

Peter's miming is really wonderful. But also the others are somewhat worried. Alphaeus' sons look like two convicts. They are walking beside Jesus, their heads lowered, but they watch everything and now and again they look at each other dismayed and concerned for Jesus. The Master, as if nothing were the matter, exchanges the greetings with His usual kindness, bends down to caress the children, who in their simplicity do not side with anybody, and are always the friends of their Jesus, Who is always so affectionate towards them.

One of them, a fine chubby child, four years old at the most, leaves his mother's skirt, runs towards Him and stretches out his little arms saying: «Take me! » And as Jesus satisfies him and picks him up, the child kisses Him with his lips soiled by the fig he is eating and then he carries his love to the point of offering a little morsel of the fig to Jesus saying: «Take it! It's nice! » Jesus accepts the offering and smiles at being fed by the budding little man.

105. 2 <sup>2</sup>Isaac, laden with pitchers, is coming from the fountain. He sees Jesus, lays down the pitchers and shouts: «Oh! My Lord! » running towards Him. «Your Mother has just gone back home. She was at Her sister-in-law's. But... Have You received the letter? » he asks.

«That is why I am here. Do not say anything to Mother for the time being. I am going to Alphaeus' house first. »

Isaac, wise as he is, replies only: «I will obey You», he takes his pitchers and goes towards the house.

«We are going now. You, My friends, will wait for us here. I will not be long. »

«Most certainly not! We shall not enter the mourning house, but we will stay outside over there. Is that right? » says Peter.

«Peter is right. We will remain in the street. But near You. »

Jesus bows to their wish. But He smiles and says: «They will do Me no harm. Believe Me. They are not bad. They are only humanly passionate. Let us go. »

I see them in the street of the house and then at the entrance to the kitchen garden. Jesus goes in first, followed by Judas and James. <sup>3</sup>Jesus is now on the kitchen threshold. Inside, near the fireplace, there is Mary of Alphaeus, who is cooking and weeping. In a corner, there are Simon and Joseph, with other men, sitting in a small group. Amongst the men there is Alphaeus of Sarah. They are sitting there, as silent as statues. It is probably their custom. I do not know. 105.3

«Peace to this house and peace to the soul which departed from it. »

The widow utters a cry and makes an instinctive gesture of pushing Jesus back and placing herself between Him and the others. Simon and Joseph stand up, gloomy and disconcerted. But Jesus pretends that He has not noticed their hostile attitude. He goes close to the two men (Simon looks as if he is already fifty years old or more) and stretches out His hands in a gesture of friendly invitation. The two brothers are more disconcerted than ever. But they dare not make any rude gesture. Alphaeus of Sarah is in a state of extreme agitation and is clearly suffering. The other men are expressionless awaiting the outcome.

«Simon, since you are now the head of the family, why do you not receive Me? I have come to mourn with you. How much I would have liked to be with you in the hour of sorrow! But I was far away, through no fault of Mine. You are a just man, Simon. And you must admit it. »

The man is still aloof.

«And you, Joseph, whose name is so dear to Me, why do you not accept My kiss? Will you not allow Me to mourn with you? Death unites true affections. And we love one another. Why should there now be disunion? »

«Because of You our father died a vexed man» says Joseph harshly. And Simon: «You should have stayed here. You knew that he was dying. Why did You not stay? He wanted You... »

«I could not have done more than what I had already done. And you know that... »

Simon, who is more fair, says: «It is true. I know that You came and he sent You away. But he was ill and depressed. »

«I know and I said to your mother and your brothers: "I bear him no grudge, because I understand his heart". But God is above

everybody. And God wanted this sorrow for everybody. For Me, because, believe Me, I suffered as if a piece of My flesh had been torn away from Me; for your father, who in his suffering understood a great truth, which had been obscure to him throughout his life; for you, as this pain gives you the opportunity of making a sacrifice which is more salutary than a sacrificed steer; and for James and Judas, who are now as mature as you, dear Simon, because this pain is their greatest burden and it oppresses them like a millstone, it has made them adults and of a perfect age in the eyes of God. »

«What truth did my father see? Only one: that his own blood, at the last hour, was hostile to him» replies Joseph harshly.

«No. He understood that the spirit is above blood. He understood the pain of Abraham and because of that he had Abraham to assist him» replies Jesus.

«I wish it were so! But who can assure us? »

«I can, Simon. And more than I, your father's death can. Did he not ask for Me? You said so. »

«I did. It is true. He wanted Jesus. And he used to say: "At least my soul would not die! He can do it! I sent Him away and He will not come anymore. Oh! To die without Jesus! What a horrid man you are! Why did I reject Him?" Yes, that is what he said. He would also say: "And He asked me many times: 'Must I go?' and I sent Him away... Now He will not come anymore". He wanted You. Your Mother sent for You, but they could not find You at Capernaum and he cried so much. And with his last ounce of strength he took Your Mother's hand and wanted Her beside him. He could hardly speak. But he said: "The Mother is a little bit of the Son. I am keeping Her to have some of Him, because I am afraid of death". Poor father! »

105.4 <sup>4</sup>There is an eastern scene with cries and gestures of sorrow, in which they all take part, also James and Judas who have dared to go in. Jesus is the most quiet, He weeps only.

«Are You shedding tears? You loved him, then? » asks Simon.

«Oh! Simon! Why do you ask Me? If I could have avoided it, do you think that I would have let him suffer? I am with the Father, but not above the Father. »

«You cure dying people, but You did not cure him» remarks Joseph bitterly.

«He did not believe in Me. »

«That is true, Joseph» points out his brother Simon.

«He did not believe and did not renounce his ill-feeling. There is nothing I can do when there is lack of faith and hatred. I therefore say to you: do not hate your brothers. Here they are. Their torture is not to be aggravated by your ill-feeling. Your mother is torn to shreds more by this living hatred, than by death that ends in itself, and in the case of your father, it ended in peace, because his desire to have Me gained him God's forgiveness. I am not speaking of Myself, neither am I asking anything for Myself. I am in the world, but I am not of the world. What is alive in Me, compensates Me for what the world denies Me. I suffer with My humanity, but I raise My spirit above the earth and I rejoice in celestial matters. But they!... Do not violate the law of love and blood. Love one another. In James and Judas there is no offence against their blood. But even if there were, you must forgive. Look at things in the right way and you will see that they are the most offended ones, as you do not understand the necessities of their souls enraptured by God. And yet they have no grudge, but only a desire for love. Is that right, My cousins? »

Judas and James, who are clasped in their mother's arms, nod while weeping.

«Simon, you are the oldest. Set the example... »

«I... as far as I am concerned... But the world... but You... »

«Oh! the world! It forgets and changes at each daybreak... »

And I! Come: give Me your brotherly kiss. I love you. You know I do. Divest yourself of those scales that make you hard and are not yours, but have been imposed by strangers not as just as you are. Always judge with your upright heart. »

Simon, still somewhat reluctant, stretches out his arms. Jesus kisses him and then leads him towards his brothers. They kiss one another weeping and moaning.

«It is your turn now, Joseph. »

«No. Do not insist. I remember my father's sufferings

«In actual fact you are perpetuating it by your grudging attitudes

«It does not matter. I am faithful. »

<sup>5</sup>Jesus does not insist. He addresses Simon: «It is late in the evening. But if you do not mind... *Our* hearts are burning with



the desire to revere his remains. Where is Alphaeus? Where did you bury him? »

«Behind the house. Where the olive-grove ends against the crag. A respectable sepulchre. »

«Please, take Me there. Mary, take heart. Your husband is jubilant because he sees your children in your bosom. Stay here. I am going with Simon. Be in peace! Joseph: I am saying to you what I said to your father: “I bear you no grudge. I love you. When you want Me, call Me. I will come and mourn with you”. Goodbye. » And Jesus goes out with Simon...

The apostles look at them inquisitively. But they see that they are in perfect harmony and they are happy.

«Will you come, too» says Jesus. «They are My disciples, Simon. They wish to revere your father, too. Let us go. »

They walk through the olive-grove and it all ends.

105. 6     <sup>6</sup>Jesus says:

«Insert here the third and fourth visions given on 13<sup>th</sup> February 1944.

As you see, Simon, less obstinate, yielded to justice, if not completely, at least partially, with holy promptness. And after the meeting for Alphaeus' death, he did not become My disciple, never mind an apostle, as in your ignorance you called him about a year ago, but at least he was a non-hostile spectator. He was also the guardian of his mother and of Mine, when they were to be escorted and defended from people's lampooning. But he was not so strong as to impose himself on those who called Me “insane”; and was still so much a man as to be a little ashamed of Me and to worry about dangers to the whole family, because of My apostolate against sects. But he is already on the right way. On which way, after the Sacrifice, he proceeded more and more steady until he professed his faith in Me with his blood. Grace at times operates instantaneously, at times slowly. But it always operates where there is a will to be just.

Go in peace. Be in peace in your sorrows. The preliminary period before Easter is beginning and you are to carry the Cross for Me. I bless you, Mary of Jesus' Cross. »

## 106. Jesus is driven out of Nazareth. Comfort to His Mother. Reflections on four contemplations.

The evening of 13<sup>th</sup> February 1944.

<sup>1</sup>I see a large square room. I call it a large room, although I realise it is the synagogue in Nazareth (as my internal informant tells me) because there is nothing but the bare walls painted pale yellow and a sort of desk on one side. There is also a tall lectern with some rolls on it. Lectern or bookcase, call it as you wish. It is, in short, a kind of an inclined table, supported by one leg, and on which there are some rolls lined up. There are some people praying, but not as we pray, they are all facing in one direction, with their hands not joined, but more or less like a priest stands at the altar. Above the desk and the lectern there are some lamps set like this:

106. 1

I do not understand the reason for this vision, which does not change but remains fixed for some time. But Jesus tells me to write it and I do so.

[...]

<sup>2</sup>I am once again in the synagogue in Nazareth. The rabbi is now reading. I hear his singsong nasal voice, but I do not understand the words, which are pronounced in a language unknown to me.

106. 2

Amongst the people there is also Jesus with His apostle-cousins and with others who are obviously relatives, but I do not know them.

After the reading the rabbi looks at the crowd in a mute invitation.

Jesus comes forward and asks to preside at the meeting today. I hear His beautiful voice reading the passage\* of Isaiah quoted by the Gospel: «The spirit of the Lord has been given to me... » And I hear the comment He makes, calling Himself «the bearer of the Gospel, of the law of love that replaces the previous rigour with mercy, so that health will be granted to all those who on account of the sin of Adam were contaminated in their souls and indirectly also in their bodies, because sin always gives rise to vice and vice to bodily illness. Therefore all those

\* passage: *Isaiah 61: 1-2; Luke 4: 18-19.*

who are prisoners of the Evil Spirit will be freed. I have come to break their chains, to reopen the way to Heaven, to give light to blind souls and hearing to the deaf. The time of the Grace of the Lord has come. The Grace is amongst you and is speaking to you. The Patriarchs desired to see this day, the existence of which was proclaimed by the Most High and its time was foretold by the Prophets. And informed by a supernatural inspiration, they already know that the dawn of this day has risen and their entry to Paradise is now close at hand and they exult in their souls, saints who require only My blessing to be citizens of Heaven. You see it. Come to the light which has risen. Divest yourselves of your passions to be agile in following Christ. Have goodwill to believe, to improve yourselves, to desire health and you will be given health. It is in My hands. But I only give it to those who have a goodwill to receive it. Because it would be an offence to Grace to give it to those who want to continue to serve Mammon. »

106. 3 <sup>3</sup>A murmur runs through the synagogue. Jesus looks around. He reads on faces and into hearts and goes on: «I understand your thoughts. Because I am from Nazareth, you would like a privileged favour. But you want it not out of power of faith, but out of selfishness. So I solemnly tell you that no prophet is made welcome in his own country. Other countries have accepted Me and will accept Me with greater faith, also those, whose names are a scandal for you. There I will gather My followers, whereas I will not be able to do anything in this country, because it is closed and hostile to Me. But I wish to remind you of Elijah and Elisha. The former found faith in a Phoenician woman, the latter in a Syrian. And they were able to work a miracle for her and for him. The people dying of starvation in Israel and the lepers in Israel did not receive bread and cleanliness, because their hearts had not the goodwill, the fine pearl, that the Prophets could see. The same will happen also to you, who are hostile to and incredulous of the Word of God. »

106. 4 <sup>4</sup>The crowds become enraged, they curse and endeavour to lay their hands on Jesus. But the apostle-cousins, Judas, James and Simon, defend Him and the enraged Nazarenes then hustle Jesus out of the town. They follow Him as far as the brow of the hill, threatening Him, not only with words. But Jesus turns round,

immobilises them with His magnetic glance and walks through them uninjured and disappears along a mountain path.

<sup>5</sup>I see a small, very small village. A handful of houses. A hamlet, as we would call it nowadays. It is higher up than Nazareth which can be seen below and it is only a few miles from it. A very poor hamlet. 106. 5

Jesus is speaking to Mary sitting on a low wall near a little house. It is perhaps the house of friends or perhaps a hospitable one, according to the eastern laws of hospitality. And Jesus has taken shelter there after He was driven out of Nazareth, waiting for His apostles, who have certainly scattered through the countryside, while Jesus was with His Mother.

His three apostle-cousins are not with Him just now. They are inside, in the kitchen, and they are talking to an elderly woman whom Thaddeus calls «mother». I thus understand that she is Mary of Clopas. She is a rather elderly woman and I recognise her as the woman who was with the Most Holy Virgin at the wedding at Cana. Mary of Clopas and her sons have certainly withdrawn there to leave Jesus and Mary free to speak.

<sup>6</sup>Mary is distressed. She has heard what happened at the synagogue and She is sorrowful. Jesus comforts Her. Mary begs Her Son to keep away from Nazareth, where everybody is ill-disposed towards Him, even their other relatives, who consider Him a madman anxious to give rise to ill-feeling and discussions. But Jesus makes a gesture smiling. He seems to be saying: «It takes more than that! Never mind! » But Mary insists. 106. 6

He then answers: «Mother, if the Son of man should go only where He is loved, He should turn His step from this world and go back to Heaven. I have enemies everywhere. Because the Truth is hated, and I am the Truth. But I did not come to find easy love. I came to do the will of the Father and to redeem man. You are love, Mother, My love, that compensates Me foreverything. You, and this little herd, which grows in numbers everyday with some little sheep that I snatch from the wolves of passions and I lead to the fold of God. All the rest is duty. I have come to fulfil this duty and I must accomplish it even to the extent of crashing against the stony hearts unyielding to good. In fact, only after I have fallen, wetting their hearts with blood, I

will soften them, stamping on them My Sign that will cancel the Enemy's sign. Mother, I descended from Heaven for that. I can only wish to accomplish that. »

«Oh! Son! My Son! » Mary's voice is heart-rending. Jesus caresses Her. I notice that Mary is wearing on Her head, besides a veil, also Her mantle. She is more than ever veiled, like a priestess.

106.7 <sup>7</sup>«I shall be away for some time, to make You happy. When I am nearby, I will send someone to inform You. »

«Send John. I seem to be seeing you, somehow, when I see John. Also his mother is full of care for Me and for You. It is true that she hopes to have privileged positions for her sons. She is a woman and a mother, Jesus. We must bear with her. She will speak also to You about it. But she is sincerely affectionate. And when she is freed from the humanity which ferments in her as in her sons, as in the others, as in everybody, My Son, she will be great in her faith. It is painful that everybody should hope to receive worldly welfare from You, a welfare, that even if it is not human, is selfish. But sin is in them with its lust. The blessed hour, so *much dreaded*, although the love of God and of man makes Me desire it, when You will cancel Sin, has not yet come. Oh! that hour! How Your Mother's heart trembles because of that hour! What will they do to You, Son? Son Redeemer, of Whom the Prophets predict such a martyrdom? »

«Do not think about it, Mother. God will help You at that hour. God will help Me and You. And after there will be peace. I tell You once again. Now go, because it is growing dark and You have a long way to go. I bless You. »

106.8 <sup>8</sup>Jesus says:

«Little John, there is a lot of work today. But we are one day late and it is not possible to go slow. That is why I have given you strength today. I granted you the four contemplations\* to be able to speak to you of Mary's sorrows and Mine, in preparation for My passion. I should have spoken to you about them yesterday,

\* the four contemplations: - the comment of which starts here - were all written on "the evening 13th February 1944". They are reported as follows: the first in 106.1; the second in 101 (complete chapter); the third in 106.2/4; the fourth in 106.5/7.

Saturday, the day dedicated to My Mother. But I had pity on you. Today we must make up for lost time. After the sorrows which I have made known to you, Mary had also these. And I with Her.

<sup>9</sup>My eyes had seen into the heart of Judas Iscariot. No one must think that the Wisdom of God has not been able to understand that heart. But, as I told My Mother, he was necessary. Woe to him for being the traitor! But a traitor was necessary. Deceitful, shrewd, greedy, lustful, dishonest, more intelligent and cultured than the masses, he had been able to impose himself on everybody. Daring as he was, he prepared the way for Me, also when the way was a difficult one. He was above all fond of standing out and showing his position of trust near Me. He was not obliging out of instinctive charity, but only because he was one of those whom you would call a "hustler". That enabled him also to look after the purse and approach women. Two things which he loved without restraint, together with a third one: position amongst men. 106. 9

The Pure, Humble Virgin, detached from earthly wealth, could but feel disgust for that serpent. I felt disgust, too. And only I and the Father and the Spirit know what I had to overcome to be able to endure him at My side. But I will tell you later.

<sup>10</sup>Likewise I was aware of the hostility of priests, Pharisees, Scribes and Sadducees. They were shrewd foxes who endeavoured to drive Me into their dens to tear Me to pieces. They were thirsty for My blood. And they tried to set traps for Me everywhere to catch Me, to make accusations against Me and get rid of Me. Their intrigue lasted three long years and it was appeased only when they learned that I was dead. They slept happily that night. The voice of the accuser had been silenced forever. That is what they thought. No. It was not yet dead. It will never be and it thunders and thunders and curses those who nowadays are like them. How much pain My Mother suffered through their fault! And I cannot forget that pain. 106. 10

<sup>11</sup>That the crowd was inconstant, was nothing new. It is the beast that licks the hand of the tamer if it is armed with a whip or offers a piece of meat to satisfy its hunger. But if the tamer falls and can no longer make use of the lash, or if he has no more food for his hunger, then it rushes at him and tears him to pieces. It is sufficient to tell the truth and to be good, to be hated 106. 11

by the crowd, after the first moment of enthusiasm. The truth is a reproach and a warning. Goodness deprives one of the lash and causes those who are not good to be no longer afraid. Thus: “crucify Him”, after shouting: “hosanna”. My life as a Master is overwhelmed by these two voices. And the last one was “crucify Him”. The hosanna is like the deep breath taken by a singer before high notes. Mary, on Good Friday evening, heard once again within Herself all the false hosannas, which had turned into shouts for the death of Her Creature, and She was pierced by them. I will not forget that either.

106. 12     <sup>12</sup>The humanity of the apostles! How much of it! I was carrying in My arms, to lift them up to Heaven, stones which weighed down towards the earth. Even those who did not contemplate the possibility of becoming ministers of an earthly king, as Judas Iscariot did, those who did not think of coming to the throne in My place, if need be, as he did, were still eager for glory. The day came when also My John and his brother craved for that glory, that dazzles you like a mirage also in celestial matters. It is not the holy longing for Paradise, that I want you to avoid. But it is a human desire that your holiness may be known. Not only, but it is the greediness of a money-changer of a usurer, whereby, in exchange for a little love given to Him to Whom I told you that you must give yourselves entirely, you claim a place at His right hand side in Heaven.

No, My children. No. Before that you must be able to drink *all* the chalice that I drank. All of it: with its charity given in return for hatred, its chastity against the allurements of sensuality, with its heroism in trials, with its holocaust for the love of God and one's brothers. Then, when you have fulfilled your duty completely, you must still say: “We are useless servants”, and wait for My Father and yours to grant you, out of His goodness, a place in His Kingdom. You must strip yourselves, as you saw Me stripped in the Praetorium, of everything that is human, keeping only the indispensable, which is respect towards the gift of God, that is life, and towards your brothers to whom we may be more useful from Heaven than on the earth, and leaving to God to clothe you with the immortal stole, made immaculate in the blood of the Lamb.

106. 13     <sup>13</sup>I have shown you the sorrows preparatory to My Passion. I

shall show you more. Although they are sorrows, your soul rested contemplating them. That is enough now. Be in peace. »

## 107. Jesus and His Mother in the house of Johanna of Chuza.

13<sup>th</sup> February 1945.

¶ I see Jesus going towards the house of Johanna of Chuza. <sup>107.1</sup>  
When the doorkeeper servant sees Who is arriving, he utters such a cry of joy that the entire household is astir. Jesus enters smiling and giving His blessing.

Johanna rushes from the garden full of flowers to throw herself at Jesus' feet and kiss them. Also Chuza comes, and he first bows down deeply and then kisses the hem of Jesus' tunic.

Chuza is a handsome man about forty years old. He is not very tall but well built, his hair is dark with only a tinge of silver-grey at his temples. His eyes are lively and dark, his complexion pale and his dark square-cut beard is well cared for.

Johanna is taller than her husband. The only trace of her recent illness is her remarkable slenderness, which, however, is less gaunt than before. She looks like a thin supple palm-tree crowned with her beautiful head with deep black very sweet eyes. She has a thick shock of raven black hair charmingly arranged. Her smooth large forehead looks even whiter under such genuine blackness and her well shaped little mouth stands out with its healthy red lips between soft pale cheeks, which are like petals of camellias. She is a beautiful woman... the one who gives the purse to Longinus on Calvary. Then she was weeping, distressed and completely covered by her veil. Now she is smiling and bareheaded. But it is her.

«To what do I owe the joy of having You as my guest? » asks Chuza.

«To My need of stopping to await My Mother. I am coming from Nazareth... and I have to make My Mother come with Me for some time. I will go to Capernaum with Her. »

«Why not here with me? I am not worthy, but... » says Johanna.

«You are well worthy. But My Mother is with Her sister-in-law, whose husband died a few days ago. »



«The house is large enough to receive more than one guest. And You have given me such joy that no part of it is precluded from You. Give Your orders, Lord, since You turned away death from this abode and You have given it back its gracefully blooming rose» says Chuza, supporting his wife, of whom he must be very fond. I understand that from the way he looks at her.

«I do not give orders. I accept. My Mother is tired and has suffered much recently. She is worried about Me, and I wish to show Her that there are people who love Me. »

«Well! Bring Her here, then! I will love Her as a daughter and a maid» exclaims Johanna.

Jesus consents.

107.2 Chuza goes out to give the necessary orders at once and while the vision splits into two, leaving Jesus in the wonderful garden, intent on speaking to Chuza and his wife, <sup>2</sup>I follow and see the arrival of the comfortable speedy wagon in which Jonathan has gone to Nazareth to bring Mary.

The town, of course, is in some confusion over the matter. And when Mary and Her sister-in-law, revered as two queens by Jonathan, climb into the wagon, after giving the key of the house to Alphaeus of Sarah, the fuss increases. The wagon leaves, while Alphaeus takes his revenge over the rough handling of Jesus in the synagogue, by saying: «Samaritans are better than we are! You have seen how a man of Herod's reveres His Mother!... Whilst we...! I am ashamed of being a Nazarenes

There is uproar between the two parties. Some desert from the opposition party and come towards Alphaeus and are profuse in their excuses.

«Of course» answers Alphaeus. «Guests in the house of the Procurator. You have heard what his steward said: "My master begs You to honour his house". He is honoured, see? And he is the rich and powerful Chuza, and his wife is a royal princess. And he is honoured! And we, that is you, have thrown stones at Him. Shame! »

The Nazarenes do not reply and Alphaeus presses with greater vigour: «Of course, to have Him is to have everything! And no support of man is required. But do you think it is useless to have Chuza as a friend? Is it of good omen to be despised by him? Do you realise that he is the Procurator of the Tetrarch? That is

nothing, is it? Play the Samaritans with Christ! You will draw upon yourselves the hatred of the mighty ones. And then... I will be glad to see you! Without help from Heaven or from the earth! Fools! Wicked misbelievers! » The storm of insults and rebukes goes on while the Nazarenes go away dejected like beaten dogs. Alphaeus is alone at the door of Mary's house like an avenging archangel.

<sup>3</sup>...It is late evening when on the road alongside the lake Jonathan's wagon arrives to the trot of strong horses. Chuza's servants, who were already on sentry duty at the door, give the signal and they rush with lamps, thus adding to the moonlight. 107. 3

Johanna and Chuza rush there. Jesus also appears, smiling, with the group of apostles behind Him. When Mary gets down Johanna prostrates herself on the ground and greets: «Praise to the flower of the regal family. Praise and blessing to the Mother of the Word Saviour» and Chuza bows down so low, that he could not bow any lower not even before Herod, and he says: «Blessed be this hour that brings You to me. Blessed are You, Mother of Jesus. »

Mary replies kindly and humbly: «Blessed be Our Saviour and blessed be the good people who love My Son. »

They all enter the house, received with deep effusion of respect. Johanna is holding Mary's hand and smiles at Her saying: «You will allow me to serve You, will you not? »

«Not Me, but Him. Always serve and love Him. And you will have given Me everything. The world does not love Him... It is My grief. »

«I know. Why this dislike from one part of the world, whereas others would give their lives for Him? »

«Because He is the sign of contradiction for many. Because He is the fire that purifies metal. Gold is purified. The scum falls to the bottom and is thrown away. I was told since He was a little child... And day by day the prophecy is fulfilled... »

«Do not cry, Mary. We will love and defend Him» comforts Johanna.

But Mary continues Her silent weeping, which only Johanna can see in the semi dark corner where they are sitting.

It all ends.

108. Preaching to the vintagers. A paralytic child healed by the intercession of the Mother of Jesus.

14<sup>th</sup> February 1945.

108. 1 <sup>1</sup>The whole country of Galilee is busy in the joyful vintage work. Men, climbing up high ladders, pick the grapes from pergolas and vines; women, their heads laden with baskets, take the golden and ruby grapes to where the crushers are waiting. Songs, burst of laughter, jokes are exchanged from hillock to hillock and from garden to garden. The smell of must is everywhere. Bees are humming and seem intoxicated, so fast do they fly about and dance from the remaining vine shoots, still laden with grapes, to the baskets and vats where the grapes sought by them get lost in the thick juice of the must. Children, their faces painted with juice like fauns, scream like swallows, running on the grass, in the yards and in the streets.

Jesus is going to a town not far from the lake. It is a town on the plain; it looks like a wide riverbed between two remote mountain ranges stretching northwards. The plain is well irrigated because a river (I think it is the Jordan) flows across it. Jesus is going along the main road and is cheered by many shouting: «Rabbi! Rabbi! » Jesus passes by and blesses.

108. 2 Before the town there is a rich estate, at the entrance to which there is an elderly couple waiting for the Master. «Come in. When they finish working, they will all gather here to hear You. How much joy You bring us! It spreads from You as the lymph spreads through the shoots and becomes a joyful wine for our hearts. <sup>2</sup>Is that Your Mother? » asks the landlord.

«Yes, She is. I brought Her here to you, because She also is now in the group of My disciples. The last to be received, the first in faithfulness. She is the Apostle. She preached Me even before I was born... Mother, come. One day, it was in the first times when I was evangelising, this mother did not make Me miss You, so kind she was to Your tired Son. »

«May the Lord grant you His grace, merciful woman. »

«I have grace, because I have the Messiah and You. Come. The house is cool and the light is not so bright. You will be able to rest. You must be tired. »

«My only tiredness is the hatred of the world. But to follow

Him and listen to Him! It has been My desire since My earliest childhood. »

«Did You know that You were to be the future Mother of the Messiah? »

«Oh! no. But I hoped to live long enough to hear Him and serve Him, the last of His evangelised followers, but faithful! oh! faithful! »

«You now hear Him and serve Him. And You are the first. I am a mother, too, and I have wise children. When I hear them speak, my heart leaps with pride. And what do You feel hearing Him? »

«A gentle ecstasy. I sink into My nothingness, and Goodness, which represents Him, lifts Me up with Him. I then see in a simple glance the eternal Truth, and it becomes the blood and flesh of My spirit. »

«Blessed be Your heart! It is pure and that is why it can understand the Word. We are tougher because we are full of faults... »

«I would like to give My heart to everybody for that, that love might enlighten you to understand. Because, believe Me, it is love, and I am the Mother and therefore love is natural in Me, it is love that makes all undertakings easy. »

The two women go on speaking, the old one near the ever so young Mother of my Lord, while Jesus talks to the landlord near the vats, into which the teams of vintagers pour the grapes. The apostles, sitting in the shade of a jasmin bower, enjoy bread and grapes with good appetite.

<sup>3</sup>The sun is about to set and the work slowly comes to an end. The husbandmen are by now all in the large rustic yard, where there is a strong smell of crushed grapes. Other farmers have come from nearby houses.

Jesus climbs a little staircase that leads up to a gallery wing of the house, under which sacks of victuals and agricultural implements are stored. How Jesus smiles climbing those few steps! I see Him smiling while His soft hair is gently blowing in the evening breeze. I wonder why He is smiling so brightly. The joy of His smile, like the wine of which the landlord was speaking, enters my heart, very sad today, and comforts it.

(It is not the first thing that relieves me today. Even this morning, and you [Valtorta's confessor-priest] saw me weeping

108. 3

because of a sharp spiritual sorrow. He, at Holy Communion, appeared to me as usual when you say: «Here is the Lamb of God». But He did not just look at you lovingly, Father, and smile at me. He departed from your side, on the left hand side of the bed and passed to the right side, with His long, slightly rolling gait, caressing me with His long hands and saying: «Do not weep! »... But now His smile fills me with peace. )

He turns around. He sits down on the last step at the top of the staircase, which becomes a gallery for the more fortunate listeners, that is the owners of the house, the apostles and Mary, Who, always humble, had not even tried to climb up to that place of honour, but is led there by the landlady. She sits one step below Jesus, so that Her fair-haired head is at the height of Jesus' knees, and as She is sitting sideways, She can look at His face with Her look of a dove in love. Mary's delicate profile stands out neatly, as in marble, against the dark wall of the rustic gallery.

Farther down, there are the apostles and the owners. All the husbandmen are in the yard, some standing, some sitting on the ground, some have climbed on to the vats or up the fig trees which are at the four corners of the yard.

108. 4 <sup>4</sup>Jesus speaks slowly, sinking His hand into a large sack of corn placed behind Mary's back: He seems to be playing with the grain, or to be caressing it with pleasure, while gesticulating calmly with His right hand.

«I was asked: "Come, Jesus, to bless the work of man". And I have come. I bless it in the name of God. Because, every work, if honest, deserves to be blessed by the eternal Lord. But I said: the first condition to receive blessings from God is to be honest in all one's actions.

Now let us consider together when and how actions are honest. They are honest when they are done having eternal God present in one's soul. Can one ever sin if one says: "God is looking at me. God's eyes are on me and He does not miss the slightest detail of my actions"? No. One cannot. Because the thought of God is a healthy thought and diverts man from sin more than any human threat.

But must one only fear eternal God? No. Listen. You were told: "Fear the Lord your God". And the Patriarchs and the Prophets trembled when the Face of God, or an angel of the Lord, ap-

peared to their just souls. Truly, in time of divine wrath, the apparition of the Supernatural must make hearts tremble. Who, even if as pure as a child, does not tremble before the Powerful One, before Whose eternal brightness are the adoring angels, prostrated in the heavenly hallelujah? God mitigates with a veil of pity the unbearable refulgence of an angel to allow the human eye to look at it without having eyes and mind burned out. What must it therefore be to see God?

But it is so, as long as the wrath lasts. But when it is replaced by peace and the God of Israel says: "I have sworn it. And I will keep My pact. Here is He Whom I am sending, and it is I, although not being I, but My Word, Who becomes flesh to be Redemption", then love must take the place of fear, and nothing but love is to be given to eternal God, joyfully, because the time of peace has come for the earth and between God and man. When the first spring winds spread the pollen of the vine flowers, the farmer must still be watchful, because many injuries may be caused to the fruit by bad weather and insects. But when the happy day of vintage comes, then all fears cease and hearts rejoice in the certainty of the harvest.

The Shoot of the stock of Jesse has sprung, preannounced\* by the Prophets. He is now amongst you: a rich bunch which brings you the juice of eternal Wisdom and only asks to be picked and squeezed to be Wine for men. A wine of endless delight for those who will feed on Him. But woe to those who, having had this Wine within reach, will reject it, and three times woe to those who after feeding on it will reject it or mix it within themselves with the food of Mammon.

<sup>5</sup>And now I am going back to the first idea. The first condition to have God's blessing, both in spiritual and human deeds, is honesty of intentions.

108. 5

He is honest who says: "I abide by the Law not to be praised by men, but out of loyalty to God". He is honest who says: "I follow Christ not because of the miracles He works, but for the advice of eternal life He gives me". He is honest who says: "I work not for a greedy gain, but because also work has been set by God as a means of sanctification on account of its formative, mortifying,

\* preannounced: as in *Isaiah 11: 1-12*.

preservative and elevating values. I work to be able to help my neighbour, I work to be able to make the wonders of God known, Who of a tiny grain makes a tuft of ears, of a grape-stone makes a huge vineyard, of a fruit-stone makes a tree, and of me, a man, a poor nothing, who was made out of nothing by His will, He makes His assistant in the unremitting work of perpetuating cereals, vines and orchards, as well as populating the earth with men”.

There are people who work as hard as pack animals, but their only religion is to increase their wealth. If their more unfortunate companion dies of privations and fatigue beside them; if the children of that poor man die of starvation, what does it matter to the greedy hoarder of riches? There are others, who even harder-hearted, do not work but make other people work and they accumulate wealth by their sweat. And others squander what they meanly extort from other people’s work. Their work is certainly not honest. And do not say: “And yet God protects them”. No. He does not protect them. Now they enjoy an hour of triumph. But they will soon be struck by divine rigour, which both in time and in eternity will remind them of the commandment: “I am the Lord your God. Love Me above all things and love your neighbour as yourself”. Oh! If those words resound eternally, they will be more dreadful than the lightning of Sinai!

108. 6 <sup>6</sup>You are told many words, too many. I will tell you only these: “Love God. Love your neighbour”. They are like the work in the vineyard in spring, that makes the vine shoots fruitful. The love of God and of your neighbour is like the harrow that clears the soil of the harmful herbs of selfishness and of evil passions; it is like the hoe that digs a circle round the shoot to isolate it from infectious parasite herbs and to nourish it with cool irrigation water; it is like the shears that remove what is superfluous and confine the strength, directing it to where it will bear fruit; it is a tie that fastens and supports with a robust pole, finally it is the sun that ripens the fruits of goodwill and makes them fruits of eternal life.

You are now jubilant because it has been a good year, the crops are plentiful and the vintage rich. But I solemnly tell you that this joy of yours is less than a tiny grain of sand as compared to the immeasurable jubilation that will be yours when the eternal Father will say to you: “Come, My fruitful shoots grafted into

the true Vine. You have helped in all kinds of work, also in painful ones, to bear abundant fruit, and you are now coming to Me, rich with sweet juices of love for Me and your neighbour. Blossom in My gardens forever and ever”.

Aim at that eternal happiness. Pursue that good with loyalty, with gratitude bless the Eternal Father Who assists you in reaching it. Bless Him for the grace of His Word, bless Him for the grace of a good harvest. Love the Lord with gratitude and do not fear. God gives one hundred to one to those who love Him. »

Jesus would have finished. But they all shout: «Bless us, bless us! Your blessing upon us! »

Jesus stands up, He stretches out His arms and in a thundering voice He says: «May the Lord bless you and keep you, may His Face shine on you and be gracious to you. May the Lord uncover His Face to you and bring you peace. The Name of the Lord be in your hearts, in your homes and in your fields. »

<sup>7</sup>The little crowd which had gathered utter cries of joy and applause for the Messiah. They then turn quiet and open out to let pass through a mother, who is carrying in her arms a paralytic child, about ten years old. At the foot of the staircase, she holds him out, as if she were offering him to Jesus. 108.7

«She is one of my servants. Her boy last year fell from the terrace and broke his back. He will lie on his back all his life» explains the landlord.

«She has been hoping in You all these months... » adds the landlady.

«Tell her to come to Me. »

But the poor woman is so excited, that she seems to be paralyzed. She trembles all over and trips on her long dress while climbing up the high steps with her son in her arms.

Mary, compassionate, stands up and goes down to meet her. «Come. Do not be afraid. My Son loves you. Give Me your child. It will be easier for you to climb up. Come, My daughter. I am a Mother, too» and She takes the child, smiling kindly at him, and then goes up with Her piteous load weighing on Her arms. The boy's mother follows Her crying.

Mary is now before Jesus. She kneels down and says: «Son! For the sake of this mother! » Nothing else.

Jesus does not even ask the usual question: «What do you



want Me to do for you? Do you believe that I can do it? » No. Today He smiles and says: «Woman, come here. »

The woman goes beside Mary. Jesus lays His hand on her head and says only: «Be happy», and He has not yet finished saying the words, when the boy, who so far had been lying heavily on Mary's arms, with his legs hanging loose, sits up all of a sudden and with a cry of joy: «Mummy! », he runs to take refuge in his mother's lap.

The shouts of hosanna seem to be penetrating the sky now all red at sunset.

The woman, clasping her son to heart, does not know what to say and she asks: «What must I do to tell You that I am happy? »

And Jesus, caressing her once again: «You must be good and love God and your neighbour and bring your son up in this love. »

But the woman is not yet content. She would like to... she would like to... and at last she asks: «A kiss of Yours and of Your Mother's to my child. »

Jesus bends down and kisses him and Mary does likewise. And while the woman is going away happy, surrounded by cheering friends, Jesus explains to the landlord: «Nothing else was needed. He was in My Mother's arms. Even without any word I would have cured him, because She is happy when She can relieve distress and I *want to make Her happy.* »

And Jesus and Mary exchange one of those glances that only one who has seen them can understand, so deeply meaningful are they.

## 109. In the fields of Johanan and in those of Doras. The death of Jonah in the house of Nazareth.

15<sup>th</sup> February 1945.

109.1 <sup>1</sup>I see once again the plain of Esdraelon, by day. A cloudy late November day. It must have rained during the night, one of the first rains of the dreary winter months, because the earth is damp but not muddy. And it is windy. A damp wind that blows away the yellow leaves and pierces one's bones with its breath saturated with moisture.

In the fields there are a few yokes of oxen ploughing. They

laboriously turn the rich heavy soil of this fertile plain, preparing it for seed-time. And what upsets me is to see that in some places it is the men themselves that work as oxen, pushing the ploughshare with all the strength of their arms and even with their chests, pressing their feet in the soil already turned, toiling like slaves in this work which is very hard also for robust bulls.

Also Jesus looks and notices. And His face turns so sad as to weep.

The disciples, only eleven, because Judas is still absent and the shepherds are no longer here, speak among themselves and Peter says: «Also a boat is small, poor and laborious... But it is one hundred times better than this pack-animal job! » He then asks: «Are they perhaps Doras' servants? »

Simon Zealot replies: «I don't think so: his fields are beyond that orchard, I think. And we can't see them yet. »

<sup>2</sup>But Peter, always curious, leaves the road and walks along a hedge between two fields. Four thin peasants, wet with perspiration have sat down for a moment on its borders. They are panting with fatigue. Peter asks them: «Are you Doras' men? » 109. 2

«No, but we belong to his relative, to Johanan. And who are you? »

«I am Simon of Jonas, a fisherman of Galilee until the moon of Civ. Now I am Peter of Jesus of Nazareth, the Messiah of the Gospel. » Peter says so with the respect and glory with which one would say: «I belong to the high divine Caesar of Rome» and much more, too. His honest face is shining with joy in professing himself of Jesus.

«Oh! the Messiah! Where, where is He? » ask the four unhappy men.

«That one over there. The tall fair-headed one, clad in dark red. The one who is now looking here, and is smiling waiting for me. »

«Oh!... If we went there... would He send us away? »

«Send you away? Why? He is the friend of the unhappy, the poor, the oppressed, and I think that you... yes, you are just them... »

«Oh! we are indeed! But not like Doras' men. At least we have as much bread as we want and we are not lashed unless we stop working, but... »

«So that, if the fine master Johanan should find you here talking, he... »

«He would lash us more than he would lash his dogs... »

Peter whistles significantly. He then says: «Well it is better if we do this... » and cupping his hands to his mouth he calls out loud «Master. Come here. There are some hearts that are suffering and they want You. »

«But what are you saying? Him to come here?! But we are ignoble servants! » The four men are terrified at such boldness.

«But lashes are not pleasant. And if that fine Pharisee should turn up, I would not like to have a share myself... » Peter says: laughing and with his big hand he shakes the most terrified of the four men.

109. 3 <sup>3</sup>Jesus with His long stride is about to arrive. The four men do not know what to do. They would like to run and meet Him, but they are paralyzed with respect. Poor beings completely frightened by human wickedness. They fall flat on their faces, adoring the Messiah Who is coming towards them.

«Peace to all those who desire Me. He who desires Me, desires good, and I love him as a friend. Get up. Who are you? »

But the four just lift their faces off the ground, and remain kneeling and quiet.

Peter explains: «They are four servants of the Pharisee Johanan, a relative of Doras. They would like to speak to You, but if he comes, there will be a lot of blows, that is why I said to You: "Come". Get up, boys. He will not eat you! Have faith. Just think that He is a friend of yours. »

«We... we know about You... Jonah told us... »

«I have come for him. I know that he announced Me. What do you know of Me? »

«That You are the Messiah. That he saw You a baby. That the angels sang peace to good people with Your coming, that You were persecuted... that You were saved and that now You have been looking for Your shepherds and... You love them. These last things he told us now. And we thought: if He is so good as to look for some shepherds and love them, He would certainly be also a little fond of us... We need so much someone who may love us... »

109. 4 <sup>4</sup>«I love you. Do you suffer much? »

«Oh!... But Doras' men even more. If Johanan found us talk-

ing here!... But today he is at Gerghesa. He has not yet come back from the Feast of the Tabernacles. But his steward this evening will give us food after measuring the work that we have done. But it does not matter. We will not rest for our meal at the sixth hour and we will make up for this time. »

«Tell me, man. Would I be able to work that tool? Is it a difficult task? » asks Peter.

«No, it's not difficult. But it is hard work. It takes a lot of strength. »

«I have that. Show me. If I succeed, you can talk and I will play the ox. You, John, Andrew and James, come to the lesson. We will abandon fish for the worms of the soil. Come on! » Peter lays his hands on the cross-bar of the beam. There are two men at each plough, one on each side of the long beam. He looks and imitates all the gestures of the peasant. Strong as he is and rested, he works well and the man praises him.

«I am a master in ploughing» happily exclaims good Peter. «Come on, John! Come here. An ox and a bull-calf at each plough. James and that mute calf of my brother at the other one. Right! Heave away! » and the two ploughs proceed side by side turning the soil and cutting furrows in the long field at the end of which they turn round and cut a fresh furrow. They seem to have worked as farmers all their lives.

<sup>5</sup>«How good Your friends are! » says the boldest of Johanan's <sup>109.5</sup> servants. «Did You make them such? »

«I have guided their goodness. As you do with the pruner's shears. Goodness was already in them. It now blossoms well because there is somebody Who takes care of it. »

«They are also humble. They are Your friends and yet they are serving us, poor servants, like that! »

«Only those who love humbleness, meekness, continence, honesty and love, love above all, can stay with Me. Because he who loves God and his neighbour, possesses in consequence all virtues and gains Heaven. »

«Shall we be able to gain it, too, we, who have no time to pray, to go to the Temple, not even to raise our heads off the furrows? »

«Tell Me: do you hate him who deals with you so hard? Is there in you rebellion and reproach to God for putting you amongst the lowest of the earth? »

«Oh! no, Master! It is our fate. But when tired we throw ourselves on our pallets, we say: “Well, the God of Abraham knows that we are so exhausted that we are not able to say more than: ‘Blessed be the Lord! ’”, and we say: “Also today we have lived without sinning”... You know... we could also cheat a little and eat a fruit with our bread, or pour some oil on to the boiled vegetables. But the master said: “Bread and vegetables are sufficient for servants, and at harvest time a little vinegar in the water to quench their thirst and give them strength”. And we do that. After all... we could be worse off. »

«And I solemnly tell you that the God of Abraham smiles at your hearts, whilst He turns a severe face towards those who insult Him in the Temple with false prayers, while they do not love their fellows. »

«Oh! but they love people like themselves! At least... it looks as if they do, because they respect one another with gifts and bows. It is for us that they have no love. But we are different from them, and it is fair. »

«No. It is not fair in My Father’s Kingdom. But different will be the way of judging. Not the rich and the mighty ones, as such, will receive honours. But only those who have always loved God, loving Him above themselves and above everything else, such as money, power, women, a bountiful table; and loving their fellow men, that is all men, both rich and poor, well-known and unknown, learned and without culture, good and bad. Yes, you must love also bad people. Not because of their wickedness, but out of pity for their souls which they wound to death. It is necessary to love them imploring the Celestial Father to cure them and redeem them. In the Kingdom of Heaven those will be blessed who have honoured the Lord with truth and justice, who have loved their parents and relatives out of respect; those who have not stolen anything *in anyway*, that is who have given and exacted what is just, also in the work of servants; those who have not killed any reputation or creature and have not desired to kill, even when the behaviour of other people is so cruel as to excite hearts to disdain and rebellion; those who have not sworn falsehood damaging one’s neighbour and the truth; those who have not committed adultery or any carnal sin; those, who being mild and resigned, have always accepted their lot without envying others. Of those

is the Kingdom of Heaven, and also a beggar can be a happy king up there, whereas a Tetrarch, with all his power, will be less than nothing, or rather, more than nothing: he will be a prey to Mammon, if he has sinned against the eternal law of the Decalogue. »

«The men listen to Him gaping. Bartholomew, Matthew, Simon, Philip, Thomas, James and Judas of Alphaeus are near Jesus. The other four continue working, red in their face and hot, but cheerful. Peter is quite enough to keep them all merry.

109. 6

«Oh! How right Jonah was in calling You: "Holy!" Everything is holy in You: Your words, Your look, Your smile. We have never felt our souls thus...! »

«Have you not seen Jonah for a long time? »

«Since he has been ill. »

«Ill? »

«Yes, Master. He cannot stand it anymore. He was already dragging himself along before. But after the summer work and the vintage he is unable to stand up. And yet that... makes him work... Oh! You say that we must love everybody. But it is very difficult to love hyenas! And Doras is worse than a hyena! »

«Jonah loves him... »

«Yes, Master. And I say that he is a saint like those who have been martyred because of their loyalty to the Lord Our God. »

«You have spoken the truth. What is your name? »

«Micah, and this is Saul, and this is Jowehel, and this is Isai-ah. »

«I will mention your names to the Father. And you were saying that Jonah is very ill? »

«Yes, as soon as he finishes his work he throws himself on the straw and we don't see him. The other servants of Doras tell us. »

«Will he be working now? »

«Yes, if he can stand up. He should be beyond that apple orchard. »

«Was Doras' harvest a good one? »

«Yes, it was famous all over the area. The plants had to be propped up owing to the miraculous size of the fruit, and Doras had to have new vats made because there were so many grapes that the usual ones could not contain them. »

«Doras must have rewarded his servant! »

«Rewarded! Oh! Lord, how little You know of him! »

«But Jonah told Me that years ago Doras thrashed him to death for the loss of a few bunches and that he became a slave through debt, because his master blamed him for the loss of a few crops. Since this year he had a miraculous abundance, he should have given him a prize. »

«No. He lashed him savagely, accusing him of not having the same abundance in past years, because he had not taken due care of the land. »

«But that man is a beast! » exclaims Matthew.

109. 7 «No. He is soulless» says Jesus. <sup>7</sup>«I leave you, My sons, with a blessing. Have you bread and food for today? »

«We have this bread» and they show Him a dark loaf which they take out of a sack lying on the ground.

«Take My food. I have but this. But I am staying at Doras' today and... »

«You at Doras' house? »

«Yes. To ransom Jonah. Did you not know? »

«No one knows anything here. But... distrust him, Master. You are like a lamb in the wolf's den. »

«He will not be able to do Me any harm. Take My food. James, give them what we have. Also your wine. You must rejoice a little, too, My poor friends. Both your souls and your bodies. Peter! Let us go. »

«I am coming, Master. There is only this furrow to cut. » And he runs to Jesus, his face drawn with fatigue. He dries himself with the mantle he had taken off, he puts it on again and he laughs happily.

The four men cannot thank them enough.

«Will you pass by here again, Master? »

«Yes. Wait for Me. You will say goodbye to Jonah. Can you do that? »

«Oh! yes. The field is to be ploughed by evening. More than two thirds has been done. How well and quickly. Your friends are strong! May God bless You. Today for us is a greater feast than Passover. Oh! May God bless you all! »

109. 8 <sup>8</sup>Jesus goes straight to the apple-orchard. They cross it and reach Doras' fields. Other peasants are at the ploughs or are bent down removing all the loose herbs from the furrows. But Jonah is not there. The men recognise Jesus and greet Him without

leaving their work.

«Where is Jonah?»

«After two hours he fell on the furrow and has been taken home. Poor Jonah. He will not have to suffer long now. He is nearing his end. We shall never have a better friend.»

«You have Me on the earth and him in Abraham's bosom. The dead love the living with a double love: their own and the love they obtain by being with God, therefore a perfect love.»

«Oh! Go to him at once. That he may see You in his suffering!»

Jesus blesses and goes away.

«What are You going to do now? What will You say to Doras?» ask the disciples.

«I will go as if I knew nothing. If he sees that he is being met fairly and squarely, he may be pitiless towards Jonah and the servants.»

«Your friend is right: he is a jackal» says Peter to Simon.

«Lazarus speaks nothing but the truth and he is not a back-biter. You will meet him and you will like him» replies Simon.

<sup>109.9</sup> The house of the Pharisee can be seen. Large, low, but well built, in the middle of an orchard now fruitless. A country house, but rich and comfortable. Peter and Simon go ahead to warn.

Doras comes out. An old man with the hard profile of a rapacious person. Ironic eyes, a serpent's mouth wriggling a false smile in a beard more white than black. «Hail, Jesus» he greets informally and with obvious condescension.

Jesus does not say: «Peace»; He replies: «May your greeting return to you.»

«Come in. My house receives You. You have been as punctual as a king.»

«As an honest person» replies Jesus.

Doras laughs as if it was a joke.

Jesus turns around and says to His disciples, who had not been invited: «Come in. They are My friends.»

«Let them come in... but isn't that one the exciseman, the son of Alphaeus?»

«This is Matthew, the disciple of Christ» says Jesus in a tone... that the other understands and he gives a laugh more forced than before.



Doras would like to crush the «poor» Galilean Master under the wealth of his house which is sumptuous inside. Sumptuous and icy. The servants seem slaves. They walk with bent shoulders, stealing away swiftly, always afraid of punishment. One feels that the house is dominated by cold-heartedness and hatred.

But Jesus cannot be crushed by a display of wealth or by reminding Him of one's wealth and relatives and Doras, who understands the indifference of the Master, takes Him to his orchard-garden, showing Him rare plants and offering Him their fruits, which servants bring on golden trays and cups. Jesus enjoys and praises the delicious fruit, partly preserved as a julep, and they are beautiful peaches, partly in their natural state, and they are pears of a rare size.

«I am the only one to have them in Palestine and I don't think that there are any in the whole peninsula. I sent for them from Persia and even farther away. The caravan cost me as much as a talent. But not even the Tetrarchs have such fruits. Perhaps not even Caesar has them. I count all the fruits and I want their stones. And the pears are eaten only at my table because I do not want even one seed to be taken away. I send some to Annas, but only cooked ones so that they are sterile. »

«But they are plants of God. And all men are equal. »

«Equal? No! I am equal to... to Your Galileans? »

«Souls come from God and He creates them equal. »

«But I am Doras, the faithful Pharisee!... » He looks as proud as a peacock in saying so.

Jesus darts a glance at him with His sapphire eyes which are becoming brighter and brighter, a sign that denotes oncoming pity or severity. Jesus is so much taller than Doras and towers over him, stately in His purple tunic near the small, slightly bent Pharisee, wrinkled in a garment strikingly wide and rich in fringes.

Doras, after some time of self-admiration, exclaims: «Jesus, why did You send Lazarus, the brother of a prostitute, to the house of Doras, the pure Pharisee? Is Lazarus Your friend? You must not do that. Don't You know that he is anathematized because his sister Mary is a prostitute? »

«I know but Lazarus and his deeds, which are honest. »

«But the world remembers the sin of that house and sees that its stains spread to its friends... Don't go there. Why are You not a Pharisee? If You wish... I am influential... I will have You accepted, although You are a Galilean. I can do anything in the Sanhedrin. Annas is in my hands, like the edge of my mantle. People would be more afraid of You. »

«I want only to be loved. »

«I will love You. <sup>10</sup>You can see that I already love You because I am yielding to Your wish and I am giving You Jonah. » 109. 10

«I paid for him. »

«True, and I am surprised that You can afford to pay so much. »

«Not I. A friend paid for Me. »

«Well, well. I am not inquisitive. I say: You see that I love You and I want to make You happy. You will have Jonah after our meal. It is only for You that I make this sacrifice... » and he laughs his cruel laughter.

Jesus darts a more and more severe glance at him, His arms folded on His chest. They are still in the orchard garden awaiting mealtime.

«But You must make me happy. A joy for a joy. I am giving You my best servant. I am therefore depriving myself of something useful for the future. This year Your blessing, I know that You were here at the beginning of summer, has given me crops which have made my farm famous. Now bless my herds and my fields. Next year I will not regret the loss of Jonah... and in the meantime I will find someone like him. Come and bless. Give me the joy of being celebrated throughout Palestine and having folds and granaries full of all sorts of good things. Come» and he grasps Jesus and tries to drag Him, overwhelmed by gold-fever.

But Jesus resists. «Where is Jonah? » he asks severely.

«Where they are ploughing. He wanted to do also that for his good master. But before the meal is over he will come. In the meantime, come and bless the herds, the fields, the orchards, the vineyards, the oil mills. Bless everything. Oh! How fruitful they will be next year! Come then. »

«Where is Jonah? » asks Jesus in a louder thundering voice.

«I told You! Where they are ploughing. He is the first servant and does not work: he is at the head of the men. »

«Liar! »

«Me? I swear to it by Jehovah! »

«Perjurer! »

«Me? I a perjurer? I am the most faithful believer! Watch how You speak! »

«Killer! » Jesus has been raising His voice louder all the time and this last word is like thunder.

His disciples go near Him, servants look out of doors frightened. Jesus' face is unendurable in its severity. Fluorescent rays seem to be emanating from His eyes.

Doras is frightened for a moment. He shrinks, a bundle of fine cloth near the tall person of Jesus, clad in a dark red woollen tunic. Then his pride prevails and he shouts with his squeaky voice like a fox's: «Only I give orders in my house. Get out, vile Galileans

«I will go out after cursing you, your fields, herds and vineyards, for this year and the years to come. »

«No, don't! Yes. It is true. Jonah is ill. But he is being taken care of. He is well looked after. Withdraw Your curse. »

109.11

<sup>11</sup>«Where is Jonah? Let a servant lead Me to him, at *once*. I paid for him; and since he is a piece of merchandise, a machine, for you, I consider him as such; and since I purchased him, I want him. »

Doras pulls out a gold whistle from his chest and blows it three times. A group of servants, both of the house and of the fields, come out from everywhere, they run near the dreaded master, bowing down so deeply, that they seem to be crawling, «Bring Jonah to Him and hand him over. Where are You going? »

Jesus does not even answer. He follows the servants who have rushed beyond the garden towards the peasants' dwellings, the filthy holes of the poor peasants. They enter Jonah's hovel.

He is only skin and bones now and is panting half-naked because of a high temperature, on a cane-mat, where the mattress is a patched up garment and the blanket an even more worn out mantle. The same woman as last time is looking after him as best she can.

«Jonah! My friend! I have come to take you away! »

«You? My Lord! I am dying... but I am happy to have You here! »

«My faithful friend, you are now free, and you will not die here. I am taking you to My house. »

«Free? Why? To Your house? Oh! Yes. You did promise me that I would see Your Mother. »

Jesus is most loving, bending over the miserable bed of the unhappy man. And Jonah seems to be recovering on account of his joy.

«Peter, you are strong. Lift up Jonah, and you, give your mantles. This bed is too hard for one in his state. »

The disciples take off their mantles at once, they fold them, several times and lay them on the mat, using some as a pillow. Peter lays down his load of bones and Jesus covers him with His own mantle.

«Peter, have you got any money? »

«Yes, Master, I have forty coins. »

«Good. Let us go. Cheer up, Jonah. A little more trouble and then there will be so much peace in My house, near Mary... »

«Mary... yes... oh! Your house! » In his extreme weakness poor Jonah weeps. He can but weep.

«Goodbye, woman. The Lord will bless you for your mercy. »

«Goodbye, Lord. Goodbye, Jonah. Pray for me. » The young woman is weeping.

<sup>12</sup>When they are at the door, Doras appears. Jonah makes a gesture of fear and covers his face. But Jesus lays a hand on his head and goes out beside him, more stern than a judge. The unhappy procession goes out into the rustic yard and takes the orchard path.

109. 12

«That bed is mine! I sold You the servant, not the bed. »

Jesus throws the purse at his feet without saying a word.

Doras picks up the purse and empties it. «Forty coins and five didrachmas. It's too little! »

Jesus looks the greedy revolting torturer up and down, but does not reply. It is impossible to say what His gesture means.

«At least tell me that You are withdrawing the anathema! »

Jesus crushes him once again with a glare and a few words: «I entrust you to the God of Sinai» and goes past upright, beside the rustic litter, which Peter and Andrew are carrying most cautiously.

When Doras sees that it is all to no good, that the punishment

is certain, he shouts: «We will meet again, Jesus! I will have You in my clutches again! I will fight You to death. You can take that worn out man. I no longer need him. I will save his burial money. Go, go away, cursed Satan! I will set the whole Sanhedrin on You. Satan! Satan! »

Jesus pretends that He does not hear. The disciples are dismayed.

<sup>109.13</sup> <sup>13</sup>Jesus attends only to Jonah. He looks for the smoothest and most sheltered paths until they reach a crossroad near Johanan's fields. The four peasants run to say goodbye to their friend who is leaving and to Jesus Who is blessing.

But the road from Esdraelon to Nazareth is a long one, and they cannot proceed speedily, because of their pitiful load. There is no wagon or cart along the main road. There is nothing. They proceed in silence. Jonah seems to be sleeping, but he holds on to Jesus' hand.

Towards evening, a military Roman wagon catches up with them.

«In the name of God, stop» says Jesus lifting His arm.

The two soldiers stop; from under the cover pulled over the wagon, as it has started raining, peeps out a pompous non-commissioned officer. «What do You want? » he asks Jesus.

«I have a dying friend. I ask you to take him into the wagon. »

«We are not allowed... but... get on. We are not dogs either. »

The bed is lifted, into the wagon.

«Your friend? Who are You? »

«Rabbi Jesus of Nazareth. »

«You? Oh!... » The non-commissioned officer looks at Him curiously. «If it is You, then... get on as many as you can. But don't let anyone see you... It is an order... but above orders there is also humanity, isn't there? You are good, I know. Eh! We soldiers know everything... How do I know? Even stones speak well or evil, and we have ears to listen to them in order to serve Caesar. You are not a false Christ like the others before You, who were agitators and rebels. You are good. Rome knows. This man... is very ill. »

«That is why I am taking him to My Mother. »

«Hum! She won't cure him for long! Give him some wine. It's in that canteen. Aquila, whip the horses, Quintus, give me the

ration of honey and butter. It's mine, it will do him good. He has a cough and honey will help. »

«You are good. »

«No. Not quite so bad as many. And I am happy to have You here with me. <sup>14</sup>Remember Publius Quintilianus of the Italica legion. I stay at Caesarea. But I am now going to Ptolomais. Inspection order. » 109. 14

«You are not My enemy. »

«I? I am an enemy of bad people. Never of good people. And I would like to be good, too. Tell me: What doctrine do You preach for us, military people? »

«The doctrine is one only, for everybody. Justice, honesty, continence, compassion. One must do one's duty without any abuses. Also in the hard necessities of the army, one must be human. And one must endeavour to know the Truth, that is God, one and eternal, without which knowledge every action is deprived of grace and consequently of eternal reward. »

«But when I am dead, what will I do with the good I have done? »

«Who comes to the true God will find that good in the next life. »

«Am I going to be born again? Will I become a tribune or even an emperor? »

«No. You will become like God, being united to His eternal beatitude in Heaven. »

«What? Me in Olympus? Amongst the gods? »

«There are no gods. There is the true God. The One I preach. The One Who hears you and notes your goodness and your desire to know the Good. »

«I like that! I did not know that God could be concerned with a poor heathen soldier. »

«He created you, Publius. He therefore loves you and would like to have you with Himself. »

«Eh!... why not? But... no one ever speaks to us of God. »

«I will come to Caesarea and you will hear Me. »

«Oh! Yes. I will come to hear You. There is Nazareth. I would like to serve You further. But if they see me... »

«I will get off, and I bless you for your kindness. »

«Hail, Master. »

109. 15 «May the Lord show Himself to you, soldiers. Goodbye. »  
15They get off and resume walking.

«In a short while you will be able to rest, Jonah» says Jesus encouragingly.

Jonah smiles. He becomes calmer and calmer as night falls and now that he is sure that he is far from Doras.

John and his brother run ahead to inform Mary. And when the little procession arrives in Nazareth, almost deserted in the late evening, Mary is already at the door awaiting Her Son.

«Mother, here is Jonah. He is taking shelter under Your kindness to begin enjoying his Paradise. Are you happy, Jonah? »

«Happy! Happy! » whispers the exhausted man as if he were in ecstasy.

He is taken into the little room where Joseph died.

«You are in My father's bed. And here is My Mother, and I am here. See? Nazareth becomes Bethlehem, and you are now the little Jesus between two people who love you, and these are the ones who venerate you as the faithful servant. You cannot see the angels, but they are waving their bright wings above you and are singing the words of the Christmas psalm... »

Jesus pours all His kindness on poor Jonah who is getting worse from one second to the next. He seems to have resisted so far to die here... but he is happy. He smiles and tries to kiss Jesus' hand and Mary's, and to say... but his anguish interrupts his words. Mary comforts him like a mother. And he repeats: «Yes... yes» with a blissful smile on his emaciated face.

The disciples, standing at the kitchen garden entrance, are silent and watch deeply moved.

«God has listened to your long desire. The Star of your long night is now becoming the Star of your eternal Morning. You know its name» says Jesus.

«Jesus, Yours! Oh! Jesus! The angels... Who will sing the angelical hymn for me? My soul can hear it... but also my ears wish to hear it... Who?... to make me sleep happy... I am so sleepy! So much work I have done! So many tears... So many insults... Doras... I forgive him... but I do not want to hear his voice and I hear it. It is like the voice of Satan near me, who am dying. Who will cover that voice for me with the words that came from Heaven? »

It is Mary Who on the same tune as Her lullaby sings softly:

«Glory to God in the Highest Heaven and peace to men down here. » And She repeats it two or three times because She sees that Jonah calms down on hearing it.

«Doras does not speak anymore» he says after some time. «Only the angels... It was a Child... in a manger... between an ox and a donkey... and it was the Messiah... And I adored Him... and with Him there was Joseph and Mary... » His voice fades away in a short gurgle and then there is silence.

«Peace in Heaven to the man of goodwill! He is dead. We shall bury him in our poor sepulchre. He deserves to await the resurrection of the dead near My just father» says Jesus.

And it all ends, while Mary of Alphaeus, informed, I do not know by whom, is coming in.

## 110. Jesus in the House of Jacob near Lake Merom.

17<sup>th</sup> February 1945.

<sup>110.1</sup> I would say that Palestine, besides the lake of Galilee and the Dead Sea, had another small lake or pond, in short a sheet of water, the name of which I do not know. I am not at all good at estimating dimensions, but with my naked eye I would say that this small basin is about two miles by one and a half. Very small, as one can see. But its green shores are pretty and also its surface which is so blue and calm that it seems a huge chip of sky-blue enamel veined in the middle by a lighter and slightly more wavy stroke of the brush, perhaps because of the current of the river which flows into it in the north and flows out in the south, and which, because of the lightness of the water, which above all I do not think is deep, does not stop flowing, but like a live stream in the middle of still waters, it shows its vitality and presence by means of a different hue and light ripples of the water.

There are no sailing-boats on the little lake, but only a few rowing-boats, in which a solitary fisherman casts or hauls his fishing baskets, or ferries a traveler who wants to take a short cut. And there are endless herds of sheep, which have certainly come down from the mountain pastures in view of the oncoming autumn, and are grazing on the green and rich pastures of the shores.



110.2 <sup>2</sup>At the southern end of the lake, which is oval shaped, there is a main road running from east to west, or rather from north east to south west. It is quite well kept and is very busy with wayfarers going to the villages scattered in the area. Jesus is proceeding on this road with His disciples.

It is a rather dull day and Peter remarks: «It would have been better if we had not gone to that woman. The days are getting shorter and shorter and the weather worse and worse... and Jerusalem is still so far away. »

«We will arrive in time. And believe Me. Peter, we obey God more by doing a good deed rather than an external ceremony. That woman is now blessing God with all her creatures, around the head of the family, who has recovered so well that he will be able to be in Jerusalem for the Feast of the Tabernacles, whereas by that time he would have been sleeping under bandages and ointments in a sepulchre. Never corrupt faith with the outward appearance of acts. Never criticise. How can you be surprised at Pharisees if you, too, fall into an error of lack of compassion and you close your heart to your neighbour and say: "I serve God and that is enough"? »

«You are right, Master. I am more ignorant than a little ass. »

«And I am keeping you with Me to make you wise. Do not be afraid. Chuza has offered Me the wagon almost as far as Jabbok. It is a short way from there to the ford. He insisted so much and with such valid reasons, that I had to accept it, although I deem that the King of the poor should make use of the means of the poor. But Jonah's death caused a delay and I have to modify My plans according to such unexpected events. »

110.3 <sup>3</sup>The disciples talk of Jonah, pitying his poor life and envying his happy death. Simon Zealot whispers: «I was not able to make him happy and give the Master a *true* disciple who had matured in long martyrdom and unshakable faith... and I am sorry. The world is in such need of faithful creatures, believing in Jesus, to balance the many people who deny and will deny! »

«It does not matter, Simon» answers Jesus. «He is happier, *now*. And more active. And you have done more than anyone would have done for him and for Me. I thank you also on his behalf. He now knows who freed him. And he blesses you. »

«Well, then, he curses Doras, too» exclaims Peter.

Jesus looks at him and says: «Do you think so? You are mistaken. Jonah was a just man. Now he is a saint. He did not hate or curse when he was alive. He does not hate or curse now. From his place of expectation, he is looking at Paradise, and as he already knows that Limbo will soon let the expectants out, he is jubilant. He does nothing else. »

«And Doras... will he be struck by Your anathema? »

«In what way, Peter? »

«Well... by making him think and change... or by punishing him. »

«I have entrusted him to the justice of God. I, the Love, have abandoned him. »

«Good gracious! I would not like to be him. »

«Neither would I! »

«Nor I! »

«No one would, because what will the justice of the Perfect Being ever be like? » say the disciples.

«It will be ecstasy for the good, it will be a thunderbolt for the satans, My friends. I solemnly tell you: to be for a whole life a slave, a leper, a beggar is regal happiness, as compared to one hour, one single hour, of divine punishment. »

<sup>4</sup>«It's raining, Master. What shall we do? Where shall we go? » <sup>110. 4</sup>  
In fact the first large drops of rain are falling and bouncing on the lake, which has become dark reflecting the sky, now over-cast, and it looks as if it is going to rain more heavily.

«To some house. We will ask for shelter in the name of God. »

«And let us hope that we shall find someone as good as the Roman. I did not think they were like that... I had always avoided them as being impure and I see that... if I take everything into account, they are better than many of us» says Peter.

«Do you like the Romans? » asks Jesus.

«Eh!... I find that they are not worse than we are. But they are Samaritans... »

Jesus smiles but does not say anything.

They meet a woman who is driving eight sheep in front of her. «Woman, can you tell us where we can find shelter?... » asks Peter.

«I am the servant of a poor lonely man. But if you want to come... I think my master will receive you kindly. »

«Let us go. »

They proceed under the heavy shower, walking fast in the middle of the sheep trotting with their fat bodies to escape the downpour. They leave the main road to take a little one leading to a low house. I recognise the house of the peasant Jacob, the peasant of Matthias and Mary, the two little orphans of the August vision, I think.

«It's over there! Run ahead while I take the sheep to the fold. Beyond the wall there is a yard through which you go to the house. He will be in the kitchen. Never mind if he is not very talkative... He has a great deal of trouble. »

110.5

<sup>5</sup>The woman goes towards a small hut on the right hand side. Jesus turns to the left with His disciples.

There is the threshing-floor with the well and the stone oven at the farther end and the apple-tree on one side and there is the wide open door of the kitchen where a wood fire is lit and a man is repairing a broken rural tool.

«Peace to this house. I ask you to give shelter for tonight to Me and My companions» says Jesus on the threshold of the door.

The man looks up. «Come in» he says, «and may God give back to You the peace You are offering. But... peace here! For some time peace has been Jacob's enemy. Come in. Come in!... Come in all. A fire is the only thing I can give you in plenty... because... Oh! but... But You, now that You have taken off Your hood (Jesus had covered His head with the edge of His mantle, holding it tight under His chin with His hand) and I can see You properly... You are, yes, You are the Galilean Rabbi, the one who is called Messiah and works miracles... Is it You? In the name of God tell me. »

«I am Jesus of Nazareth, the Messiah. Do you know Me? »

«I heard You speak last month in the house of Judas and Anna... I was with the vintagers because... I am poor... A chain of misfortunes: hail, grubs, diseased plants and herds... What I had was sufficient for me, as I am alone, with only one maid servant. But now I have run into debt because I am persecuted by bad luck... To avoid selling all my sheep, I worked in the houses of other people... After all... my fields!... They looked as if a battle had been fought on them, they were so burnt, and the vines and the olive-trees so fruitless. Since my wife died, and that was six

years ago, Mammon seems to be amusing himself here. See? I am working at this plough. But the wood is all broken. What shall I do? I am not a carpenter and I go on tying it up. But it is no use. And I must watch also farthings now... I will sell another sheep to have the tools repaired. The roof leaks... but the field matters to me more than the house. What a pity! The sheep are all pregnant... and I was hoping to replenish my herd... Who knows! »

«I see that I have come to bother you, when you already have so many worries. »

«You a bother? No. I heard You speak and... I still have in my heart what You said. It is true that I have worked honestly, and yet... But I think that I was not yet good enough. I think that perhaps it was my wife who was good, as she felt pity for everybody, my poor Leah, who died too early, too early for her husband... I think that the wealth of those days came from Heaven because of her. And I want to become better, because of what You say and to imitate my wife. And I am not asking for much only to remain in this house, where she died, where I was born... and to have a piece of bread for myself and the woman who works as my maid and as a shepherdess and helps as well as she can. I have no male servants. I had two and they were enough, as I also worked in the fields and in the olive-grove... But I have bread only for myself, and not much either... »

«Do not deprive yourself of it, to give it to us... »

«No, Master. If I had only one morsel, I would give it to You. It is an honour for me to have You... I would never have hoped for so much. But I am telling You my troubles because You are good and You understands

«Yes, I understand. <sup>6</sup>Give Me that hammer. You do not do it that way. You will break the wood. Give Me also that spike, but make it red-hot first. It will be easier to make a hole in the wood and we will put the peg in without any trouble. Let Me do it. I was a carpenter... » <sup>110.6</sup>

«You want to work for me? No! »

«Let Me do it. You are giving Me hospitality and I want to help you. Men must love one another, each giving what one can. »

«You give peace, wisdom and You work miracles. You are already giving a great deal, a great deal indeed! »

«I give also My work. Come, do as I tell you... » And Jesus,

Who is wearing only His tunic, works quickly and skilfully at the split beam, He drills holes, fastens and bolts it and tests it until He feels that it is firm. «It will still work for a long time. Till next year. And then you will get a new one. »

«I think so, too. That ploughshare has been in Your hands and it will bless my land. »

«Not because of that, Jacob, it will bless it. »

«Why then, my Lord? »

«Because you are merciful. You do not foster ill-feelings for selfishness and envy, but you accept My doctrine and you practise it. Blessed be the merciful. They will receive mercy. »

«In what way am I being merciful to You, my Lord? I have practically no place or food for Your needs. All I have is my goodwill and never before have I regretted being poor, as I do now, because I cannot honour You and Your friends. »

«Your goodwill is enough for Me. I solemnly tell you that also a cup of water given in My name is a great thing in the eyes of God. I was a tired wayfarer caught in a storm, and you have given Me hospitality. Mealtime comes and you say to Me: “I offer You what I have”. Night falls, and you offer Me a friendly roof. What more do you want to do? Be confident, Jacob. The Son of man does not look at the pomp of reception or of food, but He looks at the feelings of one’s heart. The Son of God says to the Father: “Father, bless My benefactors and all those who in My name are merciful to their brothers”. That is what I am saying for you. »

110.7 <sup>7</sup>The servant, who has spoken to her master while Jesus was working at the plough comes back with some bread, some fresh milk, a few withered apples and a tray of olives.

«That is all I have» apologises the man.

«Oh! In your food I see a food that you cannot see! And I feed on it because it has a celestial flavour. »

«Do You, the Son of God, perhaps feed on some food which angels bring to You? Perhaps You live on the bread of the spirit. »

«Yes, the spirit has a greater value than the body, and not only in Me. I do not feed on angelical bread, but on the love of the Father and of men. That is what I find also at your table and I bless the Father Who led Me to you with love, and I bless you because you receive Me with love and give Me love. That is My food as

well as doing the will of the Father. »

«Then bless and offer the food to God in my stead. Today You are the head of my family and You will always be my Master and Friend. »

Jesus takes the bread and offers it holding it up on the palms of His hands, saying a psalm, I think. He then sits down, breaks it and hands it out...

It all ends in this way.

## 111. Meeting with Solomon at the Jordan ford. A parable on the conversion of hearts.

18<sup>th</sup> February 1945.

1«I am surprised that the Baptist is not here» says John to the Master. They are all on the eastern bank of the Jordan, near the famous ford where the Baptist once used to baptise. <sup>111.1</sup>

«And he is not even on the other bank» points out James.

«They may have caught him again, hoping to get another purse» remarks Peter. «Those crooks of Herod certainly deserve the cross! »

«We shall cross to the other side and ask» says Jesus.

They do cross over and they ask a ferryman of the other bank «Does the Baptist no longer baptise here? »

«No, he doesn't. He is at the border with Samaria. That is the state we are in! A holy man has to take shelter near the Samaritans to protect himself from the citizens of Israel. 2Why are we surprised if God abandons us? I am surprised at one thing only: that He does not make a Sodom and Gomorrah of the whole of Palestine!... » <sup>111.2</sup>

«He does not because of the just people who are there, because of those, who although not yet completely just, are thirsty for justice and follow the doctrine of those who preach holiness» replies Jesus.

«Two, then: the Baptist and the Messiah. I know the former, because I served him also here at the Jordan, ferrying some believers to him, without asking for any payment, because he says that one is to be content with what is just. I thought that it was just that I should be satisfied with what I earned doing other jobs

and that it was unfair to ask to be paid for taking souls to be purified. My friends said that I was mad. But after all... Since I was happy with the little I had, who could complain? On the other hand I see that so far I have not died of starvation, and I hope that Abraham will smile at me when I die. »

«You are in the right, man. Who are you? »

«Oh! My name is a great one and it makes me laugh because my only wisdom is concerned with oars. My name is Solomon. »

«You possess the wisdom for judging that who cooperates to a purification must not corrupt it with money. I tell you that not only Abraham, but the God of Abraham will smile at you as at a faithful son, when you die. »

111.3 <sup>3</sup>«Oh! God! Is that true? Who are You? »

«I am a just man. »

«Listen: I told You that there are two in Israel: one is the Baptist, the other the Messiah. Are You the Messiah? »

«Yes, I am. »

«Oh! Eternal mercy! But... one day I heard some Pharisees say... Never mind... I do not want to foul my mouth. You are not what they said. Their tongues are more forked than vipers'!... »

«Yes, I am, and I say to you: you are not very far from the Light. Goodbye, Solomon. Peace be with you. »

«Where are You going, Lord? » The man is dumbfounded at the revelation and is speaking in a completely different tone. Before it was a good-natured person who spoke. Now it is an adoring believer.

«I am going to Jerusalem via Jericho. I am going to the Tabernacles. »

«To Jerusalem?... You too? »

«I am a son of the Law, too. I do not repeal the Law. I give it light and strength so that it may be fulfilled in a perfect way. »

«But Jerusalem already hates You! I mean, the great ones, the Pharisees in Jerusalem. I told You that I heard... »

«Leave them alone. They do their duty, what they *think* is their duty. I do Mine. I solemnly tell you, that until the hour comes, they will not be able to do anything. »

«Which hour, Lord? » ask the disciples and the ferryman.

«The hour of the triumph of Darkness. »

«Will You live until the end of the world? »

«No. There will be a more dreadful darkness than the darkness of the extinguished stars and of our planet, dead with all its inhabitants. And it will take place when men extinguish the Light, which is I. The crime has already been committed by many. Goodbye, Solomon. »

«I will follow You, Master. »

«No. Come to the Bel Nidrasc in three days' time. Peace be with you. »

<sup>4</sup>Jesus sets out amongst His pensive disciples.

111.4

«What are you thinking of? Do not be afraid for Me or yourselves. We have passed through the Decapolis and Perea, and everywhere we have seen farmers working in the fields. In some places the land was still covered with stubble and couch-grass, an arid hard land, encumbered with parasite plants, the seeds of which had been carried there from the desert waste by the summer winds. They were the fields of lazy and fast living people. In other places the soil had already been turned by the ploughshare, and stones, bramble and couch-grass had been cleared away by fire and man's toil. And what before was harmful, that is the useless plants, was turned by the purifying fire and man's toil into good manure and useful fertilizing salts. The soil may have suffered because of the pain caused by the share that cut into it and rummaged through it, and because of the biting fire that scorched its wounds. But it will rejoice in spring, more beautiful, saying: "Man tortured me to give me these rich crops which make me beautiful". And they were the fields of the willing people. And in other places the soil was already soft, also the ashes had been cleared away, it was a real nuptial bed for its fertile union to the seed, that gives so many glorious ears of wheat. And they were the fields of people who were so generous as to reach perfection in activity.

Well, the same applies to hearts. I am the Share and My word is the Fire, to prepare men for the eternal triumph.

There are those who, lazy or fast living, do not yet ask for Me, do not want Me, are satisfied with their vices and wicked passions, which look like green floral garments, and are instead bramble and thorns, which tear souls to pieces, and tie them into faggots for the fire in Gehenna. For the time being the Decapolis and Perea are like that... and are not the only ones. They do not



ask for miracles, because they do not want My sharp word nor the ardour of My fire. But their hour will come. In other places there are those who accept My sharp word and My ardour, and they think: "It is painful. But it purifies me and will make me productive of good deeds". They are the ones who, although they have not the heroism of *acting*, allow Me to act. It is the first step on My way. And finally there are those who help My work with their own continuous diligent work and they do not walk, but they fly on the way to God. They are the faithful disciples: you and the others scattered throughout Israel»

111.5 5«But we are few... against so many. We are humble... against the mighty ones. How can we defend You, should they wish to hurt You? »

«My friends, remember the dream of Jacob. He saw an incalculable multitude of angels ascending and descending a ladder that from Heaven reached down to the Patriarch. A multitude, and yet it was but a part of the angelical cohorts... Well, if even all the cohorts that sing hallelujah to God in Heaven should come down to defend Me, when the hour comes, *they will be of no avail*. Justice is to be fulfilled... »

«You mean injustice! Because You are holy and if they hurt You and hate You, they are unjust. »

«That is why I say that the crime has already been committed by some. He who broods over thoughts of murder, is already a murderer, he who broods over thoughts of theft, is already a thief, who over thoughts of adultery, is already an adulterer, who of betrayal, is already a betrayer. The Father knows and I know. But He allows Me to go. And I go. Because that is what I came for. But the crops will ripen and will be sown once and once again before the Bread and the Wine are given as food to men. »

«There will be a banquet of joy and peace, then! »

«Of peace? Yes. Of joy? Also. But... oh, Peter! oh, My friends! How many tears will be shed between the first and the second chalice\*! And only after the last drop of the third chalice has been drunk, great will be the joy amongst the just, and certain the peace to men of goodwills

«And You will be there. Won't You? »

\* the first and the second chalice: reference is made here to the Jewish ritual for the celebration of the Passover Supper.

«I?... Is the Head of the family ever absent from the rite? Am I not the Head of the large family of Christ? »

<sup>6</sup>Simon Zealot, who has never spoken, says, as if he were speaking to himself: «“Who is coming\* in garments stained in crimson? He is richly clothed, marching so full of strength. It is I, who speak of integrity and am powerful to save. Why are your garments red, your clothes as if you had trodden the wine press? I have trodden the wine press alone. My year of redemption has come”. » 111.6

«You have understood, Simon» remarks Jesus.

«I have understood, my Lord. »

The two look at each other; the others look at them astonished and they ask one another: «Is he talking of the red clothes that Jesus is wearing even now, or of the royal purple which He will put on when the hour comes? »

Jesus does not pay attention and does not seem to hear anything else.

Peter takes Simon to one side and asks: «Since you are learned and humble, explain your words to me, who am ignorant. »

«Yes, brother. His name is Redeemer. The chalices of the banquet of peace and joy between man and God, and the earth and Heaven, He will fill them Himself with His Wine, pressing Himself in sufferings because of His love for us all. He will therefore be present, notwithstanding the powers of Darkness will have then apparently extinguished the Light, Which is He. <sup>7</sup>Oh! We must love our Christ very much, because many will refuse to love Him. Let us make sure that in the hour of dereliction, the lament of David\*\* may not be applied to us reproachingly: “A pack of dogs (with us amongst them) surrounds Me”. » 111.7

«Do you think so?... But we will defend Him, at the cost of dying with Him. »

«We will defend Him... But we are men, Peter. And our hearts will melt even before His bones are disjointed... Yes, we will be like the ice-cold water in the sky that lightning melts into rain and then the wind freezes once again on the ground. We are like that! Our present courage of being His disciples, because His love and His presence condense us into a virile boldness, will

\* Who is coming: Isaiah 63: 1-4.

\*\* the lament of David: Psalms 22: 17.

melt under the striking lightning of Satan and of the satans... And what will be left of us? Then, after the vile necessary test, faith and love will unite us firmly again and we will be like crystal proof against cuts. But we will be aware of that and we will succeed if we love Him very much while we have Him. Then, I do believe, because of His word, that we shall not be enemies and betrayers. »

«You are a learned man, Simon. I am... illiterate. And I am also ashamed of asking Him so many questions. And I suffer when I hear that there are so many reasons for tears... Look at His face: it seems to be washed by secret tears. Look at His eyes: they look neither at the sky nor at the ground. They are open on a world unknown to us. And how tired and bent His carriage is! He seems to have grown old because of His worries. Oh! I don't like Him like that! Master! Master! Smile. I don't like to see You so sad. You are as dear to me as a son, and I would give You my chest as a pillow, to make You sleep and dream of other worlds... Oh! forgive me if said to You "son". It's because I love You, Jesus. »

111.8 «I am the Son... That name is My Name. But I am no longer sad. See? I am smiling because you are friendly to Me. <sup>8</sup>Over there, there is Jericho, completely red in the sunset. Two of you should go and look for lodgings. The others and I will go and wait for you beside the synagogue. Go. »

And it all ends while John and Judas Thaddeus set out looking for a hospitable house.

112. Judas Iscariot surprised in Jericho.

In Bethany with Lazarus, who introduces Martha.

19<sup>th</sup> February 1945.

1121 <sup>1</sup>I see the market square in Jericho, its trees and shouting vendors. In a corner there is Zacchaeus, the tax-collector, intent on his legal and illegal extortions. He must deal also in jewelry because I see him weighing and appraising jewels and valuables. I do not know whether they are given to him as payment of taxes, instead of money, or whether they are sold for other necessities.

It is now the turn of a slender woman, who is completely clad in a huge rust-grey mantle. Also her face is covered with yellow-

ish closely woven byssus which prevents her face from being seen. One can only see the slimness of her figure which is visible notwithstanding the huge greyish cloak that envelops her. She must be young, at least according to the little that can be seen, that is, one hand which for a moment she takes out of her mantle to hand over a gold bracelet, and her feet, shod in rather sophisticated sandals, fitted with uppers and interlacing leather straps, so that only her smooth juvenile toes and part of her slim white ankles are visible. She gives her bracelet without saying one word, takes the money without any objection and turns round to go away.

I now notice that behind her there is the Iscariot, who watches her carefully and when she is about to go away, he says a word to her, which I do not catch. But she does not reply, as if she were dumb, and she hastens away in her mass of clothes.

Judas asks Zacchaeus: «Who is she? »

«I do not ask my customers their names, especially when they are as kind as she is. » «Young, isn't she? »

«Apparently. »

«Is she Judaeen? »

«Who knows?! Gold is yellow in all countries. »

«Show me that bracelets

«Do you want to buy it? »

«No. »

«Well, nothing to be done. What do you think? That it will start talking in her place? »

«I wanted to see if I could find out who she is... »

«Are you so interested? Are you a necromancer who divines, or a bloodhound that scents? Go away, forget her. If she is like that, she is either honest and unhappy or she is a leper. Therefore... nothing to be done. »

«I am not craving for a woman» replies Judas contemptuously.

«May be... but by the looks of your face I can hardly believe it. Well, if you do not want anything else, please step aside. I have other people to attend to. »

Judas goes away angrily and asks a bread vendor and a fruit seller whether they know the woman who had just bought some bread and apples from them, and whether they know where she lives.

They do not know. They reply: «She has been coming here for

some time, every two or three days. But we do not know where she lives. »

«But how does she speak? » insists Judas.

The two laugh and reply: «With her tongue. »

112.2

<sup>2</sup>Judas abuses them and goes away... and runs into the group of Jesus and His disciples, who are coming to buy some bread and food for their daily meal. The surprise is mutual and... not very enthusiastic.

Jesus says only: «You are here? » and while Judas mumbles something, Peter breaks into a loud laugh and says: «Here, I am blind and a misbeliever. I cannot see the vineyards. And I don't believe in the miracle... »

«What are you saying? » ask two or three disciples.

«I am speaking the truth. There are no vineyards here. And I cannot believe that Judas, in all this dust, can gather grapes simply because he is a disciple of the Rabbi. »

«Vintage finished a long time ago» replies Judas harshly.

«And Kerioth is many miles away» concludes Peter.

«You are attacking me at once. You are hostile to me. »

«No. I am not such a fool as you think. »

«That is enough» commands Jesus. He is severe. He addresses Judas: «I was not expecting to see you here. I thought you would be in Jerusalem for the Tabernacles. »

«I am going there tomorrow. I have been waiting here for a friend of our family, who... »

«Please, that is enough. »

«Do You not believe me, Master? I swear... »

«I did not ask you anything, and please do not say anything. You are here. That is enough. Are you thinking of coming with us or have you still got business to attend to? Answer frankly. »

«No... I have finished. In any case that fellow is not coming and I am going to Jerusalem for the Feast. And where are You going? »

«To Jerusalem. »

«Today? »

«I will be at Bethany this evening. »

«At Lazarus' house? »

«Yes, at Lazarus'. »

«Well, I will come too. »

«Yes, come as far as Bethany. Then Andrew with James of Zebedee and Thomas will go to Gethsemane to make preparations and wait for us all, *and you will go with them.* » Jesus emphasises the last words in such a way that Judas does not react.

«And what about us? » asks Peter.

«You will go with My cousins and Matthew where I will send you and will come back in the evening. John, Simon, Bartholomew and Philip will stay with Me, that is, they will go and announce in Bethany that the Rabbi has come and will speak to the people at the ninth hour. »

<sup>3</sup>They walk quickly across the barren countryside. There is an impending storm, not in the clear sky, but in their hearts, they are all conscious of it, and they proceed silently. 112. 3

When they reach Bethany, and coming from Jericho, Lazarus' house is one of the first to be met. Jesus dismisses the group that is to go to Jerusalem and then the other one which He sends towards Bethlehem saying: «Go and do not worry. Half way you will find Isaac, Elias, and the others. Tell them that I will be in Jerusalem for many days and I expect them to bless them. »

In the meantime Simon has knocked at the door and had it opened. The servants inform Lazarus who comes at once.

Judas Iscariot, who had gone a few yards ahead, comes back with the excuse of saying to Jesus: «I have displeased You, Master. I realise this. Forgive me» and at the same time through the open gate he casts sidelong glances at the garden and at the house.

«Yes. It is all right. Go. Do not keep your companions waiting»

And Judas must go.

Peter whispers: «He was hoping there might be a change in the instructions. »

«Never, Peter. I know what I am doing. But bear with that man... »

«I will try. But I cannot promise... Goodbye, Master. Come, Matthew and you two. Quick. »

«My peace be always with you. »

<sup>4</sup>Jesus enters with the remaining four and after kissing Lazarus He introduces John, Philip and Bartholomew, and then dismisses them and remains alone with Lazarus. 112. 4

They go towards the house. This time, under the beautiful

porch there is a woman. She is Martha. She is swarthy and tall, although not quite so tall as her sister, who is fair-haired and rosy; but she is a beautiful young woman with a balanced and well shaped plump body, a little dark head, a smooth brown forehead. Her eyes are kind, mild, dark long-shaped and as soft as velvet, between her dark eyelashes. Her nose is slightly turned down and her small lips are very red against her dark cheeks. She smiles showing strong snow-white teeth.

She is wearing a dark blue woollen dress with red and dark green galloons round the neck and at the end of her wide short sleeves, from which two other sleeves unfold, of very fine white linen, tied and pleated at the wrists by a little cord. Her very fine white blouse shows also at the top of her breast, round the lower part of her neck where it is held tight by a cord. As a belt she is wearing a scarf of blue, red and green, of a fine cloth which is tied round the upper part of her hips and hangs down her left side in a tuft of fringes. A rich and chaste dress.

«I have a sister, Master. Here she is, Martha, she is good and pious. She is the consolation and the honour of the family and the joy of poor Lazarus. Before she was my first and only joy. Now she is the second, because You are the first.»

Martha bends down on the floor and kisses the hem of Jesus' tunic.

«Peace to the good sister and to the chaste woman. Stand up.»

Martha rises to her feet and goes into the house with Jesus and Lazarus. She then asks to leave to attend to the house.

«She is my peace...» whispers Lazarus, and he looks at Jesus. An inquisitive look. But Jesus pretends He does not see it.

112.5 <sup>5</sup>Lazarus asks: «And Jonah?»

«He is dead.»

«Dead? Then...»

«I got him when he was dying. But he died a free man and happy in My house, at Nazareth, between Me and My Mother.»

«Doras practically killed him before handing him over!»

«Yes, with fatigue and also with blows.»

«He is a devil and hates You. That hyena hates the whole world... Did he not tell You that he hates You?»

«Yes, he did.»

«Distrust him, Jesus. He is capable of anything, Lord... what

did Doras tell You? Did he not tell You to shun me? Did he not place poor Lazarus in a disgraceful light? »

«I think that you know Me well enough to understand that I judge for Myself and according to justice, and that when I love, I love without considering whether such love may procure Me good or evil according to the views of the world. »

«But that man is cruel and he injures and hurts severely... He tormented me also some days ago. He came here and he told me... Oh! I am so vexed already! Why does he want to take You away from me? »

«I am the solace of those who are tormented and the companion of those who are forlorn. I have come to you *also for that.* »

«Ah! Then You know?... Oh! shame on me! »

«No. Why *on you?* I know. So what? Shall I anathematise you, who are suffering? I am Mercy, Peace, Forgiveness, Love for everybody; and what shall I be for those who are innocent? The sin for which you suffer is not yours. Shall I be pitiless towards you if *I feel pity also for her?...* »

«Have You seen her? »

«I have. Do not cry. »

But Lazarus, his head resting on his folded arms on a table, is weeping, sobbing painfully.

Martha appears at the door and looks in. Jesus nods to her to be silent. And Martha goes away with big tears running silently down her cheeks.

Lazarus calms down little by little and apologises for his weakness. Jesus comforts him and since His friend wishes to withdraw for a moment, He goes out into the garden and walks among the flower-beds, where some purple roses are still in bloom.

<sup>6</sup>Martha joins Him shortly afterwards. «Master, has Lazarus spoken to You? » 112 6

«Yes, Martha, he has. »

«Lazarus cannot set his mind at rest since he is aware that You know and that You have seen her... »

«How does he know? »

«First, that man who was with You and says he is Your disciple: the young one, tall, swarthy, clean-shaven... then Doras. The latter lashed You with his contempt, the former only said that



You had seen her on the lake... with her lovers... »

«Do not cry for that! Do you think that I am unacquainted with your wound? I was aware of it since I was with the Father... Do not lose heart, Martha. Raise your heart and your head. »

«Pray for her, Master. I pray... but I cannot forgive completely and perhaps the Eternal Father rejects my prayer. »

«You are right: you must forgive to be forgiven and heard. I already pray for her. But give Me your forgiveness and Lazarus'. You, a good sister, can speak and achieve even more than I can. His wound is too fresh and sore for My hand to touch it even lightly. You can do it. Give Me your full holy forgiveness, and I will. »

«Forgive... We will not be able. Our mother died of grief through her ill deeds and... they were still slight compared with the present ones. I see my mother's torture... it is always present in me. And I see what Lazarus is sufferings

«She is ill, Martha, and insane. Forgive her. »

«She is possessed, Master. »

«And what is diabolic possession but a disease of the spirit infected by Satan to the extent of degenerating into a spiritual diabolic being? How can certain perversions in human beings be explained otherwise? Perversions that make man much worse than beasts in ferocity, more lewd than monkeys in lust, and so on, and make a hybrid, in which man, animal and demon are mingled. That is the explanation of what amazes us as an inexplicable monstrosity in so many creatures. Do not weep. Forgive. I see. Because My sight is sharper than the sight of the eye or of the heart. I see God. I see. I tell you: forgive, because she is ill. »

«Cure her, then! »

«I will cure her. Have faith. I will make you happy. But forgive and tell Lazarus to forgive. Forgive her. Love her. Be on familiar terms with her. Speak to her as if she were like you. Speak to her of Me... »

«How do You expect her to understand You, the Holy One? »

«She may not seem to understand. But My Name, even by Itself, is salvation. Get her to think of Me and to mention My Name. Oh! Satan runs away when a heart thinks of My Name. Smile, Martha, at this hope. Look at this rose. The rain of the past days had spoiled it, but look, the sun today has opened it, and it is even more beautiful because the drops of rain on the

petals adorn it with diamonds. Your house will be like that... Tears and sorrow, now, and later... joy and glory. Go! Tell Lazarus, while I, in the peace of your garden, will pray the Father for Mary and for you... »

It all ends in this way.

### 113. Return to Bethany after the feast of the Tabernacles.

20<sup>th</sup> February 1945.

<sup>1</sup>I do not know how I will be able to write so much, because I hear that Jesus wants to appear with the Gospel as He lived it, and I suffered all through the night to remember the following vision, of which I scribbled the words I heard, as best I could, in order not to forget them. 113. 1

[•••].

<sup>2</sup>And now, at 11 o'clock, I see this. 113. 2

Jesus is once again in Lazarus' house. From what I hear, I gather that the Tabernacles have already been celebrated and that Jesus has come back to Bethany through the insistence of His friend, who would never want to be separated from Jesus. I also realise that Jesus is at Lazarus' only with Simon and John, while the others are scattered in the area. Finally I understand that there has been a kind of meeting of friends, still loyal to Lazarus, who has invited them so that they may meet Jesus.

I understand all that, because Lazarus expounds the moral characters of each even more clearly. <sup>3</sup>Speaking of Joseph of Arimathea, he defines him 'a true and just Israelite'. He says: «He dare not say so, because he is afraid of the Sanhedrin, of which he is a member, and which already hates You. But he hopes to see in You the One Predicted by the Prophets. He spontaneously asked me if he could come to meet You and form his own opinion of You, as he did not think that what Your enemies said about You was right... Pharisees have come from as far as Galilee to accuse You of sin. But Joseph's evaluation was: "Who works miracles has God with him. He who has God cannot be in sin. Indeed he can but be one loved by God". And he would like to have You at Arimathea, as his guest. He asked me to tell You. And I 113. 3

beg You: please grant his request and mine. »

«I have come for the poor and for those who suffer in their souls and bodies, rather than for the mighty ones who consider Me only an interesting object. But I will go to Joseph's. I am not against the mighty ones on purpose. One of My disciples — the one who out of curiosity and self-proclaimed importance came to your house, without any order from Me... but he is young and we must bear with him — can testify to My respect for the mighty castes who proclaim themselves the “guardians of the Law” and... they mean *“the sustainers of the Most High”*. Oh! The Eternal Father sustains Himself by Himself. None of the doctors ever had the same respect as I had for the officials of the Temple. »

«I know. A great many know... But only the best call such attitude by the right name. The others... call it “hypocrisy”. »

«One gives what one has in oneself, Lazarus. »

«True. But go to Joseph. He would like to have You next Sabbaths

«I will go. You can let him know. »

113. 4 4«Also Nicodemus is good. Yes... he said to me... Can I tell You a piece of criticism on one of Your disciples? »

«Yes, do. If he is a just man he will say what is just; if unjust, he will criticise a conversion, because the Spirit gives light to the spirit of man, if he is an upright man; and the spirit of man guided by the Spirit of God possesses a superhuman wisdom and can read the truth in hearts. »

«He said to me: “I do not criticise the presence of unlearned people or of excisemen among the disciples of Christ. But I do not consider worthy of being one of His disciples, the man who I do not know whether he is for Him or against Him, but is like a chameleon, which takes on the colour and the appearance of what is around it”. »

«That is the Iscariot. I know. But believe Me: youth is a wine that ferments and then becomes purified. When fermenting it swells and foams and overflows in all directions through excess of vigour. A springtime wind blows in all directions and seems a mad ruffler of foliage. But it is the wind we have to thank for fecundating flowers. Judas is wine and wind. But he is not evil. His behaviour upsets and perturbs, it even hurts and causes one to suffer. But he is not completely wicked... he is a fiery colt. »

<sup>5</sup>«You say so... I am not competent to judge him. I still feel bitter at the fact that he told me that You had seen her... » 113. 5

«But your bitterness is now sweetened by honey, because of My promise... »

«Yes, but I remember that moment. Sorrow is not forgotten even when it ends. »

«Lazarus, Lazarus! You worry about too many things... and so trifling. Let days go by like air bubbles that vanish and never come back in their bright or sad hues. And look at Heaven. It does not vanish: it is for the just. »

«Yes, Master and Friend. I will not criticise the fact that Judas is with You, or the fact that You keep him. I will pray that he may not be harmful to You. »

Jesus smiles and it all ends.

#### 114. At the banquet of Joseph of Arimathea, Gamaliel and Nicodemus are also present.

21<sup>st</sup> February 1945.

<sup>1</sup>Arimathea is a mountainous town. I do not know why, but I imagined it on a plain. Instead it is on the mountains, which, however, are already sloping down to the plain, and from certain turns of the road the flat country appears to be fertile towards the west and it fades away on the horizon, in this November morning, in a low mist that looks like an endless sheet of water. 114. 1

Jesus is with Simon and Thomas. There are no other apostles with Him. I am under the impression that He wisely appraises the feelings of the people He has to approach, and according to the circumstances, He takes those who can be accepted without annoying the landlord too much. These Jews must be more touchy... than romantic little women...

I can hear them speaking of Joseph of Arimathea, and Thomas, who probably knows him very well, describes his beautiful large estate which stretches along the mountain, particularly towards Jerusalem along the road that runs from the capital to Arimathea and links this town to Joppa. I hear them say so, and Thomas praises also the fields that Joseph possesses along the roads on the plain.

«At least men are not treated like animals here! Oh! That Doras. » says Simon.

In fact the workers here are well fed and clothed and look like satisfied people who are well. They greet respectfully because they obviously know who the tall handsome Man is, Who is going to the house of their master along the countryside of Arimathea. And they watch Him, speaking among themselves in low voices.

114.2 <sup>2</sup>When Joseph's house comes into sight, a servant, after bowing low, asks: «Are You the Rabbi we are expecting? »

«I am» replies Jesus.

He greets bowing again and runs to inform the landlord.

In fact before Jesus reaches the boundary of the house — completely surrounded by a high hedge of evergreens, which replaces here the high wall around Lazarus' house and isolates it from the road, at the same time representing the continuation of the garden around the house, richly planted with trees and at present very bare of foliage — Joseph of Arimathea, in his wide fringed robe, comes to meet Him and bows very low with his arms folded on his chest. It is not the humble greeting of a person who acknowledges in Jesus the God become Flesh and who humbles himself by kneeling to the ground to kiss His feet or the hem of His tunic, but it is a greeting of deep respect. Jesus also bows and then gives His greeting of peace.

«Come in, Master. You have made me happy by accepting my invitation. I was not expecting so much compliance from You. »

«Why not? I go also to Lazarus' house and... »

«Lazarus is a friend of Yours... I am a stranger. »

«You are a soul seeking the truth. The Truth, therefore, does not reject you. »

«Are You the Truth? »

«I am the Way, the Life and the Truth. He who loves and follows Me will have the certain Way, the blessed Life and will know God; because God, besides being Love and Justice, is Truth. »

«You are a great Doctor. Wisdom emanates from every word of Yours. » He then turns to Simon: «I am happy that you have come back to my house, too, after such a long absence. »

«I was not absent of my own accord. You are aware of my fate and of how many tears were shed during the life of the little Simon of whom your father was so fond. »

«I know. And I think that you know that I never spoke one word against you. »

«I know everything. My faithful servant told me that I am indebted *also to you*, if my property was respected. May God reward you for it. »

«I was influential in the Sanhedrin and I made use of my position to help, with justice, a friend of my house. »

«Many were the friends of *mine* and many were *influential* in the Sanhedrin. But they were not as just as you are... »

«And who is this? I seem to have met him... But I do not know where... »

«I am Thomas, called Dydimus... »

«Ah! Yes! Is your old father still alive? »

«Yes, still alive. In his business, with my brothers. I left him for the Master. But he is happy that I did. »

«He is a true Israelite, and, since he has got to the point of believing that Jesus of Nazareth is the Messiah, he can but be happy that his son is amongst His favorites. »

<sup>3</sup>They are now in the garden, near the house.

114. 3

«I have kept Lazarus. He is in the library, reading a summary of the last meetings of the Sanhedrin. He did not want to stay because... I know that You are already aware... That is why he did not want to stay. But I said: "No. It is not fair that you should be so ashamed. No one will insult you in my house. Please stay. He who ignores his surroundings is alone against the whole world. And since in the world there is more wickedness than goodness, he who is alone is knocked down and trodden on". Was I not right? »

«You were and You did the right thing» replies Jesus.

«Master... today there will be Nicodemus and... Gamaliel. Do You mind? »

«Why should I? I acknowledge his wisdom. »

«Yes. He was anxious to see You... and he wanted to insist on his point of view. You know... ideas. He says that he has already seen the Messiah, and that he is waiting for the sign that He promised him, at His revelation. He also says that You are "a man of God". He does not say: "the Man". He says: "a man of God". A rabbinical subtlety, isn't it? You are not offended, are You? »

«Subtlety. You are right. We must bear with them. The best

ones will prune by themselves all the superfluous branches that make them bear foliage and no fruit, and will come to Me. »

«I wanted to inform You of his words, because he will certainly repeat them to You. He is frank» points out Joseph.

«A rare virtue which I appreciate very much» replies Jesus.

«Yes. I also said to him: “But Lazarus of Bethany is with the Master”. I told him... because... well, because of his sister. But Gamaliel replied: “Is she present? No? Well then? The mud falls off the garment which is no longer in the mud. Lazarus has shaken it off himself. And he does not contaminate my garment with it. And then I am of the opinion that if a man of God goes to his house, I, a doctor of the Law, can go there too”. »

«Gamaliel’s judgement is correct. He is a Pharisee and a doctor to the backbone, but still honest and just. »

114. 4 «I am happy to hear You say so. <sup>4</sup>Master, here is Lazarus. »

Lazarus bends down to kiss Jesus’ tunic. He is happy to be with Him, but he is obviously agitated while waiting for the guests. I am sure that poor Lazarus, to his well known torment, known to men because handed down by history, has to add these moral sufferings, unknown to and ignored by most people, that is, the dreadful sting of the thought: «What will this man say to me? What does he think of me? How does he consider me? Will he offend me by means of words or scornful glances? » A sting that tortures all those who have a stain in their families.

They have now entered the very rich hall where the tables have been laid and they are waiting only for Gamaliel and Nicodemus, because four other guests have already arrived. I hear them being introduced with their respective names: Felix, John, Simon and Cornelius.

There is a great stir and rushing of servants when Nicodemus and Gamaliel arrive. Gamaliel is always stately in his snow-white robe which he wears with regal majesty. Joseph rushes to meet him and their mutual greetings are pompous exchanges of respect. Jesus is bowed and He bows to the great rabbi who greets Him by saying: «The Lord be with You» to which Jesus replies: «And may His peace always be your companions Also Lazarus bows down and all the others do likewise.

114. 5 <sup>5</sup>Gamaliel sits at the centre of the table, between Jesus and Joseph. Lazarus is beside Jesus, Nicodemus beside Joseph. The

meal starts after the ritual prayers, which Gamaliel says after an oriental exchange of courteousness among the three main personages, that is, Jesus, Gamaliel and Joseph.

Gamaliel is very dignified but not proud. He listens more than he speaks. But anyone can understand that he ponders on every word of Jesus and often looks at Him with his deep dark severe eyes. When Jesus becomes silent because a subject has been exhausted, Gamaliel revives the conversation by means of a suitable question.

Lazarus at first is somewhat confused. But later he takes heart and he speaks, too.

No direct allusion is made to Jesus' personality until the meal is almost over. Then a discussion starts between the guest named Felix and Lazarus, who is later joined and supported by Nicodemus and finally by the guest named John, on miracles as proof in favor or against a person.

Jesus is silent. He sometimes smiles in a mysterious way, but is silent. Also Gamaliel is quiet. His elbow is leaning on the bed and he is staring at Jesus. He seems to be wishing to decipher some supernatural word engraved on the pale smooth skin of Jesus' thin face. He seems to be analysing every fibre of it.

<sup>114. 6</sup>  
6Felix maintains that John's holiness is undisputable and from such undisputed and indisputable holiness he draws a conclusion unfavorable to Jesus Nazarene, the author of many famous miracles. He says: «Miracles are not a proof of holiness because the life of the prophet John is devoid of them, and yet no one in Israel leads a life like his. There are no banquets, no friendships, no comforts for him. He suffers and is imprisoned for the sake of the Law. He lives in solitude, because although he has disciples, he does not live with them and he finds faults also in the most honest and thunders out against everybody. Whereas... eh! this Master here of Nazareth, has worked miracles, it is true, but I see that He, too, loves what life offers and does not disdain friendships and, forgive me if one of the Elders of the Sanhedrin says this to You, he is too easy in giving, in God's name, forgiveness and love to well known sinners marked by anathema. You should not do that, Jesus. »

Jesus smiles, but does not speak. Lazarus replies in His place: «Our powerful Lord is free to direct His servants as and where



He wishes. He granted the power of working miracles to Moses. He did not grant it to Aaron, His first High Priest. So? What is your conclusion? Is one more holy than the other? »

«Certainly» answers Felix.

«Then Jesus is more holy, because He works miracles. »

Felix is disconcerted. But he raises a captious objection: «Aaron had already been given the pontificate. It was enough. »

«No, my friend» replies Nicodemus. «His pontificate was a mission. A holy mission, but nothing more than a mission. Not always and not all the high priests of Israel were holy men. And yet they were high priests, even if they were not holy. »

«You are not saying that the High Priest is a man devoid of grace!... » exclaims Felix.

«Felix... don't let us play with fire. You, Gamaliel, Joseph, Nicodemus and I, we all know many things... » says the guest named John.

«What? What? Gamaliel, say something!... » Felix is scandalised.

«If he is fair, he will speak the truth which you do not want to hear» say the three men who are bitter against Felix.

Joseph endeavours to bring about peace. Jesus is silent as well as Thomas, the Zealot and the other Simon, the friend of Joseph. Gamaliel seems to be playing with the fringes of his robe, but he looks at Jesus inquisitively.

«Speak then, Gamaliel» shouts Felix.

«Yes, do speak» say the three opponents.

«I say: the frailties of the family are to be concealed» says Gamaliel.

«That's not an answer! » shouts Felix. «It looks as if you are admitting that there are faults in the house of the High Priest. »

«He is the soul of truth» reply the three men.

114.7 <sup>7</sup>Gamaliel straightens himself up and turns towards Jesus. «Here is the Master Who overshadows the most learned men. Let Him speak about it. »

«You wish so and I obey. I say: a man is a man. A mission is beyond man. But man, invested with a mission, becomes capable of accomplishing it as a superman, when through a holy life, he has God as his friend. It is He Who said: "You are a priest according to the order *given by Me*". What is written on the Pecto-

ral? "Doctrine and Truth". That is what the High Priest ought to possess. Doctrine is acquired by constant meditation, aiming at the knowledge of the Most Wise One. Truth is achieved by means of absolute loyalty to good. Who intrigues with evil, finds Falsehood and loses Truth. »

«Very well! You have replied as a great rabbi. I, Gamaliel, am telling You. You surpass me. »

«Let Him explain then, why Aaron did not work miracles and Moses did» raves Felix.

Jesus replies readily: «Because Moses had to impose himself on the dull, heavy and even hostile mass of the Israelites and had to succeed in having ascendancy over them, in order to bend them to the will of God. Man is the eternal savage and the eternal child. He is struck by what exceeds the common order of things. And a miracle is such. It is a light waved before dimmed eyes, it is a sound produced near plugged ears. It wakes people up. It draws their attention. It makes them say: "God is here". »

«You are saying that to Your own benefit» retorts Felix.

«To My benefit? What do I gain by working a miracle? Do I look taller if I stand on a blade of grass? Such is a miracle with regard to holiness. There are saints who never worked miracles. There are magicians and necromancers, who work them by means of dark powers, that is, they do superhuman things, which, however, are not holy, and they are demons. I shall be I, even if I work no more miracles. »

«Excellent! You are great, Jesus! » approves Gamaliel.

«And according to you, who is this great man? » urges Felix addressing Gamaliel.

«The greatest prophet I know, both with regard to His deeds and to His words» replies Gamaliel.

«He is the Messiah, I am telling you, Gamaliel. Believe me, you are wise and just» says Joseph.

«What? You too, the guide of the Judaeans, the Elder, our glory, are falling into this idolatry of a man? Who can prove to you that He is the Christ? I will not believe Him even if I see Him work miracles. Why does He not work one in front of us? You that praise Him, should tell Him, and you, too, that defend Him» says Felix to Gamaliel and Joseph.

«I did not invite Him to amuse my friends and I beg you to re-

member that He is my guest» replies Joseph seriously.

Felix gets up and goes away, a cross and rude man.

114.8

«There is silence. Jesus turns to Gamaliel: «Are you not asking for miracles to believe? »

«It will not be the miracles of a man of God to remove the thorn I have in my heart, that is, three questions that are always without an answer. »

«Which questions? »

«Is the Messiah alive? Was it that one? Is it this one? »

«It is He, I tell you, Gamaliels exclaims Joseph. «Don't you think that He is holy? Different? Powerful? You do? Well, then? What are you waiting to believe? »

Gamaliel does not reply to Joseph. He turns to Jesus: «Once... do not be upset, Jesus, if I am tenacious of my ideas... Once, when the great wise Hillel was still alive, we both believed that the Messiah was in Israel. There was a great brightness of a divine sunshine on that cold day in a bitter winter! It was Passover... Men were worried about the frozen crops... I said, after I heard those words: "Israel has been saved! As from today there will be abundance in the fields and blessings in our hearts! The Expected One has revealed Himself in His first refulgence". And I was not wrong. You may all remember the harvest of that embolismic year, a year of thirteen months, as it also happens this year. »

«Which words did you hear? Who spoke them? »

«One... a little more than a child... but God was shining on His innocent gentle face... I have been thinking of it and remembering it for the last nineteen years... and I try to hear that voice again... that spoke words of wisdom... In which part of the world does He now live? I wonder... He was God. In the appearance of a little boy in order not to frighten men. And like lightning that dashing across the sky appears flashing northwards, southwards eastwards and westwards, He, the Divine Being, in His appearance of merciful beauty, with the face and voice of a child and a divine mind, wanders on the earth to say to men: "I am". So I think... When will He come back to Israel?.. When? And I think: when Israel will become the altar for His feet; and my heart moans seeing the abjection of Israel: never. Oh! What a harsh reply! But true! Can the Holiness descend into Its Messiah as long as there is abomination amongst us? »

«It can and does descend, because it is Mercy» replies Jesus.

<sup>9</sup>Gamaliel looks at Him pensively and then asks: «What is Your true Name?» 114.9

And Jesus stands up, stately, and says: «I am Who I am. The Thought and the Word of the Father. I am the Messiah of the Lord. »

«You?... I cannot believe it. Great is Your Holiness. But that Child, in Whom I do believe, said then: “I will give a sign... These stones will vibrate when My hour comes”. I am awaiting that hour to believe. Can you give it to me, to convince me that You are the Expected One?»

They are now both standing tall and stately, one in his wide white linen robe, the other in his plain dark red woolen tunic, one elderly, the other young, both with deep dominating eyes, staring at each other.

Jesus then lowers His right arm, which He had folded on His chest, and as if He were swearing, He exclaims: «You want that sign? And you will have it! I repeat the far off words: “The stones of the Temple of the Lord will vibrate hearing My last words”. Wait for that sign, doctor of Israel, a just man, and then believe, if you wish to be forgiven and saved. Blessed before time, if you could believe before! But you cannot. Centuries of wrong beliefs on a just promise, and heaps of pride, are your bulwark against Truth and Faith. »

«You are right. I will wait for that sign. Goodbye. The Lord be with You. »

«Goodbye, Gamaliel. May the Eternal Spirit enlighten you and guide you. »

They all greet Gamaliel who goes away with Nicodemus, John and Simon (the Sanhedrin member). Jesus, Joseph, Lazarus, Thomas, Simon Zealot and Cornelius stay.

«He will not change!... I would like him to be one of Your disciples. He would be of conclusive weight in Your favor... But I am unable» says Joseph.

«Do not worry. No weight can save Me from the storm which is already approaching. But Gamaliel, if he does not change in My favor, will not change against Christ either. He is one who is waiting... »

It all ends.

115. Healing of a dying child struck by the horse  
of Alexander. Jesus is driven out of the Temple.

22<sup>nd</sup> February 1945.

115.1

<sup>1</sup>The interior of the Temple. Jesus is with His disciples very close to the real and true Temple, that is, to the Holy Place which only the priests could enter. It is a beautiful large courtyard which one enters through a hall and from which through an even richer court one reaches the high terrace on which the cube of the Holy is located.

My effort is quite useless! If I should see the Temple a thousand times and describe it two thousand, I would always be faulty in describing this stately labyrinth, both because of the complexity of the place, and of my ignorance of names and my incapacity to draw a chart...

They seem to be praying. Also many other Israelites, all men, are there praying each on his own account. The evening of a dull November day falls early.

I hear people shouting and I perceive the cross stentorean voice of a man cursing also in Latin, mingled with shrill piercing Jewish voices. It is like the bustle of a struggle and the shrill voice of a woman shouts: «Oh! Let him go! He says that He will save him. »

The concentration of the stately courtyard is broken. Many heads turn around towards the spot where the voices are coming from. Judas Iscariot, who is with the disciples, turns around too. Tall as he is, he sees and says: «A Roman soldier is struggling to come in! He is violating, he has already violated the Holy Place! How horrible! » Many echo his words.

«Let me pass, you Jewish dogs! Jesus is here. I know! I want Him! I don't care about your stupid stones. The boy is dying and He will save him. Get away! Hypocritical hyenas... »

As soon as Jesus realises that He is wanted, He goes towards the hall where the struggle is taking place, He reaches it and shouts: «Peace and respect to the place and to the hour of the offerings

«Oh! Jesus! Hail! I am Alexander. Make room, you dogs! »

And Jesus says calmly: «Yes, make room. I will take the heaven elsewhere, as he does not know what this place is for us. »

They move aside and Jesus reaches the soldier, whose cuirass is stained with blood. «Are you wounded? Come. We cannot stay here» and He takes him through the other court and beyond it.

«I am not wounded. A little boy... My horse, near the Antonia, got out of hand and knocked him down. Its hooves split his head. Proculus said: "Nothing doing! " It's... it's no fault of mine... but it happened because of me and his mother is desperate. I saw You passing by... and coming here... I said: "Proculus cannot, but He can". I said: "Woman, come. Jesus will cure him". Those mad people kept me back... and perhaps the child is dead. »

«Where is he? » asks Jesus;

«Under the arcade, in his mother's lap» answers the soldier already seen at the Fish Gate.

«Let us go» and Jesus walks away even faster, followed by His disciples and a train of people.

<sup>2</sup>On the steps limiting the arcade, leaning against a column, there is a tormented woman, weeping over her dying child. The little boy is wan, his half open purple lips are breathing heavily as is typical of people whose brains have been injured. A bandage is tied round his head, stained with blood at the back of his neck and at his forehead. 115. 2

«His head is split at the front and at the back. His brains can be seen. A head is tender at that age and the horse was a huge one and had been shod recently» explains Alexander.

Jesus is close to the woman, who does not even speak any more agonizing as she is over her dying son. He lays His hand on her head. «Do not cry, woman» He says with all the kindness of which He is capable, that is with infinite kindness. «Have faith. Give Me your child. »

The woman looks at Him stupefied. The crowd curse the Romans and pity the dying boy and his mother. Alexander is filled with anger, for the unfair charges, and with compassion and hope.

Jesus sits beside the woman because He sees that she is unable to make any gesture. He bends down. He takes the little wounded head in His long hands, He bends lower, over the waxen little face, breathes over the wheezing little mouth... a few moments. Then He smiles, a smile hardly perceptible through His locks of hair which have fallen forward. He straightens Himself. The

child opens his little eyes and makes the gesture of sitting up. His mother fears that it is his last movement and screams pressing him to her heart.

«Let him go, woman. Child, come to Me» says Jesus, still sitting beside the woman and stretching out His hands with a smile. And the boy throws himself confidently into those arms and weeps, not out of sorrow, but because of the fear which is coming back to him with his returning memory.

«There is no horse here, the horse is not here» Jesus assures him. «It is all over. Is it still painful here? »

«No, but I am afraid, I am afraid! »

«See, woman. It is nothing but fear. It will soon be over. Bring Me some water. The blood and bandages are affecting him. John, give Me one of the apples you have... Take, little one. Eat it. It is good... »

They bring water. It is the soldier Alexander who brings it in his helmet.

Jesus makes the gesture of undoing the bandage.

Alexander and the mother say: «No! He is coming round... but his head is split!... » Jesus smiles and unties the bandage. One, two, three, eight turns. He removes the blood-stained cloth. From the middle of his forehead to the back of his neck, on his right-hand side, it is all one clot of blood, still soft, among the child's hair. Jesus wets a bandage and washes...

«But underneath there is the wound... if You remove the clot it will start bleeding again» insists Alexander.

The mother closes her eyes not to see.

Jesus continues to wash. The clot melts... now the child's hair is clean. It is wet, but there is no wound underneath. Also his forehead is healed. There is only a tiny red mark where the scar was.

The crowd shout out with amazement. The woman dares to look and when she sees, she no longer controls herself. She throws herself on Jesus, embracing Him with her child and weeps. Jesus puts up with the effusion and the shower of tears.

«Thank You, Jesus» says Alexander. «I was sorry I had killed this innocent boy. »

«You have been good and trustful. Goodbye, Alexander. Go back to your work. »

115.3 <sup>3</sup>Alexander is about to go away, when some officials of the

Temple and some priests arrive like a rush of hurricanes. «The High Priest orders You, through us, you must leave the Temple, You and the heathen desecrator. At once. You have upset the offering of the incense. That man has entered a place reserved exclusively to Judaeans. It is not the first time that the Temple has been disturbed because of You. The High Priest together with the Elders on duty, orders You must never put foot in here again. Go away, and stay with Your heathens. »

«We are not dogs either. He said: “There is only one God, creator of the Judaeans and of the Romans”. If this is His House and I was created by Him, I ought to be allowed to come in as well» replies Alexander, stung by the scornful tone in which the priests pronounce «heathens».

«Be quiet, Alexander. I will speak» interrupts Jesus, Who has handed the boy back to his mother after kissing him, and is now standing up. He says to the group who are turning Him out: «No one can forbid a believer, a true Israelite, whom no one can prove guilty of sin, to pray near the Holy. »

«But to explain the Law in the Temple, yes, he can be forbidden. You assumed the right, without having it, and without asking for it. Who are You? Who knows You? How dare You usurp a name and a position which do not belong to You? »

<sup>4</sup>Jesus looks at them with knowing eyes, He then says: «Judas of Kerioth, come here. » 115. 4

Judas does not appear to be very enthusiastic about the invitation. He had tried to disappear as soon as the priests and the officials of the Temple arrived (however, they are not wearing military uniforms: it must be a civil office). But he is obliged to obey because Peter and Judas of Alphaeus push him forward.

«Judas, please answer. And you, look at him. You know him. He is of the Temple. Do you know him? »

They are obliged to reply: «Yes, we do. »

«Judas, what did I ask you to do when I spoke here for the first time? And why were you amazed? And what did I say to you in reply to your amazement? Speak and be frank. »

«He said to me: “Call the official on duty that I may ask him for permission to teach”. And he gave His name, He explained who He was and mentioned His tribe... and I was astonished as I considered it a useless formality, since He says that He is the



Messiah. And He said to me: "It is necessary and when the hour comes, remember that I never lacked in respect to the Temple and its officials". Yes. That is what He said. I must say so to honour the truth. » At the beginning Judas spoke somewhat uncertain, as if he were annoyed. Then, with one of his typical sudden changes, he became certain, almost arrogant.

«I am astonished that you should defend Him. You have betrayed our trust in you» says a priest to Judas reproachfully.

«I have not betrayed anyone. How many of you are of the Baptist! So, are they traitors? I am of Christ. That's all. »

«Well, He must not speak here. He may come as a believer. It is even too much for one who is friendly with heathens, prostitutes and excisemen... »

«Reply to Me, now» says Jesus, severe but calm. «Who are the Elders on duty? »

«Doras and Felix, Judaeans. Joachim of Capernaum and Joseph. Ituraean. »

«I understand. Let us go. Refer to the three accusers, because the Ituraean cannot have accused, that the Temple is not all Israel and Israel is not the whole world, and that the slobber of reptiles, however plentiful and most poisonous, will not drown the Voice of God, neither will its poison paralyse My going amongst men until the hour comes. And after... oh! tell them that after, men will do justice to the executioners and will raise the Victim making It their only love. Go. And let us go. » And Jesus covers Himself with His wide heavy dark mantle and goes out in the middle of His disciples.

115. 5 <sup>5</sup>Behind them is Alexander who stayed for the discussion. Outside the enclosure, near the Antonia Tower, he says: «I say goodbye to You, Master. And I ask You to forgive me for being the cause of a reproach for You. »

«Oh! Do not worry! They were looking for a pretext. If it was not you, it would have been someone else... In Rome you have games in the Circus with beasts and snakes, have you not? Well, I tell you that no beast is more wild and deceitful than a man who wants to kill another man. »

«And I tell You that I have traveled through all the regions of Rome, at Caesar's service. But nowhere amongst the thousands of people I have met, did I find anyone more divine than You. No,

not even our gods are as divine as You are! They are vindictive, cruel, quarrelsome, liars. You are good. You are really a Man, not man. Hail, Master. »

«Goodbye, Alexander. Proceed in the Light. »

It all ends.

116. At Gethsemane the disciples speak with  
Jesus of the pagans and of the "veiled woman".  
The secret conversation with Nicodemus.

24<sup>th</sup> February 1945.

<sup>1</sup>Jesus is in the kitchen of the little house in the olive-grove, 116 1  
having supper with His disciples. They are talking of the events  
of the day, which, however, is not the particular happening just  
described, because I hear them talking of other events, amongst  
which is the cure of a leper near the sepulchres, along the Beth-  
phage road.

«There was also a Roman centurion watching» says Bar-  
tholomew. And he continues: «He asked me, while on horseback:  
"Does the man you follow often do such things?" and when I an-  
swered affirmatively, he exclaimed: "Then He is greater than  
Aesculapius and will become richer than Croesus". I replied: "He  
will always be poor, according to the world, because He never re-  
ceives, but gives and only wants souls to take to the true God".  
The centurion looked at me amazed, then spurred his horse and  
galloped away. »

«There was also a Roman lady in a litter. It must have been  
a woman. The curtains were not drawn but she was peeping  
through them. I saw her» says Thomas.

«Yes, it was near the top bend of the road. She had ordered  
them to stop when the leper cried: "Son of David, have mercy  
on me!" One of the curtains was then drawn and I saw her look  
at You through a valuable lens, then she laughed ironically. But  
when she saw that You cured him only by giving a command, she  
called me and asked me: "Is He the one they call the true Messi-  
ah?" I replied "Yes" and she said to me: "Are you with Him?" and  
then she asked: "Is He really good?" » says John.

«Then you saw her! What was she like? » ask Peter and Judas.

«Well!... A woman... »

«What a great discovery! » says Peter laughing. And the Iscariot insists: «But was she beautiful, young, rich? »

«Yes. I think that she was young and also beautiful. But I was watching Jesus more than I was looking at her. I wanted to see if the Master was setting out again... »

«Fool! » mumbles Judas between his teeth.

«Why? » asks James of Zebedee defending his brother. «My brother was not a dandy in search of an adventure. He replied out of courtesy. But he did not lack in his first quality. »

«Which? » asks the Iscariot.

«That of a disciple, whose only love is the Master. »

Judas, very cross, lowers his head.

116. 2 <sup>2</sup>«In any case... it is not the right thing to be seen talking to the Romans» says Philip. «They are already accusing us of being Galileans, and thus less “pure” than Judaeans. And that because of our birth. Then they accuse us of staying often at Tiberias, a meeting place of Gentiles, Romans, Phoenicians, Syrians... and then... oh! of how many things they accuse us!... »

«You are good, Philip, and you are drawing a veil over the harshness of the truth you are telling. But the truth, without any veil, is this: of how many things they accuse *Me*» says Jesus Who has been quiet so far.

«After all, they are not completely wrong. Too many contacts with the heathens» says the Iscariot.

«Do you think that only those are heathens who have not Moses' law? » asks Jesus.

«Well, who else? »

«Judas!... Can you swear on our God that you have no heathenism in your heart? And can you swear that the most prominent Israelites have none? »

«Master... I do not know about the others... but I can swear about myself. »

«According to you, what is heathenism? » asks Jesus again.

«It is to follow a false religion, to worship gods» replies Judas violently.

«Which are? »

«The gods of Greece and Rome, the Egyptian ones... that is the gods with thousands of names, and of non-existent people,

who according to the pagans, fill their Olympus. »

«No other god exists? Only the Olympic ones? »

«Which other ones? Are they not already too many? »

«Too many, yes. But there are many more and incense is burnt at their altars by every man, also by priests, Scribes, Pharisees, Sadducees, Herodians, all people of Israel, am I right? Not only, but it is burnt also by My disciples. »

«Ah! Certainly not! » they all say.

«No? My friends... Which of you does not have a secret cult, or several secret cults? One has beauty and smartness. Another the pride of his knowledge. Another burns incense in the hope of becoming a great man *from a human point of view*. Another worships woman. Another money... Another kneels down before his knowledge... and so on. I solemnly tell you that there is no man who is not stained with idolatry. Why then disdain those who are pagans by misfortune, when you remain pagans by your own free will, although you belong to the true God? »

«But we are men, Master» exclaim many of them.

«That is true. Then... be charitable to everybody because I have come for everybody and you are not worth more than I am. »

«However, we are being accused and Your mission is being obstructed. »

«It will be carried on just the same. »

<sup>3</sup>«With regards to women» says Peter, who probably because 116. 3 he is sitting next to Jesus, is in such a transport of delight, that he is very good. «For some days, and precisely since You spoke at Bethany the first time after we came back to Judaea, a woman, all covered with a veil, has been following us all the time. I do not know how she finds out our intentions. I know that she is almost always either in the last rows of people listening to You when You speak, or behind the crowds that follow You when You walk about, or even behind us when we go announcing You in the country. At Bethany, the first time, she whispered to me from behind her veil: "That man you said is going to speak, is He really Jesus of Nazareth? " I replied to her that He was and in the evening she was behind the trunk of a tree listening to You. Then I lost sight of her. But now, here in Jerusalem, I have seen her two or three times. Today I asked her: "Do you need Him? Are you not well? Do you want alms? " She always shakes her head, be-

cause she never speaks to anyone. »

«One day she said to me: “Where does Jesus live?” and I said to her: “At Gethsemane”» says John.

«You clever fool! You shouldn't. You should have said: “Uncover your face. Make yourself known and I will tell you”» says the Iscariot, bad tempered.

«But when have we ever asked for such things?! » exclaims John, simple-minded and innocent.

«You can see other people. She is always veiled. She is either a spy or a leper. She must not follow us and learn about us. If she is spying, it is to harm us. Perhaps she is paid by the Sanhedrin for that... »

«Ah! Does the Sanhedrin use such methods? » asks Peter. «Are you sure? »

«Most certain. I was of the Temple and I know. »

«Lovely! That fits like a glove what the Master just said» remarks Peter.

«What? » Judas is already flushed with anger.

«That also amongst priests there are heathens. »

«What's that to do with paying a spy? »

«Quite a lot! Too much, indeed! Why do they pay? To overthrow the Master and triumph over Him. So they are placing themselves on the altar with their foul souls under their clean clothes» replies Peter with good common sense.

«Well, the fact is» cuts short Judas «that woman is dangerous to the crowd and to us. To the crowd if she is a leper, to us if she is a spy. »

«That is, to Him, eventually» replies Peter.

«But if He falls, we fall, too... »

«Ah! Ah! » laughs Peter and concludes: «And the idol will break into pieces, if it falls, and we lose our time, our reputation and perhaps our lives, then, ah! ah! it is better to try and not let it fall or... move away in time, is that right? I instead... look, I embrace Him closer. If He falls, overthrown by the traitors of God, I want to fall with Him» and Peter clasps Jesus in his short arms.

«I did not realise that I had done so much harm, Master» says John very sadly: he is facing Jesus. «Hit me, ill-treat me, but save Yourself. It would be dreadful if I were the cause of Your death!... I could never forgive myself. I feel that tears would leave burn-

ing marks on my cheeks and scald my eyes. What have I done! Judas is right: I am a fool. »

«No, John, you are not, and you did the right thing. Let her come. Always. And respect her veil. It may be worn as a protection in the struggle between sin and the desire for redemption. Do you know what wounds are caused on a being when such struggle takes place? Do you know how much one weeps and blushes? You, John, a dear son with the heart of a good child, you said that your face would be marked by tears if you were to cause harm to Me. But you must know that when a revived conscience begins to gnaw at the flesh, that was sinful, in order to destroy it and triumph with its soul, it must consume everything that was an attraction for the flesh, and the creature ages and withers under the blaze of the devouring fire. Only later, when redemption is complete, a second, holy and more perfect beauty is formed again, because it is the beauty of the soul that emerges from the eyes, from the smile, from the voice and from the honest pride on the forehead on which God's forgiveness has descended and shines like a diadem. »

«So I did not do the wrong thing?.. »

«No, you did not. Neither did Peter. Leave her alone. <sup>116. 4</sup>Now you may all go and rest. I will stay with John and Simon, to whom I wish to speak. Go. »

The disciples withdraw. Perhaps they sleep in the oil-mill. I do not know. They go away, and they certainly do not go back to Jerusalem, where the gates have been closed for hours.

«You said, Simon, that Lazarus sent Isaac and Maximinus to you today, when I was at David's Tower. What did he want? »

«He wanted to tell You that Nicodemus is at his house and would like to speak to You secretly. I took the liberty of saying: "Let him come. The Master will wait for him at night". You can be alone only by night. That is why I said to You: "Dismiss them all, except John and me". We need John to go to the Kidron bridge and wait for Nicodemus who is in one of Lazarus' houses, outside the wall. I had to stay to explain the situation. Have I done the wrong thing? »

«No, you have done the right thing. Go, John, to your place. »

Jesus and Simon are by themselves. Jesus is pensive. Simon respects His silence. But Jesus interrupts it suddenly and, as if

He were concluding an internal thought in a loud voice, He says: «Yes. That is the best thing to do. Isaac, Elias and the others are enough to keep alive the idea which is becoming known amongst good and humble people. For the mighty ones... There are other means. There is Lazarus, Chuza, Joseph, and others... But the mighty ones... do not want Me. They tremble and are afraid for their power. I will go away from these Judaeen hearts, who are becoming more and more hostile to the Christ. »

«Are we going back to Galilee? »

«No, but we are going far from Jerusalem. Judaea is to be evangelised. It is part of Israel, too. But here, you see what happens... Everything serves to accuse Me. I am withdrawing. And for the second time... »

116.5 <sup>5</sup>«Master, here is Nicodemus» says John going in first.

They greet one another, then Simon takes John and goes out of the kitchen, leaving the two alone.

«Master, forgive me if I wanted to speak to You in secret. I do not trust many people with regard to You and myself. I am not acting entirely out of cowardice. It is also prudence and the desire to be of greater assistance to You, than if I belonged to You openly. You have many enemies. I am one of the few *here* who admire You. I sought Lazarus' advice. Lazarus is powerful by birth, he is feared because he stands high in the favour of the Romans, he is just in the eyes of God, he is wise by matured talent and learning, he is a *true* friend of Yours and mine. Those are the reasons why I wanted to speak to him. And I am happy that he came to the same conclusion as I did. I informed him of the last... discussions at the Sanhedrin about You. »

«The last accusations. Tell the plain truth. »

«The last accusations. Yes, Master. I was about to say: "Well, I am one of His followers, too" so that at least one would be in Your favour in that assembly. But Joseph, who was beside me, whispered: "Be quiet. Do not let us disclose our thoughts. I will explain later". And when we came out he said: "It is better that way. If they know that we are His disciples, they will keep us in the dark about their thoughts and decisions, and will be able to harm Him and us. If, instead, they think that we are only inquiring in His life, they will not resort to subterfuges". I realised that he was right. They are so... wicked! I also have my interests and

my duties... and Joseph has his... You understand, Master... »

«I do not reproach you in any way. I was saying that to Simon, before you came here. <sup>6</sup>And I have decided to go away from Jerusalem. » 116.6

«You hate us because we do not love You! »

«No. I do not hate even My enemies. »

«You say so. It is true. You are right. How sorrowful for me and Joseph! And Lazarus? What will Lazarus say, who today had decided to let You leave this place and go to one of the houses he owns in Zion. Lazarus is a very wealthy man. A large part of the town belongs to him as well as much land in Palestine.

His father, to his own wealth and to Eucheria's, who belonged to Your tribe and family, added the reward of the Romans to their faithful servant, and he bequeathed a very large heritage to his children. And what matters more, a veiled but strong friendship with Rome. Without it, no one would have saved the household from abuse, after Mary's disgraceful behaviour, her divorce, which was granted to her only because of her position, her licentious life in that town which is his domain, and in Tiberias, the elegant brothel which Rome and Athens have turned into a prostitution bed for many of the chosen people. Truly, if the Syrian Theophilus had been a more convinced proselyte, he would not have given his children the Hellenistic upbringing which kills so much virtue and disseminates so much voluptuousness, and which, imbibed and expelled without any consequence by Lazarus and especially by Martha, infected and proliferated in the dissolute Mary and made her the disgrace of her family and of Palestine! No, without the powerful shelter of the favour of Rome, they would have been anathematised more than lepers.

But since the situation is such, take advantage of it. »

«No. I am going to withdraw. Those who want Me will come to Me. »

«I should not have spoken! » Nicodemus is depressed.

«No. Wait and be convinced» and Jesus opens a door and calls: «Simon! John! Come here. »

The two disciples rush in.

«Simon, tell Nicodemus what I was saying to you when he arrived. »

«That the shepherds are sufficient for the humble people, La-



zarus, Nicodemus and Joseph with Chuza for the mighty ones and that You are going away from Jerusalem without leaving Judaea. That is what You were saying. Why do You ask me to repeat it? What has happened? »

«Nothing. Nicodemus is afraid I might be going away because of what he told Me. »

«I told the Master that the Sanhedrin is more and more hostile, and that He ought to put Himself under Lazarus' protection. He protected your property because Rome is on his side. He would protect also Jesus. »

«It is true. It is good advice. Although my caste is disliked also by Rome, a word of Theophilus saved my property during my proscription and my leprosy. And Lazarus is *very* friendly to You, Master. »

«I know. But I have decided. And I do what I said. »

«We are going to lose You, then! »

«No, Nicodemus. Men of all sects go to the Baptist. Men of all sects and positions will be able to come to Me. »

«We came to You because we knew that You were greater than John. »

«You may still come. I will be a solitary rabbi like John, and I will speak to the crowds willing to hear the voice of God and capable of believing that I am that Voice. And the others will forget Me. If they are at least capable of that. »

116.7 «Master, You are sad and disappointed. And You are right. Everybody listens to You. And they believe in You so much that they obtain miracles. Even one of Herod's men, whose natural goodness must be corrupted by that incestuous court, even Roman soldiers believe in You. Only we in Zion are so hard... But not everybody. You know... Master, we know that You have come from God, that You are His doctor, and there is none greater than You. Also Gamaliel says so. No one can work the miracles that You work unless God is with him. Also learned people like Gamaliel believe that. Why then can we not have the same faith as the humble people of Israel? Oh! Tell me. I will not betray You, even if You should say to me: "I lied to corroborate My wise words with a seal that nobody can deride". Are You the Messiah of the Lord? The Expected One? The Word of the Father, incarnate to teach and redeem Israel according to the Covenant? »

«Are you asking that by yourself, or have others sent you to ask it? »

«By myself, Lord. I have a storm and a torment within me. Contrasting winds and voices. Why do I, a mature man, not have the peaceful certainty that this fellow has, although he is almost illiterate and a boy, the certainty that gives such a smile to his face, such light to his eyes, such sunshine to his heart? How do you believe, John, to be so certain? Teach me, son, your secret by means of which you were able to see and understand that Jesus of Nazareth is the Messiah! »

John becomes as red as a strawberry, he then lowers his head, as if he were apologising for saying such a great thing, and replies simply: «By loving. »

«By loving! And what about you, Simon, an upright man, on the threshold of old age, you, a learned man, so tried as to be induced to fear deceit everywhere? »

«By meditating. »

«Loving! Meditating! I also love and meditate and I am not yet certain! »

<sup>8</sup>Jesus cuts in saying: «I will tell you the true secret. They <sup>116.8</sup> knew how to be born again, with a new spirit, free from all ties, virgin of all ideas. And they therefore understood God. If one is not born again, one cannot see the Kingdom of God nor believe in its King. »

«How can a grown man be born again? Ejected from his mother's womb, man cannot go back into it. Are You referring perhaps to reincarnation, in which many pagans believe? No, it is not possible of You. In any case it would not be going back into a womb, but a reincarnation beyond time. That is, not now. How? »

«There is but *one* life of the body in the world and only *one* eternal life of the soul beyond the world. Now I am not speaking of the flesh and blood, but of the immortal spirit, which is born to true life by means of two things: through water and the Spirit. But the greater is the Spirit, without Whom water is but a symbol. He who has been cleansed through water, must then purify himself through the Spirit and through the Spirit he must become inflamed and shine, if he wishes to live in the bosom of God here and in the eternal Kingdom. Because what is born of the flesh, is and will remain flesh, and dies with the flesh af-

ter serving it in its carnal lusts and sins. But what is born of the Spirit is spirit and it lives going back to the Spirit of which it was born, after bringing up its own spirit to the perfect age. The Kingdom of Heaven will be inhabited only by those beings which have reached a perfect spiritual age. Do not be surprised, therefore, if I say: "It is necessary for you to be born again". These two knew how to be born again. The younger subdued the flesh and caused his spirit to revive by putting his *ego* on the stake of love. All matter was burnt. From the ashes arose his fresh spiritual flower, a wonderful helianthus that turns towards the eternal Sun. The older one laid the axe of honest meditation to the root of his old way of thinking, he uprooted the old plant leaving only the shoot of goodwill, of which he caused his new thoughts to be born. He now loves God with a new spirit and sees Him.

116.9 <sup>9</sup>Everybody has his own method of reaching the harbour. Every wind is good providing one knows how to unfurl the sails. You feel the wind blowing, and according to its direction you can adjust the brails. But you cannot tell where the wind comes from, neither can you call the one you need. Also the Spirit calls and It comes calling and passes by. But only he who is alert can follow it. A son knows the voice of his father, the spirit knows the voice of the Spirit of which it was born. »

«How can that happen? »

«You, a teacher in Israel, are asking Me? Do you not know these things? We speak about and bear witness to what we know and have seen. Now, then, I speak about and bear witness to what I know. How will you ever be able to believe what you have not seen, if you do not believe the witness I am bearing to you? How can you believe in the Spirit, if you do not believe in the Incarnate Word? I have descended to ascend again and take with Me those who are down here. Only One descended from Heaven: the Son of Man. And only One will ascend to Heaven with the power to open Heaven: I, the Son of Man. Remember Moses. He raised a serpent in the desert to heal the diseases of Israel. When I am raised, those who are now blind, deaf, dumb, mad, lepers, ill because of the fever of sin, will be cured and whoever believes in Me will have eternal life. Also those who believe in Me, will have that blissful life. Do not bend your forehead, Nicodemus. I have come to save, not to lose. God did not send His Only-Begot-

ten Son into the world so that those in the world might be condemned, but that the world might be saved through Him. In the world I have found all the sins, all the heresies, all the idolatries. But can the swallow flying swiftly over dust soil its feathers with it? No. It only takes along the sad roads of the earth a particle of blue sky, and the scent of the sky, it utters a call to rouse men and make them raise their eyes from the mud and follow its flight which returns to the sky. I do likewise. I have come to take you with Me. Come... He who believes in the Only-Begotten Son will not be judged. He is already saved, because the Son speaks in his favour to the Father and says: 'He loved Me. ' But it is useless to perform holy deeds, if one does not believe. He has already been judged because he did not believe in the name of the Only-Begotten Son of God. <sup>10</sup>Which is My Name, Nicodemus? »

116. 10

«Jesus. »

«No. Saviour. I am Salvation. He who does not believe in Me, rejects his salvation and is judged by the eternal Justice. And this is the judgement: "Light was sent to you and to the world, in order to save you, but you and men preferred darkness to light, because you preferred evil actions, which were customary to you, to the good actions that He pointed out to you, that you might follow them and be saints". You hated the Light because evil-doers love darkness for their crimes, and you avoided the Light that It might not illuminate your hidden wounds. I am not referring to you, Nicodemus. But that is the truth. And the punishment will be proportioned to the judgement, both for individuals and for communities. With regard to those who love Me, and practise the truth I teach, and are therefore born in their spirits a second time, by a more genuine birth, I say that they are not afraid of the light, on the contrary they go towards it, because their own light increases the light by which they were enlightened, a mutual glory that makes God happy in His children and the children in the Father. No, the children of the Light are not afraid of being enlightened. In fact, in their hearts and by means of their deeds they say: "Not I but He, the Father, He, the Son, He, the Spirit, have worked the good in me. Glory be to them, forever". And from Heaven replies the eternal song of the Three Who love one another in their perfect Unity: "Eternal blessing to you, true son of Our will". John, remember those words when the

time comes to write them. Nicodemus, are you convinced? »

116. 11 «Yes, Master, I am. <sup>11</sup>When will I be able to speak to You again? »

«Lazarus will know where to take you. I am going to him before going away from here. »

«I am going, Master. Bless Your servant. »

«My peace be with you. »

Nicodemus goes out with John.

Jesus addresses Simon: «Do you see the work of the power of Darkness? Like a spider, it lays its snares and entangles and imprisons him who does not know how to die in order to be born again like a butterfly, so strong as to tear the dark cobweb and go beyond it, carrying on its golden wings pieces of shining network as a souvenir of its victory, like oriflammes and banners taken from the enemy. To die to live. To die to give you strength to die. Come, Simon, and rest. And God be with you. »

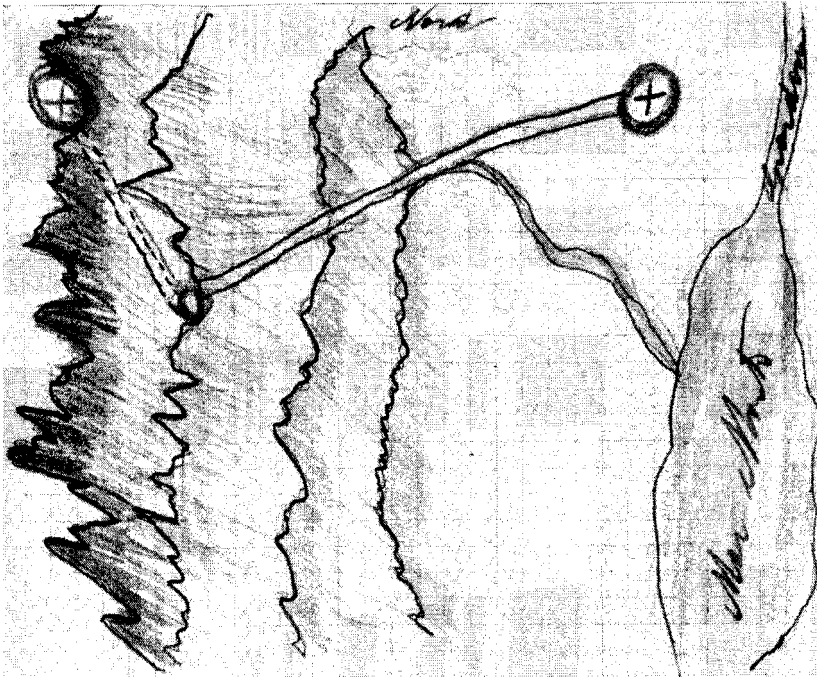
It all ends.

## 117. Lazarus provides Jesus with a little house on the plain of the Clear Water.

25<sup>th</sup> February 1945.

117. 1 <sup>1</sup>Jesus is climbing the steep path that leads to the plateau on which Bethany\* is built. This time He is not going along the main road, He has taken another road which is steeper and faster and runs from northwest to east and is much less beaten, probably because it is so steep. Only wayfarers in a hurry make use of it; those who have herds and prefer to avoid the bustle of the main road; those, who, like Jesus today, do not wish to attract the attention of many people. He is climbing ahead of His disciples, talking animatedly to the Zealot. Behind, in a group, are His cousins with John and Andrew, then in another group James of

\* Bethany, whose position is illustrated through the drawing done by M. V. on a piece of paper attached to the first page of her writing book. At the back of the piece of paper M. V. has written the following notes: *Bethany and what I see. At the back, the central mountain chain where Jerusalem is* [1]; *The steep path that goes from Jerusalem to Bethany* [2]; *The main road to Jericho* [3]; *which runs down the sloping hills to the plain of the Jordan* [4]; *I cannot see the Dead sea* [5] *but I have indicated it because I know it is after Jericho.*



Zebedee, Matthew, Thomas and Philip; Bartholomew, Peter and the Iscariot are last.

When they reach the plateau, on which Bethany looks very pleasant in the sunshine of a clear November day, and from which, looking eastwards, the Jordan valley and the Jericho road can be seen, Jesus tells John to go and inform Lazarus of His arrival. While John walks away fast, Jesus proceeds slowly with His disciples, and is greeted everywhere by local people.

<sup>2</sup>The first person to come from Lazarus' house is a woman, who prostrates herself to the ground saying: «Happy is this day for the house of my landlady. Come, Master. Here is Maximinus, and there is Lazarus, at the gate. »

117. 2

Also Maximinus comes towards them. I do not know exactly who he is. I am under the impression that he is either a relative, not quite so rich, entertained as a guest by Theophilus' children, or a steward of their large estates, treated as a friend because of his merits and his long service in the house. Perhaps he is the

son of one of the stewards of the father, and has been given the same position by Theophilus' children. He is a little older than Lazarus, that is, he is about thirty-five years old, perhaps a little more. «We were not expecting You so soon» he says.

«I ask hospitality for one night. »

«If it was forever, You would make us very happy. »

They are at the entrance and Lazarus kisses and embraces Jesus and greets the disciples. Then holding his arm around Jesus' waist, he enters the garden with Him and departs from the others asking at once: «To what do I owe the joy of having You? »

«To the hatred of the members of the Sanhedrin. »

«Have they done You ill? Again? »

«No. But they want to. The time has not yet come. Until I have ploughed the whole of Palestine and sown the seed, I must not be overthrown. »

«You must also reap the harvest, my good Master. It is only fair that it should be so. »

117.3 «My friends will reap My harvest. They will use the sickle where I sowed. <sup>3</sup>Lazarus, I have decided to go away from Jerusalem. I know it is of no use. I know beforehand. But it will enable Me to evangelise, if nothing else. In Sion I am denied also that. »

«I sent Nicodemus to tell You to go to one of my houses. No one dares to violate it. You would fulfil Your mission without any trouble. And, oh! my house. It would be the most blessed of all my houses because it would be sanctified by Your teaching, by Your very breathing in it! Give me the joy of being useful to You, my Master. »

«You see that I am already giving you it. But I cannot stay in Jerusalem. I would not be molested, but those who came to Me would. I am going towards Ephraim, between this place and the Jordan. I will evangelise it and I will baptise as the Baptist did. »

«In that part of the country I have a little house. It is used to store the tools of workers. Sometimes they sleep there when making hay or at vintage time. It is a very poor house. Just a roof on four walls. But it is on my land. And it is known... And such knowledge will frighten jackals. Accept it, Master. I will send servants to prepare it... »

«It is not necessary. If your peasants sleep there, it will be quite sufficient also for us. »

«I will not make it magnificent, but I will add more beds, oh! plain ones, as You wish, and I will make them take blankets, seats, amphoras and cups. You must eat and cover yourselves, particularly during the winter months. Let me see to it. I do not even have to do it myself. <sup>4</sup>Here is Martha coming. She has a practical and diligent talent for all household matters. She was born for the house and to be the comfort of the bodies and souls in the house. Come, my gentle and chaste hotel-keeper! See? I, too, have taken shelter under her motherly care, in her part of the heritage. Thus I do not miss my mother so badly. Martha, Jesus is retiring to the plain of the "Clear Water". There is nothing beautiful there, except the soil which is fertile; the house is a sheepfold. But He wants a poor house. We must furnish it with the bare essentials. Give the orders, please, you are so clever! » and Lazarus kisses the beautiful hand of his sister who then lifts it to caress him with true motherly love. 117. 4

Then Martha says: «I will go at once. I will take Maximinus and Marcella with me. The men of the wagon will help to sort things out. Bless me, Master, so that I may take with me something of Yours. »

«Yes, My kind hotel-keeper. I will call you as Lazarus did. I give you My heart to take with you, in your own heart. »

<sup>5</sup>«Do You know, Master, that Isaac, Elias and the others are in this part of the country today? They asked me for pastures down in the plain, to be together for a little while, and I agreed. They are moving today. I expect them here for their meal. » 117. 5

«I am glad. I will give them instructions... »

«Yes, so that we may keep in touch with one another. However, You will come now and again... »

«Yes, I will. I have already spoken to Simon about it. And as it is not fair that I should invade your house with My disciples, I will go to Simon's house... »

«No, Master. Why give me that pain? »

«Do not investigate, Lazarus. I know it is the right thing. »

«But, then... »

«But, then, I will always be in *your* domains. What even Simon does not know, *I do know*. He who wanted to purchase, without showing himself and without discussion, to be near Lazarus of Bethany, was the same son of Theophilus, the faithful



friend of Simon the Zealot and the great friend of Jesus of Nazareth. It is one whose name is Lazarus, who doubled the amount of money for Jonah and did not deduct it from Simon's substance to give him the joy of being able to do a lot for the poor Master and for the poor of the Master. It is Lazarus of Bethany, who discreetly and diligently organises, guides and helps all the good efforts to assist, comfort and protect Me. I know. »

«Oh! don't say that! I thought I had arranged things so well and secretly! »

117.6 «There is secrecy for men. Not for Me. I read into hearts. «Shall I tell you why your natural goodness is touched by supernatural perfection? Because you are asking for a supernatural gift, the salvation of a soul, your own holiness and Martha's. And you feel that it is not enough to be good according to the world, but it is necessary to be good according to the laws of the spirit, to receive grace from God. You did not hear My words. But I said: "When you do a good deed, do it secretly, and the Father will give you a great reward". You did it out of a natural inclination to humbleness. And I solemnly tell you that the Father is preparing for you a reward that you cannot even imagine. »

«Mary's redemption?!... »

«That, and *much, much* more. »

«What then, Master, more than that is impossible? »

Jesus looks at him and smiles. He then says in the tone of a psalm:

«The Lord reigns and His saints with Him.

With His beams He interlaces wreaths and lays them on the heads of His saints.

That they may shine forever in the eyes of God and of the universe.

Of what material is it made? Of which stones is it adorned? Gold, most pure gold is the ring, made with the double fire of the divine love and the love of man, chiselled by the will that hammers, files, cuts and refines.

Pearls in great abundance and emeralds more green than grass in April, turquoises as blue as the sky and opals as translucent as the moon, amethysts like chaste violets, and jaspers and sapphires and hyacinths and topazes. They are set for a whole lifetime. And a ring of rubies as the final touch, a great crown on

the glorious forehead.

Because the blessed man will have had faith and hope, he will have had meekness and chastity, moderation and strength, justice and prudence, infinite mercy and at the end he will have written with his blood My Name and his faith in Me, his love for Me, and his name in Heaven.

Rejoice, just people of the Lord. Man does not know and God sees.

In eternal books He writes My promises and your deeds, and your names with them, princes of the future century, eternally triumphant with the Christ of the Lord. »

Lazarus looks at Him amazed. He then whispers: «Oh!... I... will not be able.... »

«Do you think so? » And Jesus picks a flexible willow branch hanging loose over the path and says: «Look: as My hand easily bends this branch, so love will mould your soul and make an eternal crown of it. *Love is the individual redeemer. Who loves begins his own redemption.* The Son of man will accomplish its fulfilment. »

It all ends.

## 118. The beginning of common life in the Clear Water. The opening speech.

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

<sup>118.1</sup> If this little low rustic house is compared to the house in Bethany it is certainly a sheepfold, as Lazarus says. But if it is compared to the houses of Doras' peasants, it is quite a good dwelling.

It is very low and very wide, of solid structure, it has a kitchen, that is, a huge fireplace in a room completely blackened with smoke, in which there is a table, some chairs, amphoras and a rustic rack with plates and cups. A large coarse wooden door gives light to it as well as access. On the same wall as this door, there are three more doors, giving access to three long narrow rooms, with whitewashed walls and a beaten earthen floor, as in the kitchen. In two of the rooms there are some light beds. The rooms look like little dormitories. The large number of hooks

fixed on the walls testify that tools and probably agricultural products were hung there. They now serve as clothes hooks for mantles and haversacks. The third large room (it is a corridor, rather than a room, because its length is out of proportion to its width) is empty. It must have been used also to shelter animals because there is a manger and rings on the wall, and on the floor are the typical holes dug by shod hooves. There is nothing in it at present.

Outside, close to this last room, there is a large rustic porch, consisting of a roof supported by coarse barked tree trunks covered with brushwood and slates. It is not really a porch, but a shed because it is open on three sides: two are at least ten yards long, the third side, the narrow one, is about five yards long, not more. In summer a vine stretches its branches from one trunk to another on the southern side. The vine is now bare and shows its skeleton branches; also a huge fig-tree is now bare, but in summer it must shade the large basin in the centre of the threshing floor, which was certainly used to water animals. Beside it there is a rough well, that is, a hole on ground level; it is encompassed by only one row of flat, white stones.

That is the house where Jesus will stay with His disciples in the place called «Clear Water». It is surrounded by fields, or rather by meadows and vineyards, and about three hundred yards away (please do not swear by the measurements I give) I can see another house in the middle of fields. It looks nicer because there is a terraced roof, which this house has not got. Olive groves and woods beyond the other house prevent one from seeing any farther.

118.2 <sup>2</sup>Peter, his brother and John are working eagerly, sweeping the threshing floor and the rooms, sorting the beds and drawing water. Peter is bustling around the well to sort and reinforce the ropes and make it more practical and easy to draw water. Jesus' cousins instead are working with hammer and files at the locks and shutters, and James of Zebedee helps them sawing and using a hatchet like a shipyard worker.

Thomas is busying himself in the kitchen and seems an experienced cook by the way he controls fire and flames and because of his skill in cleaning the vegetables which handsome Judas deigned to bring from the nearby village. I understand that there

is a village, a large or small one, because Judas says that they bake bread twice weekly and consequently there was no bread on that day.

Peter hears him and says: «We will make some bread cakes. There is flour over there. Quick, take your tunic off and knead it, and then I will cook them. I know how to do it. » I cannot help laughing when I see that the Iscariot stoops to mixing the flour, in his under-tunic, getting thoroughly covered with it.

Jesus is not present. Also Simon, Bartholomew, Matthew and Philip are absent.

«Today is the worse day» replies Peter to the mumbling of Judas of Kerioth. «It will be easier tomorrow. And in spring everything will be just right... »

«In spring? Are we staying here forever? » asks Judas frightened.

«Why? Is this not a house? It does not rain in it. There is drinking water. And a fireplace. What else do you want? It suits me very well. Also because I do not smell the stench of Pharisees and company... »

«Peter, let us go and haul in the nets» says Andrew and drags his brother away before he and the Iscariot start quarreling.

«That man does not like me» exclaims Judas.

«No, you can't say that. He is so frank with everybody. But he is good. It's you that is always discontented» replies Thomas, who, on the contrary, is always in high spirits.

«The reason is that I thought it was something different... »

«My Cousin does not prevent you from going to a *different thing*» says James of Alphaeus calmly. «I think that we all believed that it was a *different thing* to follow Him, because we were stupid. It is because we are stubborn and very proud. He never concealed the danger and fatigue in following Him. »

Judas grumbles between his teeth. The other Judas, Thaddeus, who is working at a kitchen shelf, which he wants to convert into a cupboard, replies to him: «You are wrong. Also according to our habit, you are wrong. Every Israelite *must* work. And we are working. Is work such a burden to you? I don't feel it, because since I have been with Him, all work is light. »

«I do not regret anything either. And I am happy to be just at home, now» says James of Zebedee.

«We will do a lot, here!... » remarks Judas of Kerioth ironically.

«In short, what do you want? What do you expect? A satrap's court? I cannot bear you to criticise what my Cousin does. Is that clear?» bursts out Thaddeus.

«Be quiet, brother. Jesus does not approve of these disputes. Let us speak as little as possible and do as much as possible. It will be better for all concerned. On the other hand... if He is not successful in changing our hearts... can you possibly hope to do it by your words?» says James of Alphaeus.

«The heart that does not change is mine, isn't it?» asserts the Iscariot aggressively.

But James does not answer him. He holds a nail between his lips and at the same time he nails some boards vigorously, making such a loud noise, that Judas' grumbling cannot be heard.

118. 3 <sup>3</sup>Some time goes by, then Isaac and Andrew come in together, the former carrying eggs and a basket of fresh sweet-smelling loaves, the latter with some fish in a fishing basket.

«Here» says Isaac. «The steward sends these and he wants to know if there is anything we need. That is the instruction that he got.»

«Do you see that we are not starving to death?» says Thomas to the Iscariot. He then says: «Andrew, give me the fish. How lovely it is! But how do you cook it?.. I don't know how to do it.»

«I'll see to that» says Andrew. «I'm a fisherman» and in a corner he starts gutting his fish, still alive.

«The Master is coming. He has made a tour of the village and of the country. You will see that people will be coming soon. He already cured a man whose eyes were diseased. I had already been all over the country and they were informed... »

«Of course! I... I! The shepherds do everything... We have given up a safe quiet life, at least I have, and we have done many things, but apparently we have done nothing... »

Isaac, astonished, looks at the Iscariot but... very wisely does not reply. The others do likewise... but they are boiling with rage.

118. 4 <sup>4</sup>«Peace to you all.» Jesus is at the entrance, smiling lovingly. The sunshine seems to increase in brightness at His arrival. «How clever of you! You are all at work! Can I help you, cousin?»

«No, have a rest. I have finished.»

«We are laden with foodstuffs. Everybody wanted to give us something. If all men had the kind hearts of the humble people! » says Jesus somewhat sad.

«Oh! My Master. May God bless You! » It is Peter who is coming in carrying a bundle of sticks on his shoulders and who from under his load thus greets Jesus.

«And may the Lord bless you too, Peter. You have been working hard! »

«And we will work even harder in our free time. We have a villa in the country! And we will make an Eden of it. In the meantime I have sorted the well, so that by night we can see where it is, and make sure that we don't lose our pitchers when drawing water. Then... see how clever Your cousins are? They have prepared all the things which are necessary for those who have to live in a place for a long time, and about which I, a fisherman, would not have known anything at all. Really clever. Also Thomas. He could work in Herod's kitchen. Also Judas is clever. He made lovely bread cakes... »

«But quite useless. There is bread now» replies Judas in a bad temper.

Peter looks at him and I am expecting a sharp reply, but Peter shakes his head, sorts the ashes and lays his bread cakes on them.

«Everything will soon be ready» says Thomas. And he laughs.

<sup>5</sup>«Are You speaking today? » asks James of Zebedee.

118. 5

«Yes, between the sixth and the ninth hour. Your companions said so. So let us eat at once. »

After some time John puts the bread on the table, arranges the seats, lays the cups and amphoras, while Thomas brings the boiled vegetables and the roasted fish.

Jesus is in the centre, He offers and blesses, hands the food out and they all eat with relish.

They are still eating when some people appear on the threshing floor. Peter gets up and goes to the door: «What do you want? »

«The Rabbi. Is He not speaking here? »

«Yes, He is. But He is eating now because He is a man, too. Sit over there and wait. »

The little group go under the rustic shed.

«But it is getting cold and it will often rain. I think we ought

to use that empty stable. I cleaned it thoroughly. The manger will be His seat. »

«Don't talk nonsense! The Rabbi is a rabbi» says Judas.

«What nonsense! If He was born in a stable, He can speak from a manger! »

«Peter is right. But, please, be friendly to one another» Jesus seems tired of repeating these words.

They finish eating and Jesus goes out at once to meet the little crowd.

«Wait, Master» Peter shouts after Him. «Your cousin has made a seat for You because the soil is damp under there. »

«It is not necessary. You know that I speak standing up. The people want to see Me and I want to see them. You should rather make some seats and light beds. Some sick people may come... and they will be needed. »

«You are always thinking of other people, my good Master! » says John, kissing His hand.

Jesus goes towards the little crowd smiling somewhat sadly. All the disciples go with Him.

Peter, who is beside Jesus, makes Him bend down and whispers to Him: «The veiled woman is behind the wall. I have seen her. She has been there since this morning. She has followed us from Bethany. Shall I send her away or leave her? »

«Leave her. I said so. »

«But, if she is a spy, as the Iscariot says? »

«She is not. Rely on what I tell you. Leave her alone and say nothing to the others. And respect her secret. »

«I did not say anything, because I thought it was better... »

118.6 <sup>6</sup>«Peace to you, who are looking for the Word» begins Jesus. And He goes to the end of the shed with His back to the house. He speaks slowly to about twenty people sitting on the ground or leaning against the trunks, in the warmth of a faint November sunshine.

«Man falls into error when considering life and death and applying these two nouns. He calls "life" the period of time in which, born of his mother, he begins to breathe, to nourish himself, to move, to think, to act; and he calls "death" the moment when he ceases breathing, eating, moving, thinking, acting and he becomes cold insensitive remains, ready to go back into a bos-

om: a sepulchre. But it is not so. I want to make you understand “*life*”, and point out to you the actions suitable to life.

Life is not existence. Existence is not life. Also this vine which is intertwined around these columns, exists. But it does not possess the life of which I am speaking. Also that bleating sheep, tied to that far off tree, exists. But it does not have the life of which I am speaking. The life of which I am speaking does not begin with the existence of the body and does not cease with the ending of the flesh. The life to which I refer does not start in a mother’s womb. It begins when a soul is created by the Thought of God to dwell in a body, it ends when sin kills it.

Man, at first, is but a seed that grows, a seed of flesh, instead of gluten or of marrow, like the seeds of cereals and of fruit. At first he is but an animal taking shape, the embryo of an animal like the one now swelling in the womb of that sheep. But the moment that this incorporeal part, which is also the most powerful in its subliming incorporeity, is infused into the human conception, then the animal embryo does not only exist as a beating heart, but *it lives* according to the Creating Thought, and becomes man, created in the image and likeness of God, the son of God, the future citizen of Heaven.

But that happens if life lasts. Man can exist having only the image of man, but no longer being man. That is, he is a sepulchre in which life petrifies. That is why I say: “Life does not begin with existence and does not cease with the ending of the flesh”. Life begins before birth. Life, then, never ends, because the soul does not die, that is, it does not fall into nothingness. *It dies to its destiny*, which is the celestial destiny, but it survives its punishment. It dies to that blissful destiny, by dying to Grace. This life, hit by a canker which is the death of its destiny, lasts throughout centuries in damnation and torture. This life, if preserved as such, reaches the perfection of living, by becoming eternal, perfect, blissful like its Creator.

<sup>7</sup>Have we any obligations to life? Yes, we have. It is a gift of God. Every gift of God is to be used and preserved carefully, because it is as holy as the Donor. Would you ill-use the gift of a king? No. It is handed down to the heirs, and to the heirs of the heirs, as a glory to the family. Why then ill-treat a gift of God? How is this divine gift to be used and preserved? How is



this heavenly flower of the soul to be kept alive to preserve it for Heaven? How can you achieve “to live” above and beyond existence?

Israel has clear laws on the matter and has only to comply with them. Israel has prophets and just people who set examples and explain how to observe the laws. Israel has now also its saints. Israel cannot, should not err. I see stained hearts and dead souls swarming everywhere. So, I say to you: do penance; open your souls to the Word; practise the immutable Law; give fresh blood to the worn out *“life”* which is languishing within you; if it is already dead, come to the true Life: to God. Bewail your sins. Shout: “Mercy!” But rise from the dead. Do not be dead people alive, so that in future you may not suffer eternally. I will speak to you only of the way to reach and preserve life. Another man said to you: “Do penance. Cleanse yourselves of the impure fire of lust, of the mud of sin”. I say to you: My poor friends, let us study the Law together. Let us hear in it, once again, the fatherly voice of the true God. And then let us pray together the Eternal Father saying: “May Your mercy descend into our hearts”.

It is now gloomy winter. But spring will come before long. A dead soul is more sad than a forest made bare by frost. But if humbleness, goodwill, penance and faith penetrate you, life will come back to you, like a forest in spring, and you will blossom to God, to bear the everlasting fruits of true life in future, in the future of centuries without end.

Come to Life! Cease existing only and begin “to live”. Death, then, will not be the “end”, but the beginning. The beginning of a never ending day, of a peaceful immeasurable joy. Death will be the triumph of what lived before the flesh, and the triumph of the flesh called to eternal resurrection, to take part in this Life that, in the name of the true God, I promise to all those who *“want”* that *“life”* for their souls, crushing under their feet sensuality and passions, to enjoy the freedom of the children of God.

Go. Every day, at this time, I will speak to you of the eternal truth. The Lord be with you. »

The crowd disperse slowly making comments. Jesus goes to the solitary house and it all ends.

119. The preaching at the Clear Water. "I am the Lord your God". Jesus baptises just like John.

27<sup>th</sup> February 1945.

<sup>1</sup>There are at least twice as many people as yesterday. There are also well-to-do people. Some have come on donkey-back and are taking their meal under the porch, after tying the little donkeys to the poles of the porch, waiting for the Master. 119. 1

It is a cold but clear day. The people are talking among themselves in low voices, and the most learned explain who the Master is and why He speaks in that place.

One asks: «Is He greater than John? »

«No. It's a different thing. John, of whom I was a disciple, is the Precursor, and is the voice of justice. This one is the Messiah, and is the voice of wisdom and mercy. »

«How do you know? » ask many.

«Three disciples of the Baptist told me. If you only knew what happened! They saw Him when He was born. Just imagine, He was born of light! There was such a bright light that they, who were shepherds, rushed out of the sheepfold, among the animals that had gone mad with terror, and they saw that the whole of Bethlehem was on fire, and then the angels came down from Heaven and they put the fire out with their wings, and He, the Child, was on the earth, born of light. All the fire became a star... »

«No! It's not so. »

«Yes, it is. One, who was a stableman at Bethlehem when I was a boy, told me. Now that the Messiah is a man, he boasts about it. »

«It is not so. The star came afterwards, it came with the wise men of the east, one of whom was a relative of Solomon, and therefore of the Messiah, because He is of the house of David, and David is Solomon's father, and Solomon loved the queen of Sheba because she was beautiful and because of the gifts that she brought him, and he had a child of her, and he belongs to Judah although he is from beyond the Nile. »

«What are you talking about? Are you crazy? »

«No. Do you mean that it is not true that His relative brought him the perfumes as is the custom among kings and members of

that family? »

«I know the true story» says another one. «This is what happened. I know because Isaac is one of the shepherds and is a friend of mine. So, the Child was born in a stable, of the house of David. There was a prophecy... »

«But does He not come from Nazareth? »

«Let me tell you. He was born in Bethlehem because He belongs to David, and it was at the time of the edict. The shepherds saw a light, so beautiful that there has never been a more beautiful one, and the youngest, because he was innocent, was the first to see the angel of the Lord, who spoke as sweetly as the music of a harp saying: “The Saviour is born. Go and worship Him”, and then the angels sang: “Glory to God and peace to good men”. And the shepherds went and they saw the little baby in a manger between an ox and a donkey, and His Mother and father. And they worshipped Him and then they took Him to the house of a good woman. And the Child grew like all children, beautiful, good and full of love. Then the wise men came from beyond the Euphrates and the Nile, because they had seen a star and recognised it as the star of Balaam. But the Child was already walking. And king Herod ordered the slaughter because he was afraid for his kingdom. But the angel of the Lord had warned them of the danger and the babies of Bethlehem died, but He did not, because He had escaped beyond Matharaea. Then He came back to Nazareth and worked as a carpenter, and when His time came, after that His cousin, the Baptist announced Him, He started His mission and first looked for His shepherds. He cured Isaac, who had been paralysed for thirty years. And Isaac never tires in preaching Him. That is the truth. »

«But the three disciples of the Baptist did tell me those words! » says the first man, somewhat mortified.

«And they are true. It's the description of the stableman that is not true. He boasts about it? He ought to go and tell the Bethlehemites to be good. The Messiah cannot preach in Bethlehem or in Jerusalem. »

«Of course! Just imagine if the Scribes and Pharisees want to hear His words! They are vipers and hyenas, as the Baptist calls them. »

119. 2      2«I would like to be cured. See? My leg is affected with gan-

grene. I thought I was going to die coming here on a donkey. I looked for Him in Zion, but He was no longer there... » says one.

«They threatened Him with death... » replies another man.

«The dogs! »

«Yes. Where are you from? »

From Lydda. »

«A long way! »

«I... I would like to tell Him of a sin of mine... I told the Baptist, but I ran away, he reproached me so violently. I don't think I can be forgiven... » says another man.

«What have you done? »

«A lot of evil. I will tell Him. What do you think? Will He curse me? »

«No. I heard Him speak at Bethsaida. I happened to be there. What words He spoke!!! He was talking of a woman who had committed sin. Ah! I would almost have liked to be her to deserve them!... » says an old stately man.

<sup>3</sup>«Here He comes» many shout.

119.3

«Mercy! I am ashamed! » says the guilty man who is about to run away.

«Where are you running, My son? Is there so much darkness in your heart that you hate the Light to the extent of having to flee before it? Have you sinned so much as to be afraid of Me, Who am Forgiveness? What sin can you have committed? Even if you had killed God you should not be afraid, if you were *truly* repentant. Do not weep! Or come: we will weep together. » Jesus, Who by lifting one hand had ordered the fleeing man to stop, now holds him tight to Himself, and then turns to those who are waiting and says: «Just one moment. That I may comfort this heart. Then I will come to you. »

And He walks beyond the house and going round the corner He bumps against the veiled woman, who was standing there listening. Jesus stares at her for a moment, He walks ten more steps and stops. «What have you done, son? »

The man falls on his knees. He is about fifty years old. His face is ravaged by many passions and a secret torture. He stretches his arms and shouts: «I killed my mother and brother... to have all my father's heritage and enjoy it with women... I have had no more peace... My food... blood! My sleep... nightmares... My

pleasures... Ah! in the lap of women, in their lustful cries, I felt the cold body of my dead mother and I heard the death-rattle of my poisoned brother. Cursed be pleasure women, they are asps, medusae, unappeasable morays... my ruin! »

«Do not curse. I do not curse you... »

«Are You not cursing me? »

«No. I weep and I take your sin upon Me!... How heavy it is! It breaks My limbs. But I clasp it to consume it for you... and I give you forgiveness. Yes. I forgive you your big sin. » He lays His hands on the head of the sobbing man and prays: «Father, My Blood will be shed also for him. For the time being, here are My tears and My prayer. Father, forgive, because he is repentant. Your Son, to Whose judgement everything is left, wants it!... » He remains thus for a few minutes, He then lowers, raises the man and says to him. «Your sin is forgiven. It is for you to expiate what is left of your crime, through a life of penance. »

«God has forgiven me. And my mother? My brother? »

«What Gods forgives, everybody forgives. Go and sin no more. »

The man cries louder and kisses His hand. Jesus leaves him to let him weep. He goes back to the house. The veiled woman makes a gesture as if she wanted to go and meet Him, but she bends her head and does not move. Jesus passes in front of her without looking at her.

119.4

4He is now in His place. He speaks: «A soul has gone back to the Lord. Blessed be His omnipotence that snatches from the demon's snares the souls He created and takes them back on to the way to Heaven. Why was that soul lost? Because it had lost sight of the Law.

The Book states that the Lord showed Himself on Sinai in all His fearful might, to say by means of it: "I am God. This is My will. And this is the lightning I hold ready for those who will rebel against the will of God". And before speaking He ordered that none of the people should go up to contemplate Him Who is, and that also the priests should be purified before approaching the limit of God, that they might not be struck. Because it was the time of justice and of trials. Heaven was closed, as if by a stone, on the mystery of Heaven and on the wrath of God, and only the swords of justice flashed from Heaven on the guilty

children. But not now. Now the Just One has come to consume all justice and the time has come, when without lightning and without limitations, the Word of God speaks to man to give him Grace and Life.

<sup>5</sup>The first word of the Father and Lord is this: "I am the Lord Your God" <sup>119.5</sup>

There is not one moment of the day in which this word is not uttered by the voice of God and is not written by His finger. Where? Everywhere. It is repeated continuously by everything. By grass and stars, by water and fire, by wool and food, by light and darkness, by health and illness, by wealth and poverty. Everything says: "I am the Lord. You received that from Me. One thought of Mine gives it to you, another thought takes it away from you, there is no power of armies or of defence that can shield you from *My* will". It shouts in the voice of the wind, it sings in the murmur of water, it gives off scent in the sweet smell of flowers, it is engraved on mountain tops, and it whispers, speaks, calls, shouts in consciences: "I am the Lord your God".

Never forget that! Do not close your eyes, your ears, do not suffocate your consciences, so that you may not hear that word. In any case it stands and the moment will come when it will be written by the fiery finger of God on the walls of banqueting halls or on the waves of rough seas, on the smiling lips of a child, or on the pallor of a dying old man, on a sweet-smelling rose or on a fetid sepulchre. The moment will come when in the exhilaration of wine and pleasure, in the bustle of business, in the rest at night, during a lonely walk, it will raise its voice and say: "I am the Lord your God" and not the flesh that you kiss so avidly, and not the food that you gobble so greedily, and not the gold that you hoard so stingily, and not the bed in which you idle, and neither taciturnity, nor loneliness, nor sleep can silence it. "I am the Lord your God", the Companion Who will not abandon you, the Guest you cannot drive out. Are you good? Then the guest and companion is a good Friend. Are you wicked and guilty? Then the guest and companion becomes the angry King and gives no peace. But He does not leave you. Separation from God is granted only to damned souls. But the separation is their unappeasable and eternal torture.

<sup>6</sup>"I am the Lord your God" and it adds "Who brought you out" <sup>119.6</sup>

of the land of Egypt, out of the house of slavery". Oh! He really says that just *now!* And from what Egypt He is bringing you out, towards the promised land, which is not this place, but Heaven! The eternal Kingdom of the Lord, where there is no hunger or thirst, cold or death, but everything will exude joy and peace and every soul will be replete with peace and joy.

He is now releasing you from real slavery. Here is the Redeemer. It is I. I have come to break your chains. Every human ruler may die, and through his death slaves may be set free. But Satan does not die. He is eternal. He is the ruler who has fettered you in order to drag you wherever he wishes. You are sinners and sin is the chain by means of which Satan holds you. I have come to break the chain. I am coming in the name of the Father and because I wanted to come. The promise *which has not been understood* is therefore now being fulfilled: "I brought you out of Egypt and of slavery".

This is now being fulfilled spiritually. The Lord your God is bringing you out of the land of the idol who seduced the First Parents. He frees you from the slavery of sin, He clothes you once again with Grace and allows you in to His Kingdom. I solemnly tell you that those who come to Me will be able to hear the Most High say to the blessed hearts, in a soft fatherly voice: "I am the Lord your God and I am drawing you to Me, free and happy".

Come. Turn your hearts and faces, your prayers and will to the Lord. The hour of Grace has come. »

119. 7 <sup>7</sup>Jesus has finished. He passes by blessing and He caresses an old woman and a swarthy smiling little girl.

«Cure me, Master. I am suffering so much! » says the man affected with gangrene.

«Your soul first. Do penance... »

«Baptise me as John did. I cannot go to him. I am not well. »

«Come. » Jesus goes down towards the river, which is on the other side of two very large meadows and is hidden by a wood. He takes His sandals off and so does the man who has dragged himself there on crutches. They go down to the river bank and Jesus, cupping His hands, pours the water on the head of the man, who is in the river up to half his shin.

«Take your bandages off, now» Jesus tells him while going back up to the path.

The man obeys. His leg is healed. The crowd shout their astonishment.

«Me too! »

«Me too! »

«Baptise me, too! » shout many.

Jesus, Who is already half way along the path, turns round: «Tomorrow. Go now and be good. Peace be with you. »

It all ends and Jesus goes back to the house, to the dark kitchen although it is early afternoon.

<sup>8</sup>The disciples gather round Him. Peter asks: «What was the matter with the man You took behind the house? » <sup>119.8</sup>

«He needed to be purified. »

«But he did not come back and he was not there asking to be baptised. »

«He went to where I sent him. »

«Where? »

«To expiate, Peter. »

«In jail? »

«No. To do penance for the rest of his life. »

«Does one not get purified by water? »

«Also tears are water. »

«That is true. <sup>9</sup>Now that You have worked a miracle, I wonder <sup>119.9</sup> how many people will come!... They were already twice as many today... »

«Yes. If I had to do everything, I would not be able to. You will baptise. At first, one at a time, then two, three, then many. And I will preach and cure the sick people and the guilty ones. »

«Are we to baptise? Oh! I am not worthy! Dispense me, Lord, from that mission! I need to be baptised! » Peter is on his knees imploring.

But Jesus bends down and says: «You will be the very first one to baptise, as from tomorrow. »

«No, Lord! How can I do that if I am blacker than that chimney? »

Jesus smiles at the sincere humbleness of His apostle on his knees against His own knees, on which he has joined his coarse big fisherman's hands. He then kisses Peter on his forehead, just below his rough grey curly hair: «There you are. I baptise you with a kiss. Are you happy? »



«I would commit another sin to have another kiss! »

«No. You must not mock God by taking advantage of His gifts. »

«Will You not give a kiss also to me? I have sins, too» says the Iscariot.

Jesus stares at him. His look, which changes so easily, turns from the brightness of joy that made it so clear while speaking to Peter, to a severe, and I would say, tired gloom, and He says: «Yes... also to you. Come. I am not unfair to anybody. Be good, Judas. If you only wanted!... You are young. You have a whole lifetime to climb higher and higher, up to the perfection of holiness... » and He kisses him.

«Now, it is your turn, Simon, My friend. And yours, Matthew, My victory. And Yours, wise Bartholomew. And yours, faithful Philip. And yours, cheerful Thomas. Come, Andrew, silently active. And you, James, of our first meeting. And you now, joy of your Master. And you, Judas, companion of my childhood and youth. And you, James, whose look and heart remind Me of the Just One. You have all had My kiss. But remember that great is My love, but also your goodwill is required. Tomorrow you will be taking one step forward in your lives as My disciples. And remember that every step forward is an honour and an obligations

119. 10 «Master... one day You said to me, John, James and Andrew, that You would teach us how to pray. I think that if we prayed as You do, we would become worthy of doing the work that You want us to do» says Peter.

«Also then I replied to you: “When you are sufficiently formed, I will teach you the sublime prayer. To leave you ‘My’ prayer. But even that prayer will be nothing if you say it only with your lips. For the time being, ascend to God with your souls and your will. Prayer is a gift that God grants to man and that man presents to God”. »

«What? Are we not yet worthy of praying? The whole of Israel prays... » says the Iscariot.

«Yes, Judas. But from her deeds, you can see how Israel prays. I do not want to make traitors of you. He who prays with an external attitude, and internally is against good, is a traitor. »

119. 11 «And when are You going to make us work miracles? » Judas asks again.

«We... miracles? Eternal mercy! And yet, we drink nothing but water! Miracles... us? Boy, are you crazy? » Peter is scandalised, frightened and is beside himself.

«He told us, in Judaea. Did You not? »

«Yes, it is true. I did. And you will work them. But as long as there is too much flesh in you, you will not work miracles. »

«We will fast» says the Iscariot.

«It is of no use. By flesh I mean the corrupted passions, the triple craving and the train of vices that follow the treacherous triple craving... Like the children of a filthy bigamous union, the pride of the mind gives birth, through the greed for flesh and power, to all the evil that is in man and in the world. »

«For You we have left everything» replies Judas.

«But not yourselves. »

«Must we die then? We would do it to be with You. At least I would... »

«No. I am not asking for your material death. I want animality and Satanism to die in you, and they do not die as long as the flesh is satisfied and falsehood, pride, anger, arrogance, gluttony, avarice, sloth are in you. »

«We are such faulty men near You, Who are so holy! » whispers Bartholomew.

«And He has always been so holy. We know» states His cousin James.

«He knows what we are... Therefore we must not lose heart. We must just say: give us day by day strength to serve You. If we said: “We are without sin” we would be deceived and we would be deceivers. Of whom? Of ourselves who know what we are, even if we do not want to tell? Of God, Who cannot be deceived? But if we say: “We are weak and sinners. Help us with Your strength and forgiveness” God will not disappoint us and in His goodness and justice He will forgive us and cleanse us of the iniquity of our poor hearts. »

«May you be blessed, John. Because the Truth speaks through your lips which are scented with innocence and only kiss the adorable Love» says Jesus standing up, and He draws to His heart His best-loved disciple, who had spoken from his dark corner.

120. The preaching at the Clear Water.  
"You shall have no gods before Me".

28<sup>th</sup> February 1945.

120. 1     <sup>1</sup>«It is said: "You shall have no gods in My presence. You shall not make yourself a carved image or any likeness of anything in heaven or on the earth beneath or in the waters under the earth. You shall not bow down to them or serve them. For I, the Lord your God, am a strong and jealous God and I punish the father's faults in the sons, the grandsons, and the great-grandsons of those who hate Me, but I show kindness down to the thousandth generation of those who love Me and keep My commandments".» Jesus' voice resounds in the large room crowded with people; it is in fact raining and they have all taken shelter in it. In the first row there are four invalids, that is, a blind man led by a woman, a child covered with sores, a woman yellow with jaundice or malaria, and a man who has been carried there on a stretcher.

Jesus is speaking leaning against the empty manger. John and the two cousins, Matthew and Philip are near Him, while Judas, Peter, Bartholomew, James and Andrew are at the entrance door letting in those who arrive late. Thomas and Simon are moving amongst the people telling children to be quiet, collecting alms and listening to requests.

120. 2     <sup>2</sup>«"You shall have no gods in My presence".

You have heard how God is omnipresent with His eyes and His voice. Truly, we are always in His presence. Whether we are locked in a room or are amongst the crowds in the Temple, we are in His presence. If we are concealed benefactors hiding our faces also from the people we help, or murderers who attack and kill wayfarers in a lonely gorge, we are always in His presence. A king in the middle of his court, a soldier on the battlefield, a Levite inside the Temple, a wise man bent over his books, a peasant in the furrows, a merchant at his desk, a mother watching over a cradle, a bride in her nuptial room, a virgin in the secrecy of her father's dwelling, a child studying at school, an old man lying down to die, they are all in His presence. They are all in His presence and also the actions of men are in His presence.

All the actions of men! A dreadful word! And a comforting one! Dreadful if the actions are sinful, comforting if they are ho-

ly. To know that God sees us, prevents us from doing evil and encourages us to do good. God sees that I am doing the right thing. I *know* that He does not forget what He sees. I *believe* that He rewards good deeds. I am therefore certain that I shall be rewarded and I rest on that certainty. It will give me a happy life and a placid death, because both in life and in death my soul will be comforted by the bright light of God's friendship. That is the reasoning of a person who does good. <sup>3</sup>But why do evil-doers not consider that idolatry is one of the forbidden things? Why do they not say: "God sees that whilst I simulate a holy cult, I worship a false god or false gods, to whom I have erected an altar unknown to men but known to God"? 120. 3

Which gods, you may object, if even in the Temple there is no image of God? Which are the faces of these gods, if it was impossible for us to give a face to the true God? Yes, it is impossible to elaborate a face, because the Perfect and Most Pure One cannot be worthily represented by man. Only the spirit can catch a glimpse of the incorporeal and sublime beauty and can hear His voice and appreciate the caresses which He bestows upon a holy person worthy of such divine contact. But the sight, the hearing, the hand of man cannot see or hear, and therefore they cannot repeat with sound on a lyre, with a mallet and a chisel on marble, what the Lord is. Oh! endless happiness when you, souls of just people, will see God! The first glance will be the dawn of the blessing which will be your companion for centuries without end. And yet what we cannot do for the true God, man does for false gods. And one erects an altar to woman; another to gold; another to power; another to science; another to military triumphs; one worships a mighty man, equal to himself by nature, but greater in arrogance or luck; another worships himself and says: "There is no one like me". Such are the gods of those who are the people of God.

Do not be astonished at the heathens who worship animals, reptiles and stars. How many reptiles, how many animals, how many dead stars you worship in your hearts! Lips utter lies to flatter, to possess, to corrupt. Are those not the prayers of secret idolaters? Hearts brood over thoughts of vengeance, of illicit trades, of prostitution. Are those not the cults devoted to the impure gods of lust, greed, wickedness?

120. 4     <sup>4</sup>It is said: “You shall adore nothing but your true, one, eternal God”. It is said: “I am a strong jealous God”.

*Strong:* no other strength is greater than His. Man is free to act, Satan is free to tempt. But when God says: “Enough” man can no longer do wrong, Satan can no longer tempt. The latter is driven back to his hell, the former is checked in his misuse of evil doing, to which there is a limit, beyond which God does not allow anyone to go.

*Jealous:* Of what? Of which jealousy? Of the petty jealousy of petty men? No. The holy jealousy of God for His children. The just, loving jealousy. He created you. He loves you. He wants you. He knows what is harmful to you. He is aware of what is capable of separating you from Him. And He is jealous of what interposes between the Father and His children and diverts them from the only love which is health and peace: God. Understand that jealousy which is not mean, is not cruel, is not restrictive of freedom. It is infinite love, infinite goodness, unlimited freedom, which gives Itself to the limited creature, to draw it to Itself and in Itself forever, and associate it to Its infinity. A good father does not want to enjoy his wealth by himself. But he wants his children to enjoy it with him. After all he accumulated his riches more for his children than for himself. God acts likewise but He conveys to His love and desire the perfection which is in all His actions.

120. 5     <sup>5</sup>Do not disappoint the Lord. He promises the guilty fathers and the children of the guilty children punishment. And God always keeps His promises. But do not be disheartened, o children of man and of God. Listen to the other promise and rejoice: “I show kindness down to the thousandth generation of those who love Me and respect My commandments”. Down to the thousandth generation of good people. And to the thousandth fault of the poor children of man, who fall not out of wickedness but because of their thoughtlessness and Satan’s snares. And His kindness is even greater. I tell you that He stretches His arms out towards you, if with penitent hearts and faces washed by tears you say: “Father, I have sinned. I know. I humble myself and I confess my sin to You. Forgive me. Your forgiveness will be my strength to start ‘living again’ the true life”.

Do not be afraid. Before you committed sins out of weakness,

He knew that you would sin. His Heart is closed only if you persist in your sin and want to sin, thus making of a certain sin or of many sins your gods of horror. Demolish every idol, make room for the True God. He will descend in His glory to consecrate your hearts, when He sees that He is the only one in you.

Give God's dwelling back to Him. His abode is not in the temples built with stones, but in the hearts of men. Wash its threshold, clear its interior from all useless or sinful decorations. Only God. He only. He is everything! In no way is inferior to Paradise the heart of a man in which God dwells, the heart of a man who sings his love to the divine Guest.

Of every heart make a Heaven. Start your cohabitation with the Most High. In your eternal future it will improve in power and joy. But even here it will exceed the trembling amazement of Abraham, Jacob and Moses. Because it will no longer be the dazzling, frightening meeting with the Mighty One, but the permanent life with Father and Friend Who descends to say: "It is a joy for Me to be amongst men. You make Me happy. Thank you, son". »

<sup>6</sup>The crowd, over a hundred people, break the spell after some time. Some become aware that they are weeping, some that they are smiling at the same hope of joy. At last the crowd seem to awake, they seem to whisper, to sigh vigorously, and finally utter a cry as of liberation: «May You be blessed! You are opening for us the way of peace! » 120.6

Jesus smiling replies: «Peace is with you, if from now on you follow good. »

He then goes towards the invalids. He touches with His hand the child, the blind man, the woman who is completely yellow, He bends over the paralytic and says: «I want it. »

The man looks at Him and then shouts: «There is warmth in my dead limbs! » and he stands up, as he is, until they pull a blanket from his little bed over him, and the mother lifts her child, who is no longer covered with sores, and the blind man winks at the first contact with light, and women shout: «Dina is no longer as yellow as buttercups. »

The place is in utter confusion. Some people shout, some bless, some push to see, some try to go out and tell the village. Jesus is attacked from all directions.

Peter sees that they are almost crushing Him and he shouts: «Boys! They are suffocating the Master! Come and let us make room» and with great efforts the twelve disciples elbow their way through the crowd, kicking also a few shins, and they free the Master and take Him out. «I will see to this tomorrow» he says. «You will stay at the door and the others at the other end of the room. Have they hurt You? »

«No. »

«They seemed to have gone mad. What manners! »

«Leave them. They were happy... and so was I. Go to those who want to be baptised. I am going to the house. Judas, you and Simon will give alms to the poor. Give them everything. We have much more than is fair for the apostles of the Lord. Peter, go. Do not be afraid of doing too much. I will justify you with the Father, because I am ordering you to do it. Goodbye, friends. »

And Jesus, tired and wet with perspiration, goes into the house, while each of the disciples does his duty among the pilgrims.

## 121. The preaching at the Clear Water. "You shall not take My Name in vain". The visit of Manaen.

1<sup>st</sup> March 1945.

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121.1 <sup>1</sup>All the disciples are in utter confusion. They are so restless that they look like a beehive which has been upset. They speak and cast sidelong glances outside in all directions... Jesus is not there. At last they make up their minds about what is worrying them and Peter says to John: «Go and look for the Master. He is in the wood near the river. Tell Him to come at once or to let us know what we are to do. » John runs away.

The Iscariot says: «I don't understand the reason for so much excitement and unkindness. I would have gone and welcomed him with full honours... His visit is an honour for us. So... »

«I don't know. He may be different from his foster brother... But... who lives with hyenas catches their smell and instinct. In any case, you would like to send that woman away... But mind what you do! The Master does not want, and I have to protect her.

If you touch her... I am not the Master... Just for your informations

«Oh! Who is she after all?! Perhaps the beautiful Herodias? »

«Don't be facetious. »

«Don't blame me. You have kept a royal watch over her, like a queen... »

«The Master said to me: "Make sure she is not disturbed and respect her". And that is what I am doing. »

«But who is she? Do you know? » asks Thomas.

«I don't. »

«Come on, tell us... You know... »insist many of them.

«I swear that I know nothing. The Master certainly knows. But I don't. »

«We must get John to ask Him. He tells him everything. »

«Why? What is special about John? Is your brother a god? »

«No, Judas. He is the best of us all. »

«You can save yourselves the trouble» says James of Alphaeus. «My brother saw her yesterday, when he was coming back from the river with the fish Andrew had given him, and he asked Jesus. And He replied: "She has no face. She is a soul seeking God. She is nothing else for Me and *I want her to be so foreverybody*". And He said "I *want*" in such a way, that I would advise you not to insist. »

«I will *go* to her» says Judas Iscariot.

«Just try, if you can» says Peter, flushing like a cockerel.

«Are you going to play the spy and inform Jesus? »

«I leave that profession to those of the Temple. We, people of the lake, earn our bread working, not informing. Never be afraid of an accusation from Simon of Jonas. But don't provoke me and don't take the liberty of disobeying the Master, because I am here... »

«And who are you? A poor man like me. »

«Yes. In truth I am poorer, rougher, and more ignorant than you are. I know, but it does not worry me. I would worry if I were like you as far as my heart is concerned. But the Master gave me that task and I am fulfilling it. »

«Like me with regards to your heart? What is there in my heart that is so disgusting? Speak, accuse me, offend me... »

«For heaven's sake, stop it» burst out the Zealot and Bar-



tholomew. «Stop it, Judas. Respect Peter's grey hair. »

«I respect everybody, but I want to know what there is in me... »

«I will serve you at once... Let me speak... There is pride, enough to fill this kitchen, there is falsehood and lust. »

«Me false? »

They all cut in and Judas is compelled to be quiet.

- 121.2 <sup>2</sup>Simon says quietly to Peter: «Excuse me, my friend, if I say something to you. He has his faults, but you have some, too. And one is that you do not get on with young people. Why don't you take into account their age, their birth... many things? See, you are acting for Jesus' sake. But don't you realise that such arguments are tiring Him? I am not asking him (and he points at Judas) but I am begging you, a mature and honest man. He has so much trouble because of His enemies. Why should we increase His afflictions? There is so much hostility around Him. Why should we give rise to it also in His own nest? »

«It is true. Jesus is very sad and He has also lost weight» says Judas Thaddeus. «At night I can hear Him tossing and turning in His bed, and sighing. Some nights ago I got up and I saw Him crying while praying. I asked Him: "What is the matter? " And He embraced me and said: "Be friendly to Me. How toilsome it is to be the 'Redeemer'! "»

«I also met Him in the wood near the river after He had evidently wept» says Philip. «And at my inquisitive glance He replied: "Do you know what makes Heaven different from the earth, apart from the difference of the lack of God's visible presence? It is the lack of love amongst men. It chokes Me like a halter. I have come here to scatter seeds for the little birds and be loved by creatures that love one another". »

Judas Iscariot (he must be somewhat deranged) throws himself on the ground and cries like a boy.

- 121.3 <sup>3</sup>At that moment Jesus comes in with John: «What is the matter? Why cry?.. »

«It's my fault, Master. I made a mistake. I reproached Judas too harshly» says Peter frankly.

No I... I am to be blamed. I am causing You trouble... I am not good... I disturb, I make people cross, I disobey, I am... Peter is right. But help me to be good! Because I have something here,

in my heart, that makes me do things that I would not like to do. It is stronger than I am... and I cause trouble to You, Master, to Whom I would like to give only joy... Believe me! It is true... »

«Of course, Judas. I have no doubt. You have come to Me with a sincere heart, with true enthusiasm. But you are young... Nobody knows you, you do not know yourself as well as I do. Get up and come here. Later we will speak all by ourselves. In the meantime let us speak of the matter for which you all sent for Me. What harm is there if also Manaen has come? Can a relative of Herod not thirst for the true God? Are you afraid for Me? No, do not be afraid. Have faith in My word. That man has come for an honest purpose. »

«Why did he not make himself known then? » ask the disciples.

«Exactly because he comes as a 'soul' and not as Herod's foster-brother. He has kept silence because he thinks that the relationship with a king is nothing before the word of God... We shall respect his silence. »

«But if, instead, he has been sent by him?... »

«By whom? By Herod? No. Do not be afraid. »

«Who sends him then? How does he know about You? »

«Through my cousin John. Do you think that when in jail he did not speak of Me? Through Chuza... through the voice of the crowds... through the very hatred of the Pharisees... Also the leaves of trees and the air speak of Me, now. A stone has been thrown into the still water and a stick has struck the bronze. The waves are spreading out wider and wider conveying the revelation to far away waters and the sound entrusts it to space... The earth has learned to say: "Jesus" and will never stop mentioning it. Go and be kind to him as you are to anybody else. Go. I am staying here with Judas. »

The disciples go out.

<sup>4</sup>Jesus looks at Judas who is still weeping and asks him: «Well? <sup>121.4</sup> Have you nothing to tell Me? I know everything about you. But I want to *hear it from you*. Why are you weeping? And above all, why this derangement whereby you are always so dissatisfied? »

«Yes, Master! You have said it. I am jealous by nature. You certainly know. And I suffer seeing... seeing so many things. It

makes me restless and... unfair. And I become bad whereas I do not want to... »

«Do not start weeping again! Of what are you jealous? Get accustomed to speaking with your *true* soul. You speak a lot, even too much. But how? With your instinct and your mind. You follow a difficult and twisted route to say what you want to say: I am talking of you, of your *ego*, because with regards to what you have to say of other people or to other people, you show no restraint or limitation. Neither do you show restraint or limitation to your flesh. It is your mad horse. You are like a charioteer to whom the race manager has given two mad horses. One is your sensuality, the other... shall I tell you what the other one is? Shall I? It is the error that you do not want to tame. You are a capable but reckless charioteer, you rely on your capability and you think it is enough. You want to come first... you do not want to waste time in changing at least *one* horse. On the contrary you spur them and flog them. You want to be “the winner”. You are anxious to be applauded... Do you not realise that victory is certain when it is conquered by constant, patient and prudent work? Speak to your soul. I want your confession to originate from there. Or have I to tell you what there is within you? »

«I find that You are not fair or constant either, and I suffer because of that. »

«Why do you accuse Me? In what have I failed in your eyes? »

«When I wanted to take You to my friends, You refused saying: “I prefer to be with humble people”. Then Simon and Lazarus told You that it was better to seek the protection of some mighty person and You agreed. You are partial to Peter, Simon, John... You... »

«What else? »

«Nothing else, Jesus. »

«Nonsense!... Bubbles on the foam of the waves. I feel sorry for you, because you are a poor wretch torturing yourself, whilst you could be rejoicing. Can you say that this place is luxurious? Can you deny that there was an *urgent* reason that compelled Me to accept it? If Zion were not such a harsh stepmother to its prophets, would I be here, hiding like one who is afraid of human justice and takes shelter in a sanctuary? »

«No. »

«Well, then? Can you say that I did not entrust you with missions as I did with the others? Can you say that I have been severe with you when you were wrong? You have not been sincere... The vineyards!... Oh! Your vineyards! What were the names of those vineyards? You were not sympathetic to those who were suffering or were redeeming themselves. You were not even respectful to Me. And the others noticed it... And yet only one voice always defended you: Mine. The others would be entitled to be jealous, because if there was one who was protected, that one was you. »

Judas weeps downhearted and moved.

<sup>5</sup>«I am going. This is the hour when I belong to *everybody*.  
You stay here and meditate. » 121. 5

«Forgive me, Master. I will have no peace until You have forgiven me. Don't be sad because of me. I am a bad boy... I love and I torture... With my mother... and with You. And I would do the same with my wife if I should get married... It would be better if I died!... »

«It would be better if you mended your ways. But you are forgiven. Goodbye. » Jesus goes out and closes the door.

Peter is outside: «Come, Master. It is already late. And there are a lot of people. It will soon be dark. And you have not had any food... That boy is the cause of everything. »

«That "boy" needs you all so that he will no longer be the cause of all these things. Try and remember that, Peter. If he were your son, would you pity him?... »

«H'm! I might and I might not. I would pity him... but... although he is a grown up man, I would teach him something, as if he were a naughty boy. If he were my son, he would not be like that... »

«That is enough. »

«Yes, it's enough, my Lord. There is Manaen. The one whose mantle is so dark red that it seems black. He gave me this for the poor and he asked me if he can stay and sleep here. »

«What did you tell him? »

«The truth: "We have only beds for ourselves. Go to the village". »

Jesus does not say anything. But he leaves Peter in the lurch and goes towards John, to whom He says something.

<sup>6</sup>He then goes to His place and starts speaking.

121. 6

«Peace be to you all and may light and holiness come to you with peace. It is said: “You shall not take My Name in vain”.

When does one take it in vain? Only when one curses it? No. Also when one utters it without making oneself worthy of God. Can a son say: “I love and honour my father” if he does the very opposite to what his father wants from him? One does not love his father by saying: “father, father”. One does not love God, by saying: “God, God”.

121.7 <sup>7</sup>In Israel where, as I explained to you the day before yesterday, there are so many idols in the secrecy of hearts, there is also a hypocritical praise to God, to which the deeds of the praisers do not correspond. There is also a trend in Israel: they find so many sins in exterior things and do *not want* to find them where they really are, in interior things. In Israel there is also a silly pride, an anti-human and anti-spiritual habit: the Name of Our God uttered by pagan lips is considered swearing and the Gentiles are forbidden to go near the true God, because that is considered a sacrilege.

That was the situation so far. But it is no longer so...

The God of Israel is the same God Who created all men. Why prevent creatures from feeling the attraction of their Creator? Do you think that heathens do not feel something in the bottom of their hearts, something unsatisfied, that shouts, stirs, seeks? Whom? What? The unknown God. And do you think that if a pagan moves towards the altar of the unknown God, to the incorporeal altar that is the soul in which there is always the remembrance of its Creator, the soul which expects to be possessed by the glory of God, like the Tabernacle erected by Moses according to the order given to him, the soul that weeps until such possession does not take place, do you think that God will reject the pagan's offer as one rejects a profanation? And do you consider a sin the action caused by the honest desire of a soul that aroused by celestial summons says: “I am coming” to God Who says to it: “Come”, whilst you consider holiness the corrupted cult of an Israelite who offers the Temple what is left over from his pleasures, and goes into the presence of God and mentions the name of the Most Pure One, with body and soul polluted by countless foul sins?

No. I solemnly tell you that the perfect sacrilege is commit-

ted by the Israelite who with his impure soul takes the Name of the Lord in vain. His Name is taken in vain, when you are aware, and you are not fools, that you pronounce it in vain because of the state of your souls. Oh! I see the indignant face of God which disgusted turns elsewhere when a hypocrite calls Him or an unrepentant soul mentions Him! And I am terrified although I do not deserve the divine wrath.

<sup>8</sup>I read in many of your hearts this thought: “Well, with the exception of children, no one can mention God’s name, because in all men there is impurity and sin”. No. Do not say that. That Name is to be invoked by sinners. It is to be invoked by those who feel they are choked by Satan and *want to free themselves* from sin and from the Seducer. 121. 8

It is said in Genesis that the Serpent tempted Eve when the Lord was not walking in Eden. If God had been in Eden, Satan could not have been there. If Eve had invoked God, Satan would have fled. Always have that thought in your hearts. And call the Lord with Sincerity. That Name is salvation. Many of you wish to descend into the river to be purified. Purify your hearts, unceasingly, writing upon them, by means of love, the word: God. No false prayers. No habitual practices. But say that Name: God, with your hearts, your thoughts, your deeds with our whole selves. Repeat it that you may not be alone. Repeat it to be supported. Repeat it to be forgiven.

Understand the meaning of the word of the God of Sinai: the name of God is taken “in vain” when saying “God” does not imply a change for the better. Then it is a sin. It is not taken “in vain”, when, like the beating of your hearts, every minute of your day, every honest deed, need, temptation, sorrow bring to your lips the filial word of love: “Come, my God! ” Then, truly, you do not sin mentioning the holy Name of God.

Go. Peace be with you. »

<sup>9</sup>There are no sick people. Jesus remains under the shed, where the shades of evening are falling, leaning against the wall, with folded arms. He is watching those who are going away riding their little donkeys, or are hurrying towards the river to be purified or are going to their villages across the fields. 121. 9

The man wearing the very dark red mantle seems uncertain as to what to do. Jesus is watching him. The man eventu-

ally moves and goes towards his horse; he has, in fact, a beautiful white horse adorned with a red caparison dangling under the studded saddle.

«Man, wait for Me» says Jesus and He goes towards him. «It is getting dark. Have you a place where to sleep? Have you come from far? Are you alone? »

The man replies: «From very far... and I will go... I don't know... To the village, if I find... if not... to Jericho. I left my escort there, as I did not trust them. »

«No. I offer you My bed. It is already made. Have you any food? »

«No, I have none. I was expecting to find a more hospitable place... »

«It lacks nothing. »

«Nothing. Not even hatred for Herod. Do You know who I am? »

«There is only one name for those who look for Me: brothers in the Name of God. Come. We will share our bread. You can put your horse in that large room. I will sleep there and I will watch it for you... »

«No. I will never allow that. I will sleep there. I accept Your bread but nothing more. I will not put my unclean body where You rest Your holy one. »

«Do you think that I am holy? »

«I know You are holy. John, Chuza... Your deeds... Your words... The royal palace is resounding with them like a shell echoing the noise of the sea. I used to go to John... then I lost him. But he had said to me: "One Who is greater than I am will take you and raise you". It could be but You. I came when I found out where You were. »

They are by themselves under the shed. The disciples are speaking in low voices near the kitchen and are casting sidelong glances at them.

121. 10 <sup>10</sup>The Zealot, who was the baptizer today, comes back from the river with the people who have been baptised last. Jesus blesses them and then says to Simon: «This man is the pilgrim who is seeking shelter in the name of God. And in the name of God we greet him as a friend. »

Simon bows and the man does likewise. They go into the large

room and Manaen ties his horse to the manger. John, beckoned by Jesus, rushes in with some grass and a pail of water. Also Peter comes in with a small oil lamp, because it is already dark.

«This will do very nicely. May God reward you» says the gentleman and then between Jesus and Simon he enters the kitchen where a bundle of brushwood, which has just been lit, gives light.

It all ends.

## 122. The preaching at the Clear Water. "Honour your father and mother". Healing of a dull-witted boy.

3<sup>rd</sup> March 1945.

<sup>1</sup>Jesus is walking slowly up and down the bank of the river. It is very early in the morning, because the fog of a dreary winter day is still lying amongst the reeds along the river banks. There is nobody, as far as the eye can see, on either bank of the Jordan. There is only the low mist, the babbling of water against the reeds, the murmuring of the river, the water of which is rather muddy because of the rain of the previous days, the short, sad calls of a few birds, as they are wont when the love-season is over and birds pine away because of the season and of scarcity of food. 122. 1

Jesus listens to them and He seems to be very interested in the call of a little bird, which with clock precision turns its little head northwards and chirps plaintively, then it turns its head southwards and repeats its inquiring chirp without any reply. At last the little bird seems to have received a reply from the other bank and it flies away, across the river, with a little cry of joy. Jesus makes a gesture as if to say: «Good! » and resumes walking.

<sup>2</sup>«Am I disturbing You, Master?» asks John, who has come from the meadows. 122. 2

«No. What do you want? »

«I wanted to tell You... I think it is a bit of information which may give You relief and I have come at once, also to seek Your advice. I was sweeping our large rooms when Judas Iscariot came in. He said to me: "I will help you". I was amazed because he is never anxious to do such humble things even when he is told...



but all I said was: "Oh! Thank you! I will be quicker and we will do a better job". He began to sweep and we finished very quickly. He then said: "Let us go into the wood. It is always the older ones who bring in the wood. It is not fair. Let us go. I am not very good at it. But if you teach me..." And we went. And while I was there tying the faggots, he said to me: "John, I want to tell you something". "Yes, do" I said. And I thought it might be a bit of criticism. Instead he said: "You and I are the youngest. We ought to be more united. You are almost afraid of me, and you are quite right, because I am not good. But believe me... I do not do it deliberately. Sometimes I feel the need of being bad. Perhaps, as I was the only son, I have been spoiled. And I would like to become good. The older ones, I know, are not very fond of me. Jesus' cousins are annoyed because... well, I have not behaved well with them and also with their cousin. But you are good and patient. Be good to me. Imagine that I am your brother, a bad brother, whom you must love, even if he is bad. Also the Master says that we must behave like that. When you see that I am not doing exactly the right thing, tell me. And then don't leave me always alone. When I go to the village, come with me. You will help me not to do wrong. Yesterday I suffered very much. Jesus spoke to me and I looked at Him. In my silly grudge I did not look at myself or at the others. Yesterday I looked and I saw... They are quite right in saying that Jesus is suffering... and I feel that it is also my fault. I no longer want to be the cause of His pain. Come with me. Will you come? Will you help me to become better?" That is what he said, and, I confess it, my heart was beating like the little heart of a sparrow caught by a boy. It was throbbing out of joy because I will be happy if he becomes good, and I am happy also for Your sake, and my heart was beating also out of fear, because... I would not like to become like Judas. Then I remembered what You told me the day You accepted Judas, and I replied: "Yes, I will help you. But I must obey if I receive different orders..." I thought, I will now tell the Master, and if He agrees, I will go with him, if He does not agree, I will ask Him to order me not to leave the house. »

«Listen, John. I will let you go. But you must promise Me that if you feel that anything is upsetting you, you will come and tell

<sup>122.3</sup> Me. You have given Me a great joy, John. <sup>3</sup>Here is Peter with his fish. Go, John. »

Jesus addresses Peter: «A good catch? »

«H'm. Not really. Very small fish... But everything helps. James is grumbling because an animal gnawed at the rope and he lost his net. I said to him: "Was it not entitled to eat, too? You should feel pity for the poor animal". But James does not see it that way... » says Peter laughing.

«Exactly what I say of one who is a brother of yours. And what you are not capable of doing. »

«Are You talking of Judas? »

«Yes, I am. And he suffers for it. His intentions are good but his tendencies are perverse. But tell Me something, My experienced fisherman. If I wanted to go on a boat on the Jordan and reach the lake of Gennesaret, what should I do? Would I succeed? »

«Eh! It would be hard work! But you would succeed with small flat boats... A laborious task, You know. And a long one! It would be necessary to measure the depth continuously, to watch the banks, the shoals, the little floating woods, the current. A sail is of no use in such cases, on the contrary... But do You want to go back to the lake following the river? Don't forget that it is hard work to go against the stream. You need many people, otherwise... »

«You are quite right. When a man is vicious, he must go against the stream to go back to the straight and narrow path and he cannot succeed by himself. Judas is exactly one of them. And you are not helping him. The poor fellow is going along all by himself, he knocks against the bottom, he runs into shoals, he gets entangled in the little floating woods, and is caught in the maelstroms. On the other hand, if he is measuring the depth, he cannot hold the rudder at the same time or use the oars. Why then should he be reproached if he does not proceed? You feel sorry for strangers, but not for him, although he is your companion. That is not fair. <sup>4</sup>See over there, he and John are going to the village to get bread and vegetables. He asked, as a favour, not to go alone. And he asked John, because he is not a fool, and he knows what you older ones think of him. »

122. 4

«And You have sent him? What about if John also should get spoiled? »

«Who? My brother? Why should he get spoiled? » asks James

who has just arrived with his net, which he has recovered in a bed of reeds.

«Because Judas is going with him. »

«Since when? »

«As from today, and I have allowed him to go. »

«Well, if You allow him... »

«And I advise you all to do the same. He is left by himself too much. Do not be only judges for him. He is not any worse than many. But he has been more spoiled, since his childhood. »

«Yes, it must be so. If his father had been Zebedee and his mother Salome, he would not be like that. My parents are good. But they do not forget that they have rights and duties over their childrens

122. 5 «What you said is true. I will speak of that today. <sup>5</sup>Let us go now. I see that the crowds are already moving across the meadows. »

«I don't know what we will have to do to live. There is no longer time to eat, to pray, to rest... and the crowd is getting larger and larger» says Peter, half amazed and half annoyed.

«Do you mind? It is a sign that there are still people seeking God. »

«Yes, Master. But You suffer because of it. Yesterday You were also left without any food and last night You had only Your mantle to cover Yourself. If Your Mother knew! »

«She would bless God Who brings so many believers to Me. »

«And She would reproach me whom She begged to look after You» concludes Peter.

Philip and Bartholomew are coming down towards them gesticulating. They see Jesus, they quicken their pace and say: «Oh! Master! What shall we do? There is a real pilgrimage: invalids, people weeping and poor people without any means, who have come from far away. »

«We shall buy some bread. The rich people give alms. All we have to do is to make use of them. »

«The days are short. The shed is crowded with people camping there. The nights are damp and cold. »

«You are right, Philip. We shall squeeze into one of the big rooms. It can be done, and we will arrange the other two rooms for those who cannot reach their homes before night. »

«I see! Before long we will have to ask our guests permission to change our clothes. They will be so intrusive that they will compel us to run away» grumbles Peter.

«You will see quite different flights, My dear Peter! <sup>6</sup>What is the matter with that woman? » They are now on the threshing floor and Jesus sees a woman who is weeping. 122. 6

«Who knows! She was here also yesterday and also yesterday she was weeping. When You were speaking to Manaen she moved to come and meet You, then she went away. She must live in the village or nearby, because she has come back. She does not look ill... »

«Peace be with you, woman» says Jesus passing near her.

And she replies in a low voice: «And with You. » Nothing else.

There must be at least three hundred people. Under the shed there are lame, blind, dumb people, a man shuddering from head to foot, a young man obviously hydrocephalus, whose hand is held by a man. He does nothing but howl, slaver and shake his huge idiotic looking head.

«Is he perhaps that woman's son? asks Jesus.

«I don't know. Simon looks after the pilgrims and he will know. »

They call the Zealot and ask him. But the man is not with the woman. She is by herself. «She does nothing but weep and pray. A short while ago she asked me: "Does the Master cure also the hearts of people? "» explains the Zealot.

«Perhaps her husband is unfaithful to her» remarks Peter.

While Jesus goes towards the sick people, Bartholomew and Matthew go to the river with many pilgrims for the purification rite.

The woman weeps in her corner and does not stir.

<sup>7</sup>Jesus does not deny a miracle to anybody. Beautiful is the cure of the dull-witted boy into whom Jesus breathes intelligence, holding his huge head between His long hands. They all gather round Him. Also the veiled woman, perhaps because there is a large crowd, dares to draw close and she stands near the weeping woman. Jesus says to the idiot: «I want the light of intelligence to be in you to make way to the light of God. Listen: say with Me: "Jesus". Say it. I want it. » 122. 7

The dull-witted young man, who before could only howl like

an animal, mumbles with difficulty: «Jesus», or rather: «Jejus. »

«Once again» orders Jesus still holding the deformed head between His hands and dominating him with His eyes.

«Jes-us. »

«Again. »

«Jesus! » says at last the poor idiot, whose eyes are no longer expressionless and whose lips now smile in a different way.

«Man» says Jesus to his father. «You had faith! Your son is cured. Question him. The Name of Jesus is miraculous against diseases and passions. »

The man asks his son: «Who am I? »

And the boy: «My father. »

The man presses his son to his heart and states: «He was born like that. My wife died in childbirth and he had an obstruction in his brain and his speech. Now you see. Yes, I had faith. I come from Joppa. What must I do for You, Master? »

«Be good. And Your son, too. Nothing else. »

«And love You. Oh! Let us go and tell your grandmother. She convinced me to come. May she be blessed! »

The two go away happy. The only sign of the past misfortune is the huge head of the boy. His expression and speech are normal.

1228 8«But, was he cured by Your will or by the power of Your Name? » ask many.

«By the will of the Father, Who is always benign to His Son. But also My Name is salvation. You know: Jesus means Saviour. There is a salvation of the soul and a salvation of the body. He who pronounces the Name of Jesus with true faith is freed from disease and sin, because in every spiritual or physical disease there is the claw of Satan who creates physical diseases to drive people to rebellion and desperation through the pains of the flesh, and he creates moral or spiritual diseases to lead souls to damnations

«So, according to You, Beelzebub is not alien to all the afflictions of mankind. »

«No, he is not. Through him disease and death entered the world. And crime and corruption also entered the world through him. When you see anyone tortured by misfortune, you can be sure that he suffers on account of Satan. When you see one who

is the cause of misfortune, you may conclude that he is an instrument of Satan. »

«But illness comes from God. »

«Illness is a disorder in the order. Because God created man wholesome and perfect. The disorder caused by Satan in the order given by God, has brought with it the illness of the flesh and its consequences, that is, death or sorrowful inheritance. Man inherited from Adam and Eve the original sin. But not only that. And the stain has expanded wider and wider embracing the three branches of man: the flesh more and more vicious and consequently weak and diseased, the morals prouder and prouder and thus corrupted, the spirit more and more sceptical and thus more and more idolatrous. That is why it is necessary, as I did with the poor half-wit, to teach the Name that puts Satan to flight, engraving It on minds and hearts, placing It on one's *ego* as a seal of ownerships

«But do You possess us? Who are You, that You think so much of Yourself? »

«I wish it were so! But it is not. If I possessed you, you would be already saved. And it would be My right. Because I am the Saviour and I should have people who have been saved. But I will save those who have faith in Me. »

<sup>9</sup>«John... I come from John, he said to me: "Go to Him Who is preaching and baptising near Ephraim and Jericho. He has the power to dissolve and to retain whilst I can only say to you: do penance to make your soul agile in following salvation"» says one who had been cured miraculously and before was walking on crutches whereas now he moves about quickly. 122. 9

«Does the Baptist not suffer through losing followers? » asks one.

And the one who had spoken before replies: «Suffer? He says to everybody: "Go! Go! I am the star that is setting. He is the Star that is rising and is fixed eternally in its brightness. If you do not want to be left in darkness, go to Him before my wick goes out". »

«The Pharisees don't say that! They are full of bitter hatred because You draw the crowds to You. Did You know? »

«I know» replies Jesus briefly.

They start a dispute on the rights and wrongs of the behav-

ious of the Pharisees. But Jesus cuts it short saying: «Do not criticise» so sharply that no reply is possible.

122. 10 <sup>10</sup>Bartholomew and Matthew come with those who have been baptised.

Jesus starts speaking.

«Peace be to you all.

Since you come here in the morning and it is more comfortable for you to leave half way through the day, I have decided to speak to you of God in the morning. I have also thought of giving hospitality to the pilgrims who cannot go back to their homes before night. I am a pilgrim Myself and I possess the bare necessities given to Me by a compassionate friend. John has even less than I have. But wholesome people, or not seriously ill, go to John, such as cripples, blind or dumb people. But not dying people or those affected by high temperature as they come to Me. They go to him for a baptism of penance. You come to Me also to be cured in your bodies. The Law says: "Love your neighbour as you love yourself". I think and say: how would I be showing love to My brothers, if I closed My heart to their needs, also to their physical needs? And I conclude: I will give them what I was given. Holding out My hand to rich people, I will ask for bread for the poor, depriving Myself of My bed I will receive in it anyone who is tired and suffering.

We are all brothers. And you do not give proof of your love by means of words but by deeds. He who closes his heart to his fellow man, has a heart like Cain. He who has no love, is a rebel against the command of God. We are all brothers. And yet I see, and you also see, that there is hatred and disagreement within a family, where the same blood and flesh corroborate the brotherhood which comes to us from Adam. Brothers are against brothers, children against their parents, and parents are hostile to each other.

But in order not to be always wicked brothers, and in future adulterous husband and wife, it is necessary to learn from an early age to respect the family, which is the smallest and the greatest organization in the world. The smallest as compared to the organization of a town, of a region, of a country, of a continent. But the greatest because it is the oldest; because it was established by God, when the concept of fatherland, of country did

not yet exist, but the family nucleus was already alive and active, a source to race and races, a small kingdom in which man is king, woman queen and the children subjects. Can a kingdom last if it is divided and there is enmity among its inhabitants? It cannot. And truly a family will not last if it lacks obedience, respect, economy, goodwill, activity, love.

<sup>11</sup>“Honour your father and mother” says the Decalogue. How are they to be honoured? Why are they to be honoured? 122. 11

They are honoured by true obedience, by correct love, by loving respect, by a reverential fear that does not bar confidence, but at the same time does not make us treat our elders as if we were servants and underlings. They are to be honoured because after God, a father and mother are the donors of life and of all the material necessities of life, they are the first teachers and the first friends of the young being born on the earth.

We say: “May God bless you” or “Thank you” when someone picks up for us something we have dropped or gives us a piece of bread. Shall we not say, with *love*: “May God bless you” or “Thank you” to those who break their backs working in order to feed us, weaving our clothes and keeping them clean, who rise from their beds to watch our sleep, who deprive themselves of their rest to cure us, and make a bed for us of their laps, when we are most tired and sorrowful?

They are our teachers. A teacher is feared and respected. But a teacher takes us when we already know what is vital to support and feed ourselves and say the essential things, and he leaves us when we are still to be taught the most difficult lesson in life, that is, “to *live*”. It is our father and mother who prepare us for school first, and then for life.

They are our friends. But which friend can be more friendly than a father? And which more friendly than a mother? Can you be terrified of them? Can you say: “Could I be betrayed by him or by her”? And yet there is the foolish boy or the even more foolish girl, who make friends with strangers and close their hearts to their father and mother and they spoil their minds and hearts with unwise, if not guilty friendships, which are the cause of paternal and maternal tears, that like drops of molten lead burn their parents’ hearts. Those tears, however, I tell you, do not fall on the dust or into oblivion. God picks them up and counts



them. The anguish of a downtrodden parent will receive a prize from the Lord. But the behaviour of a son who tortures his parents will not be forgotten either, even if the father and mother, in their sorrowful love, implore from God mercy on their guilty son.

It is said: "Honour your father and mother, if you want to have a long life on the earth". And I add: "And forever in Heaven". A short life here would be too light a punishment for those who wrong their parents! Life to come is not an idle story, and in life to come there will be a prize or a punishment according to how we lived. He who wrongs a parent, offends God, because He orders us to love our parents, and he who does not love them, commits a sin. Thus, rather than his material life, he loses the true life of which I spoke to you, and goes to his death, or rather, he is already dead, because his soul is deprived of the grace of God, he is already a criminal because he offends the most holy love after the love for God, he has in himself the germ of future adulteries, because from a bad son he will become an unfaithful husband, he already possesses the incentive of social depravation, because from a bad son originates a future thief, a fierce violent killer, a cold blooded usurer, a cynical hedonist, a disgusting betrayer of his fatherland, of his friends, of his children, of his wife, of everybody. Can you hold in high esteem and trust a man who has been capable of betraying the love of a mother and mocking at the grey hair of a father?

12212

<sup>12</sup>But listen a little more: to the duty of children corresponds a similar duty of parents. Cursed be the guilty son! But cursed be also the guilty parent. Do not cause your children to criticise you and imitate you in doing wrong. Get them to love you on account of the love you give them with justice and mercy. God is Mercy. Let parents, who are second only to God, be mercy. Be an example and consolation to your children. Be their peace and guide. Be the first love of your children. A mother is always the first image of the bride we would like to have. A father is for his young daughters the image of the husband they dream of. Behave in such a way that your sons and daughters may wisely choose their wives and husbands, thinking of their father and mother and seeking in their partners the sincere virtues of their parents.

If I were to speak until I treated the whole subject fully, a whole day and night would not suffice. So, for your sake, I will curtail My speech. May the Eternal Spirit tell you the rest. I spread the seed and move on. But in good people the seed will take root and bear fruit. Go. Peace be with you. »

<sup>13</sup>Those who have to leave, go away quickly. Those who are staying, go into the third big room and eat their bread or the bread given to them by the disciples in the name of God. Boards and straw have been placed on rustic trestles so that the pilgrims can sleep there. 122. 13

The veiled woman walks away with quick steps, the other one who was crying before and cried all the time that Jesus spoke, roams about, undecided as to what to do, then makes up her mind and goes away.

Jesus goes into the kitchen to take His food. But He has just started eating when they knock at the door.

Andrew, who is the nearest to it, gets up and goes out into the yard. He speaks and then comes back in: «Master, a woman, the one who was weeping, wants You. She says that she has to go away and *must* speak to You. »

«If we go on like this, when and how is the Master going to get some food? » exclaims Peter.

«You should have told her to come later» says Philip.

«Be quiet. I will eat after. You go on eating. »

Jesus goes out. The women is out there.

«Master... one word... You said... Oh! Come behind the house! It's painful to tell my sorrow! »

Jesus pleases her without saying anything. Only when He is behind the house He asks: "What do you want from Me? »

«Master... I heard You before, when You were speaking amongst us... and then I heard You when You were preaching. You seem to have spoken just for me. You said that in every physical or moral disease there is Satan... I have a son whose heart is ill. I wish he heard You when You were speaking of parents! He is my torture. Bad companions have led him astray and he is exactly as You said... a thief... at home for the time being, but... He is quarrelsome, overbearing... Young as he is, he is ruining himself through lust and orgies. My husband wants to throw him out. I... I am his mother and I am dying broken-hearted. See how

my breast is panting. It's my heart that is broken because of the pain. I have been wishing to speak to You since yesterday because... I hope in You, my God. But I did not dare to speak. It is so painful for a mother having to say: "I have a cruel son"! » The woman is weeping, bent and grieved, in front of Jesus.

«Do not weep any more. He will be cured of his illness. »

«Yes, he would, if he could hear You. But he *does not want* to hear You. Oh! he will never be cured! »

«Have you faith in Me for him? Do you want in his place? »

«Why ask me? I have come from High Perea to beg You on his behalf... »

«Then go. When you reach your home, your son will come to meet you and will be repentant. »

«But how? »

«How? Do you think that God cannot do what I ask for? Your son is there. I am here. But God is everywhere. I say to God: "Father, have mercy on this mother". And the call of God will resound like thunder in your son's heart. Go, woman. One day I will pass through the villages of your country and you, a proud mother of your son, will come with him to meet Me. And when he will cry on your knees, asking you to forgive him and will tell you of the mysterious struggle from which he emerged with a new soul and will ask you how it happened, say to him: "It is through Jesus that you have returned to an honest life". Speak to him of Me. If you came to Me, it means that you know. Let him know and make him think of Me that he may have the strength of salvation. Goodbye. Peace to the mother who had faith, to the returning son, to the happy father, to the united family. Go! »

The woman goes toward the village and it all ends.

### 123. The preaching at the Clear Water. "You shall not fornicate". The affront of the five learned of the Temple.

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

123. 1 <sup>1</sup>Jesus says to me:

«Be patient, My dear soul, with regards to the double work. This is a period of endurance. You know how tired I was in My

last days?! You can see it. When walking I lean on John, on Peter, on Simon, also on Judas... Yes. And although miracles emanated from Me, even by simple contact with My clothes, I was not able to change that heart! Let Me lean on you, little John, to repeat the words which I spoke in the last days to those stubborn dull-minded people who heard the announcement of My torture without being affected by it. And let the Master preach for hours in the sad plain of the Clear Water. And I shall bless you twice: for your fatigue and for your pity. I count your efforts, I gather your tears. For your efforts on behalf of your brothers you will be rewarded as those who wear themselves out to make God known to men. The tears shed for My suffering during the last week will be rewarded with Jesus' kiss. Write and may you be blessed. »

<sup>2</sup>Jesus is standing on a kind of platform made with boards in one of the large rooms, the last one, and is speaking in a very loud voice, near the door, so that He may be heard by those in the room and also by those in the shed or on the threshing floor, which is flooded by the rain. The people standing there in their large dark coarse mantles, which are waterproof, look like so many monks. The weakest people are in the room, the women under the shed, the strongest, mainly men, are in the yard, in the rain.

Peter, barefooted and wearing only his short tunic and with a piece of cloth on his head, comes and goes, and is always in a good mood even if he has to paddle in water and take unexpected showers. John, Andrew and James are with him. They are cautiously transferring sick people from the other room and are guiding or supporting blind or lame people.

Jesus is patiently waiting for them all to be settled. He is only sorry that the four disciples are wet like sponges dipped into a pail of water.

«It is nothing! We are like pitched wood. Don't worry. We are getting baptised again and the baptiser is God Himself» replies Peter to Jesus' commiserations.

At last they are all settled and Peter thinks he can go and put on a dry tunic. And he goes away with the other three. But when he comes back again to the Master, he sees the large grey mantle of the veiled woman appear round the corner of the shed and

he goes towards her without considering that to do so he must cross the yard diagonally in a heavy shower of rain which is getting heavier and heavier, while the water of the pools splashes up to his knees. He takes her by the elbow, without displacing her mantle, and pulls her towards the wall of the large room, out of the rain. He then places himself beside her, as stern and still as a sentry.

Jesus sees him and He smiles bending His head to conceal the  
123. 3 brightness of His smile. 3He starts speaking.

«Those amongst you, who have been coming to Me regularly, must not say that I do not speak in an orderly manner, and that I skip some of the ten commandments. You hear. I see. You listen. I apply My speech to the pains and the sores that I see in you. I am the Doctor. A doctor calls first on those who are more seriously ill, on those who are closer to death. He then visits those who are not so dangerously ill. I do the same.

Today I say to you: "Do not fornicate".

Do not look around endeavouring to read the word "lustful" on somebody's face. Love one another. Would you love anyone who read that word on your face? No, you would not. Well, then, do not try to read it in the worried eyes of your neighbour or on his forehead that blushes and bows to the ground. And then... Oh! tell Me, especially you men. Which of you has not tasted this bread made with ashes and excrement, which is sexual satisfaction? And is lust only what carries you for one hour between the arms of a prostitute? Is lust not also the desecrated union with your wife, desecrated because it is ratified vice as it is mutual sensual satisfaction, which, however, evades its consequences?

Marriage means procreation and its act means and *must* be fecundation. Otherwise it is immoral. You must not make a brothel of your nuptial beds. And that is what they become if they are soiled by lust and are not consecrated by maternity. The earth does not reject the seed. It receives it and makes a plant of it. The seed does not escape from the furrow after being laid there. But it takes root at once and it strives to grow and bear fruit, that is the vegetable creature born of the union between soil and seed. Man is the seed, woman is the soil, the fruit is the son. It is sinful to refuse to bear fruit and scatter strength in vice. It is prostitution performed on the nuptial bed, and in no way differs from

the other prostitution, on the contrary it is aggravated by disobedience to the commandment that says: "Be one flesh and multiply by bearing children".

Therefore, women deliberately barren, legal and honest wives in the eyes of the world, but not in the eyes of God, you can see that you may be considered prostitutes and you fornicate just the same even if only with your husbands, because you do not seek maternity but too often you are only after pleasure. And do you not consider that pleasure is a poison that contaminates every mouth that tastes it? It burns with a fire that seems to satisfy, instead it falls out of the fireplace and devours, more and more insatiable, leaving a sour taste of ash on the tongue as well as disgust, nausea and contempt both of oneself and of the partner in pleasure, because when a conscience revives, and it does revive between two heats, one can but feel such contempt of oneself, being lowered below the level of beasts.

<sup>4</sup>"You shall not fornicate" it is said.

123.4

A great deal of the carnal actions of men are fornications. And do not take into consideration the inconceivable obsessive union which Leviticus condemns with the following words: "Man: you must not lie with a man as with a woman" and "You must not lie with any animal, you would thereby become unclean. And woman will do likewise and will not offer herself to an animal, because it would be a foul thing". But after mentioning the duty of husband and wife in marriage, which is no longer holy when it becomes barren through *malice*, I am going to speak of the true and proper fornication between man and woman performed out of mutual vice or for compensation in money or in gifts.

The human body is a magnificent temple that contains an altar. God should be on the altar. But God is not where there is corruption. Therefore an impure body has a desecrated altar without God. Like a drunken person who wallows in mire and in the regurgitations of his own drunkenness, man lowers himself in the brutality of fornication and becomes worse than the most impure worm and beast.

Tell Me, if among you there is anyone who has perverted himself to the extent of dealing with his body as one deals in fodder or animals at the market, which benefit did he gain? Take your hearts in your hands, examine them, question them, listen

to them, note their wounds, their pangs and then tell Me: was the fruit so sweet as to deserve such pain to a heart that was born pure and that you have compelled to live in an impure body, and to beat to give life and heat to lust, and to be worn out by vice?

Tell Me: are you so perverted that you do not sob secretly, hearing the voice of a child calling: "mummy", or thinking of your mothers, you women of pleasure who have run away from home or have been driven out of them, so that the rotten fruit may not contaminate with its oozing rottenness the other good ones? Thinking of your mothers who probably died broken-hearted, having to say: "I gave birth to disgrace"?

Do you not feel your hearts shudder with shame, when you meet an old solemn-looking man because of his white hair and you consider that you have soiled your fathers' heads with handfuls of mud and have exposed them to the scorn of their native country?

Do you not feel your entrails writhe with regret when you see a happy wife or an innocent virgin and you have to say: "I have given up all that and *I will never be like that again!*"?

Do you not feel your faces blush with shame when you meet the eyes of men looking at you lustfully or scornfully?

Do you not realise how miserable you are when you are thirsty for the kiss of a child and you dare not say: "Give it to me" because you have killed lives at their origin, you have rejected them as boring burdens and as a useless hindrance, detached from the tree that had borne them, and thrown out to make dung, and now those little lives shout at you: "murderers!"?

But, above all, are you not terrified of the Judge Who created you and is waiting for you to ask you: "What have you done of yourself? Did I, perhaps, give you life for that? How dare you come to My presence, your nest swarming with worms and putrefaction? You have had everything of what was your god: *pleasure*. Go to the place of eternal malediction".

123. 5 <sup>5</sup>Who is weeping? Nobody? Are you saying: nobody? And yet My soul is going to meet another soul that is weeping. Why is it going to meet her? To anathematize her because she is a prostitute? No. Because I feel sorry for her soul. I feel repulsion for her filthy body, sweaty with wanton exertion. But her soul!

Oh! Father! Father! Also for this soul I have taken flesh and I

left Heaven to be her Redeemer and the Redeemer of many souls like hers! Why should I not pick up this stray sheep and take her to the fold, clean her, unite her to the flock, give her pastures and a love as perfect as only Mine can be, so different from the love that so far she called love, but instead was hatred, such a pitiful, complete, sweet love that she may no longer regret the past or may regret it only to say: "Too many days have I lost away from You, eternal Beauty. Who will give me back the time I lost? How can I enjoy, in the short time which is left to me, what I would have enjoyed if I had always been pure?"

And yet, o soul oppressed by all the lust of the world, do not weep. Listen: you are a filthy rag. But you can become a flower once again. You are a dunghill. But you can become a flower-bed. You are an impure animal. But you can become an angel. Once you were an angel. And you used to dance on the flowery meadows, a rose amongst the roses, as fresh as they were, sweet-smelling with virginity. And you happily sang your childish songs, and then you would run to your mother, to your father and say to them: "You are my love". And the invisible guardian who is at the side of each creature would smile at your blue-white soul... And then? Why? Why did you tear off your wings, those of a little innocent being? Why did you tread on the hearts of your father and mother to run after other unreliable hearts? Why did you compel your pure voice to utter false sensual words? Why did you break the stem of the rose and desecrate yourself?

Repent, daughter of God. Repentance invigorates, purifies and elevates. Can man not forgive you? Not even your father could forgive you? But God can. Because the bounty of God is not to be compared to human goodness and His mercy is infinitely greater than human misery. Honour yourself by making your soul honourable through an honest life. Justify yourself with God committing no more sins against your soul. Obtain from God a new name. That is what matters. You are vicious. Become honest. Become the sacrifice and the martyr of your repentance. You knew how to make a martyr of your heart to give pleasure to your flesh. Now make a martyr of your flesh to give eternal peace to your heart.

Go. You may all go away. Each with his burden and his thoughts, and meditate. God awaits everybody and rejects none



of those who repent. May God grant you His light that you may know your souls. Go. »

Many go away towards the village. Some go into the large room. Jesus goes towards the sick people and cures them.

123. 6 <sup>6</sup>A group of men are talking in low voices in a corner: they are gesticulating and getting excited in discussing their various opinions. Some accuse Christ, some defend Him, some exhort both parties to a riper judgement. At the end, the most bitter ones, probably because they are fewer than the other two groups, take a middle course. They go to Peter, who is carrying away with Simon three stretchers of people cured miraculously, as they are now useless, and they assail him overbearingly in the large room which has become the guest-room for pilgrims. They say to him: «Man of Galilee, listen to us. »

Peter turns round and looks at them as if they were rare animals. He does not speak, but the expression of his face is wonderful. Simon casts a glance at the five furious men and then goes out, leaving them all in the lurch.

One of the five carries on speaking: «I am Samuel, the scribe; this is Sadoc, another scribe; and this is Eleazar, a well known and mighty Judaeon; and this is Callascebona, the famous elder; and, finally, this is Nahum. Do you understand? Nahum! » the tone of his voice is really bombastic.

Peter bows lightly at each name, but at the last one his head stops half way and with the greatest indifference he says: «I don't know. Never heard of it. And... I don't understand anything. »

«You rough fisherman! Bear in mind that he is Annas' trustee! »

«I don't know Annas; or rather I know many women whose name is Anna. There is a swarm of them also in Capernaum. But I don't know of which one he is the trustee. »

«He? Am I being addressed as "he"? »

«What do you want me to say to you? Ass or bird? When I went to school the teacher taught me to say "he" when speaking of a man, and, if I am not mistaken, you are a man. »

The man becomes infuriated, as if he were tortured by the words. The other man, who spoke first, explains: «Annas is Caiaphas' father-in-law... »

«Ah!... I see!!! Well? »

«I am telling you that we are indignant! »

«At what? At the weather? I am indignant too. I have changed my clothes three times and I have no more dry ones. »

«Don't be silly! »

«Silly? It's the truth. If you are not indignant at the weather, at what then? With the Romans? »

«With your Master! With the false prophet! »

«Hey! Dear Samuel! Be careful because if I wake up I am like the lake. From dead calm I become stormy all at once. So watch how you speak... »

Also the sons of Zebedee and of Alphaeus have come in together with the Iscariot and Simon and they gather round Peter who shouts louder and louder.

«You shall not touch with your plebeian hands the great men of Zion! »

«Oh! The handsome young gentlemen! And you shall not touch my Master otherwise you will be flying into the well at once and then you will really get purified, both internally and externally. »

«I wish to draw the attention of the doctors of the Temple to the fact that this house is a private one» says Simon calmly. And the Iscariot corroborates the situation saying: «And I can guarantee that the Master has always had the greatest respect for other people's houses, and above all for the House of the Lord. Have the same respect for His. »

«Be quiet, you sly worm. »

«Sly in what? You are disgusting and I came where there is no disgust. And God grant I have not been completely corrupted by being with you! »

<sup>7</sup>«Summing up: what do you want? » asks James of Alphaeus <sup>123.7</sup> sharply.

«And who are you? »

«I am James of Alphaeus, and Alphaeus of Jacob, and Jacob of Matan, and Matan of Eleazar, and if you wish so, I will mention all my ancestors up to king David from whom I descend. And I am a cousin of the Messiah. So I ask you to speak to me, since I am of the royal family and a Judaeen, if your arrogance feels disgust in speaking to an honest Israelite who knows God better than Gamaliel and Caiaphas. So, speak up. »

«Your Master and relative gets prostitutes to follow Him. That veiled woman is one of them. I saw her while she was selling some gold. And I recognised her. She is Shammai's lover and has run away from him. Which is a disgrace to him. »

«To whom? To Shammai the rabbi? In that case she must be an old crock. And thus out of danger...» remarks the Iscariot teasingly.

«Be quiet, you fool! To Shammai of Elchi, Herod's favourite. »

«Well now! It means that she is no longer particularly fond of the favourite. She has to go to bed with him. Not you. Why worry then? » Judas Iscariot is superlatively ironical.

«Man, do you not think that you are dishonouring yourself by playing the spy? » asks Judas of Alphaeus. «And do you not consider that he dishonours himself who lowers himself to commit a sin, not he who endeavours to save a sinner? Why is my Master and brother dishonoured, if, when speaking, His voice also reaches the ears profaned by the slaver of lustful people in Zion? »

«His voice? Ah! Ah! Your Master and cousin is thirty years old and He is a greater hypocrite than the others. And you all sleep soundly at night... »

«You vile reptile. Get out of here or I will strangle you» shouts Peter, and James and John echo his words, whilst Simon simply says: «Shame on you! *Your* hypocrisy is so great that it regurgitates and overflows and you slaver like a snail on a pure flower. Go out and become a man, *because now you are but slaver*. I recognise you, Samuel. Your heart is always the same. May God forgive you. Go away from my presences

While the Iscariot and James of Alphaeus are holding Peter, who is seething with anger, Judas Thaddeus, who more than ever is now like his Cousin, having the same blue flashing look and stately expression, says in a thundering voice: «He dishonours himself who dishonours an innocent person. God gave us sight and speech to accomplish holy deeds. A slanderer misuses and degrades them, employing them for evil deeds. I will not soil myself by a rude deed offensive to your white hair. But I will remind you that wicked people hate an upright man and a fool vents his spleen without considering that he betrays himself. Those who live in darkness mistake a branch in bloom for a reptile. But

those who live in light see things as they are, and if they are denigrated, they defend them for justice' sake. We live in light. We are the chaste, beautiful generation of the children of light, and our Leader is the Holy One Who knows neither woman nor sin. We follow Him and defend Him from His enemies, whom He has taught us not to hate but to pray for. Old as you are, you may learn from a young man, who has become ripe because Wisdom is his teacher, not to be so quick in speaking and not good at all in doing good. Go. And inform those who sent you that God rests on His glory in this poor dwelling, not in the desecrated house which is on mount Moriah. Goodbye. »

The five men dare not reply and they go away.

<sup>8</sup>The disciples discuss whether they should tell Jesus Who is still with the people He has cured. They decide it is better to inform Him. They go to meet Him, they call Him and they tell Him. 123. 8

Jesus smiles peacefully and replies: «Thank you for defending Me... but what can you do? One gives what one has. »

«However, they are not entirely wrong. We have eyes to see and many people do see. She is always out there, like a dog. It does You no good» say many of the disciples.

«Leave her alone. She will not be the stone that will strike My head. And if she is saved... it is well worth being criticised for such a joy! »

It all ends on that sweet reply.

## 124. The "veiled woman" is given shelter in the house at the Clear Water.

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

<sup>1</sup>It is such an awful day that there is not even one pilgrim. It is raining in torrents and the threshing floor is a pool on which dry leaves are floating. I wonder where all the leaves have come from, some have been blown by the wind, which howls and shakes doors and windows. The kitchen, which is gloomier than ever, because to keep the rain out it is necessary to keep the door ajar, is full of smoke, which the wind blows back down the chimney and makes the disciples cough and makes their eyes water. 124. 1

«Solomon was right» states Peter. «Three things drive a man out of his house: a quarrelsome woman... and that I left at Capernaum to quarrel with her other sons-in-law, a smoky fireplace and a leaky roof. We have the last two things. But I will see to this chimney tomorrow. I will go up on the roof and you, James, John and Andrew, will come with me. We will raise the chimney and cover its top with slates. »

«And where are you going to find the slates?» asks Thomas.

«We will take them off the shed. If it rains there, it will not be a disaster. But in here... Are you sorry that your dishes will no longer be decorated with sooty drops?»

«Most certainly not! I wish you could do that! See what a sight I am. It rains on my head when I am here near the fire. »

«You look like an Egyptian monster» says John laughing.

Thomas, in fact, has queer black smutty stains on his chubby good-natured face. Always merry as he is, he is the first to laugh and also Jesus laughs, because, just when he is speaking, another sooty drop falls on his nose, blackening its tip.

124. 2 <sup>2</sup>«Since you are a weather expert, what do you think of it? Will it last long like this?» the Iscariot, who has changed completely during the last few days, asks Peter.

«I will tell you in a minute. I am going to play the star-gazer» replies Peter, who goes to the door, opens it a little and puts his head and hand out. He then states: «A low southern wind. Heat and thick fog... H'm! There is little... » Peter becomes quiet, he comes back in slowly, sets the door ajar, and casts sidelong glances.

«What is the matter?» ask three or four of the disciples.

But Peter beckons them to be quiet. He looks round. He then whispers: «That woman is here. She drank some water of the well and took one of the faggots left in the yard. It is wet and will not burn... She is going away. I will go after her. I want to see... » He goes out cautiously.

«But where does she live, if she is always here?» asks Thomas.

«And she is here in this weather!» says Matthew.

«She certainly goes to the village, because the day before yesterday she was also buying bread there» says Bartholomew.

«She is really determined in wearing her veil!» remarks James of Alphaeus.

«Or she has a very good reason for it» concludes Thomas.

«But will she really be the one referred to by that Jew yesterday?» asks John. «They are always such liars!»

Jesus has kept quiet all the time, as if He were deaf. They all look at Him, fully aware that He knows. But He is working with a sharp knife at a piece of soft wood which He slowly turns into a very useful large fork to take vegetables out of boiling water. And when He finishes it, He offers His work to Thomas who has devoted himself entirely to cooking.

«You are really clever, Master. But...<sup>3</sup> will You tell us who she<sup>124.3</sup> is?»

«A soul. To Me you are all “souls”. Nothing else. Men, women, old people, children: souls, and nothing but souls. Children are white souls, young boys blue souls, young people pink souls, just people gold souls, sinners are pitched souls. But only souls. And I smile at the white souls because I seem to be smiling at angels; and I rest among the blue and pink flowers of good young people; and I rejoice at the precious souls of the just; and I toil and suffer, to make the souls of sinners precious and splendid. Faces?.. Bodies?... They are nothing. I know you and *recognise* you because of your souls.»

«And what kind of a soul is she?» asks Thomas.

«A soul less curious than the souls of My friends, because she is not inquisitive, does not ask questions, comes and goes without a word or a look.»

«I thought she was a whore or a leper. But I changed my mind because... Master, if I tell You something, will You not reproach me?» asks the Iscariot who goes and sits on the ground near Jesus' knees; he has changed completely, he is humble, kind and even more handsome in his modest mien than when he behaves as the pompous and haughty Judas.

«I will not reproach you. Tell Me.»

«I know where she lives. I followed her one evening... pretending I was going out to get some water, because I noticed that she always comes to the well when it is dark... One morning I found a silver hair-pin on the ground... just near the edge of the well... and I realised that she had lost it. Well, she lives in a little wooden hut in the forest. Perhaps it is used by peasants. But it is half rotten. And she put some faggots on it as a roof. Perhaps

that is why she wanted that faggot. It is a den. I don't know how she can live in it. It would hardly suffice for a big dog or a small donkey. It was moonlight and I could see it clearly. It is almost buried in blackberry bushes, it is empty inside and there is no door. That's why I changed my mind and I realised that she is not a prostitute. »

«You should not have done that. But, tell Me the truth: did you do anything else? »

«No, Master. I would have liked to see her, because I have noticed her since Jericho and I seem to recognise her light step with which she walks rapidly wherever she wishes. Also her figure must be supple and... beautiful. Of course, one can easily see that, notwithstanding all her clothes... But I did not dare spy upon her while she was going to lie down on the ground. Perhaps she took her veil off. But I respected her... »

Jesus stares at him, then He says: «And you suffered for that. But you have told the truth. And I am telling you that I am pleased with you. The next time it will not cost you so much to be good. It is the first step that matters. Well done Judas! » and Jesus caresses him.

124. 4 4Peter comes back in. «Master! That woman is crazy! Do You know where she is? Almost on the river bank, in a little wooden hut under a thicket. Perhaps once it was used by fishermen or woodcutters... Who knows? I would never have thought that a poor woman could live in such a damp place, buried in a ditch under a heap of bushes. I said to her: "Speak and tell me the truth. Are you a leper?" She replied in a whisper: "No". "Swear it" I said. And she said: "I swear it". "Be careful, if you are and you do not say so and you come near our house and I find out that you are not clean, I will have you stoned. But if you are persecuted, if you are a thief or a murderer, and you are staying here because you are afraid of us, do not be afraid of any harm. But come out of there. Don't you see that you are lying in water? Are you hungry? Are you cold? You are shivering. I am an old man, you can see that. I am not courting you. I am old and honest. So listen to me". That's what I said. But she would not come. We will find her dead because she is lying in the water. »

Jesus is pensive. He looks at the twelve faces which are staring at Him. He then asks: «What do you think we should do? »

«Master, what You decide! »

«No. I want you to decide. It is a matter in which also your reputation is involved. And I must not violate to your right to defend it. »

«In the name of mercy I say that we cannot leave her there» says Simon.

And Bartholomew: «I would say that we should put her in the big room for today. Don't the pilgrims go there? So she can go there, too. »

«She is a creature like anybody else, after all» remarks Andrew.

«In any case, there is no one coming today, so... » points out Matthew.

«I suggest that we should give her hospitality for today, and tomorrow we will tell the steward. He is a good man» says Judas Thaddeus.

«You are right! Good! And he has many empty stables, too. A stable is still a royal palace as compared to that small sunken dinghy! » exclaims Peter.

«Go and tell her then» says Thomas encouragingly.

«The younger ones have not yet spoken» points out Jesus.

«As far as I am concerned, I am happy with what You do» says His cousin James. And the other James and his brother say together: «We, too. »

«I am only worried if by sheer bad luck a Pharisee should happen to come here» says Philip.

«Oh! Even if we lived up in the clouds, do you think they would not accuse us? They do not accuse God because He is far away. But if they could have Him near themselves, as Abraham, Jacob and Moses had, they would reproach Him... According to them, who is faultless? » says Judas Iscariot.

«Well, then, go and tell her to take shelter in the big room. Peter, go with Simon and Bartholomew. You are elderly and she will not feel too uneasy with you. And tell her that we will give her some warm food and a dry dress. That is the one that Isaac left. See, everything can be useful. Also a woman's dress given to a man... »

The younger ones laugh because there must have been some funny story with regards to the dress in question.



The three elder ones go out... and they come back shortly afterwards.

«It took some doing... but at the end she came. We swore to her that we will never disturb her. I will now take her some straw and the dress. Give me the vegetables and some bread. She has not even got anything to eat today. In fact... who would go about in this deluge? » And good Peter goes out with his gifts.

124. 5 <sup>5</sup>«And now there is an order for everybody: under no circumstance one may go into the room. Tomorrow we will do the necessary. You must become accustomed to doing good for the sake of good without any curiosity or desire to get entertainment out of it, or anything else. See? You were complaining today that we would not have done anything useful. We have loved our neighbour. Could we have done anything greater? If she is an unhappy woman, and she certainly is, can our help not give her much greater relief, warmth and protection than the little food, the poor dress, the safe roof we have given her? If she is a guilty woman, a sinner, a creature seeking God, will our love not be the most beautiful lesson, the most powerful word, the clearest indication to lead her on to the path of God? »

Peter comes in very quietly and listens to his Master.

«See, My friends. Israel has many teachers, and they speak all the time... But souls remain as they were. Why? Because the souls hear the words of their teachers but they see also their deeds. And their deeds destroy their words. And the souls remain where they were, if they do not even go backwards. But when a teacher does what he says and in all his actions he behaves like a saint, also when he only performs a material action, such as giving bread, a dress, a lodging to a suffering neighbour, he gets souls to proceed and reach God, because his very actions say to his brothers: "God exists and God is here". Oh! Love! I solemnly tell you that he who loves saves himself and others. »

«What You say is true, Master. That woman said to me: "Blessed be the Saviour and He Who sent Him, and you all with Him" and though I am a poor man she wanted to kiss my feet and she was weeping behind her thick veil... Who knows!... Let us hope that no night-bird will arrive from Jerusalem... Otherwise, who will save us? »

«Our conscience will save us from the judgement of our Fa-

ther. That is enough» says Jesus. And He sits at the table after blessing and offering the food.

It all ends.

## 125. The preaching at the Clear Water. "Observe Holy Days". The healing of a boy with fractured legs.

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

<sup>1</sup>The weather is not so bad although it is still raining, and people can come to the Master. 125.1

Jesus is listening, on one side, to two or three people, who have great things to tell Him and then go to their seats looking much calmer.

He blesses also a little boy whose little legs are badly fractured and whom no doctor would cure. They all in fact said: «It is useless, they are fractured high up, near the spine. » His mother is talking, weeping as she explains: «He was running with his little sister in the village street. A Herodian came at full speed on his wagon and ran him over. I thought he was dead. But it is worse. See. I am keeping him on this board... because there is nothing else to be done. And he suffers, because the bone pierces his flesh. And later, when it will no longer pierce him, he will suffer because he will be compelled to lie on his back. »

«Is it very painful? » Jesus pitifully asks the weeping child.

«Yes, it is. »

«Where? »

«Here... and here» and with his little hesitant hand he touches his iliac bones. «And then here and here» and he touches his kidneys and his back. «The board is hard and I want to move, I... » and he cries desperately.

«Shall I take you in My arms? Will you come? I will take you up there, and you will see all the people when I am speaking. »

«Yes... » (his "yes" is full of keen desire). The poor little thing stretches out his arms imploringly.

«Come then. »

«But he cannot, Master, it is impossible! It hurts him too much... I cannot even move him to wash him. »

«I will not hurt him. »

«The doctor... »

«The doctor is the doctor, I am I. Why have you come? »

«Because You are the Messiah» replies the woman, who turns pale, then blushes, moved by hope and despair at the same time.

«Well, then? Come, My dear little one. » And Jesus passes one arm under the motionless legs, and the other one under his shoulders and takes the child in His arms and asks him: «Am I hurting you? No? Well, say goodbye to your mummy and let us *go*. »

And He goes with His load through the crowd that opens out to let Him pass. He goes to the end of the room, He climbs onto the kind of platform which they built for Him, so that He may be seen by everybody, also by those in the yard, He asks for a stool and He sits down, He adjusts the child on His knees and asks him: «Do you like this? Now, be good and listen» and He starts speaking, gesticulating with one hand only, His right one, because He is holding the child with His left one. The little fellow looks at the people and is very happy to see something, he smiles at his mother whose heart is palpitating with hope at the other end of the room, and he plays with the cord of Jesus' tunic and with His soft fair beard and with a lock of His long hair.

125. 2      2«It is said: "Do an honest work and devote the seventh day to the Lord and to your soul". That is the commandment of the Sab-  
batical rest.

Man is not greater than God. And yet God created the universe in six days and He rested on the seventh. Why then does man take the liberty of not imitating the Father and breaking His commandment? Is it a foolish commandment? No. It is truly a beneficial commandment to the body, to morals and to the spirit.

A tired body needs rest, like every other being in creation. An ox, which has worked in the field, rests, and we let it rest, so that we may not lose it. Likewise, the donkey that carries us and the sheep that gives birth to a little lamb and gives us milk, need a rest. Also the soil of the field rests, and we let it rest, so that during the months that it is deprived of seed, it may be nourished and become saturated with the salts that are contained in rain or emerge from the earth. And animals and plants, which obey the eternal laws of wise reproduction, rest well, even without our consent. Why then does man not want to imitate the Creator, Who rested on the seventh day, whereas inferior beings, both

vegetable and animal, which only received an instinctive order, know how to comply with it and obey it?

It is a moral commandment, besides being a physical one. Man for six days belongs to everybody and everything. Like a thread in a loom he moves up and down, without being ever able to say: "Now I am going to attend to myself and to my dear ones. I am a father and today I belong to my children, I am a husband and today I will devote myself to my wife, I am a brother and I will rejoice with my brothers, I am a son and I will look after my old parents".

It is a spiritual commandment. Work is holy. Love is holier. God is Most Holy. So we must remember to devote at least one day out of seven to our good and holy Father, Who gave us life and keeps us alive. Why should we have less respect for Him than for our fathers, our children, brothers, wives and our bodies? Let the day of the Lord be His. Oh! It is pleasant to take shelter in a loving home in the evening, after a day's work! It is pleasant to come back to it after a journey! Why then not take shelter in the house of the Father after six days' work? Why should we not be like the son who comes back after a six day journey and says: "Here I am, I want to spend my day of rest with you"?

<sup>3</sup>But now, listen. I said: "Do an *honest* job".

125.3

You know that our Law orders us to love our neighbour. Honest work forms part of our love for our neighbour. An honest working person does not steal in business, does not defraud a workman of his pay, does not exploit him guiltily, he remembers that a servant and a workman are made of body and soul like himself, and he does not treat them like lifeless pieces of stone which it is lawful to break or strike with one's foot or an iron rod. He who does not do that, does not love his neighbour and therefore commits a sin in the eyes of God. His earnings are cursed, even if he offers part of them as alms to the Temple.

Oh! What a false offer! And how can anyone dare place it at the foot of the altar when it drips the tears and blood of an exploited subordinate or its name is "theft", that is, betrayal of one's neighbour, because a thief is the betrayer of his neighbour? Believe Me, one does not keep a holy day unless one makes use of it to examine and improve oneself and make amends for sins committed during the previous six days.

That is the observance of holy days, not the purely exterior observance, which does not change one jot of your way of thinking. God *wants living deeds, not sham deeds*. A false respect for His Law is a mere sham. And a mere sham is the false observance of the Sabbath, that is a rest taken to show obedience to the commandment in the eyes of men, when the hours of idleness are spent in vice, in lust, in orgy, in planning how to exploit and damage one's neighbour in the oncoming week. The observance of the Sabbath is a sham, when the material rest is not coupled with an inner, spiritual, sanctifying examination of oneself, with the humble avowal of one's misery, with the firm determination to improve oneself during the oncoming week.

125. 4     <sup>4</sup>You may say: "And if one falls into sin again? " What would you say of a child, who, having fallen once, should not wish to take another step, that he may not fall again? That he is foolish. That he must not be ashamed if his steps are uncertain, because we were all like that when we were little ones, and our fathers did not stop loving us because of that. Who does not remember the profusion of maternal kisses and paternal caresses we received every time we fell?

The most sweet Father, Who is in Heaven, does the same. He bends over His little one who is weeping on the ground and says to him: "Do not weep. I will raise you. Next time you will be more careful. Come into My arms now. Here all your troubles will cease and you will go away strengthened, cured and happy". That is what our Father, Who is in Heaven, says. And that is what I say to you. If you could have faith in the Father, you would succeed in everything. A faith, mind you, like the faith of a child. A child believes that everything is possible. He does not ask whether and how something may happen. He does not measure the depth of things. He believes in those who inspire confidence to him and does what they tell him. Be like children with the Most High. How He loves those stray angels which are the beauty of the earth! In the same way He loves the souls that become as simple, good and pure as a child.

Do you wish to see the faith of a child to learn to have faith? Look. You all feel sorry for the little one whom I am clasping to My chest and who, contrary to what doctors and his mother said, has not cried while sitting in My lap. See? For a long time he has

done nothing but cry day and night without getting any rest, instead here he has not cried and has fallen asleep placidly against My heart. I asked him: "Do you want to come in My arms?" and he replied: "Yes", without considering his miserable state, the probable pain he might feel, as a result of being moved. He saw love on My face, he said: "Yes" and he came. And he felt no pain. He was happy to be up here, and see things, after being confined to that flat board, he enjoyed lying on the soft warmth of a body and not on the hard wood, he smiled, he played and he fell asleep still holding a lock of My hair in his tiny hand. <sup>5</sup>I will now wake him with a kiss... » and Jesus kisses the brown hair of the child who wakes up smiling. <sup>125.5</sup>

«What is your name?»

«John.»

«Listen, John. Do you want to walk? Do you wish to go to your mummy and say to her: "The Messiah blesses you on account of your faith"?»

«Yes» replies the little one clapping his hands. He then asks: «Will You make me go? On the meadows? No more the ugly hard board? No more the doctors who hurt me?»

«No more, never again.»

«Ah! How I love You!» and he throws his arms round Jesus' neck and kisses Him, and to kiss Him better, with a jump he kneels on Jesus' knees and a hail of kisses descends on the forehead, the eyes, the cheeks of Jesus.

The child, who had been paralysed up to this point, in his joy, has not even realised that can now move. But the shouting of his mother and of the crowd, rouses him and he turns around surprised. The large innocent eyes of his thin face look around inquiringly. Still on his knees, with his right arm around Jesus' neck, he asks Him confidentially — pointing at the crowd in tumult and at his mother, who from the other end is calling him, joining his name to Jesus' at the same time: «John! Jesus!» —: «Why are the people and my mother shouting? What is the matter with them? Are You Jesus?»

«Yes, I am. The people are shouting because they are happy that you can walk. Goodbye, little John (Jesus kisses. and blesses him). Go to your mummy and be good.»

The child, sure of himself, gets off Jesus' knees, runs to his

mother, throws his arms around her neck and says: «Jesus blesses You. Why are you crying, then? »

When the crowd has calmed down a little, Jesus says in a thundering voice: «Behave like little John, you who commit sin and hurt yourselves. Have faith in the love of God. Peace be with you. »

And while the shouts of the acclaiming crowd are mingled with the happy tears of the mother, Jesus leaves the room, escorted by his disciples, and it all ends.

## 126. The preaching at the Clear Water. "You shall not kill". The death of Doras.

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

126.1 <sup>1</sup>«It is said: "You shall not kill". To which of the two groups of commandments does this one belong? Are you saying: "To the second"? Are you sure? I will ask you another question: is it a sin which offends God or the man who has been struck? You say: "The man who has been struck"? Are you sure also of that? And another question: is it only a sin of homicide? By killing a person does one commit but this one sin? You say: "Only this one"? Does no one doubt it? Give Me your answers in a loud voice. Let one speak on behalf of everybody. I will wait. » And Jesus bends to caress a little girl who has come near Him and looks at Him enraptured, forgetting to nibble at the apple her mother gave her to keep her quiet.

A stately old man stands up and says: «Listen, Master. I am an old synagogue leader and I have been asked to speak on behalf of everybody. And I am going to speak. I think, we all think, that we have replied according to justice and according to what we have been taught. My certainty is based on the Law concerning homicide and blows. But You know why we have come: to be taught, as we know that You are Wisdom and Truth. If, therefore, I am wrong, enlighten my darkness, that the old servant may go to his King clad in light. And similarly, enlighten also these people who belong to my flock and have come with their shepherd to drink at the source of Life» and before sitting down, he bows with the greatest respect.

«Who are you, father? »

«Cleopas, of Emmaus, Your servant. »

«Not Mine: of Him Who sent Me, because the Father is to be given all priority and all love in Heaven, on the earth and in hearts. And the first to give Him this honour is His Word, Who, on the faultless table takes and offers the hearts of good people, as the priest does with the bread of the proposition. But listen, Cleopas, that you may go to God enlightened as is your holy desire.

<sup>2</sup>When judging a fault, it is necessary to take into consideration the circumstances that precede, prepare, justify and explain the fault. A man who has committed murder, before presenting himself to God to ask forgiveness, must ask himself: “Whom did I strike? What did I strike? Where, with what means, why, how, when did I strike? ”

126. 2

“Whom did I strike? ”

A man. I say: a *man*. I do not consider whether he is rich or poor, free or a slave. As far as I am concerned, there are neither slaves nor mighty ones. There are only men, created by One God, therefore, they are all equal. In fact, also the most powerful king on the earth is dust before the majesty of God. And in His eyes, as well as in Mine, there is only one slavery: sin, and therefore a slavery under Satan. The old Law discriminates between free men and slaves, and subtilises between killing with one blow and killing when the person struck survives for a day or two and likewise, whether a pregnant woman is killed by blows or only the fruit of her womb dies. But that was said when the light of perfection was still far away. Now it is amongst you and says: “He who kills his fellow-creature commits a sin”. And he sins not only against man, but also against God.

What is man? Man is the sovereign creature whom God created to be the king of creation and He created him in His image and likeness, giving him His likeness according to the spirit, and His image by drawing his perfect image from His perfect thought. Look at the air, at the earth, at the seas. Can you see an animal or a plant, however beautiful it may be, which is equal to man? Animals run, eat, drink, sleep, procreate, work, sing, fly, creep, climb. But they do not speak. Man can also run and jump, and is so agile in jumping as to emulate birds; he can swim, and



is so fast that he seems like a fish; he can creep and looks like a reptile; he climbs like a monkey; he can sing like a bird. He can procreate and reproduce. And, besides, he can speak.

Do not say: "Every animal has its language". True, one moos, another bleats, another brays, another chirps, another warbles, but the last bull will bellow exactly the same as the first one, and so sheep will bleat until the end of the world, and donkeys will always bray like the first one, and sparrows will always chirp, whilst the lark and the nightingale will sing their songs: the former to the sun, the latter to a starry night, also on the last day of the world, exactly as they greeted the first sun and the first night. Man, instead, having not only a voice and a tongue, but also a nervous system, the centre of which is the brain, the seat of intelligence, is capable of perceiving new sensations, meditating on them and giving them names.

Adam called dog his friend and gave the name of lion to the animal that seems most like it because of its mane round its short-bearded face. He called sheep the lamb that greeted him mildly and gave the name of bird to the beautiful flower of feathers that flies like a butterfly but sings a sweet song that a butterfly cannot sing. And later, throughout the centuries, the children of Adam created new names, as and when they "became acquainted" with the works of God in His creatures, or, through the divine spark which is in man, they not only procreated children, but they also created things which were useful or harmful to their children, according to whether they were *with* God or *against* God. Those who create and do good things are *with* God. Those who create wicked things, harmful to their neighbours, are *against* God. God avenges His children tortured by man's wickedness.

126. 3 <sup>3</sup>Man is thus the favoured creature of God. Even if he is now guilty, he is still the dearest creature to Him. That is witnessed by the fact the He sent His own Word, not an angel, not an archangel, not a cherub, not a seraph, but His own Word, clad with human flesh, to save man. He did not deem that flesh unworthy to make Him liable to suffer and expiate, Who being a Most Pure Spirit Himself, could not have suffered and expiated the sin of man.

The Father said to Me: "You shall become man: the Man. I

made one. He was as perfect as everything I make. He was destined to a peaceful life, a most peaceful final sleep, a happy awakening and a most happy eternal life in My celestial Paradise. But You know that nothing contaminated may enter our Paradise, because there I-We, one and trine God, have Our throne. Only holiness is allowed to stand before it. I am He Who I am. My divine nature, our mysterious being can be known only to those who are without sin. Now man, in Adam and through Adam, is foul. Go. Cleanse him. I want it. From now on You shall be the Man. The First-Born. Because You will be the first to enter here with mortal flesh deprived of sin, with a soul deprived of the original sin. Those who have preceded You on the earth and those who will come after You, will receive life through Your death of a Redeemer". Only one who was born can die. I was born and I will die.

Man is the favoured creature of God. Now tell Me: if a father has many children, but one is his darling, the apple of his eye, and that one is killed, will that father not suffer more than he would have suffered if another son had been killed? That should not happen because a father should be just to all his children. But it happens because man is not perfect. God can do so with justice because man is the only creature, amongst all created things, who has a spiritual soul in common with his Creator Father, an undeniable sign of his divine paternity.

If one kills the son of a father, does one offend only the son? No. One offends also the father. One offends the son in his flesh and the father in his heart. Both are wounded. By killing a man, does one offend only the man? No. Also God. Man in His flesh, God in His right. Because life and death are to be given and taken by Him only. To kill is to do violence to God and to man. To kill is to enter God's domain. To kill is to go against the commandment of love. He who kills does not love God, because he dissipates one of His works: a man. He who kills does not love his neighbour, because he takes away from his neighbour what a murderer wants for himself: life.

I have thus replied to the first two questions.

4"Where did I strike? "

126.4

One can strike in the street, in the house of the person assaulted, or by alluring the victim to one's own home. One can

strike either one or another organ causing a more severe pain, or committing two homicides in one, by striking a woman whose womb is bearing its fruit.

One may strike in the street unintentionally. An animal that escapes from our hands may kill a passer-by. In which case there is no premeditation. But if a man, armed with a dagger and wearing refined dissembling clothes, goes to the house of his enemy — and often an enemy is a person whose only fault is to be better — invites him to his own house under the pretext of honouring him, and then cuts his throat and throws him into a well, then there is premeditation and his guilt is complete in malice, ferocity and violence.

If I kill a mother and her child, then God will ask me to account for two deaths. Because the womb that gives birth to a man according to the commandment of God is sacred and sacred is the young life that grows within it, to whom God has given a soul.

126. 5     5“By which means did I strike? ”

In vain one says: “I did not intend to strike” if he went armed with a specific arm. In a fit of anger, also one’s hand may become a weapon, or a stone picked off the ground, or a branch taken from a tree. But he who inspects his dagger or an axe, with cold determination, and sharpens it if he thinks that it is not sharp enough, then conceals it safely on his body so that, although it is not seen, it may be easily grasped, and being thus ready goes to his enemy, cannot certainly say: “I did not intend to strike”. He who prepares a poison picking poisonous herbs and fruits, makes a powder or drink with them which he then offers to the victim as spices or as cyder, cannot certainly say: “I did not want to kill”.

And now listen, you women, tacit unpunished murderers of so many lives. It is also murder to detach a fruit that is growing in a womb, because it is of a guilty seed, or because it is an embryo which is not wanted, being a useless burden to your bodies and your wealth. There is only one way *not* to have that burden: being chaste. Do not join homicide to lust, violence to disobedience, and do not think that God does not see, simply because man does not see. God sees everything and remembers *everything*. You ought to remember that, too.

126. 6     6“Why did I strike? ”

Oh! for how many reasons! The sudden mental turmoil which causes in you a violent emotion, such as finding your nuptial bed polluted, or a thief at home, or a dirty fellow intent on doing violence to your young daughter, the cold premeditated planning to get rid of a dangerous witness, of someone who encumbers your way, or of someone at whose position or purse you aim; those are some of the many reasons. And if God can still forgive him who, in a painful derangement, becomes a murderer, He will *not* forgive him who becomes such through lust for power or for men's esteem.

Always behave properly and you will fear nobody's eye or word. Be happy with what you possess, and you will not aspire to other people's property, to the extent of becoming murderers in order to have what belongs to your neighbour.

<sup>7</sup>"How did I strike?"

126. 7

Being pitiless also after the first impulsive outburst? Sometimes man cannot control himself. Because Satan throws him into evil as a slinger hurls a stone. But what would you say of a stone, which, after reaching its target, should fly back by itself to the sling, to be hurled again and strike once more? You would say: "It is possessed of a magic hellish power". And such is man, when after the first blow he strikes a second, a third, a tenth time, with unbridled ferocity. Because wrath abates and reason takes over after the first outburst, if it is an outburst caused by a justifiable reason. Whereas ferocity increases the more the victim is struck by a genuine *murderer*; that is, by a satan, who does not feel and cannot feel pity for a brother because, being satan, *he is hatred personified*.

<sup>8</sup>"When did I strike?"

126. 8

During the first outburst? After it had subsided? Pretending I had forgiven whereas my grudge grew more and more? Did I perhaps wait for years before striking, to cause double pain by killing the father through his children?

You can see that by killing one offends the first and second group of commandments. Because you unduly claim the right of God and you oppress your neighbour. It is therefore a sin against God and against your neighbour. You do not only commit a sin of homicide. But you commit a sin of wrath, of violence, of pride, of disobedience, of sacrilege, and sometimes, if you kill to steal

a position or a purse, of greed. I will only mention this now, and I will explain it to you in greater detail some other day, one does not commit homicide only by means of a weapon or poison. But also by slander. Meditate on that.

<sup>126.9</sup> 9I also say to you: the master, who striking a slave, does it cunningly, so that he may not die in his hands, is twice guilty. A slave is not money of his master: he is a soul of his God. And cursed be forever he who treats him worse than a bull. »

Jesus' eyes sparkle with majesty and His voice thunders. They all look at Him amazed, because before He was speaking quietly.

«May he be cursed. The New Law repeals that hardness which was still justice when in the people of Israel there were no hypocrites who pretend to be saints and sharpen their wits only to take advantage of the Law of God or elude it. But now that Israel is overflowing with such vipers, for whom all caprices are lawful when it suits them, the miserable mighty ones whom God looks at with hatred and disgust, I say: it is no longer so.

Slaves fall in the fields or at the millstones. They fall with fractured bones and with nerves laid bare by scourges. They accuse them of false crimes, so that they may strike them and thus justify their diabolical sadism. They even make use of God's miracles, as an accusation, to have the right to strike them. Neither God's power nor a slave's holiness convert their wicked souls. They cannot be converted. *Good will not enter a soul glutted with evil*! But God sees and says: "It is enough".

There are too many Cains who kill the Abels. And what do you think, you foul sepulchres, whose outsides are whitewashed and covered with the words of the Law, and in whose insides Satan dominates as a king and the most cunning satanism flourishes, what do you think? That only Abel was Adam's son and that God looks benignantly only at those who are not slaves of man, and that He refuses the only offer that a slave can make: His honesty seasoned with tears? No, I solemnly tell you that every just man is an Abel, even if he is laden with fetters, even if he is dying on the furrows, or bleeding because of your scourging, and that all the unjust people are Cains, who out of pride, not out of true veneration, give to God what is contaminated with their sins and stained with blood.

Desecrators of miracles! Desecrators of men, murderers, im-

pious people! Out! Away from My sight! Enough! I say: enough. And I can say that, because I am the divine Word Who translates the Divine Thought. Away! »

Jesus, standing on the rough platform, is so imposing as to be frightening. With His right arm stretched out towards the door, His eyes like two blue flames, He seems to be striking by lightning the sinners present. The little girl at His feet starts crying and runs to her mother. The disciples look at one another amazed and they look to see to whom the diatribe is addressed. Also the crowd turn around and look inquisitively.

<sup>10</sup>At last the mystery is clarified. At the other end of the room, outside the door, half hidden behind a group of tall country men, Doras appears. He looks thinner, yellower, more wrinkled, with his big nose and protruding chin. A servant helps him to move because he seems to be semi-paralysed. No one had seen him there, in the middle of the yard. He dares to speak in his clucking voice: «Are You speaking to me? Is it for me? »

«Yes, for you. Go out of My house. »

«I am going out. But I will soon have a reckoning with You, don't worry. »

«Soon? *At once.* The God of Sinai, as I told you, is waiting for you. »

«And You too, baleful fellow, because You are the cause of my infirmity and of the noxious animals in my land. I will see You again. And it will be a joy for me. »

«Yes. And you will not be wishing to see Me. Because I will be your judge. »

«Ah! Ah! curs... » He gropes, he mumbles and falls.

«He is dead! » shouts his servant. «The master is dead! May You be blessed, Messiah, our avenger! »

«Not I, but God, the eternal Lord. Let no one be contaminated. Only the servant is to see to his master. And be kind to his body. And you all, his servants, be good. Do not rejoice, out of bitter hatred, because he has been struck, so that you may not deserve to be condemned. May God and just Jonah be always your friends, and I with them. Goodbye. »

«But did he die by Your request? » asks Peter.

«No. But the Father came into Me... It is a mystery that you cannot understand. It is enough for you to know that it is not

right to strike God. He avenges Himself by Himself. »

«Then, could You not tell the Father to let all those who hate You die? »

«Be quiet! You do not understand what your mentality is! I am Mercy and not Revenge. »

The old man, the head of the synagogue, comes near and says: «Master, You have answered all my questions and light is in me. May You be blessed. Come to my synagogue. Do not refuse an old man Your word. »

«I will come. Go in peace. The Lord is with you. »

While the crowds go away very slowly, it all ends.

## 127. The preaching at the Clear Water. "Do not put the Lord your God to the test". The testimony of the Baptist.

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

127. 1 <sup>1</sup>It is a very clear winter day: sunshine, wind and a clear sky, all blue, without the slightest trace of a cloud. It is early morning. A light veil of frost, or rather of almost frozen dew, is like diamond dust on the ground and on the grass.

Three men are coming towards the house. They are walking with the certainty of people who know where they are going. They see John who is crossing the yard, laden with pails of water drawn from the well. They call him.

John turns around, lays the buckets on the ground and says: «You are here? Welcome! The Master will be happy to see you. Come, before the crowds arrive. So many people come now!... »

They are the three shepherd disciples of John the Baptist. Simeon, John and Matthias follow the apostle happily.

«Master, there are three friends here. Look» says John going into the kitchen where a big fire of brushwood is burning merrily, spreading a pleasant smell of wood and burnt laurel.

«Oh! Peace to you, My friends. What made you come to Me? A misfortune of the Baptist? »

«No, Master. We came here with his permission. He sends You his greetings and asks You to recommend to God the lion chased by the archers. He does not delude himself about his destiny. But he is free for the time being. And he is happy because he knows

that You have many followers. Also many who before were with him. Master... we would like to come with You, too, but... we do not want to leave him now that he is persecuted. You will understand us... » says Simeon.

«On the contrary, I bless you for that. The Baptist deserves respect and love. »

«Yes. You are right. The Baptist is a great man, and he is standing out like a giant more and more. He is like the agave, which, when it is about to die, forms the great candelabrum with the septiform flower and blazes and perfumes. That is what he is like. And he always says: "I would only like to see Him once again..." He wishes to see You. We have picked up that cry of his soul, and without telling him, we have brought it to You. He is the "Penitent" and the "Abstinent" Prophet. And he is pining away with the holy longing to see You and hear You. I am Tobias, now Matthias. But I think that the archangel given to Tobit did not differ from him. He is full of wisdom. »

«It is not said that I shall not see him... <sup>2</sup>But is that the only reason why you have come? It is troublesome to travel in this weather. Today is a clear day. But up to three days ago, there was so much rain on the roads! »

127. 2

«No, we have not come only for that. Some days ago, Doras, the Pharisee, came to us to be purified. But the Baptist refused him the rite saying: "Water will not penetrate where there is such a thick crust of sin. Only One can forgive you, the Messiah". He then replied: "I will go to Him. I want to be cured and I think that this disease is due to His spell". The Baptist then chased him away as he would have chased Satan. When going away, he met John, whom he knew since the time John used to go to Jonah, to whom he was somehow related, and he said to him: "I am going. They all go. Also Manaen has been there and even... I say prostitutes, (but he used a dirtier word) go to Him. The Clear Water is full of deceived people. Now if He cures me and withdraws His anathema from my land, which armies of moles, worms and cricket-moles are digging up like war machines, eating the seed and gnawing away at the roots of fruit trees and vines, and nothing can destroy them, I will become His friend. Otherwise... woe to Him!" We replied to him: "Are you going there in that frame of mind?" He replied: "Who believes in that devil? In any case, He



can form an alliance with me as He does with prostitutes”. We decided to come and tell You, so that You know how to deal with Doras. »

«It is already all done. »

«Already done? Of course. He has wagons and horses, we have only our legs. When did he come? »

«Yesterday. »

«And what happened? »

«This: if you prefer to worry about Doras, You may go to his house in Jerusalem and mourn him. They are preparing him for his sepulchre. »

«Dead?! »

«Dead. Here. But do not let us speak of him. »

127. 3 «Yes, Master... <sup>3</sup>But... tell us one thing. Is it true what he said of Manaen? »

«Yes. Are you sorry? »

«Oh! It is our joy! We have spoken so much to him of You at Machaerus! And what does an apostle want but that his Master be loved? That is what John wants, and we with him. »

«You are right, Matthias. Wisdom is with you. »

«And... I don't believe it. But we have just met her... She came also to us looking for You, before the Feast of the Tabernacles. And we said to her: "What you are looking for is not here. But He will soon be in Jerusalem for the Tabernacles..." We told her that because the Baptist had said to us: "See that sinner, she is a crust of filth, but inside she has a flame which is to be stoked. It will become so strong that it will break out through the crust and will burn everything. The filth will fall off and only the blaze will be left". That is what he said. But, is it true that she sleeps here, as two mighty Scribes came to tell us? »

«No. She is in one of the steward's stables, more than a mile from here. »

«Hellish tongues! Have you heard that? And they!... »

«Let them say. Good people do not believe their words, they believe in My deeds. »

127. 4 «John says so too. <sup>4</sup>Some days ago, some of his disciples said to him in our presence: "Rabbi, He, Who was with you on the other side of the Jordan and to Whom you bore witness, now baptises. And they all go to Him. You will be left without followers".

And John replied: "Blessed my ears that hear this news! You do not realise what joy you are giving me. You must know that man cannot take anything unless it is given to him by Heaven. You can witness that I said: 'I am not the Christ, but I have been sent before Him to prepare His way'. A just man does not take a name which does not belong to him, and even if people wish to praise him by saying: 'You are the one', that is, the Saint, he will say: 'Truly not, I am his servant'. And he is very happy just the same, because he thinks: 'I must be a little like Him, if people mistake me for Him'. And what does one who loves want but to be like the person he loves? Only the bride gets pleasure from the bridegroom. A best man could not get it, because it would be immoral and a theft. But the friend of the groom, who is near him and listens to his words full of nuptial joy, feels such a great joy that it is almost like the delight that makes happy the virgin who married his friend and who foretastes the honey of the nuptial words. That is *my* joy and it is complete. What else does the friend of the groom do, after serving his friend for months and after leading the bride to his house? He withdraws and disappears. So will I! One only remains: the groom with the bride: *Man with mankind*. Oh! what deep words! He must grow greater, I must grow smaller. He Who comes from Heaven is above all the others. Patriarchs and Prophets disappear at His coming, because He is like the sun that illuminates everything with such a bright light, that stars and planets, deprived of light, are brightened by it, and those, the light of which is not extinguished, are outshone by its extreme brightness. It happens thus, because He comes from Heaven, whereas the Patriarchs and Prophets will go to Heaven, but they do not come from Heaven. He who comes from Heaven is above all the others. And He announces what He has seen and heard. But none of those who do not aim at Heaven and therefore deny God can accept His witness. He who accepts the witness of Him Who descended from Heaven, seals, by his belief, that God is true, and not an idle story without any truth, and he perceives the Truth, *because his soul craves for It*. Because He, Whom God sent, speaks words of God, because God gives Him the Spirit without reserve, and the Spirit says: 'Here I am. Take Me, because I want to be with You, Who are the delight of our love'. Because the Father loves the Son immeasurably and

has placed all things in His hands. Therefore he who believes in the Son, has eternal life. But he who refuses to believe in the Son will not see Life. And the wrath of God will stay in him and on him”. That is what he said. I engraved his words on my memory that I might repeat them to You» says Matthias.

127. 5 «And I praise you and thank you for them. <sup>5</sup>The last Prophet in Israel is not He Who descends from Heaven, but, as he was blessed with divine gifts since he was in the womb of his mother — you do not know, but I am telling you — it is he who is nearest to Heaven. »

«What? Oh! Tell us. When speaking of himself, he says: “I am the sinner”. » Both the shepherds and the disciples are anxious to know.

«When My Mother was carrying Me, when She was pregnant of Me-God, as She is the Humble and Loving One, She went to serve John’s mother, who was Her cousin on Her mother’s side, and was pregnant in her old age. The Baptist already had a soul, as he was in his seventh month. And the germ of man, closed in his mother’s womb, leapt with joy on hearing the voice of the Spouse of God. A precursor also in that, he preceded all the redeemed souls, because Grace was communicated from womb to womb and penetrating, it cancelled the Original Sin from the soul of the child. I therefore say that on the earth there are three who possess Wisdom, as there are in Heaven Three Who are Wisdom: the Word, His Mother, the Precursor on the earth; the Father, the Son, the Holy Spirit in Heaven. »

«Our souls are thoroughly amazed, almost like when we were told: “The Messiah is born...” Because You were the Abyss of Mercy and our John is the abyss of humbleness. »

«And My Mother is the abyss of purity, of grace, of charity, of obedience, of humbleness, and of every other virtue which comes from God and which God grants to His saints. »

127. 6 <sup>6</sup>«Master» says James of Zebedee. «There are a lot of people. »  
«Let us go. You may come, too. »

The crowd is very large.

«Peace be with you» says Jesus. He is smiling and very rarely is His smile so bright. People whisper and nod to Him. There is a great deal of curiosity.

It is said: «“Do not put the Lord your God to the test”.

This commandment is forgotten too often. We put God to the test when we want to impose our will on Him. We put God to the test when we rashly act against the rules of the Law, which is holy and perfect and in its spiritual side, the principal one, it deals with and also takes care of the flesh that God created. We put God to the test, when, after being forgiven by Him, we revert to our sins. We put God to the test when, after receiving help from Him, we turn to our own ways and damage the help which had been granted for our own good and to remind us of God. God is neither to be mocked at nor derided. But that happens too often.

Yesterday you saw what punishment awaits those who deride God. The Eternal God, Who is full of compassion for those who are repentant, is most severe with unrepentant souls, who under no circumstances will amend themselves. You come to Me to hear the word of God. You come to receive miracles. You come to be forgiven. And the Father gives you His word, His miracles and His forgiveness. And I do not regret that I descended from Heaven, because I can give you miracles and forgiveness and I can make you understand God.

<sup>7</sup>That man was struck down, like Nadab and Abihu, by the fire of divine wrath. But you must refrain from judging him. What happened, a new miracle, should only make you meditate on how one must behave to have God as a friend. He wanted the penitential water but without a supernatural spirit. He wanted it for a human spirit. As a magic means to cure his illness and free him from his calamity. All he was aiming at was his body and his harvest. Not his poor soul, which was of no value to him. His only values were life and money. 127. 7

I say: a heart is where its treasure is, and a treasure is where the heart is. The treasure is therefore in the heart. In his heart he had a thirst for life and for a lot of money. How was he to get it? By any means. Also by crime. And so, was his request for baptism not deriding God and putting Him to the test? Sincere repentance for his long sinful life would have sufficed to gain him a holy death and what was fair to have on the earth. But he was unrepentant. As he never loved anyone but himself, he went so far as not to love even himself. Because hatred also kills the animal selfish love of man for himself. Tears of sincere repentance should have been his lustral water. And may that be true for all

of you who are listening to Me. Because there is no one without sin, and you all therefore need that water. Springing from your hearts, it descends upon you and washes you, it cleanses what is polluted, it raises what is prostrated, it instils new life into those who have been bled by sin.

That man was anxious only about the trifles of the earth. But there is only one misery that should make man pensive. And that is the eternal misery of losing God. He did not fail to make the ritual offers. But he did not offer God the sacrifice of his spirit, that is, he did not stop sinning, he did not do penance and ask forgiveness *by means of good* deeds. Hypocritical offers made by means of riches unlawfully acquired are similar to requests made to God to become an accomplice of the evil actions of man. Can that ever happen? Is that not mocking at God? God rejects him who says: "I offer sacrifices" but is anxious to continue to sin. Can a corporeal fast be of any avail when the soul does not abstain from sin?

May the death of the man who died here make you meditate on the conditions which are necessary to be loved by God. Now in his sumptuous abode his relatives and the hired female mourners are mourning over his corpse which will shortly be taken to its sepulchre. Oh! A true mourning and a true corpse! Nothing more than a *corpse!* Nothing but disheartened mourning. Because the soul *which was already dead* will be *forever* separated from those whom he loved out of blood relationship or similarity in mentality. Even if the same dwelling place will unite them forever, they will be divided by the hatred that reigns there. Then death is "true" separation. It would be better if a man, when he has killed his soul, mourned over himself, rather than be mourned by other people, and thus, through the tears of a contrite and humble heart, he gave life back to his soul, through God's forgiveness.

Go. Without hatred or comment. With nothing but humbleness. As I have spoken of him out of justice, without hatred. Life and death teach us how to live well and die a happy death, and conquer life without death. Peace be with You. »

127. 8 <sup>8</sup>There are no sick people, no miracles, and Peter says to the three disciples of the Baptist: «I am sorry for you. »

«Oh! It is not necessary. We believe without seeing. We had

the miracle of His birth and it made us believe. And now we have His word to corroborate our faith. We only ask to serve it until we are in Heaven, like our brother Jonah. »

It all ends.

128. The preaching at the Clear Water.  
“You shall not covet your neighbour’s wife”.  
The healing of a lustful young man.

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

<sup>1</sup>Jesus passes through the middle of a very large crowd and <sup>128. 1</sup> they call Him from all directions. Some show their wounds, some mention their misfortunes, some simply say: «Have mercy on me», some show Him their little children and ask Him to bless them. The clear calm day has brought a lot of people.

When Jesus is almost in His place, a plaintive cry is heard from the little path that leads to the river: «Son of David, have mercy on an unhappy man! »

Jesus looks in that direction and so do the crowd and His disciples. But a box-thicket conceals the pleading man.

«Who are you? Come out. »

«I cannot. I am not clean. I must go to the priest to be expelled from the world. I have sinned and leprosy has infected my body. I hope in You. »

«A leper! A leper! Anathema! Let us stone him! » shout the crowd in a turmoil.

Jesus with a gesture commands silence and calm. «He is not more unclean than anyone in sin. In the eyes of God an unrepentant sinner is more unclean than a repentant leper. If you are capable of believing, come with Me. »

The disciples and some curious people follow Jesus. The others crane their necks and remain where they are.

Jesus goes beyond the house and the little path, towards the box-thicket. He then stops and commands: «Show yourself. »

A young man, a little older than a teenager, appears. His face, which is still handsome and fresh looking, is lightly veiled by a very thin moustache and beard. His eyes are red with weeping.

He is hailed by a group of women all covered in veils, who

were previously weeping in the yard of the house when Jesus passed by and are now crying even louder owing to the threats of the crowd. «Oh son!» shouts a woman collapsing on to the arms of another woman, probably a relative or a friend, I am not sure.

Jesus proceeds alone towards the unhappy fellow. «You are very young. How did you become a leper?»

The young man lowers his eyes, blushes, mumbles but ventures no more. Jesus repeats His question. The young man says something more clearly, but only a few words are caught: «... my father... I went... we sinned... not only I... »

«Your mother is over there, hoping and weeping. God in Heaven knows. I am here and I know. But I need your humiliation, so that I may have mercy on you. Speak up.»

«Speak, son. Have mercy on the womb that carried you» wails the mother who has dragged herself to where Jesus is standing and now, on her knees, is subconsciously holding the hem of Jesus' tunic in one hand, while she is stretching the other one towards her son, shedding scalding tears.

Jesus lays His hand on her head. «Speak up» He says once again.

«I am her first born and I help my father in his trade. He sent me to Jericho many times to see his customers and... and one... had a beautiful young wife... I liked her. I went further than I should have done... She liked me... We pined for each other... and we sinned during the absence of her husband... I do not know what happened, because she was healthy. Yes. Not only I was healthy and wanted her... she was healthy, too, and she wanted me. I don't know; whether... she wanted other men, beside me, and got infected... She soon withered and now she is already amongst the tombs, buried alive... And I... and I... Mother! You have seen it. It is a little spot, but they say that it is leprosy... and I will die of it. When?... No life... no home... no mother!... Oh! mother! I can see you but I cannot kiss you!... Today they are coming to rip my clothes and expel me from home... from the village... I am worse than dead. And I will not even have my mother to mourn over my corpse... »

The young man is weeping. His mother looks like a tree violently shaken by the wind, she is sobbing so convulsively. People comment with contrasting feelings.

<sup>2</sup>Jesus is sad. He says: «And when you were committing sin, <sup>128.2</sup> did you not think of your mother? Were you so insane as not to remember that you had a mother on the earth and a God in Heaven? And if no leprosy had appeared on you, would you ever have realised that you had offended God and your neighbour? What have you done with your soul? And with your youth? »

«I was tempted... »

«Are you a little baby that you do not know that that fruit was cursed? You deserve to die without mercy. »

«Oh! Mercy! Only You can... »

«Not I. God. And if you swear now that you will not sin again. »

«I swear it. Save me, Lord. Within a few hours I will be condemned. Mother!... Help me with your tears... Oh! Mother! »

The woman has no voice left. She grasps Jesus' legs and looks up with eyes dilated with pain. Her face has the tragic expression of a person who is drowning and knows that he is holding onto the last support that may save him.

Jesus looks at her. He smiles pitifully: «Get up, mother. Your son is cured. But *for your sake*, not for his. »

The woman cannot yet believe it. She feels that he cannot have been cured, being so far away, and shakes her head in denial, sobbing continuously.

«Man: remove your tunic from your chest. That is where you had the spot. So that your mother may be comforted. »

The young man lowers his tunic and appears nude in the eyes of everybody. His skin is the smooth clean skin of a strong young man.

«Look, mother» says Jesus, and He bends to raise the woman. His gesture also serves to hold her back, whilst her motherly love and the sight of the miracle would urge her towards her son, without waiting until he is purified. As she realises that it is impossible for her to go where her motherly loves urges her, she relaxes on Jesus' chest and kisses Him in a true joyful rapture. She weeps, smiles, kisses, blesses... and Jesus caresses her compassionately. He then says to the young man: «Go to the priest. And remember that God cured you for your mother's sake and that you may be just in future. Go. »

The young man goes away after blessing the Saviour and, at a



distance he is followed by his mother and the other women who were with her. The crowds sing hosannas.

128. 3 <sup>3</sup>Jesus goes back to His place.

«Also that young man had forgotten that there is a God Who commands honest morals. He had forgotten that it is forbidden to make for oneself gods which are not God. He had forgotten to keep the Sabbath as I taught you. He had forgotten a loving respect for his mother. He had forgotten that it is forbidden to fornicate, to steal, to be false, to covet his neighbour's wife, to kill himself and his soul, to commit adultery. He had forgotten everything. You have seen how he was stricken.

“You shall not covet your neighbour's wife” is linked to “You shall not commit adultery”. Lust always precedes deeds. Man is too weak to be able to crave for something without consuming his desire. And, what is exceedingly sad, man is not capable of behaving in the same way with regard to his honest desires. In evil man wishes and then fulfils his wish. In good he wishes and then stops, if he does not retreat.

Since sinful desires are widely spread like couch grass which spreads by itself, I will repeat to you all, what I said to him: are you little babies who do not know that *that* temptation is poisonous and is to be avoided? “I was tempted”. The old excuse! But since it is also an old example, man ought to remember its consequences and thus say: “No”. Our history does not lack examples of *chaste people* who persevered as such notwithstanding all the allurements of sex and the threats of violent people.

Is temptation evil? It is not. It is the work of the Evil One. But who overcomes it, turns it into glory.

A husband who makes love with other women, is a murderer of his wife, or his children and of himself. Who enters his neighbour's abode to commit adultery is a thief, and one of the most cowardly. Like a cuckoo, he enjoys somebody else's nest, without any expense. Who deceives the good faith of a friend, is a forger, because he simulates a friendship which in fact he does not have. Who behaves thus, dishonours himself and his parents. Thus, can God be with him?

128. 4 <sup>4</sup>I worked the miracle for that poor mother. But I feel such disgust for lewdness, that it upsets Me. You shouted out of fear and horror for leprosy. My soul shouted out of disgust for lewdness.

I am surrounded by all possible miseries and I am the Saviour of them all. But I prefer to touch a corpse, a just man whose petrified flesh has been honest and who is in peace with his soul, rather than go near anyone who smells of lust. I am the Saviour, but I am the Innocent One. That should be remembered by all those who come here or speak of Me, imputing to My person their own passions.

I realise that you would like something else from Me. But I cannot. The ruin of a youth, hardly formed and already demolished by lewdness, has upset Me more than if I had touched Death. Let us go to the sick people. Since I cannot be the Word, owing to the nausea that chokes Me, I shall be the Health of those who hope in Me.

Peace be with you. »

Jesus, in fact, is very pale, as if He were suffering. He smiles again only when He bends over sick children or the invalids lying on their stretchers. Then He is Himself once again. Particularly when He puts His finger into the mouth of a little dumb boy, about ten years old, and makes him say'- «Jesus» and then «Mummy».

People walk away very slowly.

<sup>5</sup>Jesus stays and walks in the sunshine, which floods the yard, until the Iscariot goes up to Him and says: «Master, my mind is not at rest... » <sup>128.5</sup>

«Why, Judas? »

«Because of those people in Jerusalem... I know them. Let me go there for a few days. I am not asking You to send me there by myself. On the contrary, please do not allow that. Send Simon and John with me. They were so good to me in our first journey in Judaea. One dampens my zeal, the other purifies my very thoughts. You cannot believe what John means to me! He is dew on my ardour and oil on my agitated water... Believe me. »

«I know. You must not be surprised, therefore, if I am so fond of him. He is My peace. But you, too, if you are always good, will be My consolation. If you make use of the gifts of God, of which you have many, in doing good, as you have been doing for some days, you will become a true apostle. »

«And will You love me as You love John? »

«I love you just the same, Judas. Only I will love you without

any anxiety or sorrow. »

«Oh! Master, how good You are! »

«You may go to Jerusalem. But it will be to no avail. But I do not want to disappoint your desire to help Me. I will tell Simon and John at once. Let us go. You see how your Jesus suffers for certain sins? I am like one who has lifted a weight which was too heavy. Never give Me such pain. Never again... »

«No, Master, I love You. You know... But I am weak... »

«Love fortifies. »

They go into the house and it all ends.

128. 6     <sup>6</sup>And it is better so, because I feel ill: morally. And you know the reason. Physically — either because it is Passion time, or because I have written too much, I do not know exactly why — in this terrible period I often have a temperature and I suffer from pains in my lungs, spine and abdomen. I think that Compito\* is still affecting me. I am suffering the consequences of all the dampness and lack of sunshine in that dear village.

## 129. At the Clear Water, the healing of a possessed Roman.

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

129. 1     <sup>1</sup>Today Jesus is with the nine remaining disciples, as the other three have left for Jerusalem. Thomas, who is always cheerful, is therefore engaged both with his vegetables and with other more spiritual tasks, while Peter, Philip, Bartholomew and Matthew look after the pilgrims, and the others go to the river to baptise. A real baptism of penance, owing to the bitterly cold wind!

Jesus is still in His corner in the kitchen, while Thomas bustles about, but is very quiet so as to leave the Master in peace, when Andrew comes in and says: «Master, there is a very sick man, who I think should be cured at once because... They say that he is insane, because they are not Israelites. We would say that he is possessed. He howls, bawls and writhes. Come and see him Yourself. »

«I am coming at once. Where is he? »

\* Compito is the village to which the author was evacuated during the war.

«He is still in the field. Can You hear that howling? It's him. It sounds like a beast, but it's him. He must be rich because he is accompanied by a well dressed man and he was taken out of a magnificent wagon by many servants. He must be a heathen because he curses the gods of Olympos. »

«Let us go. »

«I am coming to see him, too» says Thomas, who is more curious to see than worried about his vegetables.

They go out and instead of going towards the river, they turn towards the fields, which separate this farmstead (as we would call it) from the steward's house.

Some sheep browsing in a meadow become frightened and disappear in all directions. The shepherds and a dog — it is the second dog which has appeared in my visions — endeavour in vain to gather them together. In the middle of the meadow there is a man who is bound fast, but nevertheless he jumps like a madman and utters frightful cries, which increase more and more as Jesus draws near.

Peter, Philip, Matthew and Nathanael are standing nearby, perplexed. There are also some other people there, all men, because the women are afraid.

«You have come, Master? See what a fury he is! » says Peter.

«It will soon be over. »

«But... he is a heathen, You know? »

«And what does that matter? »

«Eh!... because of his soul!... »

Jesus smiles slightly and proceeds. He reaches the group around the madman, who is becoming more and more agitated.

<sup>2</sup>A man, clearly a Roman by his dress and his clean-shaven face, comes away from the group and greets: «Hail, Master. Your fame reached me. You are greater than Hippocrates in curing and greater than Aesculapius' simulacrum in working miracles for sick people. I know. That is why I have come. My brother, see him? Insane because of some mysterious disease. No doctor understands it. I went with him to Aesculapius' temple. But he came out worse than before. At Ptolomais I have a relative, who sent me a message by a galley. It said that there is One here Who cures everybody. And I came. What a dreadful journey! »

«It deserves a reward. »

«But, mind. We are not even proselytes. We are Romans, faithful to our gods. You call us heathens. We come from Sybaris, but we are now at Cyprus. »

«It is true. You are heathens. »

«So... there is nothing for us? Your Olympus rejects ours or is rejected. »

«My God, One and Trine reigns, one and alone. »

«I have come in vain» says the disappointed Roman.

«Why? »

«Because I belong to another god. »

«Souls are created by One God Only. »

«Soul?.. »

«A soul. The divine thing that is created by God for every man. A companion in lifetime, it survives after lifetime. »

«And where is it? »

«In the depth of one's *ego*. But, although as a divine thing it is inside the most sacred sanctuary we can say of her — and I say her and not it, because she is not a thing, but a true being worthy of full respect — we can say that she is not contained but contains. »

«By Jove! Are You a philosopher? »

«I am Reason united to God. »

«What You said made me think that You were... »

«And what is philosophy when it is true and honest, but an elevation of human reason towards the infinite Wisdom and Power, that is towards God? »

«God! God!... I have that poor wreck there who upsets me. But I am almost forgetting his state to listen to You, Divine One. »

«I am not divine as you understand the term. You call divine who is superior to man. I say that that word is to be given only to him who is from God. »

«Who is God? Who has ever seen Him? »

«It has been written: "Hail, You who formed us! When I describe human perfection, the harmony of our body, I celebrate your glory". It was said: "Your bounty shines in the distribution of your gifts to all those who live, so that every man might have what is necessary. And your wisdom is revealed by your gifts, and your power by the fulfilment of your will". Do you recognise these words? »

«If Minerva assists me... they are of Galen. But how do You know them? I am dumbfounded!... »

Jesus smiles and replies: «Come to the true God and His divine spirit will indoctrinate you in the “true wisdom and mercy, which is to know yourself and worship the Truth”. »

«But that is Galen again! Now I am certain. Besides being a doctor and a magician, You are also a philosopher. Why don't You come to Rome? »

«I am neither a doctor, nor a magician, nor a philosopher, as you say. But I am the Witness of God on the earth. <sup>3</sup>Bring Me the invalid. » 129. 3

They drag him there, while he howls and writhes.

«See? You say that he is insane and that no doctor can cure him. It is true. *No* doctor: because he is not insane. But one of the infernal gods, I say so for you, a heathen, has entered him. »

«But he does not have the python spirit. On the contrary, he only says false things. »

«We call him “demon”, not python. There is a speaking one and a dumb one. One that deceives by means of seemingly true reasons, and one that is only mental derangement. The former is more complete and dangerous. Your brother is possessed by the latter. But now he will get rid of it. »

«How? »

«He will tell you himself.» Jesus' orders: «Leave the man! Go back to your abyss, »

«I am going. My power is too weak against You. You expel me and gag me. Why do You always beat us?... » The spirit has spoken through the lips of the man, who then collapses exhausted.

«He is cured. Release him without any fear. »

«Cured? Are You sure? But... I adore You! » The Roman is about to prostrate himself.

But Jesus does not allow him. «Raise your spirit. God is in Heaven. Worship Him and go towards Him. Goodbye. »

«No. Not so. At least accept something. Allow me to treat You like Aesculapius' priests. Allow me to hear You speak... Allow me to speak of You in my fatherland... »

«Do so. And come with your brother. »

His brother is looking around himself, amazed, and he asks: «Where am I? This is not Cintium! Where is the sea? »

«You were... » Jesus commands silence with a gesture and says: «You were suffering from a high temperature and they brought you to a different climate. You are now better. Come. »

They all go. But they are not all equally moved, because in the large room some admire, others criticise the recovery of the heathen. <sup>129.4</sup> Jesus goes to His place, with the Romans in the very front of the crowd.

«I hope you do not mind if I quote a passage of the Kings. It is said that when the king of Syria was about to declare war on Israel, there was a great honourable man at his court, a leper, whose name was Naaman. A young girl of Israel, who had been captured by the Syrians and had become his slave, said to him: "If my lord went to the prophet who is in Samaria, he would certainly cure him of his leprosy". Upon hearing that, Naaman asked the king's leave and followed the girl's advice. But the king of Israel was greatly irritated and said: "Am I perhaps God that the king of Syria should send invalids to me? This is a trap to make war against us". But when the prophet Elisha was informed of the incident, he said: "Let the leper come to me and I will cure him and he will know that there is a prophet in Israel". So Naaman went to Elisha. But Elisha did not receive him. He only sent word to him: "Wash yourself seven times in the Jordan and you will be cleansed". Naaman got angry, because he thought he had gone such a long way for nothing and indignant as he was he was about to leave. But his servants said to him: "He only asked you to wash yourself seven times, and even if he had ordered you to do much more, you should have done it, because he is the prophet". Naaman then surrendered. He went, washed himself and was cured. Overjoyed he went back to the servant of God and said to him: "Now I know the truth: there is no other God on the whole earth. There is only the God of Israel". And since Elisha would not accept any gift, Naaman asked him to be allowed to take as much soil as would enable him to make sacrifices to the true God on soil of Israel.

I know that you do not all approve of what I have done. I also know that I am not obliged to justify Myself with you. But since I love you with true love, I want you to understand My gesture and learn by it, so that all feelings of criticism and scandal may vanish from your souls.

We have here two subjects of a pagan country. One of them was ill and they were told by a relative, certainly through the words of an Israelite: "If you went to the Messiah of Israel, he would cure the sick man". And they have come to Me from very far. Their confidence was greater than Naaman's, because they knew nothing of Israel and the Messiah, whereas the Syrian, being of a nearby country and in continuous touch with the slaves of Israel, already knew that God is in Israel. The true God. Is it not right therefore that a pagan may now go back to his fatherland and say: "There is truly a man of God in Israel and they worship the true God in Israel"?

I did not say: "Wash yourself seven times". But I spoke of God and their souls, two things with which they were unacquainted and which bring the seven gifts, like inexhaustible sources. Because the plants of faith, hope, charity, justice, temperance, strength, prudence grow where there is the concept of God and of the spirit, and a desire to reach them. Such virtues are unknown to those who from their gods can only copy common human passions, increased in licentiousness, as pertaining to alleged supreme beings. They are now going back to their country. But rather than the joy of having been granted their request, there is the joy of being able to say: "We know that we are not brutes, and that beyond this life there is a future. We know that the true God is Bounty and He therefore loves us, too, and He helps us to persuade us to go to Him".

<sup>5</sup>And do you think that they are the only ones to ignore the truth? 129.5

A short while ago one of My disciples thought that I could not cure the sick man because he had a pagan soul. What is a soul? From Whom does it come? A soul is the spiritual essence of man. It is the being, created of a perfect age, which invests, accompanies, vivifies the life of the flesh and continues to live when the flesh no longer exists, because it is immortal like Him Who created it: <sup>1</sup> God. As there is only One God, there is no such thing as souls of pagans or of non pagans created by different gods. There is only one Power that creates souls: and that is the Power of the Creator, of our one, only, powerful, holy, good God, with no other passion but love, perfect charity, a completely spiritual charity, which I call also a *completely moral charity*, in order to be un-



derstood by these Romans. Because the concept of spirit is not understood by these little children who know nothing of the holy words.

Do you think that I have come only for Israel?

I am the One Who will gather all races under one pastoral staff, the Heavenly one. And I solemnly tell you that the time will soon come when many heathens will say: "Let us have that much that will enable us to consummate sacrifices to the true God, to the one and trine God in our pagan land". I am the Word of that true God. They are now going. They are more convinced than if I had crushed them with disdain. They have perceived God in the miracle and in My words and they will tell when they go back.

Further, I ask you: was it not fair to reward so much faith? Although disconcerted by the opinion of doctors, and disappointed by useless visits to temples, they still had faith to come to the Unknown One, to the great Unknown One in the world, the One Derided and Mocked at and Calumniated by Israel and say to Him: "I believe You can". The first chrism to the new mentality is granted to them because they believed. I did not cure them so much of a disease as I did of their wrong faith, because I placed a chalice near their lips and the more they drink of it the thirstier they will become: the thirst for the knowledge of the true God.

I have finished. I say to you people of Israel: have the same faith as they had. »

129.6 «The Roman draws near with his cured brother: «Well... I no longer dare say: by Jove. But on my honour as a Roman citizen I swear to You that I shall thirst after what You said! But now I must go. Who will give me more to drink? »

«Your spirit, the soul that you now know you have, until the day when a messenger of Mine will come to you. »

«Not You? »

«No... Not I. But I shall not be absent, although I am not present. And just in a little more than two years' time I will present you with a gift which is greater than the recovery of your brother so dear to you. Goodbye, both of you. Persevere in sentiments of faith. »

«Hail, Master. May the true God save You. » The two Romans go away and they can be heard calling the servants with the wagon.

«And they did not even know that they had a soul! » exclaims an old man.

«Yes, father. And they accepted My word more than many in Israel. Now, since they have given such rich alms, let us help the poor people of God with a double and triple measure. And let the poor pray for those benefactors, who are poorer than they are, that they may achieve the true and only wealth, which is to know God. »

<sup>129.7</sup> The veiled woman is weeping under her veil, which prevents one from seeing her tears, but not from hearing her sobs.

«That woman is weeping» says Peter. «Perhaps she has no money left. Shall we give her some? »

«She is not crying for that. But go and say to her: “Fatherlands pass away. Heaven remains. It belongs to those who have faith. God is Bounty and He therefore also loves sinners. And he helps you to persuade yourself to go to Him”. Go. Tell her that and then let her weep. It is poison coming out of her. »

Peter goes towards the woman who has already started walking towards the fields. He speaks to her and then comes back. «She started crying louder» he says. «I thought I was going to comfort her... » and he looks at Jesus.

«She is, in fact, relieved. Also joy makes people weep. »

«H'm... Who knows! Well, I will be happy when I see her face. Will I see it? »

«On Doomsday. »

«Divine Mercy! But I will be dead then! And what shall I care to know that? I shall be looking at the Eternal Father then! »

«Start doing that now. It is the only useful thing. »

«Yes... but... Master, who is she? »

They all laugh.

«If you ask that question again, we will go away at once, so you will forget her. »

«No, Master. However, it is enough if You stay... »

Jesus smiles. «That woman» He says, «is the remains of a meal and an early fruit. »

«What do You mean? I do not understand

But Jesus leaves him and goes towards the village.

«He is going to Zacharias'. His wife is dying» explains Andrew. «He sent me to tell the Master. »

«You make me angry! You know everything, you do everything and you never tell me anything. You are worse than a fish.» Peter vents his disappointment on his brother.

«Brother, don't get angry. You speak also in my place. Let us go and haul our nets. Come. »

Some go to the right, some to the left and it all ends.

### 130. The preaching at the Clear Water. "You shall not bear false witness". The little Asrael.

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

130. 1 <sup>1</sup>«How many people! » exclaims Matthew.

And Peter replies: «Look! There are also some Galileans... Ah! Ah! Let us go and tell the Master. They are three honourable bandits! »

«They are after me, perhaps. They pester me even here... »

«No, Matthew. A shark will not eat a little fish. It wants a man, a noble prey. And if it cannot really find one, it will gorge a big fish. But you, I and the others, are tiny little fish... trifles. »

«Are you referring to the Master? » asks Matthew.

«Of course! Can't you see how they are looking in every direction? They are like wild beasts scenting the trail of a gazelle. »

«I am going to tell Him... »

«Wait! Let us tell Alphaeus' sons. He is too good. A wasted goodness if swallowed by those mouths. »

«You are right. »

The two go to the river and call James and Judas. «Come here. There are some strange types... Good for the gallows. They have certainly come to annoy the Master. »

«Let us go. Where is He? »

«He is still in the kitchen. Let us be quick, because if He finds out He will object. »

«Yes. And He is wrong. »

«I say that, too. »

They go back to the threshing floor. The group, described as "Galilean", are speaking condescendingly to other people. Judas of Alphaeus goes near them, as if by chance. And he hears:

«...words are to be supported by facts. »

«And they are! Also yesterday He cured a Roman who was possessed! »

«Horrible! He cured a pagan! What a scandal! Have you heard that, Eli? »

«All faults are in Him: He is friendly with excisemen and prostitutes, and is in touch with heathens and... »

«And He endures backbiters, which is a fault as well, and the most serious, in my eyes. But since He does not know and does not want to defend Himself, speak to me about it. I am His brother\* and I am older than He is, and this is another brother, the oldest. Speak up. »

«Why are you getting angry? Do you think that we are speaking ill of the Messiah? Oh! We have come from very far because of His fame. We were also telling these people... »

«Liar! You are so disgusting that I am turning my back on you. » And Judas of Alphaeus, probably because he feels that his love for his enemies is in danger, goes away.

«Isn't what we said true? Everybody here can tell... »

But not one of the «everybody», that is of those to whom the Galileans were speaking, utters a word. They do not wish to lie and they dare not give them the lie. So they remain silent.

«We do not even know what He is like... » says the Galilean Eli.

«You did not insult Him in my house, did you? » asks Matthew ironically. «Or has a disease made you lose your memory? »

The "Galilean" covers himself with his mantle and goes away with the others without replying.

«Coward» shouts Peter after him.

<sup>2</sup>«They were telling us dreadful things about Him...» explains a man. «But we have seen His deeds. On the other hand we know what they, the Pharisees, are like. Whom should we believe then? The Good One, Who is really good, or the wicked ones, who say they are good, whereas they are a calamity? I know that since I have been coming here, I have changed so much, that I do not recognise myself anymore. I was violent and hard on my wife and children, I had no respect for my neighbours, in-

130. 2

\* brother: it is to be remembered that the Hebrew word "brother" was used not only for a male Kinsman having the same parents, but also for other relatives, and in particular for cousins.

stead now... Everybody at the village says: "Azariah is no longer himself". So? Has anyone ever heard that a demon makes people good? For whom does he work then? For our holiness? Oh! he is a strange demon indeed if he works for the Lord! »

«You are right, man. And may God protect you because you understand, see and work properly. Carry on like that and you will be a true disciple of the blessed Messiah. You will be a joy for Him Who wants your good and bears everything to lead you to it. Be scandalised only at *true* evil. But when you see that He works in the name of God do not be scandalised, and do not believe those who would like to persuade you of scandals, even if you see Him doing new things. These are new times. They have come like a flower, which has come up after its roots have been working for centuries. Had He not been preceded by centuries of expectation, we could not have understood His Word. But centuries of obedience to the Law of Sinai have given us the minimum preparation which enables us to inhale all the incense and the new times, a divine flower that the Bounty has granted us to see, and thus purify and fortify ourselves and spray ourselves with the scent of holiness like altars. New times have new systems, which are not contrary to the Law, but are infused with mercy and charity because He is the Mercy and the Love which descended from Heaven. » James of Alphaeus waves his hand to the people and goes towards the house.

130.3     <sup>3</sup>«You do speak well! » says Peter amazed. «I never know what to say. I can only say: "Be good. Love Him, listen to Him and believe Him". I don't really know how He can be satisfied with me! »

«And yet He is very satisfied» replies James of Alphaeus.

«Do you really mean that or are you saying so out of kindness? »

«It is true. Also yesterday He was telling me. »

«Was He? In that case I am happier today than I was on the day they brought me my bride. But... where did you learn to speak so well? »

«On His Mother's knees and beside Him. What lessons! What words! Only He can speak better than She does. But what She lacks in power, She gains in kindness... and penetrates your heart. Oh! Her lessons! Have you ever seen a piece of cloth the corner of which touches a scented oil? It slowly absorbs the scent

but not the oil and even if the oil is removed, the scent is still there to say: "I was there". She is like that. With Her wisdom and grace She imbued us, coarse pieces of cloth which later life washed, and Her perfume is within us. »

«Why does He not make Her come? He said He was going to! We would become good, we would not be such blockheads... at least I would not. And also these people... In Her presence they would be good, even those wicked persons who come now and again... »

«Do you think so? I don't. We would improve and the humble people as well. But the mighty and the wicked ones!... Oh! Simon of Jonas! Don't ascribe your honest feelings to other people! You would be disappointed... <sup>4</sup>Here He is coming. Don't let us say any thing... » 130. 4

Jesus comes out of the kitchen holding the hand of a little boy, who toddles along with Him, eating a piece of bread seasoned with olive oil. Jesus adapts His stride to the little legs of His friend. «I made a conquest! » He says happily. «This four year old man, whose name is Asriel, told Me that he wants to be a disciple and wants to learn everything: to preach, to cure sick children, to make the vine shoots bear bunches of grapes even in December and then he wants to climb up a mountain and shout to the whole world: "Come, the Messiah is here! " Is that right Asriel? »

The smiling child replies: «Yes» and continues eating his piece of bread.

«You are hardly capable of eating! » Thomas teases him.

«You are not even capable of saying who the Messiah is. »

«He is Jesus of Nazareth. »

«And what does "Messiah" mean? »

«It means... it means: the Man Who was sent to be good and to make us all good. »

«And what does He do to make us good? And since you are a little rascal, what will you do? »

«I will love Him. And I will do everything. And He will do everything, because I love Him. If you do that, you will become good, too. »

«And you have had your lesson, Thomas. You have the commandment: "Love Me and you will do everything, because I will love you if you love Me: and love will work everything in you".

The Holy Spirit has spoken. Come, Asriel. Let us go and preach. » Jesus is so happy when He is with a child, that I would like to take all the children to Him and make Him known to *all* the children. Instead there are so many who do not even know Him by name!

He passes in front of the veiled woman and before reaching her He says to the child: «Say to that woman: “Peace be with you”. »

«Why? »

«Because she is like you when you fall and hurt yourself. And she is weeping. But if you tell her that, it will pass. »

«Peace be with you, woman. Don't cry. The Messiah told me. If you love Him, He will love you and cure you» shouts the child while Jesus drags him away without stopping. Asriel has the stuff missionaries are made of. Even if for the time being his sermons are somewhat... untimely and he says more than he was asked to say.

130. 5 <sup>5</sup>«Peace to you all.

It is said: “You shall not bear false witness”.

What is there more nauseating than a liar? Can we not say that he joins cruelty to impurity? Of course, we can. A liar, I am talking of a liar in serious matters, is cruel. He kills a reputation with his tongue. So he does not differ from a murderer. In fact: he is more than a murderer. A murderer kills only the body. A liar kills a good name also, the memory of a man. He is, therefore, twice a murderer. He is an unpunished murderer because he does not shed blood, but he injures the reputation both of the person calumniated and of the whole family. And I will not take into consideration the case of the person who brings about the death of his neighbour by swearing false witness. The coal of Gehenna is already piled upon such person. I am only talking of those who make false insinuations by telling lies and stir up other people against an innocent person. Why do they do that? Either out of hatred, without any reason, or out of greed to get what another man possesses, or out of fear.

Hatred. Only a friend of Satan hates. A good person does not hate. Never. For no reason whatsoever. Even if he is scorned and damaged, he forgives. He never hates. Hatred is the witness that a lost soul bears of itself and is the best witness in favour of an

innocent man. Because hatred is the revolt of evil against good.

Who is good does not need to be forgiven.

Greed. "He has what I have not got. I want what he has. But only by disparaging him I can obtain his position. And I am going to do it. Will I be lying? What does it matter? Will I be stealing? What does it matter? Will I ruin a whole family? What does it matter?" Of the many questions that the shrewd liar asks himself, he forgets, he *wants* to forget one question. This one: "And if I should be found out?" He does not ask himself such question, because a prey to pride and greed, he is like one whose eyes are closed. He does not see the danger. He is also like a drunk man. He is intoxicated with satanic wine and does not consider that God is stronger than Satan and takes vengeance of the calumniated man. The liar has given himself to Falsehood and foolishly relies on its protection.

Fear. Many a time man slanders to excuse himself. It is the most common form of falsehood. Evil has been done. We are afraid it might be found out as our deed. Then, using and abusing the esteem in which we are still held by other people, we upset the situation, and we saddle someone else, of whose honesty alone we are afraid, with the evil deed we accomplished. We also do it, because at times our neighbour has been the unintentional witness of our evil action, and we want to be secure from his eventual witness. So we accuse him to make him unpopular and thus, if he should speak, no one may believe him.

¶Behave properly! And you will never need such falsehood. <sup>130.6</sup> Do you not consider, when you lie, what a heavy burden you take upon yourselves? It is made of subjection to the evil spirit, of perpetual fear of being found out, and of the necessity of remembering the lie, even after years, in all the circumstances and details in which it was told, without contradicting oneself. The labour of a galley-slave! If it only helped to gain Heaven! Instead it serves only to prepare a place in hell!

Be frank. How lovely are the lips of a man who does not know falsehood! He may be poor, coarse, unknown? He is, is he? But he is still a *king*. Because he is sincere. And sincerity is more regal than gold and diadems, and elevates one above the crowds more than a throne, and procures a greater court of good people than a monarch has. Intimacy with a sincere man gives safety and com-



fort. Whereas friendship with an insincere person, or even to be near such a person, causes a feeling of uneasiness. Since the truth soon comes to light in a thousand ways, why does he who lies not consider that afterwards he will always be suspected? How can one believe what he says? Even if he speaks the truth, and he who hears him wants to believe him, there is always a doubt: "Is he also lying now? " You may ask: "Where is the false witness? " Every lie is a false witness. Not only legal ones.

Be simple, like God and a child. Be truthful every moment of your lives. Do you want to be considered good? Be truly so. Even if a backbiter should wish to speak evil of you, one hundred good people will say: "No. It is not true. He is good. His deeds speak of him".

In one of the sapiential books it is said: "A scoundrel, a vicious man, he goes with a leer on his lips... Deceit in his heart, always scheming evil, he sows dissension... There are six things that the Lord hates, seven that His soul abhors: a haughty look, a lying tongue, hands that shed innocent blood, a heart that weaves wicked plots, feet that hurry to do evil, a false witness who lies with every breath, a man who sows dissension among brothers... His own lips are to blame when the wicked man is entrapped. A false witness is nothing but deceit. Lips that tell the truth abide firm forever, the tongue that lies lasts only for a moment. The words of a backbiter sound simple, but they pierce man's heart. The enemy brooding over treason is known by his speech. Do not trust him when he whispers, because he carries seven evils in his heart. He deceitfully conceals his hatred, but his wickedness will be disclosed... The man who digs a pit falls into it, the stone comes back on him that rolls it".

The sin of falsehood is as old as the world and the thought of the wise man concerning it is unchanged, unchanged is also the judgement of God on those who lie. I say: have only one language. May your "yes" be always "yes" and your "no" be always "no", also before mighty ones and tyrants. And you will receive great reward in Heaven for it. I say to you: be spontaneous like a child who by instinct goes towards him whom he perceives to be good without seeking anything but goodness. And he says what his own goodness makes him think, without considering whether he says too much and whether he may be reproached for it.

Go in peace. And may the Truth become your friend. »

<sup>7</sup>Little Asriel, who has been sitting all the time at Jesus' feet, looking up at Him like a little bird that listens to the song or its father, makes a loving gesture: he rubs his little face against Jesus' knees and says to Him: «You and I are friends because You are good and I love You. Now I will say that too» and forcing his voice to make himself heard from one end to the other of the large room, gesticulating as he saw Jesus doing, he says: «Listen, everybody. I know where the people who do not tell lies and love Jesus of Nazareth go. They climb up Jacob's ladder. Up, up, up... together with the angels and they stop when they find the Lord» and he smiles happily, displaying his little teeth. 130. 7

Jesus caresses him and goes among the crowd. He takes the little one back to his mother and says: «Thank you, woman, for giving Me your child. »

«He has bothered You... »

«No. He has given Me love. He is a little one of the Lord and may the Lord be always with him and with you. Goodbye. »

It all ends.

131. The preaching at the Clear Water. "You shall not covet what belongs to your neighbour". The sin of Herod.

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

<sup>1</sup>«God gives everybody what is necessary. That is the truth. What is necessary to man? Pomp? A large number of servants? Countless fields? Banquets lasting from sunset to dawn? No. All that a man needs is a roof, a loaf, a garment. The essential to live. 131. 1

Look around yourselves. Who are the happiest and the healthiest? Who enjoys a healthy tranquil old age? Fast living people? No. Those who live and work honestly and wish honest things. They are not poisoned by lust and thus they are strong. They are not intoxicated by orgies and are thus agile. They are not consumed by the poison of jealousy and are thus cheerful. He who instead craves to possess more and more, kills his own peace and has no joy, grows old precociously, consumed by envy and abuses.

I could link the commandment: "You shall not steal" to the other one: "You shall not covet what belongs to your neighbour".

In fact an immoderate longing urges one to steal. The step between the two is a very short one. Is every desire an unlawful one? This is not what I mean. The father of a family who works in the fields or in a workshop and wishes to gain what is necessary to secure food for his family, most certainly does not commit a sin. On the contrary he fulfils his duty as a father. He who instead craves only to enjoy more and takes possession of what belongs to other people to have a better time, commits a sin.

131. 2 <sup>2</sup>Envy! What is to covet other people's property but avarice and envy? My dear children, envy separates man from God and unites him to Satan. Do you not remember that Lucifer was the first one to covet what did not belong to him? He was the most beautiful of the archangels and enjoyed the vision of God. He should have been happy with that. He envied God, wanted to be God and became a demon. The first demon. Another example: Adam and Eve had been given everything, they enjoyed the earthly paradise and God's friendship, blessed with the gifts of grace which God had granted them. They should have been satisfied with that. They envied God's knowledge of good and evil and were driven out of Eden and became disliked by God. The first sinners. A third example: Cain envied Abel's friendship with the Lord. And he became the first killer. Mary, the sister of Aaron and Moses, envied her brother and became the first leper in the history of Israel. I could lead you step by step through the whole history of the people of God, and you would see that immoderate longing made men sinners and brought the country calamity. Because the sins of the individuals accumulate and bring disasters to the country, exactly as grains of sand, piling up throughout centuries, cause landslides which overwhelm villages and their inhabitants.

131. 3 <sup>3</sup>I have often cited little children as an example, because they are simple and trustful. Today I say to you: imitate birds in their freedom from desires. Look. It is now winter. There is little food in the orchards. Do they worry about hoarding it in summer? No, they do not. They trust in the Lord. They know that they will always be able to catch for their little crops a small worm, a little grain, a crumb, a small spider, a little fly floating on water. They know that there will always be a warm chimney-top or a flock of wool to shelter them in winter, and they know as well that

when the time comes when they will need hay for their nests and more food for their little ones, there will be sweet-smelling hay in the fields and juicy food in the orchards and in the furrows, and the air and the soil will be rich in insects. And they slowly sing: "Thank You, Creator, for what You give us and will give us", and they are ready to sing hosannas at the top of their voices when they will enjoy the company of their mates during the mating season and they see their offspring multiply.

Is there a happier creature than a bird? And what is its intelligence as compared to the intelligence of man? A chip of silica compared with a mountain. But it teaches you a lesson. I solemnly tell you that he who lives without any impure desires possesses the joy of a bird. He trusts in God, feels that God is his Father. He smiles at the rising day and at the falling night, because he knows that the sun is his friend and night his nourishment. He looks at men without malice and is not afraid of their vengeance, because he does not harm them in any way. He is not afraid for his health or his sleep, because he knows that an honest life prevents diseases and grants a peaceful rest. And finally he is not afraid of death, because he knows that, since he always acted well, God can but smile at him. Also a king dies. And a rich man dies. A sceptre will not avert death, neither can money buy immortality. As before the King of kings and the Lord of lords crowns and money are ridiculous things, a life lived according to the Law is the only thing of value!

<sup>131.4</sup> «What are those men at the end of the room saying? Do not be afraid of speaking. »

«We were saying: of what sin is Antipas guilty? Of theft or adultery? »

«I would like you to look at your own hearts, and not at other people. But I will reply to you that he is guilty of idolatry, because he worships the flesh more than God, and he is guilty of adultery, theft, unlawful desires, and he will soon be guilty of homicide. »

«Will he be saved by You, the Saviour? »

«I will save those who are repentant and return to God. The unrepentant shall have no redemption. »

«You said that he is a thief. What did he steal? »

«His brother's wife. A theft is not only of money. It is also a

theft to take a man's reputation, to seduce a virgin, to take a wife away from her husband, as it is a theft to steal a neighbour's ox or his plants. A theft, aggravated by lust or false witness, is aggravated by adultery, fornication or falsehood. »

131. 5 «And what sin does a woman, who prostitutes herself, commit? »

«If she is married, a sin of adultery and theft with regard to her husband. If she is not married, a sin of impurity and of theft with regard to herself. »

«To herself? But she gives what belongs to her!! »

«No. Our body was created by God to be the temple of the soul, which is the temple of God. It must, therefore, be kept honest, otherwise the soul will be robbed of God's friendship and of eternal life. »

«A prostitute then can only be of Satan? »

«Every sin is prostitution with Satan. A sinner, like a hired woman, gives himself to Satan for unlawful love, hoping to make a foul profit. Prostitution is a serious, a very serious sin which makes man like unclean animals. But do you think that any other capital sin is not so grave? What shall I say of idolatry? Of homicide? And yet God forgave the Israelites after the golden calf. He forgave David after his sin, which was double. God forgives who is repentant. Let repentance be proportioned to the number and seriousness of sins, and I tell you that he who is more repentant, will be more forgiven. Because repentance is a kind of love. Of active love. He who repents, says to God by his repentance: "I cannot bear Your wrath, because I love You and I want to be loved". And God loves he who loves Him. I therefore say: the more one loves, the more one is loved. He who loves completely, is *completely* forgiven.

And that is the truth.

131. 6 «Go. But before I must let you know that at the gate of the village there is a widow, with many children, who are starving to death. She has been driven out of her house because of debts. And she may still "thank" the landlord, because he only drove her out. I have used your alms to buy bread for them. But they need a shelter. Mercy is the most acceptable sacrifice to the Lord. Be good and in His name I give you assurance of a reward. »

The people whisper, consult with one another, discuss.

Jesus in the meantime cures a man who is almost blind and listens to a little old woman who has come from Doco to beg Him to go to her daughter-in-law who is ill. A long woeful story, which I, exhausted as I am today, will not write.

And, fortunately, it all comes to an end, because I am definitely not fit to go on, as I have been suffering from a heart attack these last three hours and it has dazzled also my sight too.

132. The final preaching at the Clear Water.  
Prediction of the spiritual supremacy to Simon Peter.

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

<sup>1</sup>«My children in the Lord, the Feast of Purification is now at hand, and I, the Light of the world, am sending you prepared with the minimum necessities to celebrate it properly. It is the first light of the feast from which you will light all the others. Because he who should pretend to light many lamps without having the means to light the first one, would be quite foolish. And even more foolish would be he who pretended to start his own sanctification from the most arduous things, neglecting what is the basis of the immutable building of perfection: the Decalogue. 132. 1

<sup>2</sup>We read in the Book of Maccabees that Judas with his men, after reconquering the Temple and the City with the protection of the Lord, destroyed the altars and the temples of the foreign gods and purified the Temple. He then erected another altar, and with flints he lit a fire, offered sacrifices, burnt the incense, placed the lights and laid the loaves of the proposition and then, they all prostrated themselves and begged the Lord not to let them sin anymore and if, owing to their weakness, they should fall into sin again, to be treated with divine mercy. And that happened on the twenty-fifth of the month of Chislev. (December) 132. 2

Let us consider and apply the narrative to ourselves, because every word in the history of Israel, the chosen people, has a spiritual meaning. Life is always a lesson. The life of Israel is a teaching not only for our earthly days, but also for the conquest of the eternal days.

“They destroyed the altars and the pagan temples”.

That is the first operation. The one I told you to carry out

when I mentioned the individual gods that take the place of the true God: the idolatries of sensuality, of gold, of pride, the capital vices that lead to the desecration and death of the body and to the punishment of God. I did not crush you under the numberless formulae which now oppress the believers and are a bulwark against the true Law, which is oppressed and concealed by heaps of exterior prohibitions, which by their very oppression cause the believers to lose sight of the unswerving clear holy voice of the Lord Who says: "Do not curse. Do not idolise. Do not desecrate the festivals. Do not dishonour your parents. Do not kill. Do not fornicate. Do not steal. Do not lie. Do not covet other people's belongings. Do not covet your neighbour's wife". Ten prohibitions. Not one more. And they are the ten columns of the temple of the soul. Above them shines the gold of the holiest precept: "Love your God. Love your neighbour". It is the coronation of the temple. It is the protection of its foundations. It is the glory of its builder.

Without love one could not keep the ten rules and the columns would fall, all of them or some, and the temple would crash, all or part of it. But it would always be a ruin and no longer suitable to receive the Most Holy. Do what I told you, knock down the three lusts. Be sincere in giving a name to your vices, as God is sincere in saying to you: "Do not do this or that". It is useless subtilising forms. He who loves something more than he loves God, whatever that love may be, is an idolater. He who invokes God professing himself His servant and then does not obey Him, is a rebel. He who out of greed works on the Sabbath is a distrustful presumptuous desecrator. He who refuses help to his parents, advancing pretexts, even if he says that they are works given to God, is one who is hated by God, since He put fathers and mothers as His image on the earth. He who kills is always a murderer. He who fornicates is always lustful. He who steals is always a thief. He who lies is always vile. He who covets what is not his, is always a greedy loathsome glutton. He who desecrates a nuptial bed is always filthy.

It is so. And I remind you that after the erection of the golden calf, there came the wrath of the Lord; after Solomon's idolatry there was the schism that divided and weakened Israel; and our present misfortunes of spirit, fate and nationality came af-

ter Hellenism was accepted, and what is more, introduced and welcomed by unworthy Judaeans under Antiochus Epiphanes. I remind you that Nadab and Abihu, false servants of God, were struck by Jehovah. Remember that the manna was not holy on Sabbaths. Remember Cam and Absalom. And I recall the sin of David against Uriah and the sin of Absalom against Amnon. I recall the end of Absalom and Amnon, the fate of Heliodorus, a thief, and of Simon and Menelaus. I remind you of the despicable end of the two false elders who had borne false witness against Susanna. And I could continue with examples without finding an end to them. <sup>3</sup>But let us go back to the Maccabees.

132. 3

“And they purified the Temple”.

It is not enough to say: “I destroy”. It is necessary to say: “I purify”. I told you how a man is purified: by humble and sincere repentance. There is no sin that God will not forgive if the sinner is really repentant. Have faith in the Divine Bounty. If you were able to understand what that Bounty is, even if all the sins of the world were upon you, you would not flee from God, on the contrary you would run to His feet, because only the Most Good One can forgive what man does not forgive.

“And they erected another altar”.

Oh! Do not try to deceive the Lord. Do not be false in your behaviour. Do not mix God and Mammon. You would have an empty altar: God's. Because it is useless to erect a new altar if there are still remains of the other one. Either God or the idol. Make your choice.

“And they lit the fire with flint and tinder”.

The flint is the firm will to belong to God. The tinder is the desire to cancel in God's heart even the memory of your sin during the rest of your lives. Then the fire is lit: love. Because the son who by means of an honourable life endeavours to console the parent he had offended, does love his father, as he wants him to be happy on account of his son, who before was the cause of his tears and is now his joy.

Now, at this point, you may offer sacrifices, burn incense, lay the lights and the loaves. The sacrifices will be acceptable to God, and the prayers agreeable, the altar will really be lit up, rich in the food of your daily offers. You may pray saying: “Be our Protector”, because He will be your friend. But His mercy



did not wait for you to ask for it. It anticipated your desire. And He sent Mercy to say to you: "Do have hope. I am telling you: God forgives you. Come to the Lord".

There is an altar already amongst you: the new altar. Streams of light and forgiveness flow from it. Like oil they spread, cure, reinvigorate. Believe the Word that comes from it. Weep with Me over your sins. Like a Levite who conducts a chorus, I will direct your voices to God, and your wailing, if united to My voice, will not be rejected. I lower Myself with you, the Brother of men according to the flesh, the Son of the Father according to the spirit, and I say for you and with you: "From this deep abyss, where I-Mankind have fallen, I cry to You, Lord. Listen to the voice of him who looks at himself and sighs, and do not close Your ears to my words. O God, I am horrified at seeing myself. I am horrible in my own eyes! And what shall I be in Your eyes? Do not look at my faults, o Lord, otherwise I will not be able to withstand Your presence, but have mercy on me. Because You said: 'I am Mercy'. And I believe in Your word. My soul, wounded and depressed, confides in You, in Your promises, and from dawn till dusk, from my youth till my old age I will hope in You".

132. 4 <sup>4</sup>Although guilty of homicide and adultery and reproached by God, David was forgiven after he cried to the Lord: "Have mercy on me, not out of respect for me, but for the glory of Your mercy which is infinite. And in Your mercy wipe away my sin. There is no water that can wash my heart unless it is taken from the deep water of Your holy goodness. Wash me of my injustice with it and purify me of my foulness. I do not deny that I sinned. On the contrary, I confess my crime, my sin is constantly in my mind like an accusing witness. I offended man in my neighbour and in myself, but I am particularly sorry that I sinned against You. And may this tell You that I acknowledge that You are just in Your words and I am afraid of Your judgement which triumphs over all human power. But consider, o Eternal God, that I was born guilty and that she who conceived me was a sinner, and that You have loved me so much as to reveal and give me Your wisdom as my teacher that I might understand the mysteries of Your sublime truth. And if You have done so much, shall I fear You? No. I do not fear You. Sprinkle me with the bitterness of sorrow and I shall be purified. Wash me with tears and I shall become like moun-

tain snow. Let me hear Your voice, and Your humiliated servant will rejoice, because Your voice is joy and happiness, even when it reproaches. Turn Your face to my sins, and Your eyes will cancel my iniquity. The heart You gave me was desecrated by Satan and by my human weakness. Create a clean heart in me, and destroy what is corrupted in the viscera of Your servant, so that an upright spirit only may reign in him. Do not banish me from Your presence and do not deprive me of Your friendship, because only Your salvation is the joy of my soul and Your sovereign spirit is the consolation of a humiliated heart. May I be Your messenger among men and say to them: 'See how good the Lord is. Walk in His ways and you will be blessed, as I am, I the abortion of man who is becoming a son of God through His grace which is restored in me'. And the sinner will return to You. Blood and flesh are boiling and howling in me. Save me from them, o Lord, salvation of my soul, and I will sing Your praise. I did not know. But now I have understood. You do not want a sacrifice of rams, but the holocaust of a broken heart. A crushed and broken heart is more pleasing to You than rams, because You created us for Yourself and You want us to remember that and to give back to You what is Yours. Be benign to me in Your great goodness and rebuild *my* Jerusalem and *Yours*: a purified and forgiven soul on which sacrifice, oblation and holocaust may be offered for sins, thanksgiving and praise. And may every new day of mine be an offering of holiness consumed upon Your altar to ascend to You with the scent of my love".

<sup>5</sup>Come! Let us go to the Lord. I in front, you behind. Let us go to the wholesome water, to the holy pastures, to the land of God. Forget the past. Smile at the future. Do not worry about the mire, look at the stars. Do not say: "I am darkness"; say: "God is Light". I have come to announce peace to you, to give the Good News to the meek, to cure those whose hearts are crushed by too *many* things, to preach freedom to *all* the slaves, and first of all to the slaves of Mammon, to free prisoners from lust. 132. 5

I tell you: the year of grace has come. Do not weep, if you are sad because you know that you are sinners, do not weep, exiles of the Kingdom of God. I will replace your ashes with gold, and your tears with oil. I will put the best clothes on you to introduce you to the Lord and say to Him: "Here are the sheep You

set Me to look for. I visited and gathered them, I counted them, I looked for the ones which had gone astray and I have brought them to You, protecting them from rain and fog. I have taken them amongst all the peoples, I have gathered them from every region to lead them to the Land which is not on the earth, which You prepared for them, Holy Father, to take them up to the heavenly tops of your fertile mountains, where everything is light and beauty, along the streams of celestial bliss where the spirits You love are sated with You. I also looked for the wounded ones, I cured the ones which were injured, I restored the weak ones, I did not neglect even one. And I carried on My shoulders, like a loving yoke, the one which had almost been torn to pieces and devoured by the wolves of sensuality and I lay her at Your feet, benign holy Father, because she can no longer walk, neither does she know Your words, she is a poor soul chased by remorse and men, she is a mourning trembling soul, she is like a heavy wave that breaks on the coast. She comes forward with her desire, but the knowledge of herself drives her back... Open Your bosom to her, Loving Father, so that this lost creature may find peace in it. Say to her: 'Come!' Say to her: 'You are Mine'. She belonged to the whole world, but she loathes it and is afraid of it. She says: 'Every master is a filthy bravo'. Let her say: 'This King of mine has given me *the joy of being caught!*' She does not know what love is. But if You receive her, she will learn that this celestial love is the nuptial love of God and the human spirit, and like a bird freed from the cage of cruel people, she will climb higher and higher, up to You, to Heaven, to joy and glory, singing: 'I have found Him Whom I sought. My heart has no further desire. I rest and rejoice in You, eternal Lord, blessed forever! ''.

Go. Celebrate the Feast of Purification with a new spirit. And may the light of God shine within You. »

The conclusion of Jesus' speech has been overwhelming. His eyes were shining in His bright face and His smile and voice were of a gentleness never known before.

The people are almost fascinated and they do not move until He repeats: «Go. Peace be with you. » The pilgrims then start to leave speaking among themselves.

132. 6 <sup>6</sup>The veiled woman walks away quickly, as usual, with her lightly swaying agile step. She seems to have wings as the wind

swells her mantle round her shoulders.

«I will now see whether she is from Israel» says Peter.

«Why? »

«Because if she remains here, it means... »

«... that she is a poor woman without a house of her own. Nothing more, remember that, Peter. » Jesus walks towards the village.

«Yes, Master, I will remember. And what shall we do now that they will all be staying at home for the Feast? »

«Our women will be lighting the lamps in our place. »

«I am sorry... It is the first year that I do not see them being lit in my house, or that I do not light them myself. »

«You are a big baby. We will light the lamps, too. So you will not be in a sulk any longer. And you will be the very one to light them. »

«Me? Not I, Lord. You are the Head of our family. It's for You to light them. »

«I am a lamp which is always lit... and I would like you all to be such, as well. I am the eternal Purification, Peter. <sup>7</sup>Do you know that I was born on the twenty-fifth day of Chislev? » 132. 7

«I wonder how many lamps? » asks Peter full of admiration.

«It was impossible to count them... All the stars in the sky... »

«No! Did they not celebrate Your birthday at Nazareth? »

«I was not born in Nazareth, but in a stable in Bethlehem. I see that John knows how to be quiet. John is *very* obedient. »

«And he is not curious, whereas I am very much so! Will You tell Your poor Simon all about it? Otherwise how can I speak about You? Many times people ask me questions, and I never know what to say... The others are clever, I mean Your brothers and Simon, Bartholomew and Judas of Simon. Yes, also Thomas is good at speaking... he sounds like a crier at the market... selling goods. But he can speak... Matthew... well, it's no problem for him! He makes use of his old skill at the customs bench to fleece people and compel them to say: "You are right". But I!... poor Simon of Jonas. What did the fish teach you? And the lake? Two things... but they are of no use: the fish to be silent and persevering. They persevered in escaping from the net and I persevered in keeping them in it. The lake taught me to be brave and vigilant. And what about the boat? It taught me to slog away

without sparing any of my muscles and to stand up even when the lake was rough and one might fall. To watch the pole-star, to hold the rudder with a firm hand, to be strong, brave, constant, careful, that is what my poor life taught me... »

Jesus lays a hand on his shoulder and shakes him looking at him with loving admiration, a true admiration of such sincerity and says to him: «Do you not think that is a lot, Simon Peter? You have what is necessary to be My “stone”. Nothing to be added, nothing to be taken away. You will be the eternal navigator, Simon. And you will say to him who comes after you: “Watch the pole-star, that is, Jesus. A firm hand on the rudder, strength, courage, firmness, carefulness, hard work without sparing oneself, an eye on everything, capability of standing up also on rough seas... ” With regards to being silent... well... the fish did not teach you that! »

«With regards to what I should be able to say, I am more mute than fish. The other words?... Also magpies can chatter as well as  
132.8 I do...<sup>8</sup>But tell me, my Master? Will You give a son also to me? We are old... But You said that the Baptist’s mother was old... Now you said: “And you will say to him who comes after you... ” Who comes after a man but his son? » Peter’s face expresses prayer and hope.

«No, Peter. And do not be upset about it. You look just like your lake when the sun is hidden by a cloud. From bright it becomes dull. No, My dear Peter. You will not have *one*, but a thousand, ten thousand sons, and in every country... Do you not remember what I said to you: “You will be a fisher of men”? »

«Oh!... Yes... but... A child who called me “father” would be so kind! »

«You will have so many that you will not be able to count them. And you will give them eternal life. And you will find them in Heaven and will bring them to Me saying: “Here are the children of Your Peter and I *want* them to be where I am”, and I will say to you: “Yes, Peter. It will be done as you wish. Because you have done everything for Me and I will do everything for you”. » Jesus is most kind in making such promises.

Peter swallows saliva while weeping over the dying hope of an earthly paternity and at the same time shedding joyful tears at the rapture announced to him. «Oh! Lord! » he says. «But to

give eternal life it is necessary to persuade souls to be good. And we are back to the same point: I am not good at speaking. »

«When the time comes, you will be able to speak better than Gamaliel. »

«I want to believe You... But, You work the miracle, because if I have to do it by myself... »

Jesus smiles at him gently and says: «Today I am entirely yours. Let us go through the village. We will go and see the widow. I have a secret offer. A ring to be sold. Do you know how I got it? A stone fell near My feet, while I was praying under this willow tree. A little parcel was tied to the stone with a tiny strip of parchment. Inside the little parcel there was the ring and on the parchment one word: "Charity". »

«Let me see? Oh? beautiful! A woman's ring. What a tiny finger! But how heavy it is!... »

«Now you will sell it. I am not capable. The hotel-keeper buys gold. I will wait for you near the baker's. Go, Peter. »

«But... I don't know what to do. I... gold... I know nothing about gold! »

«Just think that it is bread for people who are hungry, and do your best. Goodbye. »

And Peter turns to the right, while Jesus, more slowly, goes to the left, towards the village, which appears in the distance from behind a thicket on the other side of the steward's house.

133. Andrew, the ideal model of the priest.  
A letter from His Mother. Jesus is compelled  
to depart from the Clear Water.

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

<sup>1</sup>There are no pilgrims at the Clear Water. It is a strange sensation to see the place without any people stopping there for the night or taking their meals on the threshing-floor or under the shed. Everything is clean and tidy today, without any of the traces that crowds usually leave. 133.1

The disciples spend their time in manual work, some make wickerwork fish traps, some dig out the ground to make drains for the rain water and thus prevent it from stagnating on the

threshing-floor. Jesus is standing in the middle of a meadow crumbling bread for some sparrows. There is not a soul as far as the eye can see, notwithstanding the clear day.

Andrew, who is coming back from an errand, goes towards Jesus and says: «Peace to You, Master. »

«And to you, Andrew. Come here with Me for a moment. You can stay here near these little birds. You are like them. See? When they know that who goes near them loves them, they are no longer afraid. See how confident, safe and happy they are. Before they were almost near My feet. Now that you are here they are on the look-out... But look... There is a bolder sparrow which is coming forwards. It has realised that there is no danger. And the others are following it. See how they eat to their fill? Is it not the same with us, the children of the Father? He sates us with His love. And when we are sure that we are loved and are asked to be His friends, why should we be afraid of Him or of ourselves? His friendship must make us bold also with men. Believe Me, only a criminal must be afraid of his fellow-creature. Not a just man like you. »

Andrew blushes but does not say anything.

Jesus draws him to Himself and smiling says to him: «You and Simon should be put into one crucible to be melted and formed again. You would then be both perfect. And yet... If I told you that although you are so different now, you will be perfectly identical to Peter at the end of your mission, would you believe Me? »

«If You say so, it must be certain. I will not even ask how that may happen. Because everything You say is true. And I will be happy to be like my brother Simon, because he is just and makes You happy. Simon is clever! And I am so happy that he is clever. He is also brave and strong. But the others as well!... »

«And are you not? »

«Oh! I... You are the only one who can be satisfied with me... »

133.2 «And I am the only one to realise that you work noiselessly but more deeply than the others. <sup>2</sup>Because amongst the twelve disciples, there are some who make as much noise as the work they do. There are some who make much more noise than the work they do, and there are some who do nothing but work. A humble, active, ignored work... The others may think that he does noth-

ing. But He Who sees, knows. There are such differences because you are not yet perfect. And there will always be such differences amongst future disciples, also amongst those who will come after you, until the angel will thunder: "Time no longer exists". There will always be ministers of Christ who are equally able to work and to draw upon themselves the eyes of the world: they are the *masters*. And unfortunately there will be also those who are nothing but noise and exterior gestures, false shepherds with a histrionic attitude... Priests? No, *they are mimers*. Nothing else. Gestures do not make the priest, neither does the cassock. Neither worldly knowledge nor mighty worldly relations make the priest. It is his soul. So great a soul as to crush the flesh. My priest is completely spiritual... That is how I dream him. That is what My *holy* priests will be like. The spirit has neither the voice nor the attitude of the stage player. It is insubstantial because it is spiritual and therefore it cannot wear peplos or masks. It is what it is: spirit, fire, light, love. It speaks to the spirits. It speaks with the chastity of eyes, of gestures, of words, of deeds. Man looks. And he sees a fellow-creature. But what does he see above and beyond the flesh? Something that makes him slow down his hurried steps, that makes him meditate and conclude: "This man, who is like me, has only the appearance of man. He has the soul of an angel". If he is a misbeliever, he concludes: "Because of him I believe that there is a God and a Heaven". And if he is lustful, he says: "This fellow-creature of mine has heavenly eyes. I will restrain my sensuality so that I may not desecrate them". And if he is a miser, he decides: "Because of the instance of this man who is not attached to riches, I will stop being a miser". And if he is a man quick to anger or a cruel fellow, in front of a gentle person, he will become more quiet and calm. That is what a holy priest will be able to do. And, believe Me, amongst the holy priests there will always be some ready to die for the love of God and of their neighbour, and they will do it so quietly, after practising perfection throughout their lives also very quietly, that the world will not even notice them. But if the whole world does not become utter lewdness and idolatry, it will be through those *heroes of silence and loyal activity*. And their smiles will be like yours: pure and timid. Because there will always be some Andrews. They will exist through the grace of God and for the fortune of the world! »



«I did not think I deserved such words... I had done nothing to provoke them... »

«You helped Me to attract a heart to God. And it is the second one that you have led towards the Light. »

«Oh! Why did she speak! She had promised... »

«No one has spoken. But I know. When your tired companions rest, there are three sleepless people at the Clear Water. The apostle of the silent active love for his brother sinners. The creature urged by her soul towards salvation. And the Saviour Who prays and keeps watch, Who waits and hopes... My hope: that a soul may find salvation... Thank you, Andrew. Continue like that and be blessed for it. »

«Oh! Master!... Do not say anything to the others. When I am alone with a person, speaking to a leprous woman on a deserted beach, or speaking here to a woman whose face I do not see, I am still capable of doing very little. But if the others, and above all Simon, know about it and they want to come... then I am not able to do anything at all. You must not come either... I am shy of speaking before You. »

«I will not come. Jesus will not come. But the Spirit of God has always been with you. Let us go home. They are calling us for our meal. »

And it all ends between Jesus and His gentle disciple.

133.3 <sup>3</sup>They are still eating and they have already lit the lamp, because night falls very rapidly and because of the bitterly cold wind it is advisable to keep the door closed, when someone knocks at the door and John's happy voice is heard.

«Welcome! »

«You were quick! »

«What is the news? »

«You are heavily laden! »

They are all speaking at the same time, helping the three to take off the very heavy bags which they are carrying on their backs.

«Slowly! »

«Let us say hello to the Master! »

«Just a moment! »

There is a bright homely excitement due to the joy of being all together.

«I greet you, My friends. God gave you good weather. »

«Yes, Master. But not good news. I foresaw that» says the Iscariot.

«What's the matter? What happened?.. » Their curiosity is aroused.

«Let them have some refreshment first» says Jesus.

«No, Master. We will give You and the others what we have first. And the first thing... John, give the letter. »

«Simon has it. I was afraid of ruining it in my bag. »

The Zealot, who has been struggling so far with Thomas who wanted to serve him with water for his tired feet, comes forward saying: «I have it here, in my belt purse. » And he opens a pocket inside his wide red leather belt and pulls out a roll which has now been flattened out.

«It's from Your Mother. When we were near Bethany, we met Jonathan who was going to Lazarus' house with the letter and many other things. Jonathan is going to Jerusalem because Chuza is putting his mansion in order... Herod is perhaps going to Tiberias... and Chuza does not want his wife to stay with Herodias» explains the Iscariot while Jesus undoes the knots of the roll and unrolls it.

The apostles whisper while Jesus reads the words of His Mother smiling blissfully.

<sup>4</sup>«Listen» He then says. «There is also something for the Galileans. My Mother writes: 133.4

“To Jesus, My gentle Son and Lord, peace and blessing. Jonathan, a servant of the Lord, has brought Me kind presents from Johanna, who asks her Saviour to bless her, her husband and the whole household. Jonathan tells Me that he has been instructed by Chuza to go to Jerusalem to open his palace in Zion. I bless the Lord for that, because I can thus let You have My words and blessings. Also Mary of Alphaeus and Salome send their love and blessings to their sons. And since Jonathan has been extremely kind, there are also the regards of Peter's wife to her far-away husband and also the relatives of Philip and Nathanael send their kind regards. All your women, o dear far-away men, have worked with needles, looms, or in the kitchen gardens and are sending you clothes for the winter months, and sweet honey, reminding you to take it with hot water in the damp evenings.

Take care of yourselves. That is what your mothers and wives have told Me and I am telling you. And My Son. We have not sacrificed ourselves for nothing, believe us. Enjoy the humble gifts that we, the disciples of Christ's disciples, are offering to the servants of the Lord, and give us only the joy of hearing that you are all well.

Now, My beloved Son, I think that for almost a year You have not been entirely Mine. And I seem to have gone back to the time when I knew that You were already here, because I felt Your little heart beat within My womb, but I could also say that You were not yet here, because You were separated from Me by a barrier which prevented Me from caressing Your beloved body and I could only adore Your spirit, o My dear Son and adorable God. Also now I know that You are here and that Your heart beats with Mine, never separated from Me even if we are not together, but I cannot caress, hear, serve and venerate You, the Messiah of the Lord and His poor maid.

Johanna wanted Me to go and stay with her, so that I would not be alone during the Feast of Lights. But I preferred to remain here with Mary and light the lamps for You and for Me. But if I were the greatest queen on the earth and I could light a thousand or ten thousand lamps, I would still be in darkness because You are not here. Whereas I was in a bright light in that dark grotto, when I pressed You to My heart, My Light and Light of the world. This will be the first time that I will say to Myself: 'My Child is a year older today and I have not My Child with Me. And it will be sadder than Your first birthday at Matarea. But You are fulfilling Your mission and I Mine. And we are both doing the will of the Father and we are acting for the glory of God. That wipes all tears.

Dear Son, I know what You are doing from what I am told. As the waves carry the voice of the open sea as far as a solitary enclosed gulf, so the echo of Your holy work for the glory of God reaches our quiet little house and Your Mother rejoices and trembles, because if they all speak of You, not everyone expresses the same hearty feelings. Friends and people You have helped, come to Me and say: 'Blessed be the Son of Your womb', and also Your enemies come to pierce My heart saying: 'Anathema on Him'. But I pray for the latter ones because they are poor unhappy people,

even more than the pagans who come and ask: 'Where is the magician, the divine one?' and they do not realise that, while committing a mistake, they state a great truth, because You really are a *priest* and *great*, according to the ancient meaning of the word and You are Divine, My Jesus. And I send them on to You saying: 'He is in Bethany'. Because I know that I have to say so, until You give Me different instructions. And I pray for those who come seeking health for what is to die, that they may find salvation for their eternal souls.

Please do not worry about My sorrows. They are compensated by the great joy of the words of those whose bodies and souls have been cured. But Mary has had a greater sorrow than Mine; I am not the only one to be spoken to. Joseph of Alphaeus wants You to know that in one of his recent business trips to Jerusalem he was stopped and threatened because of You. They were men of the Great Council. I think he must have been pointed out by one of the great men here. Otherwise who would have known that Joseph is the head of the family and Your brother? I am telling You this, because as a woman I have to obey, But for what concerns Me I say to You: I would like to be near You, to comfort You. But I leave it to You to decide, since You are the Wisdom of the Father, without taking into account My tears. Your brother Simon was on the point of coming to see You after that incident. And he wanted Me to go with him. But he was held back by the bad weather and even more by the fear he might not find You, because we were told, as a threat, that You cannot stay where You are.

Son! My adored and holy Son! I am keeping My arms raised, as Moses did on the hill top, praying for You in Your battle against the enemies of God and Yours, My Jesus, Whom the world does not love.

Leah of Isaac died here. And I was very sorry because she was always a good friend of Mine. But My greatest sorrow is that You are far away and not loved by people. I bless You, My Son, and as I give You peace and blessing, I ask You to give Yours to Mother". »

<sup>5</sup>«Those impudent fellows reach even that house! » shouts Peter. <sup>133.5</sup>

And Judas Thaddeus exclaims: «Joseph... might have kept the news to himself. But... I am sure he was dying to let people know! »

«The howl of hyenas does not frighten living people» states Philip.

«The trouble is that they are not hyenas, they are tigers. They are after a living prey» says the Iscariot, who then says to the Zealot: «Tell them what we have learned. »

«Yes, Master. Judas was right in being afraid. We went to see Joseph of Arimathea and Lazarus, and we went there as known friends of Yours. Then Judas and I, as if we were very old friends, went to see some of his friends in Zion... And... Joseph and Lazarus tell You to go away from here at once during these feast days. Don't insist, Master. It is for Your own good. Judas' friends then said: "Be careful, they have already decided to come and catch Him so that they may accuse Him, during these feast days when there are no people. Let Him retire for some time and thus disappoint those vipers. Doras' death has roused their poison and their fear. Because they are afraid besides being full of hatred. And fear causes them to see what does not exist and hatred makes them lie". »

«They know everything about us! It's a hideous situation! And they distort and exaggerate everything! And when they think that there is not enough to curse us, then they start inventing. They make me feel sick and discouraged. I feel like going into exile, like going... I don't know... far away. Away from Israel which is nothing but sin... » The Iscariot is depressed.

«Judas, Judas! A woman to bear a child to the world carries it for nine lunations. Do you want to be quicker in giving the world the knowledge of God? Not nine, but thousands of lunations will be required. And as at each lunation the moon waxes and then wanes appearing to us as a new moon, then as a full moon, then as a waning moon, so in the world there will always be growing, full and decreasing phases of religion. But even when religion will seem to be dead, it will be alive, exactly as the moon is still there also when she seems to have disappeared. And those who have worked at this religion will have full merits even if only a tiny minority of faithful souls will be left on the earth. Cheer up! Do not be easily roused in triumph, or easily depressed in defeat. »

«But... let us go away. We are not yet strong enough. And we feel that in front of the Sanhedrin we would be afraid. At least I would. I don't know about the others... But I don't think it would

be wise to try. Our hearts are not like the hearts of the three young men at Nebuchadnezzar's court. »

«Yes, Master. It is better. »

«It's wise. »

«Judas is right. »

«You see that also Your Mother and relatives... »

«And Lazarus and Joseph. »

«We should not let them come at all. »

Jesus stretches out His arms and says: «Let it be done as you wish. But later we will come back here. You have seen how many people come. I will not force your souls or put them to the test. In fact, I feel that they are not yet ready... <sup>6</sup>But let us see the work of the women. » <sup>133.6</sup>

But while everybody with bright eyes and a joyful voice pulls out from the haversacks the parcels containing clothes, sandals, and the foodstuffs sent by the mothers and wives, and they all endeavour to get Jesus interested in admiring so many good things, He remains sad and self-absorbed. He reads His Mother's letter over and over again. Taking with Him a small lamp, He has withdrawn to the farthest corner from the table on which the clothes, apples, small jars of honey, small cheeses are, and shading His eyes with a hand, He seems to be meditating. But He is suffering.

«Look, Master, what a lovely tunic and mantle with hood my wife, poor woman, has made for me. I wonder how much she has worked on them, because she is not so skilled as Your Mother» says Peter, who is overjoyed while holding his treasures in his arms.

«Lovely, yes, they are lovely. She is a clever wife» says Jesus kindly. But His thoughts are far from the articles shown to Him.

«Our mother has made two tunics for us with thick woven cloth. Poor mother! Do You like them, Jesus? They are a lovely colour, aren't they? » says James of Zebedee.

«Really beautiful, James. It will suit you. »

«Look. I bet these belts were made by Your Mother. Only She can embroider like that. And I say that this double veil to protect us from sunshine was also made by Mary. It is like Yours. The tunic is not. Mother certainly wove it. Poor mother! After all the tears she shed last summer, she cannot see very well and often

breaks the thread. What a dear! » And Judas of Alphaeus kisses the dark red heavy tunic.

133.7 <sup>7</sup>«You are not very cheerful, Master» remarks Bartholomew at last. «You are not even looking at the things which were sent to You. »

«He cannot be» points out Simon Zealot.

«I am thinking... Well... Make the parcels up again. Sort everything out. It is not the time to be caught and we shall not be caught. At the dead of night, in the moonlight, we will go towards Doco and then to Bethany. »

«Why to Doco? »

«Because there is a dying woman there, who is waiting to be cured by Me. »

«Are we not calling at the steward's? »

«No, Andrew. We are not calling anywhere. So no one will have to tell lies saying that they do not know where we are. If you are anxious not to be persecuted, I am anxious not to cause trouble to Lazarus. »

«But Lazarus is waiting for You. »

«And we are going to him. Or rather... Simon, will you give Me hospitality in the house of your old servant? »

«With pleasure, Master. You know everything now. I can therefore say to you, on behalf of Lazarus, of myself and of him who lives in the house: it is Yours. »

«Let us go. Hurry up, so that we may be at Bethany before the Sabbath. »

And while they all scatter with lamps to do what is necessary for the sudden departure, Jesus is left alone.

Andrew comes back in, he goes near Jesus and asks: «What about that woman? I am sorry to leave her now that she was about to come... She is wise... You saw that... »

«Go and tell her that we will be coming back after some time and that in the meantime she should remember your words... »

«Your words, Lord. I only repeated Yours. »

«Go. Hurry up. And do not let anybody see you. Truly in this world of bad people, those who are innocent must look like wicked people... »

Everything ends on this great truth.

## 134. The healing of Jerusa in Doco.

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

<sup>1</sup>I see Jesus enter the little town of Doco, at daybreak, on a dull winter morning, and ask an early passer-by: «Where does Marian live, the old mother whose daughter-in-law is dying?» 134. 1

«Marian? Levi's widow? The mother-in-law of Jerusa, Josiah's wife?»

«Yes. »

«Look, man. At the end of this street there is a square, on one side there is a fountain and three streets branch off from there. Take the street with a palm-tree in its centre and go along it for about one hundred steps. You will find a ditch. Follow it as far as the wooden bridge. Cross it and You will see a small archway. Go through it and you will find that it opens onto a square; you are there. Marian's house is yellowish because of its age. And with the expenses they have to meet, they cannot afford to clean it. You cannot go wrong. Goodbye. Are You coming from far?»

«Not very. »

«But You are a Galilean?»

«Yes. »

«And these? Have You come for the Feast?»

«They are friends. Goodbye, man. Peace be with you. » Jesus leaves the chatterbox, who is no longer in a hurry. And He goes His way followed by the apostles.

They reach the... little square: a small area of very muddy soil, in the centre of which there is a tall young oak, which has grown without any hindrance and is probably very useful in summer. For the time being it only causes melancholy, because hanging over the poor houses, thick and dark as it is, it obstructs light and sunshine.

Marian's house is the poorest. It is large and low, but thoroughly neglected! The front door is full of patches which cover up the splintered parts of the very old wood. A small window has no covering and it shows a black hole like an empty eye socket.

<sup>2</sup> Jesus knocks at the door. It is opened by a little girl about ten years old, pale looking, with untidy hair and red eyes. «Are you Marian's granddaughter? Tell the old mother that Jesus is here» 134. 2

The little girl shouts and runs away calling at the top of her



voice. The old woman rushes forth followed by six children, along with the previous girl. The tallest seems to be her twin brother; the last ones, two little barefooted haggard-faced children, are hanging onto the old woman's dress, and they can barely walk.

«Oh! You have come! Children, venerate the Messiah! You are welcome to my poor house. My daughter is dying... Don't cry, children, don't let her hear you. Poor creatures! the girls are exhausted through watching at her bedside, because I do everything, but I am no longer fit to watch at night, because I am overcome by sleep and I fall onto the floor. I have not slept in my bed for months. I now sleep on a chair, so that I am near her and the girls. But they are very young and they suffer from exhaustion. The boys gather wood to keep the fire burning and they sell some to buy bread. They are worn out, poor grandsons! But it is not work that kills us, but it's seeing her dying... Don't cry. We have Jesus now. »

«Yes, do not cry. Your mother will recover, your father will come back, you will not have so many expenses and you will not be so hungry. Are these two the last ones? »

«Yes, Lord. Although a weak creature she had twins three times... and her breast became diseased. »

«Some have got too many and some none» grumbles Peter through his beard and he takes a little one in his arms and gives him an apple to keep him quiet. And while the other little one  
<sup>134. 3</sup> also asks for one and Peter pleases him, <sup>3</sup>Jesus goes with the old woman from the entrance into the yard, then climbs the steps and enters a room where a young emaciated woman is groaning.

«Jerusa, the Messiah is here. You will not suffer anymore now. Can't you see that He has really come? Isaac never tells lies. And he told me. Do you believe that since He has come here, He can cure you? »

«Of course, my good mother. Yes, my Lord. But if You cannot cure me, at least let me die. I have horrible pains in my breast. The mouths of my children, to whom I gave sweet milk, have given me back fire and bitterness. I suffer so much, my Lord! And I cost so much! My husband works far away to earn bread for us, My old mother is wearing herself out. I am dying... What will happen to my children when I am dead of my disease and she of exhaustion and privations? »

«There is God for the little birds and also for the children of man. You will not die. Does it hurt you so much here? » Jesus makes the gesture of laying His hand on her breast covered by bandages.

«Don't touch me! Don't increase my pain! » shouts the sick woman.

But Jesus gently lays His thin hand on the inflamed breast. «You really have fire in it, poor Jerusa. Motherly love has become fire in your breast. But you do not bear grudge to your husband and to the children, do you? »

«Oh! Why should I? He is good and has always loved me. We loved each other with wise love, and our love bloomed in children... And they...! I am grieved at leaving them, but... Lord! But my fire is relaxing! Mother! Mother! It is as if an angel were blowing air from Heaven on my torture! Oh! How peaceful! Don't, don't take Your hand away, my Lord. On the contrary, press it harder. Oh! How strong! What a joy! My children! My children here, I want them here! Dinah! Ozias! Anna! Sheba! Melchi! David! Judas! Here! Here! Your mummy is not dying anymore! Oh!... » The young woman turns over on the pillows weeping with joy while the children rush in <sup>4</sup>and the old woman, on her knees, not finding anything else in her joy, intones the song of Azariah in the furnace and sings it all in the trembling voice of a deeply moved old woman.

134. 4

«Ah! My Lord! What can I do for You! I have nothing to honour You! » she says at last.

Jesus raises her up and says: «Just allow Me to stay here, for I am tired. *And do not tell anybody.* The world does not love Me. I must go away for some time. I ask you to be faithful to God and to be silent. You, the young mother, the children. »

«Oh! Don't be afraid! No one calls on poor people! You can stay here without being afraid of being seen. The Pharisees, eh? But... what about eating? I have only a little bread... »

Jesus calls the Iscariot and says to him: «Take some money and go and buy what is necessary. We will eat and rest with these good people until evening. Go and be quiet. » He then addresses the cured woman: «Take your bandages off, get up and help your mother and rejoice. God granted you the grace out of mercy on your virtues as a wife. We will break our bread together because

the Most High Lord is in your house today and we must celebrate with great joy. » And Jesus goes out and joins Judas who is about to leave. «Buy *plenty*, that they may have enough for a few days. While we are at Lazarus', we shall lack nothing. »

«Yes, Master. And, if You will allow me... I have some money of my own. I made a vow to offer it for Your salvation from Your enemies. I will buy bread with it. It is better to give it to these brothers in God than to the greedy people in the Temple. Will You allow me? Gold has always been a serpent to me. I do not want to suffer from its charm anymore. Because I feel so well now that I am good. I feel free. And I am happy. »

«Do as you wish, Judas. And may the Lord give you peace. » Jesus goes to meet His disciples, while Judas goes out and it all ends.

[...]

### 135. The arrival in Bethany. A sermon by Jesus listened to by Mary Magdalene.

21<sup>st</sup> March 1945.

135. 1 <sup>1</sup>When Jesus, having climbed the last hill, reaches the table-land, He sees Bethany bright in the December sunshine which makes the barren country less depressing. The sunshine also makes the green spots of cypress trees, young oaks and carob-trees, which grow here and there less gloomy, and look like courtiers intent on bowing to some very tall regal palms which stand upright and solitary in most beautiful gardens.

In Bethany, in fact, there is not only Lazarus' beautiful house. There are also other dwellings of rich people, perhaps citizens of Jerusalem, who prefer to live here, near their property, and their large beautiful villas, with well looked after gardens, stand out amongst the small houses of the peasants. And it is strange to see in this hilly place some palm trees that evoke memories of the East, with their slender trunks and stiff tassel-like heads, behind the jade green leaves of which one instinctively endeavours to see a yellowish boundless desert. Here instead are backgrounds of silver-green olive trees or ploughed fields, completely devoid for the time being of any trace of corn. There are also

skeleton-like fruit trees, with dark trunks and tangled branches as if they belonged to souls that writhe in an infernal torture.

At once Jesus also sees one of Lazarus' servants who is on sentry-duty. He bows deeply and asks leave to take the news of His arrival to his master, and as soon as he is granted permission he departs.

In the meantime peasants and townsfolk rush to greet the Rabbi, and a young woman, who is certainly not an Israelite, peeps out over a laurel hedge, which encloses a beautiful house with its green scented foliage. Her peplum or, if I remember the name correctly, her stole, makes me think that she is either Greek or Roman. It is so long as to form a light train, but it is wide, of soft snow-white wool brightened by a border embroidered with a brilliant Greek fret, in which golden threads shine. It is held tight at her waist by a belt identical to the border. Also her hairstyle, which consists of a gold hair-net holding in place a complicated hair-dressing that is curly in the front, then smooth, ending in a large tuft on the nape of her neck, gives me the same impression. She looks around herself inquisitively attracted by the trilling shouts of the women and the hosannas of the men. She then smiles scornfully, when she sees that they are going towards a poor man who has not even a little donkey to ride and is walking amongst fellows like himself, who are even less charming than he is. She shrugs her shoulders and with a bored gesture goes away, followed, as if by dogs, by a group of multicoloured stilt birds, amongst which there are two white ibises and many-coloured flamingoes, as well as two herons, as red as fire, with small trembling silver-like crowns on their heads, the only white part of their splendid golden flamed plumage.

Jesus looks at her for a moment, then He listens again to a big old man... who would like his legs not to be as weak as they are. Jesus caresses him and encourages him to be... patient, because it will soon be springtime and with the beautiful April sunshine he will feel stronger.

<sup>2</sup>Maximinus arrives, a few yards ahead of Lazarus. «Master... Simon told me... that You are going to his house... Sorrow for Lazarus... but it is understood... » 135.2

«We shall talk about it later. Oh! My friend! » Jesus hastens towards Lazarus, who seems embarrassed, and kisses him on

his cheek. They have in the meantime reached a lane that leads to a little house situated between the orchard of Lazarus and those of other people.

«So, You really want to go to Simon's house? »

«Yes, My friend. I have all my disciples with Me and I prefer so... »

Lazarus accepts the decision but does not reply. He only turns round to the little crowd following them and says: «Go. The Master needs a rest. »

I now see how powerful Lazarus is. They all bow to his words and withdraw while Jesus greets them kindly: «Peace to you. I will let you know when I am going to preach. »

«Master» says Lazarus now that they are alone, ahead of the disciples who are talking to Maximinus a few yards behind. «Master, Martha is weeping bitter tears. That is why she did not come. But she will come later. I weep only in my heart. But we say: it is just. If we had known that she was coming... But she never comes for the feast days... True... when does she ever come?... I say: the devil has driven her here just today. »

«The devil? And why not her angel by God's order? But you must believe Me, even if she were not here, I would have gone to Simon's house. »

«Why, my Lord? Had You no peace in my house? »

«So much peace that after Nazareth it is the dearest place to Me. But tell Me: why did you say to Me: "Come away from the Clear Water"? Because of the approaching ambush. Is it not so? Well, then, I am placing Myself in the land of Lazarus, but I am not putting Lazarus in the situation of being insulted in his own house. Do you think that they would respect you? To trample on Me, they would tread on the Holy Ark... Let Me do as I wish. At least for the time being. Then I will come. In any case nothing forbids Me to have My meals with you and nothing prevents you from coming to Me. But make them say: "He is in the house of one of His disciples ". »

«And am I not one? »

«You are My friend, which is more than a disciple for anybody's heart. It is a different thing for wicked people. Let Me do as I wish. Lazarus, this house is yours... but it is not your house. The beautiful rich house of Theophilus' son. And that is very im-

portant for pedantic people. »

«You say so... but it is because... it's because of her. I had almost convinced myself to forgive her... but if she causes You to go away, upon my word, I will hate her... »

«And you will lose Me completely. Renounce that idea at once, or you will lose Me at once... <sup>3</sup>Here is Martha. Peace to you, My gentle hotel-keeper. » 135.3

«Oh! Lord!» Martha is on her knees weeping. She has let down the veil which was laid on her hair dressed in the shape of a diadem, so that strangers may not see her tears. But she does not think to conceal them from Jesus.

«Why these tears? Truly, you are wasting them! There are so many reasons to weep, and to make something valuable with tears. But to weep for *that* reason! Oh! Martha! You do not seem to know any longer Who I am! You know that I have only the exterior appearance of a man. My heart is divine and it beats as a divine thing. Come on. Get up and come into the house... and with regards to her... leave her alone. Even if she came to laugh at Me, I tell you to leave her alone. She is not herself. It is he who keeps hold of her that makes her an instrument of perturbation. But here is One Who is stronger than her master. The struggle is now directly between Me and him. You must pray, forgive, have patience and believe. Nothing else. »

They go into the little house, which is a square one surrounded by a porch which makes it look longer. There are four rooms inside, divided by a cross-shaped corridor. The usual external staircase leads to the top of the porch which therefore becomes a terrace and gives access to a very large room, as wide as the house. Once it was certainly used as a store room but now it is clean and completely empty.

Simon, who is beside his old servant, whose name I hear is Joseph, receives the guests and says: «You could speak to the people here, or take Your meals... as You wish. »

«We will think about that. In the meantime go and tell the others that the people can come after their meal. I will not disappoint the good people here. »

«Where shall I tell them to go? »

«Here. The day is a mild one. The place is sheltered from the winds. The bare orchard will not be damaged if people come into

it. I will speak to them here, from the terrace. You may go. »

Lazarus is left alone with Jesus. Martha, who has to provide for so many people, has become the «good hotel-keeper» again and is working downstairs with the servants and the apostles preparing tables and beds.

135.4 <sup>4</sup>Jesus lays one arm around Lazarus' shoulders and leads him out of the large room. They walk on the terrace that encircles the house in the lovely sunshine that makes the day mild and from above Jesus watches the work of the servants and disciples and smiles at Martha who comes and goes and looks up at Him. Although she looks grave she is not quite so upset as erstwhile. He looks also at the beautiful view around the place and with Lazarus mentions various places and people and at last He suddenly asks: «So Doras' death was like a stick stirred in the serpents' nest? »

«Oh! Master! Nicodemus told me that never before was a meeting of the Sanhedrin so violent! »

«What have I done to the Sanhedrin to upset it so much? Doras died a natural death killed by his wrath, in the presence of a considerable crowd. I did not allow anyone to be lacking in respect to his dead body. So... »

«You are right. But they... are out of their minds with fear. And... do You know that they said they must find You committing a sin so that they may kill You? »

«Well, in that case do not worry! They will have to wait until the hour of God! »

«But Jesus! Do You know of whom we are talking? Do You know of what Pharisees and Scribes are capable? Do You know what Annas' soul is like? Do You know who his deputy is? Do You know... What am I saying? Of course You know! So it is quite useless for me to tell You that they will invent a sin in order to be able to accuse You. »

«They have already found it. I have already done more than what is necessary. I have spoken to Romans, to prostitutes... Yes. To *prostitutes*, Lazarus. One of them, do not look at Me so frightened,... one of them always comes to listen to Me and she was given hospitality in a stable of your steward, upon My request, because, to be near Me, she was living in a pigsty... »

Lazarus is petrified with astonishment. He does not stir.

He looks at Jesus as if he saw someone shockingly strange and amazing.

Jesus rouses him smiling: «Have you seen Mammon? » He asks him.

«No... I have seen Mercy. But... I understand, those of the Council do not. And they say it is a sin. So it is true! I thought... Oh! What have You done? »

«My duty, My right and My desire: I endeavoured to redeem a soul that had fallen. You can therefore see that your sister will not be the first mud I will approach and over which I will bend. Neither will she be the last. I wish to sow flowers and make them grow in mud: the flowers of bounty. »

«Oh! God! My God!... But... Master, You are right. It is Your right, Your duty and Your desire. But hyenas do not understand that. They are such foul carrions that they do not smell, they cannot smell the scent of lilies. And also where they grow, the mighty carrions smell sin and they do not realise that it comes from their own stench... <sup>5</sup>I beg You. Do not stop in any place for a long time. Go, wander about, without giving them time to reach You. Be like a night fire, dancing on the stems of flowers, swift, elusive, disconcerting in its movements. Do that. Not out of cowardice, but out of love for the world that requires You to live to be sanctified. Corruption is increasing. Oppose sanctification to it... Corruption!... Have You seen the new woman citizen in Bethany? She is a Roman married to a Judaeon. He is also observant. But she is an idolater and as she could not live comfortably in Jerusalem, because her neighbours complained of the animals she kept, she came here. Her house is full of animals that we consider unclean and... she is the most unclean of them all, because she lives laughing at us and with looseness which... I am not in a position to criticise because... But I say that whilst no one sets foot in my house because of Mary, who weighs heavily on the family with her sin, they go to the house of that woman. But she is in Pontius Pilate's good books and lives without her husband. He is in Jerusalem, she is here. And so they pretend, he and they, that they do not become profaned by coming here and that they do not realise that they are profaned. Hypocrisy! They live up to their necks in hypocrisy! And before long they will be drowned in it. Sabbath is the banquet day... And they are members of the Council! One

135. 5



of Annas' sons is the most devoted visitor. »

«I have seen her. Yes. Leave her alone. And leave them alone. When a doctor prepares a medicine, he mixes the ingredients and the water seems to become tainted, because he beats them and the water becomes cloudy. Then the dead parts are deposited and the water becomes clear again, although it is saturated with the juices of the healthy ingredients. That is what is happening now. Everything is mixed and I work with everybody. Then the dead parts will be deposited and thrown away and the *living ones* will remain active in the great sea of the people of Jesus Christ. Let us go downstairs. They are calling us. »...

135.6 <sup>6</sup>...and the vision resumes when Jesus goes back up on the terrace to speak to the people of Bethany and nearby villages, who have gathered to hear Him.

«Peace to you.

Even if I were silent, the winds of God would carry to you the words of My love and of the hatred of other people. I know that you are excited because you are aware of the reason why I am here amongst you. But let it be only an excitement of joy and bless with Me the Lord Who makes use of evil to give joy to His children, by leading, under the spur of wickedness, His Lamb amongst the lambs, to save Him from the wolves.

See how good the Lord is. As water flows into the sea, so a river and a stream flowed into the place where I was. A river of loving kindness, a stream of burning bitterness. The former was the love of you all, from Lazarus and Martha to the last inhabitant in the village, the latter was the unfair hatred of those who not being able to reach the Good which calls them, accuse the Good of being Evil. And the river said: "Come, come back to us. May our waves surround, isolate and defend You. May they give You what the world denies You". The wicked stream hissed threats and wanted to kill with its poison. But what is a stream when it is compared with a river, and what when compared with the sea? Nothing. And the poison of the stream was reduced to nothing, because the river of your love overwhelmed it, and only the kindness of your love flowed into the sea of My love. And even more, it did a good turn, it brought Me back to you. Let us bless the Most High Lord for it. »

Jesus' powerful voice rings out through the calm silent air.

Jesus, bright in the sunshine, waves and smiles from the terrace. On the ground the people listen to him blissfully: a flourish of faces raised towards Him and smiling at the harmony of His voice. Lazarus is near Jesus, with Simon and John. The others are scattered amongst the crowd. Also Martha goes upstairs and sits down on the floor at Jesus' feet, looking towards her house, visible beyond the orchard.

«The world belongs to bad people. Paradise to good people. That is the truth and the promise. May your certain strength rest upon such promise. The world passes by, Paradise does not. If by being good you gain it, you will enjoy it forever. So? So why get upset at what bad people do? Do you remember Job's lamentations? They are the eternal lamentations of those who are good and oppressed; because the flesh moans, but it should not moan, and the more it is trampled on, the more it should raise the wings of its soul in the jubilation of the Lord.

Do you think that those are happy who appear to be happy, because by legal means and even more by illegal ones they have opulent granaries, vats full to the brim and jars overflowing with oil? No. They taste the blood and tears of other people in all their meals, and their beds seem to be bristling with thorns, so much they feel remorse. They rob the poor and despoil orphans, they rob their neighbours to hoard goods, they oppress whoever is inferior to them in power and in wickedness. It does not matter. Never mind. Their kingdom is of this world. But what will be left at their death? Nothing. Unless you wish to call a treasure the pile of sins that they will take with themselves end with which they will present themselves to God. Never mind. They are the children of darkness, rebels to the Light and they are unable to follow the bright paths of the Light. When God makes the morning Star shine, they call it the shadow of death and as such they think it is contaminated and they prefer to walk in the glitter of their filthy gold and hatred, which blazes only because the things of hell shine with the phosphorous of the lakes of eternal perdition... »

<sup>7</sup>«My sister, Jesus... Oh! » Lazarus sees Mary stealing behind a hedge of his orchard to come as close as possible. She stoops as she walks but her fair hair shines like gold against the dark box. 135.7

Martha is about to get up. But Jesus presses His hand on her

head and she *is compelled* to stay where she is. Jesus speaks louder.

«What shall we say of those unhappy people? God gave them time to do penance but they misuse it in order to sin. But God does not lose sight of them, even if He seems to. And the moment comes when, either because the love of God pierces their hard hearts, as a thunderbolt penetrates a rock or because the total mass of crimes carries the wave of their filth right into their throats and nostrils — and they are disgusted, at last they are disgusted with that taste and that stench which are nauseating also to other people and fill their own hearts — the moment comes when they loathe it and a feeling desiring good roots in their hearts. Each soul then cries: “Who will allow me to go back to former times, when I was a friend of God? When His light shone in my heart and I walked in its rays? When the amazed world was silent before my justice and those who saw me said I was blessed? The world craved for my smiles and my words were received like the words of an angel and the hearts of my relatives leapt with pride in their chests. And what am I now? I am an object of derision to young people, of horror to elderly people, I am the subject of their songs and they spit scornfully in my face.”

Truly, that is how in certain moments the souls of sinners speak, the souls of the true Jobs, because there is no greater misery for man than to lose God's friendship and His Kingdom forever. And they must arouse pity. Only pity. They are poor souls, who out of idleness or rashness, have lost the eternal Spouse. “On my bed, at night, I sought him whom my heart loves. I sought but did not find him”. In fact in the darkness one cannot distinguish the spouse, and the soul, spurred by love, being thoughtless because enveloped by a spiritual night, seeks and wants to find relief from its torture. And the soul thinks it can be found with any love. No. *Only one is the love of the soul: God.* Those souls, spurred on by the love of God, wander seeking love. It would be sufficient for them to wish to have light and they would have Love as their consort. They wander like sick people, groping for love and they find all the loves, all the foul things that man has so called, but they do not find the Love, because the Love is not gold, pleasure, power, but God.

Poor souls! Had they been less lazy and had they risen at the

first invitation of the eternal Spouse, of God Who says: "Follow Me", of God Who says: "Open to Me", they would not have opened the door, in the outburst of their awakened love, when the disappointed Bridegroom was already far and had disappeared... And they would not have desecrated the holy impulse of the need of love in a mire which disgusts even unclean animals, as it is so useless and strewn with trite troubles, which were not flowers but thorns which torture but do not crown. Neither would they have known the sneering words of the patrol guards, of the whole world, which, like God, but for opposite reasons, does not lose sight of the sinner, but waylays him to mock at him and criticise him.

Poor souls beaten, despoiled and wounded by the whole world! Only God does not join in such pitiless scornful stone throwing. But He lets His tears drop to cure the wounds and put an adamant dress on His creature. *Always His creature...* Only God... and the children of God with the Father. Let us bless the Lord. He wanted Me to come back here for the sake of sinners to say to you: "Forgive. Always forgive. Make every bad thing become a good one and every offence a grace". I do not only say to you "make". I say: imitate My attitude. I love and bless My enemies because through them have been able to come back to you, My friends.

Peace be with you all. »

The women in the crowd wave veils, the men branches: then they all slowly depart after greeting Jesus.

<sup>8</sup>«Will they have seen my shameless sister? »

135. 8

«No, Lazarus. She was well concealed behind the hedge. We were able to see her because we were up here, the others could not see her. »

«She had promised us... »

«Why was she not to come? Is she not a daughter of Abraham? I want you, My brothers, and you, My disciples, to swear that you will not let her understand anything. Leave her alone. Will she laugh at Me? Never mind. Will she weep? Leave her alone. Will she be staying? Leave her alone. Will she be wanting to run away? Leave her alone. The secret of the Redeemer and of redeemers is to be patient, good, persevering and to pray. Nothing else. Every gesture is too much in the case of certain diseases...

Goodbye, My friends. I am staying here to pray. Each of you may go to his own task and may God be with you. »

And it all ends.

136. The feast of Dedication in the house of Lazarus.  
Recollection of the birth of Jesus.

22<sup>nd</sup> March 1945.

136. 1   <sup>1</sup>Lazarus' splendid house is most brilliant this evening. It seems to be catching fire owing to the number of lights which are lit within. And the light spreads outside, in this early night, overflowing from the halls into the entrance and then into the porch, stretching out to gild the gravel on the paths, the grasses and bushes of the flower beds, struggling with the yellow sensual brilliance of the moonlight, and outshining it in the first few yards, whereas farther out everything becomes angelical due to the pure silver mantle which the moon casts over everything. In addition the silence that envelops the magnificent garden, where only the arpeggio of the water jet of the fishpond can be heard, seems to intensify the tranquil heavenly peace of the lunar night, whilst near the house, many merry voices and the lively tumult made by furniture moving and the carrying of dishes to the tables, remind man that he is still a man and not a spirit.

Martha moves about swiftly in her wide modest beautiful violet-red dress, and she seems a flower, a bell-flower or a butterfly fluttering against the purple walls of the entrance hall or against the dining hall walls, which are decorated with small designs and look like a carpet.

Jesus, on the other hand, is walking alone and thoughtful near the fish pool and He seems to be absorbed alternatively by the dark shadow thrown from a tall laurel, a real gigantic tree, and by the phosphoric moonlight which is becoming clearer and clearer. It is indeed so bright that the fountain jet looks like a silver plumule that breaks into diamond chips, which fall and get lost in the silvery water of the fountain. Jesus watches and listens to the words whispered by the water in the night. Their sound is so sweet that they awake a nightingale in the thick laurel and the bird replies to the slow arpeggio of the water drops with the high

note of a flute, and then it stops, as if it were waiting to be given the note and thus tune in with the water, and at last, as the king of song, it starts its perfect melodious soft hymn of joy.

Jesus stops walking lest the rustling noise of His steps should upset the calm joy of the nightingale, and I think, His own too, because He smiles with His head bent, a smile of pure joy. When the nightingale stops singing after a very clear note, which is held and modulated by ascending tones, and I do not understand how such a small throat can do so, Jesus exclaims: «May You be blessed, holy Father, for such perfection and for the joy You have given Me! » and He resumes His slow walk, full of, I wonder what, profound meditation.

<sup>2</sup>Simon goes towards Him and says: «Master, Lazarus asks You to come. Everything is ready. » 136. 2

«Let us go. And thus may their last doubt, that I love them less because of Mary, be removed. »

«How many tears, Master! Only Your secret miracle has relieved their pain. Don't You know that Lazarus was about to run away, when, upon their return, she went out of the house, saying that she was leaving their sepulchre to go and live in joy... and other rude remarks? Martha and I implored him not to do it, also because... one never knows the reaction of a heart. If he had found her, I think he would have punished her once for all. They would have liked her to be at least silent about You... »

«And they would have liked Me to work a miracle immediately for her. And I could have done it. But I do not want a forced resurrection in hearts. I will force death and it will give Me back its victims. Because I am the Master of death and of life. But I will not force a resurrection on spirits, because they are not made of matter, which is lifeless without a soul, whereas spirits are immortal beings capable of rising of their own will. I give the first call and the first help, like one who opens a sepulchre in which a man still alive has been closed and where he would die if he were to remain for a long time in that stifling darkness, and I let in air and light... then I wait. If the spirit is anxious to come out, it comes out. But if it does not want to come out, it grows darker and it goes to the bottom. But if it comes out!... Oh! If it comes out, I solemnly tell you that no one will be greater than a risen spirit. Only absolute innocence is greater than a dead per-

son that becomes alive by force of love and for the joy of God... My greatest triumphs!

Look at the sky, Simon. You see there, stars, little stars and planets of various sizes. They all live and shine for God Who made them and for the sun that illuminates them. But they are not all equally bright and of the same size. It will be the same in My Heaven. All the redeemed will have life through Me and will receive brightness from My light. But they will not be all equally bright and great. Some will be plain star-dust, like the dust that makes Galathea milky, and will be those countless ones, who received from Christ, or rather, have taken from Him the minimum essential not to be damned, and only through the infinite mercy of God, after a long Purgatory, will come to Heaven. Others will be brighter and better formed, the just who have united their own will, please note that I am saying will, not goodwill, to the will of Christ and have obeyed My words not to be damned. Then there will be the planets, those of goodwill, and they will be brightest! Their light will be like a pure diamond or a bright gem of different hues: the red of a ruby, the violet of an amethyst, the gold of a topaz, the white of a pearl: the lovers faithful unto death for love, the repentants for love, the people active for love, the people immaculate for love.

And there will be some of those planets, and they will be the glory of the Redeemer, which will glare like amethysts, rubies, topazes and pearls, because they will be *everything* for the sake of love. They will be heroic to the extent of forgiving themselves for not having loved before, repentant to become saturated with expiations as Esther was saturated with perfumes before presenting herself to Ahasuerus, untiring in doing in a short time, the short time left to them, what they did not do in the years they spent in sin, pure to the extent of heroism in forgetting, also in their bodies, besides in their souls and thoughts, that they had senses. They will be the ones who through their multiform brightness will attract the eyes of the believers, of the pure, of the repentant, of the martyrs, of the heroes, of the ascetics, of the sinners and for each of those categories their brightness will be a word, a reply, an invitation, an assurance...

- 136.3     <sup>3</sup>But let us go. We are talking and they are waiting for us. »  
      «The point is that when You speak, we forget that we are

alive. Can I tell Lazarus all that? I think it contains a promise... »

«You *must* tell him. The word of a friend may soothe their wound and they will not blush for blushing before Me... We have kept you waiting, Martha. But I was talking to Simon about the stars and we forgot about these lights. Your house, this evening, is really a vault of heaven... »

«We have lit the lights not only for ourselves and our servants, but also for You and for Your friends, who are our guests. Thanks for coming this final evening. Now it is really the feast of the Purification... » Martha would like to say more, but feels she is about to burst into tears and keeps quiet.

«Peace to you all» says Jesus entering the hall aglitter with dozens of silver lamps, all lit and placed all around.

Lazarus comes forward smiling: «Peace and blessing to You, Master, and many years of holy happiness. » They kiss each other. «Some friends of ours have told me that You were born when Bethlehem was ablaze for the Purification Feast years ago. Both they and we are happy to have You here this evening. Do You not want to know who they are? »

«I have no friends but My disciples, the dear ones in Bethany and the shepherds. So it is the shepherds. Did they come? What for? »

«To adore You, our Messiah. We were informed by Jonathan and we came. With our herds, which are now in Lazarus' stables, and with our hearts we are now and always at Your holy feet. » Isaac has spoken on behalf of Elias, Levi, Joseph and Jonathan, who are all prostrated at His feet; Jonathan in the soft tunic of the steward loved by his master; Isaac in his garment of a tireless pilgrim, a tunic made of coarse dark brown waterproof wool; Levi, Joseph and Elias are wearing fresh clean clothes given to them by Lazarus, so that they may sit at the table without their poor torn clothes smelling of sheep.

«Is that why you sent Me into the garden? May God bless you all! Only My Mother is missing to make Me completely happy. Stand up. This is My first birthday away from My Mother. But your presence relieves Me from the nostalgia of Her kisses. »

<sup>4</sup>They all go into the dining room. Most of the lamps in it are in gold and the metal is brightened up by the light of the flames which seem more lively from the reflection of so much gold. The

136. 4



table has been laid in the shape of a U to make room for so many people and to facilitate service from servants and carvers. Besides Lazarus, there are the apostles, the shepherds, Maximinus and Simon's old servant.

Martha attends to the assignment of places at the table and she would like to remain standing. But Jesus objects: «Today you are not the hotel-keeper; you are the sister and you will sit down as if you were of the same blood as Myself. We are one family. Let us put rules aside to make room for love. I want you here, beside Me, and John near you. And Lazarus with Me. But, give Me a lamp. A light is to keep watch between Martha and Me... a flame: for the women who are absent and yet are present, for the women loved, waited for, dear to us and far away. *For them all*. The flame utters words of light. Love utters words of warmth and those words travel far, on the incorporeal wave of the spirits which are always to be found beyond mountains and seas, and they take kisses and blessings... They take everything. Is it not so? »

Martha puts the lamp where Jesus wants it, at an empty place... and, as Martha understands, she bends and kisses the hand of Jesus, Who then lays it on her dark hair blessing and comforting.

136.5 <sup>5</sup>The meal starts. The three shepherds are at first somewhat embarrassed, whereas Isaac is more confident and Jonathan shows no uneasiness. The three shepherds take heart as the meal goes on and after being quiet for some time they begin to speak. And what should they speak of, if not of *their* recollections?

«We had not been long back in the pen» says Levi «and I felt so cold that I sought comfort among the sheep, weeping because I wanted my mother... »

«I, instead, was thinking of the young Mother I had met not long before and I was saying to myself: "Will She have found a place?" I wish I had known that She was in a stable! I would have taken Her to the pen!... But She was so kind, a lily of our valleys, that I thought it would be an insult to say to Her: "Come and stay with us". But I was thinking of Her... and I felt even colder, thinking how much She must be suffering. Do you remember the light that night? And your fear? »

«Yes... but then... the angel... Oh!... » Levi, somewhat lost in memories, smiles at his recollection.

«Oh! listen a moment, friends. We know very little and we are

badly informed. We have heard about angels, mangers, herds, Bethlehem... And we know that He is a Galilean and a carpenter... It is not fair that we should not be informed! I asked the Master at the Clear Water... but then we spoke about something else. This young man who knows, has not told me anything...

Yes, I am speaking to you, John of Zebedee. Is that how you respect an elder? You keep everything to yourself and you allow me to remain a stupid disciple. Am I not already a dunce on my own? » They all laugh at Peter's benign indignation. But he addresses his Master: «They are laughing. But I am right» and he then says to Bartholomew, Philip, Matthew, Thomas, James and Andrew: «Come on, you tell them, too, protest with me! Why do we know nothing? »

«Really... Where were you when Jonah was dying? and when we were in Lebanon? »

«You are right. But in the case of Jonah, I thought it was the delirium of a dying man, at least I did, and on Lebanon... I was tired and sleepy. Forgive me, Master, but it is the truth. »

«And it will be the truth for many! The world of those who have been evangelised will often reply to the eternal Judge, to justify their ignorance despite the teaching of My apostles, what you have said: "I thought it was delirium... I was tired and sleepy". And they will often not acknowledge the truth because they will mistake it for delirium, and they will not remember the truth because they are tired and sleepy as a result of indulging in too many useless, fleeting and even sinful things. One thing only is necessary: to know God. »

«Well, now that You have told us what we deserve, tell us what happened... Tell Your Peter. Then I will tell the people. If not, I have already told You, what can I tell them? I know nothing of the past, I am no good at explaining the prophecies and the Book, the future... oh! poor me! So what shall I evangelise? »

«Yes, Master. Let us know, too... We know that You are the Messiah and we believe it. But, at least as far as I am concerned, I found it difficult to admit that anything good could come from Nazareth... Why did You not make me acquainted at once with Your past? » says Bartholomew.

«To test your faith and the brightness of your spirit. <sup>6</sup>But now <sup>136.6</sup> I will speak to you, or rather, we will speak to you of My past.

I will tell you what even the shepherds do not know, and they will tell you what they saw. And you will be acquainted with the dawn of Christ. Listen:

When the time of Grace had come, God prepared His Virgin. You will readily understand that God could not dwell where Satan had put an undelible mark. The Power therefore took action to prepare Its future spotless tabernacle. And She, on Whom there is no stain, was conceived of two just people, in their old age, against the common rules of procreation. Who brought that soul into the embryonal flesh that rekindled the old womb of My grandmother, Anna of Aaron? Levi, you saw the Archangel of all the announcements. You can say: it is he. Because the “Strength of God”\* has always been the victorious archangel who brought joyful tidings to saints and prophets, he has been the unconquerable warrior who smashed even Satan’s great power as if it were the stem of withered moss, he is the intelligent spirit who with clever and bright intelligence warded off the snares of the other intelligent but wicked spirit, and thus had God’s command promptly accomplished.

The Announcer, who was already familiar with the ways of the earth, as he had descended to speak to the Prophets, with a cry of joy took from the divine Fire the spark which was the soul of the eternal Maid and clasping it in the circle of the angelical flames of his spiritual love, brought it down onto the earth, into a house, into a womb. And the world, from that moment, had the Adoring Maid; and God, from that moment, could look at a spot on the earth, without feeling disgusted. And a little creature was born: the Child Beloved by God and the angels, the Child consecrated to God, the Daughter piously loved by Her parents. “And Abel gave the first-born of his flock to God”. Oh! Truly the grandparents of the eternal Abel gave God the early fruit of their property, they gave Him all their goods, and they died because they had given everything back to Him, Who had given it to them!

My Mother was the Maid of the Temple from Her third to Her fifteenth year of age and She hastened the coming of Christ with the power of Her love. A virgin before being conceived, a virgin in the obscurity of a womb, a virgin in Her whimpers, a virgin in

\* Strength of God: such is, basically, the etymological meaning of the name *Gabriel*.

Her first steps, the Virgin was of God and of God only, and She proclaimed Her right, which was above the decree of the Law of Israel, and obtained from the husband given to Her by God, to remain inviolate after the wedding.

Joseph of Nazareth was a just man. The Lily of God could be given only to him, and he was the only one to have it. And, being an angel both in his body and his soul, he loved as the angels of God love. The depth of that strong love, which enjoyed all the fondness of married life, without going beyond the barrier of celestial fire beyond which was the Ark of the Lord, will be understood only by few people on the earth. It is the evidence of what a just man can do, if he only wants to, because also the soul, even if it is injured by the original sin, has a powerful strength of elevation, to remember and to go back to its dignity of a Child of God, and it works in a divine way for the sake of the Father.

Mary was still in Her house, waiting to be married to Her spouse, when Gabriel, the angel of divine announcements came back to the earth and asked the Virgin to become a Mother. He had already promised the Precursor to Zacharias, who had not believed him. But the Virgin believed that it could happen by the will of God, and sublime as She was in Her ignorance, She only asked: "How can that happen? " And the Angel replied to Her: "You are Full of Grace, Mary. Do not be afraid, for You have won God's favour also with regards to Your virginity. You will conceive and bear a Son and You will name Him Jesus, because He is the Saviour promised to Jacob and to all the Patriarchs and Prophets of Israel. He will be great and the true Son of the Most High because He will be conceived by deed of the Holy Spirit. His Father will give Him the throne of David, as it is predicted, and He will rule over the house of Jacob forever and His true Reign will have no end. Now the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit are awaiting Your obedience to fulfill the promise. The Precursor of Christ is already in the womb of Elizabeth, Your cousin, and if You agree, the Holy Spirit will descend upon You, and so the Child born of You will be holy and will bear His true name of Son of God".

Mary then replied: "I am the Handmaid of the Lord. Let it be done to Me according to His word". And the Spirit of God descended upon His Bride and in the first embrace He bestowed

upon Her His light, which super-perfected Her virtues of silence, humbleness, prudence and charity, of which She was full, and She was one thing with the Wisdom and could no longer be separated from Charity, and the Obedient and Chaste One was lost in the ocean of Obedience, which I am, and She knew the joy of being a Mother, without the perturbation of being touched. She was the snow that became a flower and offered Herself to God... »

136.7 <sup>7</sup>«And Her husband? » asks Peter dumbfounded.

«The seal of God closed Mary's lips. And Joseph became aware of the prodigy only when Mary came back from the house of Her relative Zacharias and appeared a mother to the eyes of Her spouse. »

«And what did he do? »

«He suffered... and Mary suffered. »

«If it had been I... ».

«Joseph was a saint, Simon of Jonas. God knows where to lay His gifts... He suffered bitterly and he decided to desert Her, taking upon himself the reputation of an unfair man. But the Angel descended and said to him: "Do not be afraid to take Mary as your wife, because what is growing in Her is the Son of God and She is a Mother by the deed of God. And when the Son is born, you will name Him Jesus, because He is the Saviour". »

«Was Joseph a learned man? » asks Bartholomew.

«Like a descendant of David. »

«Then he will have received light at once remembering the Prophet: "Here, a virgin will conceive..." »

«Yes, he did receive it. And joy followed the trial... »

«Had it been I» resumes Peter «it would not have happened, because before I would have... Oh! Lord, what a good job it was not I! I would have broken Her like the stem of a flower without giving Her time to speak. And after, if I had not been a murderer, I would have been afraid of Her... The fear for the Tabernacle, which the whole of Israel has had for centuries... »

«Also Moses was afraid of God, and yet he was helped and stayed with Him on the mountain... So Joseph went to the holy house of his Spouse and saw to the needs of the Virgin and of the Unborn Child. And when the time of the edict came for all the people, he went with Mary to the land of his fathers, and Bethle-

hem rejected them because the hearts of men are closed to charity. <sup>8</sup>Now you go on. »

136. 8

«Towards evening I met a young smiling woman riding a little donkey. There was a man with Her. He asked for some milk and information. I told him what I knew... Then night fell... and a great light... and we went out... and Levi saw an angel near the pen. And the Angel said: "The Saviour is born". It was the dead of night. And the sky was full of stars. But their light faded in the light of the Angel and of thousands and thousands of angels... (Elias still weeps remembering). And the Angel said to us: "Go and worship Him. He is in a little stable, in a manger, between two animals... You will find a little Baby wrapped in poor swaddling clothes... " Oh! How bright the Angel was when saying these words!... Do you remember, Levi, how his wings emitted flames when, after bowing to mention the Saviour, he said: "... Who is Christ the Lord"? »

«Oh! If I remember! And the voices of the thousands of angels? Oh!... "Glory to God in the Highest Heaven and peace on earth to men of goodwill! " That music is still here, in me, and it carries me to Heaven every time I hear it» and Levi raises an ecstatic face shining with tears.

«And we went» says Isaac. «Laden like pack-animals, as happy as if we were going to a wedding, and then... we were not capable of doing anything when we heard Your thin voice and Your Mother's, and we pushed Levi, the boy, forward, that he might look. We felt like lepers near so much purity... And Levi listened and he smiled weeping and he repeated to us what he heard, with a voice so like that of a lamb, that Isaac's sheep bleated. And Joseph came to the entrance and let us in... Oh! How tiny and beautiful You were! A flesh-coloured rosebud on coarse hay... and You were crying... Then You smiled because of the warmth of the sheepskin we offered You and of the milk we milked for You... Your first meal... Oh!... and then... and then we kissed You... You smelt of almonds and jasmine... and we could not bring ourselves to leave You... »

«In fact, you have never left Me. »

«It is true» says Jonathan. «Your face, Your voice and Your smiles remained within us... And You were growing... more and more beautiful... the world of good people came to delight

in You... and the world of the wicked did not see You... Anna... Your first steps... the three Wise Men... the star. »

«Oh! What a light, that night! The world seemed to be ablaze with thousands of lights. Instead, the night of Your birth, the light was pearly and steady. Now they were dancing stars, then they were adoring stars. And from the top of a hill we saw the caravan passing and we followed it to see whether it was going to stop... And the following day the whole of Bethlehem saw the  
136.9 adoration of the Wise Men. <sup>9</sup>And then... Oh! Don't let us mention the horror! Don't let us talk about it!.. » Elias turns pale remembering.

«Yes, do not tell. Silence on hatred... »

«Our greatest pain was that we no longer had You and we knew nothing about You. Not even Zacharias knew. Our last hope... And nothing more. »

«Why, Lord, did You not comfort Your servants? »

«Are you asking why, Philip? Because it was wise to do so. You can see that also Zacharias, whose spiritual formation was completed after that hour, did not want to lift the veil. Zacharias... »

«But You told us that he took care of the shepherds. So, why did he not tell them first, and then You, that you were looking for one another? »

«Zacharias was a just man, *completely man*. He became less man and more just during the nine months of dumbness, he improved himself in the months following the birth of John, but he became a just spirit when the refusal of God fell on his human pride. He had said: "I, a priest of God, say that the Saviour *must* live in Bethlehem" and God had shown to him that human judgement, even that of a priest, is a poor one, if it is not enlightened by God. Horrified by the thought: "I could have had Jesus killed because of my word" Zacharias became the just man, who is now resting awaiting Paradise. And justice taught him prudence and charity. Charity with regards to the shepherds, prudence with regard to the world, to which Christ *was* to be unknown. When, on our way back to our fatherland, we directed our steps towards Nazareth, with the same prudence that now guided Zacharias, we avoided Hebron and Bethlehem, and coasting the sea we went back to Galilee. Not even on the day that I became of age, was it

possible to see Zacharias, who had left the day before with his son for the same ceremony.

God watched, God tested, God provided, God perfected. To have God implies restraints, not only joy. My father by love and My Mother by My soul and flesh suffered from restraints. They were forbidden also what is lawful, so that mystery might wrap the Child Messiah with a shadow. <sup>10</sup>And that should clarify to many people, who do not understand it, the twofold reason for the worry when I was lost for three days. The love of a Mother, the love of a father for the lost Child; fear of the guardians for the Messiah Who might be revealed before the time; terror of having badly protected the Health of the world and the great gift of God. That is the reason for the unusual cry: "Son, why have You done this to us? See how Your father and I have been worried looking for You! " Your father, Your Mother... A veil was cast on the splendour of the Divine Incarnate. And the reassuring reply: "Why were you looking for Me? Did you not know that I must be busy with My Father's affairs? " A reply which the Full of Grace accepted and understood for what it means. That is: "Do not be afraid. I am small, a child. But if I grow, according to My human nature, in height, wisdom and grace in the eyes of men, I am the Perfect One because I am the Son of the Father and thus I know how to behave perfectly, serving the Father by making His light shine, serving God by preserving the Saviour". And that is what I have done up to a year ago.

The time has now come. The veils are being lifted. And the Son of Joseph is showing Himself in His true nature: the Messiah of the Good News, the Saviour, the Redeemer, and the King of the future century. »

«And have You never seen John again? »

«Only at the Jordan, My dear John, when I wanted to be baptised. »

«So You did not know that Zacharias had helped the shepherds? »

«I told you: after the shedding of the innocent blood, the just became saints, and men became just. Only the demons remained what they were. Zacharias learned to sanctify himself through humbleness, charity, prudence, silence. »

<sup>11</sup>«I want to remember all this. But will I be able? » says Peter. <sup>136.11</sup>



«Don't worry, Peter. Tomorrow I will ask the shepherds to repeat it to me all over again, calmly, in the orchard. Once, twice, three times, if necessary. My memory is good, I exercised it at my excise-desk and I will remember for everybody. When you wish, I will be able to repeat everything to you. I did not even keep notes at Capernaum, and yet... »

«Oh! You never made the mistake of a didrachma!... I remember... Good! I will forgive you your past, wholeheartedly, if you remember this story... and if you repeat it to me very often. I want it to enter my heart, as they have it, as Jonah had it... Oh! to die saying His Name!... »

Jesus looks at Peter and smiles. He then gets up and kisses his greying hair.

«Why that kiss, Master? »

«Because you made a prophecy. You will die mentioning My Name. I kissed the Spirit that spoke in you. »

Then Jesus intones a hymn in a loud voice and everybody, standing up, joins in: «“Stand up and bless the Lord your God, from everlasting to everlasting. Blessed be His sublime glorious Name with every praise and benediction. You are the only Lord. You made the Heavens, and the Heaven of Heavens with all their array, the earth and all it bears etc. (it is the hymn sung by the Levites at the Feast of the Consecration of the people, II Book of Ezra, Ch. IX)”» and it all ends with that long hymn. I do not know whether it is part of the ancient rite or whether Jesus says it on His own.

### 137. Return to the Clear Water and a clash with the Pharisees who had beaten and banished the “veiled woman”.

15<sup>th</sup> April 1945.

137. 1 <sup>1</sup>Jesus is going across the flat fields at the Clear Water with His apostles. It is a rainy day and the place is deserted. It must be about midday, because the weak sun that appears now and again from behind the grey curtain of clouds, shines down directly.

Jesus is speaking to the Iscariot whom He entrusts with the task of going to the village to buy what is most urgently required.

When He is alone, Andrew goes near Him and, always shy, he says to Him in a low voice. «Will You listen to me, Master? »

«Yes. Come with Me, let us go ahead» and He quickens His step, followed by the apostle, until they are a few yards away.

«The woman is no longer there, Master! » says Andrew sadly. And he explains. «They have beaten her and she ran away! She was wounded and bleeding. The steward saw her. I went ahead, saying that I wanted to see whether there were any snares, but in actual fact I wanted to go and see her at once. I was hoping so much to bring her to the Light! I have prayed so much these past days for that!... Now she has run away! She will get lost. If I knew where she was, I would reach her... I would not say that to the others, but I am telling You, because You understand me. You know that there is no sensuality in this research, but only a desire to save a sister of mine, a desire so strong as to be a torture... »

«I know, Andrew, and I say to you: even now, after what happened, your desire will be fulfilled. A prayer said for that purpose is never lost. God makes use of it and she will be saved. »

«You say so? My pain is somewhat soothed! »

<sup>2</sup>«Would you not like to know what happened to her? Do you not even care if you are not the one who will bring her to Me? Are you not asking how he will succeed? » Jesus smiles kindly while His blue eyes shine brightly when He looks at the apostle who is walking beside Him. One of those smiles and looks which are a secret of Jesus for conquering hearts. 137.2

Andrew looks at Him with his kind brown eyes and says: «It is enough for me to know that she will come to You. What does it matter whether it is I or someone else? How will he succeed? You know and I need not know. Your assurance is everything and I am happy. »

Jesus lays His arm on Andrew's shoulders and draws him to Himself in an affectionate embrace, which throws good Andrew into ecstasy. And holding him thus He says: «That is the gift of the true apostle. See, My dear friend, your life and the lives of future apostles will always be like that. Sometimes you will know that you have been the "saviours". But in most cases you will save without knowing that you have saved the very people you are most anxious to save. Only in Heaven you will see the people you have saved come to meet you or enter the eternal Kingdom.

And the joy of your blessed souls will increase for each person saved. Sometimes you will know while on the earth. It is the joy I grant you to infuse you with greater vigour for new conquests. But blessed be that priest who does not need such spurs to do his duty! Blessed be he who does not lose heart because he sees no triumph and does not say: "I am not going to work anymore because I get no satisfaction out of it". Apostolic satisfaction, considered as the only stimulus to work, shows lack of apostolic formation, degrades apostolate, a spiritual mission, to the level of common human work. You must never fall into the idolatry of your ministry. You are not the ones to be worshipped, but it is the Lord your God. The glory of saved souls is only His. The work of salvation is your task, and the glory of being the "saviours" is to be postponed till you are in Heaven. <sup>137.3</sup>But you were telling Me that the steward saw her. Tell Me. »

«Three days after we left, some Pharisees came looking for You. Of course, they did not find us. They went round the village and the houses in the country saying they were anxious to see You. But no one believed them. They put themselves up at the hotel, turning out arrogantly all the people who were in it, because, they said, they did not want to have any contact with unknown strangers, who might even profane them. And they went to the house every day. After some days they found the poor woman, who always went there, probably because she was hoping to find You and her peace. And they made her run away, chasing her as far as her refuge in the steward's stable. They did not assail her at once, because he came out with his sons, all armed with cudgels. But in the evening, when she went out, they came back together with other people, and when she was at the fountain, they pelted her with stones, calling her a "prostitute" and pointing her out to the scorn of the village. And as she was running away, they reached her and abused her, they tore off her veil and mantle so that everybody could see her, they thrashed her once again, and with their authority they imposed themselves on the head of the synagogue, requesting that he should anathematize her, in order to have her stoned, and he should also anathematize You for bringing her to the village. But he refused to do it and is now awaiting the anathema of the Sanhedrin. The steward tore her from the hands of those rascals and assisted her. But

during the night she went away leaving a bracelet with words written on a bit of parchment. She wrote: "Thanks. Pray for me". The steward says that she is young and beautiful, although she is very pale and thin. He looked for her in the country, because she was badly wounded. But he did not find her. And he does not know how she has been able to go far. Perhaps she is dead, somewhere... and she did not save herself...»

«No. »

«No? She is not dead? Or she is not lost? »

«Her will to redeem herself is already an absolution. Even if she were dead, she would be forgiven, because she sought the Truth, stamping down Error. But she is not dead. She is climbing the first slopes of the mountain of redemption. I see her... She is bent under the tears of repentance; but her tears make her stronger and stronger, whilst her burden becomes lighter and lighter. I see her. She is proceeding towards the Sun. When she has climbed all the mountains, she will be in the glory of the Sun-God. She is climbing... Help her with your prayers. »

«Oh! my Lord! » Andrew is almost amazed at the thought of being able to help a soul in its sanctification.

Jesus smiles even more gently. He says: «We must open our arms and our hearts to the persecuted head of the synagogue and we must also go and bless the good steward. Let us go to your companions and tell them. »

<sup>137. 4</sup>But while walking back to reach the ten disciples who stopped at a distance when they realised that Andrew was having a private conversation with the Master, the Iscariot arrives in great haste. He looks like a huge butterfly running on the meadow, as he moves so fast while his mantle flutters behind him and he makes wide gestures with his arms.

«What's the matter with him? » asks Peter. «Has he gone mad? »

Before anybody can reply to him, the Iscariot, who is now nearby, is able to shout in a choked voice: «Stop, Master. Listen to me before going to the house... There is a trap. Oh! the cowards!... » and he carries on running. He has now arrived. «Oh! Master. It is no longer possible to go there! The Pharisees are in the village and they go to the house every day. They are awaiting You to hurt You. They are sending away those who come looking for You.

They are frightening them with horrible anathemas. What do You want to do? You would be persecuted here and Your work would be frustrated... One of them saw me and attacked me. An ugly big-nosed old man who knows me because he is one of the Scribes of the Temple. Because also some Scribes are there. He assailed me, laying hold of me with his claws and insulting me in a hawk-like voice. As long as he insulted and scratched me, look... (and he shows a wrist and a cheek adorned with clear nail marks) I did not mind. But when he spat on You, I caught him by the neck... »

«But Judas! » shouts Jesus.

«No, Master. I did not strangle him. I only prevented him from cursing You and then I let him go. He is now dying with fear for the risk he ran... But, please, let us go away. In any case, no one could come to You anymore... »

«Master! »

«But it's terrible! »

«Judas is right. »

«They are like hyenas laying an ambush! »

«Fire of heaven that fell on Sodom, why don't you come back again? »

«Do you know, boy, that you have been brave? What a pity I was not there, too; I could have given you a hand. »

«Oh! Peter! If you had been there, that little hawk would have lost feathers and voice forever. »

«But how did you manage... not to finish the job? »

«Who knows!... A flash in my mind: a thought from I wonder which part of my heart: "The Master condemns violence" and I stopped. And it struck me harder than the impact on the wall against which the Scribe threw me when he attacked me. I felt as if my nerves had been shattered... so much so that afterwards I would not have had enough strength to be pitiless against him. What an effort it is to control oneself!... »

«You have been really brave! Hasn't he, Master? Are you not telling us Your point of view? » Peter is so pleased with Judas' behaviour, that he does not notice that Jesus' face, which before was bright, has become severe and dark looking, while He tightens His lips so much that His mouth looks smaller.

He opens His lips to say: «I tell you that I feel more disgusted with your way of thinking than with the behaviour of the Judae-

ans. They are miserable people in darkness. You, who are with the Light, are hard, vindictive, grumblers, violent, and you approve of a brutal action as they do. I tell you that you are giving Me evidence that you are exactly the same as you were when you saw Me for the first time. And it grieves Me. With regards to the Pharisees, you must know that Jesus Christ does not run away. You may withdraw. I will face them. I am not a coward. When I have spoken to them and have failed in convincing them, I will withdraw. No one must say that I have not endeavoured by all means to attract them to Me. They are children of Abraham, too. I do My duty, until the end. Their condemnation is to be caused only by their ill will and not by any negligence of Mine towards them. » And Jesus goes towards the house, the low roof of which is visible beyond a row of bare trees.

The apostles follow Him with drooping heads, speaking under their breath.

<sup>5</sup>They are at the house and they enter the kitchen in silence. <sup>137.5</sup> And they busy themselves around the fireplace. Jesus is engrossed in His thoughts.

They are about to eat their food, when a group of people appear at the door. «Here they are» whispers the Iscariot.

Jesus gets up at once and goes towards them. He is so stately that the little group move back for a moment. But Jesus' greeting reassures them: «May peace be with you. What do you want? »

The cowards then think that they can dare everything and presumptuously they enjoin: «In the name of the Holy Law we order You to leave this place, for You are a disturber of consciences, a transgressor of the Law, a corrupter of the peaceful towns in Judaea. Are You not afraid of the punishment of Heaven, You ape of the Just One who baptises at the Jordan, You protector of prostitutes? Away from the holy land of Judaea! That Your breath may not arrive inside the walls of the holy City. »

«I am not doing anything wrong. I teach as a rabbi, I cure as a thaumaturge, I cast out demons as an exorciser. Such categories exist also in Judaea. And God, Who wants them, has them respected and venerated by you. I am not asking for veneration. I only ask to be allowed to do good to those who suffer from diseases in their bodies, their minds or their souls. Why do you forbid Me? »

«You are possessed. Go away. »

«An insult is not a reply. I asked you why you forbid Me, whilst you allow others. »

«Because You are possessed and You cast out demons and work miracles with the help of demons. »

«And what about your exorcisers? With whose help do they do it? »

«Through their holy lives. You are a sinner. And to increase Your power, you make use of prostitutes, because the possession of the diabolic strength increases in the union. Our holiness has purified the area of Your accomplice. But we will not allow You to stay here, so that You may not attract other women. »

«But is this house yours? » asks Peter who has gone near the Master with a rather menacing look.

«It is not our house. But the whole of Judaea and the whole of Israel are in the holy hands of the pure ones in Israel. »

«And that's you, presumably! » concludes the Iscariot, who has also come to the door, and then sneers at them. He also asks: «And where is your other friend? Is he still trembling? You disgraceful lot, go away! At once. Otherwise I will make you feel sorry for... »

137. 6 <sup>6</sup>«Be silent, Judas. And you, Peter, go back to your place. Listen, Pharisees and Scribes. For your own good, for the sake of your souls, I beg you not to fight the Word of God. Come to Me. I do not hate you. I understand your mentality and I feel sorry for it. But I want to lead you to a new, holy mentality, capable of sanctifying you and of giving Heaven to you. Do you think that I have come to fight you? Oh! no! I have come to save you. That is why I came. I take you upon My heart. I ask you to love and understand. Since you are the wisest men in Israel, you must understand the truth better than anybody else. Be souls, not only bodies. Shall I kneel down and beg you on My knees? The stake, your souls, is such that I would put Myself under your feet to conquer them for Heaven, because I am sure that the Father would not consider My humiliation a mistake. Say one word to Me who am waiting! »

«Be cursed, that is what we say. »

«Alright. It has been said. You may go. I will go, too. » And Jesus turns His back on them and goes back to His seat. He lays His

head on the table and weeps.

Bartholomew closes the door so that none of the cruel people who insulted Him, and who are now going away threatening and cursing Christ, may see His tears.

There is a long silence then James of Alphaeus caresses Jesus' head and says: «Do not weep. We love You, also on their behalf. »

Jesus looks up and says: «I am not weeping over Myself. I am weeping over them, as they are killing themselves, deaf as they are to every invitation. »

«What shall we do now? » asks the other James.

«We will go to Galilee. We will leave tomorrow morning. »

«Not today, Lord? »

«No. I must say goodbye to the good people here. And you will come with Me. »

138. Farewell to the custodian of the Clear Water  
and to Timotheus, head of the synagogue  
who becomes a disciple.

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

<sup>1</sup>«My Lord, I have done nothing but my duty towards God, to-  
wards my master and towards honesty of conscience. I watched 138.1  
that woman while she was my guest and I always found her to  
be honest. She may have been a sinner. But she is not now. Why  
should I investigate into a past which she has repented and for  
which she has atoned? My sons are handsome young men. But she  
has never shown her face, which is really beautiful, neither did  
she let them hear her voice. I can say that I heard the tone of her  
silver voice when she shouted because she had been wounded.  
Otherwise, the little she asked for behind her veil, and she always  
asked me or my wife, was whispered in such a low voice that we  
could hardly understand her. You can see how prudent she was,  
too. When she was afraid that her presence might be harmful to  
anyone, she went away... I had promised to defend her and to help  
her. But she did not avail herself of the opportunity. No. A fallen  
woman does not behave like that! I will pray for her, as she asked  
me, also without this souvenir. Keep it, Master. Give it in alms,  
for her good. If it is given by You, it will obtain peace for her. »



The steward speaks respectfully to Jesus. He is a stout handsome man with an honest countenance. Behind him there are six hefty young men, all like their father, six truly intelligent faces, and there is also his wife, a little gentle slender woman, who is listening to her husband as if he were a god, continuously nodding assent.

Jesus takes the gold bracelet and hands it to Peter saying: «It is for the poor. » He then addresses the steward: «Not everybody in Israel is as upright as you are. You are wise because you can tell good from evil and you follow unrighteousness without counting the cost, whether it is profitable to do so from a human point of view. In the name of the Eternal Father I bless you, your children, your wife and your house. Persevere in such spiritual proclivity and the Lord will always be with you and you will have eternal life. I am going away now, but that does not mean that we shall not meet again. I will come back and you can always come to Me. God grant you peace for what you have done for Me and for that poor creature. »

The steward, his children and wife kneel down and kiss the feet of Jesus, Who after a last blessing gesture goes away with His disciples towards the village.

138.2      2«And what if those ugly people are still there? » asks Philip.

«It is not possible to forbid people walking in the streets» replies Judas of Alphaeus.

«No. But we are “anathema” to them. »

«Oh! Never mind! Does it worry you? »

«It only worries me because the Master does not want any violence. And as they know, they take advantage of it» grumbles Peter through his beard. And he certainly thinks that Jesus, Who is speaking to Simon and the Iscariot, does not hear him.

But Jesus does hear and He turns around, partly serious, partly smiling and says: «Do you think that I would be victorious if I used violence? That is a poor human system and serves, only temporarily, for human victories. How long does oppression last? Until by itself it causes reactions in the people held down, which reactions accumulating form greater violence that suppresses the previous oppression. I do not want a temporary kingdom. I want an eternal one: the Kingdom of Heaven. How many times have I told you? How many times will I have to tell you?

Will you ever understand? Yes, the moment will come when you will understand

«When, my Lord? I am in haste to understand, that I may be less ignorant» says Peter.

«When? When you are ground like corn between the stones of sorrow and repentance. You could, or better, you *should* understand before. But to do so you should overcome your human nature and let your souls free. But you are not able to make such an effort against yourselves. But you will understand... you will understand. And then you will also understand that I could not make use of violence, a human means, to establish the Kingdom of Heaven: the Kingdom of the spirit. In the meantime do not be afraid. Those men who are worrying you, will not do anything. It is enough for them to have driven Me away. »

«But was it not easier to tell the head of the synagogue to come to the steward's house or to wait for us on the main road? »

«Oh! what a wise man My Thomas is today! Of course it was not easy. Or rather: it was easier but not fair. He showed heroism for Me and was abused in his house because of Me. It is just that I should go to his house to comfort him. »

Thomas shrugs his shoulders and speaks no more.

<sup>3</sup>Here is the village. A large very rural one, with houses in the orchards which are all bare at present and there are many sheep-folds. It must be a suitable place for sheep-rearing, because there are sheep bleating everywhere, coming from or going to the pastures on the plain. There is the usual crossroad, with the square and the fountain in the centre. The house of the head of the synagogue is there. 138.3

The door is opened by an elderly woman, whose face is clearly marked by tears. And yet, when she sees the Lord, she has a reaction of joy and she prostrates herself blessing.

«Stand up, mother. I have come to say goodbye to you. Where is your son? »

«He is in there... » and she points to a room at the end of the house. «Have You come to console him? I have not been able... »

«So, is he depressed? Is he sorry he defended Me? »

«No, Lord. But he has a scruple. But he will tell You. I will call him. »

«No. I will go. You wait here. Let us go, woman. »

Jesus walks across the hall, only a few yards long, He pushes the door and goes into the room, He goes slowly towards a man who is sitting, bent towards the floor, engrossed in anguished meditation.

«Peace to you, Timotheus. »

«What! You! Lord! »

«Yes, it is I. Why are you so sad? »

«Lord... I... They told me that I have sinned. They told me that I am anathema. I examine myself but I do not appear to be so. But they are the holy ones in Israel and I am a poor head of the synagogue. They are certainly right. And now I dare not look up at the angry face of God. And I have such need in this hour! I was serving Him with true love and I was endeavouring to make Him known. I will now be deprived of that opportunity, because the Sanhedrin will certainly curse me. »

«But what is your trouble? That you are no longer the head of the synagogue, or that it is no longer possible for you to speak of God? »

«It is the latter that afflicts me, Master! I think that You mean whether I am sorry for not being the head of the synagogue because of the benefit and honour one gets from it. I do not care for that. I have only my mother, who was born at Aera where she has a little house. She has a roof there and what to live on. I... am young. I will work. But I will never dare speak of God again, for I have sinned. »

«Why have you sinned? »

«They say that I am an accomplice of... Lord! Don't make me speak!...»

«No. I will speak. No, I will not mention it either. But you and I know their charges and we know that they are not true. Therefore you have not sinned. I am telling you. »

«Then, I can still look up at the Almighty? Can I... »

«What, son? » Jesus is extremely kind when he bends over the man, who has suddenly stopped speaking as if he were frightened. «What? My Father is *anxious* that you should look at Him, He wants you to look at Him. And *I want* your heart and your thoughts. Yes, the Sanhedrin will strike you. I am stretching out My arms to you and I say: "Come". Do you want to be My disciple? I see in you what is necessary to be a worker for the eternal

Master. Come to My vineyard... »

<sup>4</sup>«Do You really mean that, Master? Mother... did you hear? 138. 4  
I am happy, mother! I... bless that suffering because it gives me this joy. Oh! Let us make merry, mother. I will go with the Master, and you will go back to your house. I will come at once, my Lord, Who have banished all my fears, my sorrow and my fear of God. »

«No. You will wait the word of the Sanhedrin, with a peaceful heart, without hatred. Stay in your position as long as you are left in your place. You will then reach Me at Nazareth or Capernaum. Goodbye. Peace be with you and with your mother. »

«Are You not staying in my house? »

«No. I will come to your mother's house. »

«It is not a very loyal village. »

«I will teach them to be faithful. Goodbye, mother. Are you happy now? » Jesus caresses her, as He normally does with elderly women whom, I notice, he calls «mother».

«I am happy, Lord. I brought up a son for the Lord. The Lord now takes him from me to be the servant of his Messiah. Blessed be the Lord. And blessed be You, Who are His Messiah. Blessed be the hour You came here. Blessed be my offspring who has been called to Your service »

«Blessed be the mother who is as holy as Anna of Elkanah. Peace be with you. »

Jesus goes out followed by mother and son. He joins His disciples, says goodbye once again and starts His return journey towards Galilee.

### 139. On the mountains near Emmaus. The nature of Judas Iscariot and the qualities of the good.

17<sup>th</sup> April 1945.

<sup>1</sup>Jesus is with His disciples in a very mountainous place. It is a bad and rough road and the elderly apostles find progress arduous. The younger ones, on the other hand, are very cheerful around Jesus and they climb nimbly, talking to one another. 139. 1

The two cousins, the sons of Zebedee and Andrew are elated at the idea of going back to Galilee, and their joy is such that it also

enthral the Iscariot, who for some time has been in an excellent frame of mind. He simply says: «Master, at Passover, when we come to the Temple, will You come back to Kerieth? My mother is always hoping to see You. She sent me word. And also the people of the village... »

«Certainly. Now, even if we wanted to go, the season is too inhospitable to go along those impassable roads. See how troublesome it is even here. And without that compulsion, I would not have set out on this journey... But we could not stay any longer... » Jesus becomes silent and pensive.

«And later, I mean for Passover, will we be able to go? I would like to show Your grotto to James and Andrew» says John.

«Are you forgetting how much Bethlehem loves us? » asks the Iscariot. «Well, how much they love the Master. »

«No. But I could go with James and Andrew. Jesus could stay at Juttah or in your house... »

«Yes, I like that. Will You come, Master? They will go to Bethlehem, and You will stay with me at Kerieth, You have never been all alone with me... and I am so anxious to have You all to myself... »

«Are you jealous? Do you not know that I love you all exactly the same? Do you not think that I am with all of you, also when I seem to be far away? »

«I know that You love us. If You did not love us, You would have to be much more severe, at least with me. I believe that Your spirit is always watching over us. But we are not only spirit. There is man, with the love of man, his desires, his regrets. Jesus, I know that I am not the one who makes You most happy. But I believe that You know how eager I am to please You and how I regret all the hours that I lose You through my misery... »

«No, Judas. I do not lose you. I am closer to you than to the others just because I know who you are. »

139. 2 «What am I, my Lord? Tell me. Help me to understand what I am. I do not understand myself. I seem to be a woman who is troubled by whims caused by her pregnancy. I desire both holy things and depraved things. Why? What am I? »

Jesus looks at him with an inscrutable expression. He is sad, but His sadness is mingled with pity, with so much pity. He looks like a doctor who observes the state of a patient and knows that

he cannot recover his health... But He does not speak.

«Tell me, Master. Your opinion will be the least harsh for poor Judas. In any case... we are all brothers. It does not matter if they know of what I am made. On the contrary, if they hear Your opinion on me, they will amend their own and will help me. Won't you? »

The others are embarrassed and do not know what to say. They look at their companion, they look at Jesus.

Jesus draws the Iscariot near Himself, to the place where His cousin James was before, and says: «You are only confused. You have all the best elements, but they are not well settled, and the slightest breeze upsets them. A short while ago we passed through that gorge and we were shown the damage caused by the water, the land and the trees to the poor houses of the little village there. Water, land and trees are useful and blessed things, are they not? And yet they became a curse there. Why? Because the water of the torrent did not have a fixed course, but, also because of the indolence of man, it had dug various beds, according to its whims. That was alright as long as there were no storms. The clear water that irrigated the mountain in so many tiny streams looked like a jeweler's work, like necklaces of diamonds or emeralds, according to whether they reflected the light or the shade of the forests. And man enjoyed them, because the murmuring streams were useful to his fields. Also the plants were beautiful; they had been planted by playful winds, with bizarre foliage and branches and had left wide glades open to sunshine. Also the soft soil was beautiful, it had been deposited by, who knows which remote floods between the undulations of the mountain and was so fertile for cultivations. But when the storms came a month ago, the freakish streams joined together and overflowed in an irregular way along a different course, sweeping away the plants and dragging the soil down to the valley. If the water had been maintained in an orderly way, if the trees had been grouped together in woods, if the soil had been supported methodically by a suitable protection, the three good elements, wood, water and soil would not have become the ruin and death of that little village. You have intelligence, boldness, education, readiness, fine appearance and so many other attributes. But they are disorganised within you and you leave them

as they are. See: you must work patiently and constantly to put your qualities in order, as order is also strength, so that when the storm of temptation comes, the good that is within you may not become an evil for yourself and others. »

«You are right, Master. Now and again I get upset by a storm and everything becomes ruffled. And You say that I could... »

«Your will is everything, Judas. »

139. 3 <sup>3</sup>«But there are such strong temptations... We hide ourselves because we are afraid that the world might read them on our faces. »

«And that is the mistake! That is exactly the moment when you should not shut yourself up. But you ought to look for the world, for the world of good people, to be helped by them. A fever is abated also by contact with the peace of good people. And you ought to look also for the world of those who criticise you, because, owing to the pride which urges us to hide ourselves so that our tempted souls may not be “read”, that would serve as a reaction to our moral weakness. And you would not fall. »

«You went into the desert... »

«Because I could do it. But woe to those who are alone, unless in their solitude they are a multitude against a multitude»

«How? I don't understand»

«A multitude of virtues against a multitude of temptations. When virtue is feeble, one must do as this ivy: get hold of the branches of strong trees, to climb up. »

«Thank You, Master. I will cling to You and to my companions. But you must all help me. You are all better than I am. »

«It was the frugal honesty surrounding where we were brought up, that was better, my friend. But now you are with us and we love you. You will see... I don't want to criticise Judaea, but believe me, in Galilee, at least in our villages, there is less wealth and less corruption. Tiberias, Magdala and other places of pleasure, are not far from corruption. But we live with “our” simple souls, which may be coarse, if you wish so, but are active and happily happy with what has been granted to us by God» says James of Alphaeus.

«But, don't you know, James, that Judas' mother is a holy woman? Her goodness is written all over her face» objects John.

Judas of Kerioth smiles happily at the praise, and he smiles

even more when Jesus confirms: «You are right, John. She is a holy creature. »

«Eh! It was my father's dream to make me a great man of the world and he took me away too early and too deeply from my mother... »

<sup>4</sup>«What have you got to say that you are always speaking? » <sup>139.4</sup> asks Peter from far away. «Stop! Wait for us! It is not fair that you should go on like that without considering that my legs are so short. »

They stop until the other group join them.

«Ah! My little boat, how I love you! I have to work here like a slave... What were you talking about? »

«We were saying what is necessary to be good» replies Jesus.

«And will you not tell me, Master? »

«Of course: order, patience, perseverance, humbleness, charity... I told you many "times!" »

«Not order. What has it to do with it? »

«Untidiness is never a good quality. I have just explained that to your companions. They will tell you. And I mentioned it first, whereas I mentioned charity last, because they are two extremities of the straight line of perfection. Now you know that a straight line on a plane has neither beginning nor end. Each extremity can be either the beginning or the end, whereas in the case of a spiral, or any other design which is not enclosed in itself, there is always a beginning and an end. Holiness is linear, simple, perfect and has but two extremities, like a straight line. »

«It is easy to draw a straight line... »

«Do you think so? You are wrong. In a drawing, even if it is a complicated one, some imperfections may not be noticed. But an error is noticed at once in a straight line: either in inclination or uncertainty. Joseph, when he taught me the trade, insisted a great deal that the boards should be straight and quite rightly he used to say: "See, son? A small imperfection may not be seen in a decoration or in a turned work, because the eye, unless it is very experienced, if it watches one point, does not see another. But if a board is not as straight as it should be, even the most simple work will not be sufficient, such as a poor table for a peasant. It will be on a slant or it will wobble. It is only good for the fire". We can say the same applies to souls. If we do not want to be good



but for the eternal fire, that is, if we want to conquer Heaven, we must be perfect like a board which is planed and squared properly. He who starts his spiritual work in an unplanned manner, starting from useless things, jumping from one thing to another, like a restless bird, will end up by not being able to join the various parts of his work. They will not fit in. Therefore, order and charity. Then, holding those two extremities firm in two vices, so that they may not move, you can work at all the rest, decorations or carving, whatever it may be. Have you understood? »

139. 5 <sup>5</sup>«Yes, I have. » Peter endures his lesson in silence and suddenly concludes: «So my brother is more clever than I am. He is really tidy. One step after the other, calm and quiet. He does not seem to be moving, instead... I would like to do a lot of things quickly. And I do nothing. Who will help me? »

«Your goodwill. Do not be afraid, Peter. You do things, too. *You are making yourself.* »

«What about me? »

«You, too, Philip. »

«And what about me? I do not seem to be good for anything. »

«No, Thomas. You work, too. You all work. You are wild trees, but the grafts will slowly and certainly change you and you are My joy. »

«There You are. We are sad and You console us. We are weak, and You fortify us. We are afraid and You encourage us. You are always ready with advice and comfort for everybody and for every case. How can You be always ready and so good, Master? »

«My friends, that is why I came, knowing what I was going to find and what I had to do. If one has no illusions, one has no disappointments and thus one does not lose enthusiasm. And one proceeds. Remember that when you, too, will have to work at the animal man to make the spiritual man. »

140. In Emmaus, encounter with Cleopas.  
A case of incest. End of the first year.

18<sup>th</sup> April 1945.

140. 1 <sup>1</sup>John and his brother knock at a door in a village. I recognise the house which the two disciples of Emmaus entered with

Christ after His resurrection. When the door is opened, they go in and speak to someone I do not see. They come out and walk along a street and join Jesus, Who is standing with the others in a lonely place.

«He is at home, Master. And he is really happy that You have come. He said to us: “Go and tell Him that my house is at His disposal. I am coming, too”. »

«Let us go, then. »

They walk for a little while and then meet the old head of the synagogue Cleopas, whom we saw at the Clear Water. They bow to one another, then the old man, who looks like a patriarch, kneels down in veneration. Some citizens, who see him, draw near curiously.

The old man stands up and says: «Here is the promised Messiah. Remember this day, o citizens of Emmaus. »

Some people watch with a completely human curiosity, some instead look with religious respect. Two men elbow their way through the crowd and say: «Peace to You, Rabbi. We were there, too, on that day. »

«Peace to you all. I have come as your head of the synagogue asked Me. »

«Will You work miracles here too? »

«If there are children of God who believe and need a miracle, I will certainly work it. »

The head of the synagogue says: «Those who wish to hear the Master, should come to the synagogue. Also those who have sick people. Can I say that, Master? »

«Yes, you can. After the sixth hour I shall be entirely at your disposal. Now I am entirely of good Cleopas. » And followed by a train of people He walks beside the old man to his house.

«Here is my son, Master. And this is my wife. And this is the wife of my son and their little children. I am sorry that my other son is in Jerusalem, with the father-in-law of my son Cleopas, and with another poor man from here... But I will tell You. Come in, my Lord, with Your disciples. »

They go in and are refreshed in the usual Jewish custom. They then sit near the fire burning in a large fireplace, because it is a cold damp day.

«We will soon be sitting at the table. I have invited the nota-

bles of the place. It is a great feast, today. They do not all believe in You. But they are not enemies either. They are only inquirers... They would like to believe. But we have been disappointed too often, lately, about the Messiah. People are distrustful. A word from the Temple would suffice to dispel all doubts. But the Temple... I think that if people see You and hear You, in a simple way, a lot can be done in that direction. I would like to give You some real friends. »

«You are one. »

«I am a poor old man. If I were younger, I would follow You. But old age is a burden. »

«You already serve Me by believing. You preach Me with your faith. Be good, Cleopas. I will not forget you in the hour of Redemption. »

140.2 <sup>2</sup>«Here is Simon with Hermas. They are arriving» informs the son of the head of the synagogue.

They all stand up while two middle-aged refined gentlemen come in.

«This is Simon and this is Hermas. They are true Israelites. But their souls are genuine. »

«God will reveal Himself to their souls. May in the meantime peace descend upon them. Without peace one cannot hear God. »

«It is also stated in the book of the Kings speaking of Elijah. »

«Are these Your disciples? » asks the one named Simon.

«Yes, they are. »

«They are of every age and from every place. And are You Galilean? »

«From Nazareth. But I was born in Bethlehem at the time of the census. »

«You are a Bethlehemite, then. It confirms Your figure. »

«It is a benign confirmation, for human weakness. But the confirmation is in the supernatural. »

«You mean, in Your works» says Hermas.

«In them and in the words that the Spirit puts on My lips. »

«They have been repeated to me by those who heard them. Your wisdom is really great. And are You going to found Your Kingdom on it? »

«A king must have subjects who know the laws of his kingdoms

«But all Your laws are spirituals

«You are right, Hermas. They are all spiritual. I will have a spiritual kingdom. I have therefore a spiritual code. »

«What about the reconstruction of Israel then? »

«Do not fall into the common error of understanding the name Israel for what its human meaning is. Israel means “People of God”. I will rebuild the true freedom and power of these people of God and I will rebuild it by giving back to Heaven the souls which have been redeemed and made wise of the eternal truth. »

<sup>3</sup>«Please, let us sit at the table» says Cleopas who sits with Jesus at the centre of the table. Hermas is on Jesus’ right and Simon is next to Cleopas, then the son of the head of the synagogue and the disciples.

140. 3

Jesus, at the request of the landlord, makes the offering and blesses and the meal starts.

«Have You come to this area? » asks Hermas.

«No, I am going to Galilee. I will pass here later. »

«What? Are You leaving the Clear Water? »

«Yes, Cleopas. »

«Crowds of people used to come there, notwithstanding it was winter. Why disappoint them? »

«Not I. That is what the pure ones of Israel want. »

«What? Why? What harm were You doing? Palestine has many rabbis who speak where they wish. Why are You not allowed to do so? »

«Do not investigate, Cleopas. You are old and wise. Do not put the poison of bitter knowledge into your heart. »

«Perhaps You were preaching a new doctrine, which through an error of evaluation, was considered dangerous by the Scribes and Pharisees? What we know of You does not seem... is that right Simon? Perhaps we do not know everything. According to You, in what does the Doctrine consist? » asks Hermas.

«In the exact knowledge of the Decalogue. In love and mercy. Love and mercy, this breath and this blood of God, are the rule of My behaviour and of My Doctrine. And I practise it in all my daily difficult situations. »

«But that is not a fault! It is goodness. »

«It is considered a sin by the Scribes and Pharisees. But I cannot misrepresent My mission, neither can I disobey God

Who sent Me as “Mercy” onto the earth. The time of full Mercy has come after centuries of Justice. Justice is the sister of Mercy. They were born of the same womb; but whereas before Justice was stronger and the other only mitigated its rigours — because God cannot be forbidden to love — now Mercy is the queen and Justice rejoices, because it was so grieved at having to punish! If you consider the situation properly, you will easily see that they always existed since Man compelled God to be severe. The fact that mankind still exists is the proof of what I say. Adam’s very punishment is blended with mercy. God could have burnt them to ashes in their sin. He granted them expiation. And he made a Woman, the cause of good, shine in the eyes of the woman, the cause of all evil, depressed for being the cause of evil. And He granted both of them children and the knowledge of existence. To Cain, the killer, together with justice He granted the mark, which was mercy, so that he might not be killed. And He granted Noah to mankind corrupted, that he might save man in the ark and He then promised the eternal covenant of peace. No more fierce deluges. Justice was subdued by Mercy. Do you wish to go back through Sacred History with Me as far as My moment? You will see greater and greater waves of love follow one upon the other. Now the sea of God is full and it lifts you, o mankind, upon its clear tranquil water, it lifts you cleansed and beautiful up to Heaven, and says to you: “I hand you back to my Father”. »

140.4 The three men are absorbed in the astonishment of so much loving light. Then Cleopas sighs: «It is so. But You are the only one like that! <sup>4</sup>But what will happen to Joseph? Should they have already listened to him? Will they have listened to him? »

Nobody replies.

Cleopas addresses Jesus: «Master, a man of Emmaus has fallen into a grave sin. His father, a long time ago, repudiated his wife, who went to Antioch and settled there with her brother, who owned an emporium. He had never met that woman, who, for reasons which I am not investigating, was repudiated a few months after she had been married. He had been told nothing about her, because her name had of course been banished from that house. When he grew into a man and he inherited his father’s wealth and business, he decided to get married and having

met a woman at Joppa, who owned a rich emporium, he married her. Now I do not know how, but it became common knowledge that that woman was the daughter of his father's first wife. It was therefore a grave sin, although, from my point a view, the paternity of the woman is most uncertain. Joseph, who was condemned, all at once lost his peace both as a believer and as a husband. And although he most regretfully repudiated his wife, perhaps his sister, who was so grieved that she became feverish and died, he has not been forgiven. In all conscience I say that, if he had had no enemies eager for his wealth, he would not have been hit so hard. What would You do? »

«It is a very serious case, Cleopas. Why did you not speak to Me about it, when you came to see Me? »

«I did not want to keep You away from here... »

«Oh! But I am not driven away by such things! Now listen. From a material point of view, there is an incest. And consequently a punishment. But a fault is a moral sin, only when there is a will to commit a sin. Did the man consciously commit incest? You say no. Well, where is the sin? I mean, his guilt in wanting to commit a sin? There is still to consider the fault of a common life with the daughter of his father. But you say that it is uncertain whether she was such. And even if she were, the fault ended when their common life ended. And it certainly ended both because of the repudiation and of her subsequent death. I therefore say that the man should be forgiven his seeming sin. And I say that since there is no conviction for the royal incest, which persists and is known to the whole world, people should feel pity for this sad case, the origin of which goes back to the right of repudiation granted by Moses to avoid more evils, if not more serious, more numerous ones. I do not approve of that right, because man and wife, whether they are married happily or unhappily, should live together, without any repudiation, which encourages adultery and situations like the present one. And further, I would repeat, if you are going to be severe, you must be equally so with everybody. First of all with yourselves and then with the mighty ones. But as far as I know, with the exception of the Baptist, no one has raised his voice against the royal sin. Are those who condemn, immune from similar or worse sins, or does their name or their power perhaps cast a veil over them, as their pompous

mantles protect their bodies, which are often unhealthy because of their vices? »

«You are right, Master. It is so. But, in short, who are You?...» ask together the two friends of the head of the synagogue.

<sup>140. 5</sup> <sup>5</sup>Jesus has no time to reply because the door opens and Simon, the father-in-law of Cleopas junior comes in.

«You are welcome. What is the news? »

They are all so curious that no one thinks of the Master anymore...

«Well... he has been condemned. They would not even accept the offer of the sacrifice. Joseph has been cut off from Israel. »

«Where is he? »

«Out there. He is weeping. I have tried to speak to the most powerful ones. But they rejected me as if I were a leper. Now... But... That man is ruined. Both his wealth and his soul. What can he do? »

Jesus stands up and goes towards the door, without saying one word.

Old Cleopas thinks that He has taken offence for being neglected and says: «Oh! forgive me, Master! But I am so grieved that my mind is upset. Please, stay here! »

«I will stay, Cleopas. I am only going to see that poor man. Come, if you wish, with Me.» Jesus goes out into the hall.

There is a strip of ground in front of the house, with some small flower-beds, and beyond it there is the road. There is a man lying on the threshold. Jesus goes near him with His arms stretched out. Behind Him are all the others who are anxious to see.

«Joseph, has no one forgiven you? » Jesus speaks most kindly. The man starts on hearing a new voice which sounds so kind after the many voices that condemned him. He looks up full of amazement.

«Joseph, has no one forgiven you? » asks Jesus once again and He bends to take the hands of the man, trying to lift him up.

«Who are You? » asks the unhappy fellow.

«I am Mercy and Peace. »

«There is no more mercy or peace for me. »

«There is always some in the bosom of God. That bosom is full of them, particularly for unhappy childrens

«But my sin is such that I am separated from God. You are

certainly good, but leave me, that You may not get contaminated. »

«I will not leave you. I want to give you peace. »

«But I am... Who are You? »

«I told you: Mercy and Peace. I am the Saviour, I am Jesus. Stand up. I can do what I want. In the name of God I absolve you from your unintentional contamination. The other evil does not exist. <sup>140. 6</sup> I am the Lamb of God Who takes away the sins of the world. All judgement has been given to Me by the Eternal Father. He who believes in My word will have eternal life. Come, poor child of Israel. Refresh your tired body and fortify your depressed spirit. I will forgive much more serious sins. No. The desperation of hearts will not come from Me! I am the spotless Lamb, but I do not run away from wounded sheep, lest I should get contaminated. On the contrary I look for them and take them with Me. Too many people have been completely ruined through an excessive and also unfair sternness of judgement. Woe to those who lead a spirit to desperation because of their intolerant strictness! They do not act in the interests of God, but for Satan's. Now I have seen a prostitute, who was anxious to redeem herself, driven away from the Redeemer, I have seen the head of a synagogue persecuted because he was a just man. I now see a man struck for an unintentional fault. I see too many things being accomplished where vice and falsehood are thriving. And like a wall that is raised by placing one brick on top of another and thus forms a barrier, so the things I have seen, and I have already seen too many in one year, are building up a wall of hardness between Me and them. Woe to them when it will be completely built with the materials supplied by them! Take this, eat and drink. You are exhausted. Then, tomorrow you will come to Me. Do not be afraid. When You are back in a peaceful frame of mind, you will be free to decide on your future. You are not able now and it would be dangerous to let you do it. »

Jesus has taken the- man back into the dining room and has forced him to sit in His place. He then serves him and addressing Hermas and Simon He says: «That is My Doctrine. That and nothing else. And I do not only preach it. I practise it. Let those who thirst for Truth and Love come to Me. »



140.7      <sup>7</sup>Jesus says:

«And My first year of evangelisation ends here. Take note of that. What shall I tell you? I gave it because it was my wish to make it known. But what happens with the Pharisees, happens also with this work. My desire to be loved — to know is to love — is rejected by too many things. And that deeply grieves Me, the Eternal Master imprisoned by you... »

# The second year of Public Life of Jesus

## 141. Going towards Arimathea with the disciples and with Joseph of Emmaus.

19<sup>th</sup> April 1945.

<sup>1</sup>«My Lord, what shall we do with this man?» Peter asks Jesus 141. 1  
pointing at the man, whose name is Joseph, and who has been following them since they left Emmaus. Joseph is now listening to the two sons of Alphaeus and to Simon, who are paying particular attention to him.

«I have told you. He is coming with us as far as Galilee. »

«And then?... »

«And then... he will be staying with us. You will see that that is what is going to happen. »

«Is he going to be a disciple, too? With that foul story about him?»

«Are you a Pharisee, too?»

«Not me! But... I think that the Pharisees are too keen on keeping an eye on us... »

«And they will cause us trouble if they see him with us. That is what you mean. So, we should allow a son of Abraham to be plunged into grief, because we are afraid of being annoyed. No, Simon Peter. It is a soul that can be lost or saved according to how its deep wound is healed. »

«But, are we not Your disciples?... »

Jesus looks at Peter and smiles sweetly. He then says: «One day, many months ago, I said to you: "Many more will come". The field is vast, very vast. Because of its vastness, the workers will never be sufficient... also because many, like Jonah, will die working hard. But you will always be My favoured ones» concludes Jesus, drawing gloomy Peter close to Himself, and His promise cheers the apostle.

«So, he is coming with us. »

«Yes, until his heart is refreshed. He is deeply disillusioned

by all the bitter hatred he has had to endure. He is indeed poisoned. »

James, John and Andrew have also joined the Master and are listening to Him.

141.2 <sup>2</sup>«You cannot appraise the enormous harm that a man can do another man by means of his hostile intolerance. I ask you to remember that your Master was always very benign towards those who were suffering from a spiritual disease. You think that My greatest miracles and My main virtue consist in the curing of bodies. No, My friends... Yes, you too, who are ahead of us and you, who are behind Me, come here. The road is wide and we can walk in a group. »

They all gather round Jesus Who continues: «My main deeds, the ones that bear the clearest witness to My nature and My mission, the ones upon which the Father looks with joy, are the healing of hearts, whether they are freed from one or more capital vices, or relieved from grief. Hearts are discouraged by grief when they are convinced that they have been struck and abandoned by God. What is a soul that has lost the certainty of the help of God? It is a thin bindweed crawling in the dust, as it is no longer able to clutch at the idea that was its strength and its joy. It is horrible to live without hope. Life is beautiful, in its hardship, only because it receives such warmth from the Divine Sun. The aim of life is that Sun. The days of man may be dismal, wet with tears and smeared with blood. But the Sun will rise again. Then there will be no more grief, no separations, no harshness, no hatred, no misery or solitude in an enveloping fog. Instead there will be brightness and singing, serenity amid peace, there will be God. God: the eternal Sun! See how gloomy the earth is when there is an eclipse. If man were compelled to say: "The sun is defunct" would he not feel as if he were to live forever in a dark hypogeum, buried and dead before dying? But man knows that behind the planet that hides the sun and makes the world look dismal there is still God's bright sun. And the thought of being united to God during life is like that. If men hurt, steal, calumniate, God cures, grants, justifies. And He does so in full measure. Men may say: "God has rejected you". But a confident soul thinks, *must think*: "God is just and good. He knows all reasons and is benign. He is more benign than the most benign of

men. He is infinitely so. Therefore He will not reject me if I lean my tear-stained face on His bosom and I say to Him: 'Father, I have but You. Your son is in anguish and depressed. Give me Your peace...''.

<sup>3</sup>I have been sent by God to gather those whom man has upset and Satan has overwhelmed and I save them. That is really My work. A miracle on a body is a manifestation of divine power. The redemption of souls is the work of Jesus Christ, the Saviour and Redeemer. I think, and I am not mistaken, that those who have been rehabilitated by Me in the eyes of God and in their own, will be My faithful disciples, the ones who with greater strength will be able to lead crowds of people to God saying: "Are you sinners? So am I. Are you depressed? So am I. Are you desperate? So was I. And yet you can see that the Messiah had mercy on my spiritual distress and He wanted me to be His priest. Because He is mercy and He wants the world to be convinced of that, and no man is more suitable to convince than he who has experienced such mercy in himself". Now I will put them on a par with My friends, and with those who have worshipped Me since I was born, that is, I will associate them with you and with the shepherds. In fact, I will set them alongside the shepherds, with those who have been cured, with those who without any special election, like you twelve, have followed My way and will follow it as long as they live. Isaac is near Arimathea, as requested by our friend Joseph. I will take Isaac with Me, so that he may join Timoneus when the latter arrives. You may join them, Joseph, if you think that there is peace in Me and a purpose for a whole life. They will be good brothers to you. »

<sup>4</sup>«O my Comfort! It is exactly as You say. My deep wounds, both as a man and as a believer, are being cured very quickly. I have been with You three days. And I feel that what was my torture only three days ago, is a dream that is fading away. I had that dream, but the more time elapses, the more its harsh details vanish before reality. During the past nights I have pondered over things. I have a good relative at Joppa. He was... the involuntary cause of my trouble, because it was through him that I met that woman. And that will tell You whether we were in a position to know whose daughter she was... True, she may have been the daughter of my father's first wife. But he was not the

father. Her name was different and she came from far away. She became acquainted with my relative through business transactions. And that is how I met her. My relative was very fond of my business. I am going to make him an offer. The business would come to an end without a master. I am sure he will buy it, also because he will not thereby feel remorse for the trouble he caused me. I will then be self-sufficient and I will be able to follow You without any worry. I only ask You to grant me that man Isaac You mentioned. I am afraid of being all alone with my thoughts. They are still too sad... »

«I will let you have Isaac. He is a kind soul. Sorrow has perfected him. He has carried his cross for thirty years. He knows what it means to suffer... In the meantime we will go ahead. And you will join us at Nazareth. »

«Are we not stopping at Joseph's? »

«Joseph is probably in Jerusalem... The Sanhedrin is very busy... We will find out from Isaac. If he is there, we will take him our peace. If he is not there we will stop only one night, to rest. I am anxious to reach Galilee. There is a Mother Who is suffering. You must remember that there are people who are keen to distress Her. I want to reassure Her. »

## 142. With the Twelve towards Samaria.

21<sup>st</sup> April 1945.

142. 1 <sup>1</sup>Jesus is with the twelve apostles. The region is still mountainous, but since the road is quite wide, they are all in a group and are speaking among themselves.

«But, now that we are all by ourselves, we can talk about it: why so much jealousy between the two groups? » asks Philip.

«Jealousy? It is nothing but pride! » replies Judas of Alphaeus.

«No. I say that it is only a pretext to justify, somehow, their unjust behaviour towards the Master. Under the cover of zeal for the Baptist, they succeed in driving Him away, without alienating the crowds too much» says Simon.

«I would unmask them. »

«Peter, we would do many things that He does not do. »

«Why does He not? »

«Because He knows it is better not to do so. All we have to do is to imitate Him. It is not for us to guide Him. And we must be happy about it. It is a great relief to have only to obey... »

«You are quite right, Simon» says Jesus, Who was walking ahead of them apparently pensive. «You are quite right. It is easier to obey than to command. It does not seem so, but it is. It is certainly easy when the spirit is good. And likewise it is difficult to command when the spirit is upright. Because a spirit that is not righteous gives irrational orders and worse than irrational. Then it is easy to command. But... how more difficult it is to obey! When a man is responsible for a place or a group of people, he must always be charitable and fair, wise and humble, moderate and patient, firm but not obstinate. Oh! It is difficult!... For the time being you have but to obey. You must obey God and your Master. You, and you are not the only one, wonder why I do or do not do certain things, you wonder why God allows or does not allow such things. See, Peter, and all of you, My friends. *One of the secrets of the perfect believer is not to set oneself as the interrogator of God.* “Why do You do that? ” a soul that is not completely formed asks God. And that soul seems to be taking the attitude of a wise adult before a little schoolboy and says: “That is not to be done. It is silly. It is wrong”. Who is above God?

<sup>2</sup>You now see that under the pretence of zeal for John I am being driven away. And you are scandalised. And you would like Me to put matters right by polemizing with those who maintain such principles. No, never. You have heard what the Baptist said through the mouths of his disciples: “He must grow greater, I must grow smaller”. There is no regret in him, no clinging to his position. A saint is not attached to such things. He does not work to increase the number of his “own” followers. He has *no* followers of his own. He works to increase the believers in God. God alone is entitled to have followers. Therefore, as I do not regret that some people, in good or in bad faith, remain disciples of the Baptist, so he is not distressed, as you have heard, if some of his disciples come to Me. He disregards such numerical pettiness. He looks at Heaven. And I look at Heaven. Do not argue, therefore, among yourselves, whether it is fair or unfair that the Jews should accuse Me of snatching disciples from the Baptist, whether it is just or unjust to allow people to say that. Those are

142.2

altercations of talkative women around the village fountain. Saints help one another, they give and exchange spirits with unreserved ease, smiling at the idea of working for the Lord.

142. 3 <sup>3</sup>I have baptized and *I made you baptize*, because the spirit is so dull, *nowadays*, that it is necessary to present sympathy, miracles and doctrine in a material form to it. Because of such spiritual dullness I will have to avail Myself of the help of material substances when I want to make you work miracles. But believe Me, the evidence of holiness is neither in the oil, nor in the water, nor in any other ceremony. The time is about to come when an impalpable, invisible thing, which materialists cannot conceive, will be the queen, the “returning queen”, powerful and holy with every holy thing and in every holy thing. Through it man will become again the “son of God” and will work what God works, because he will have God with him: Grace. That is the returning queen. Then baptism will be a sacrament. Then man will speak and understand the language of God and will give life and Life, he will give power of science and of strength, then... oh! then! But you are not yet mature to learn what Grace will grant you. Please help its coming by continuously training yourselves and forget useless and mean things.

142. 4 <sup>4</sup>There is the boundary of Samaria. Do you think I ought to speak there? »

«Oh! » They are all more or less scandalised.

«I solemnly tell you that there are Samaritans\* everywhere, and if I should not speak where there is a Samaritan, I should not speak anywhere. Come therefore. I will not make any effort to speak. But I will not disdain to speak of God if I am asked. One year is over. The second is beginning. It is between the beginning and the end. At the beginning the Master was still predominant. Now the Saviour is being revealed. The end will see the face of the Redeemer. Let us go. The more a river approaches its estuary,

\* Samaritans: A long-standing animosity and division existed between the inhabitants of Judaea and Samaria caused by racial, ethnic, political and religious differences. The Samaritans were considered impure, heathens and schismatic. The mere term was considered an insult. References can be found throughout the Bible, mainly in: 1King 12-13; 2King 17: 24-41; 2Chronicles 10; Matthews 10: 5-6; Luke 9: 51-55; 10: 30-37; 17: 11-19; John 4: 4-42; 8: 48. This Work confirms and deepens the conciliatory attitude of Jesus towards the Samaritans especially in 142. 4 - 143 - 281. 10 - 483. 1 - 484. 2 - 552. 2 - 560. 4/5.

the more it grows. I too am increasing the work of mercy because the end is approaching. »

«Are we going towards some big river after Galilee? Perhaps to the Nile? Or the Euphrates? » whisper some of the disciples.

«Perhaps we are going amongst the Gentiles... » reply others.

«Do not speak among yourselves. We are going towards “My” end. That is, towards the fulfillment of My mission. Listen carefully to what I say to you, because afterwards I will leave you and you will have to continue in My name. »

### 143. Photinai, the Samaritan woman.

22<sup>nd</sup> April 1945.

<sup>1</sup>«I will stop here. You go into town and buy what is necessary <sup>143.1</sup> for our meal. We shall eat here. »

«Shall we all go? »

«Yes, John. You had better be all together. »

«And what about You? You will be left alone... They are Samaritans... »

«They will not be the worst enemies of Christ. Go. I will pray, while waiting for you. I will pray for you and for them. »

The disciples reluctantly go away, and they turn around three or four times to look at Jesus, Who has sat down on a little wall, exposed to the sun, near the low broad edge of a well. It is a big well, so wide that it seems like a cistern. In summer it is shaded by tall trees, which are now bare. It is not possible to see the water, but the little puddles and ring marks of wet pitchers on the ground near the well, are clear signs that water has been drawn. Jesus sits down and meditates, in His usual attitude, His elbows resting on His knees, His hands stretched out and joined, His body slightly bent forward and His head lowered. When He feels the mild warmth of the sun, He lets His mantle drop from His head and shoulders and holds it around His waist. He raises His head and smiles at a flight of wrangling sparrows quarreling over a large crumb of bread, which someone has dropped near the well.

But the sparrows fly away when a woman arrives near the well. With her left hand she is holding an empty amphora by one



of its handles, whilst her right hand with a gesture of surprise pushes aside her veil to see who the man is who is sitting there. Jesus smiles at the thirty-five/forty year old woman. She is tall, with a beautiful strongly marked features. A Spanish type, we would say: a pale olive complexion, rather thick bright-red lips, dark eyes which are even exceedingly large, very dark eyebrows and hair, visible through her transparent veil. Also her rather plump figure is typically oriental and slightly soft, as is customary with Arab women. Her dress is a multicoloured striped robe, which is held very tight round her waist and her plump sides and breast, and then falls to the ground in a kind of flounce. She is wearing several rings on her rather plump dark fingers and bracelets on her wrists, which appear under her linen sleeves. Round her neck she wears a heavy necklace from which some medals are hanging; I should call them amulets because they are of all shapes. Heavy earrings hang down as far as her neck and shine under her veil.

143. 2 <sup>2</sup>«Peace be with you, woman. Will you give Me some water to drink? I have walked a long way and I am thirsty. »

«Are You not a Judaeon? And You ask me, a Samaritan woman, to give You a drink? What has happened? Have we been rehabilitated, or have you been routed? A great event must have taken place, if a Judaeon speaks kindly to a Samaritan woman. But I should say to You: “I will not give You anything, to punish in You all the insults the Jews have been heaping on us for centuries ”. »

«You are right. A great event has taken place. And because of it many things have changed and many more will change. God has granted a great gift to the world and through it many things have changed. If you knew the gift of God and Who is saying to you: “Give Me a drink”, perhaps you would have asked Him to give you a drink and He would have given you living water. »

«Living water is in the veins of the earth. It is in this well. But it is ours. » The woman’s tone is derisory and arrogant.

«Water comes from God. As bounty comes from God. As life comes from God. Everything belongs to the One Only God, woman. And all men come from God: Samaritans and Judaeans. Is this not Jacob’s well? And is not Jacob the head of our race? If later on an error divided us, that does not change our origin. »

«Of course, it was our error, was it not?» the woman asks aggressively.

«Neither ours nor yours. It was the error of one who had lost sight of Charity and Justice. I do not wish to offend you or your race. Why do you wish to strike an offensive attitude?»

«You are the first Judaeon whom I hear speak thus. The others... But reverting to the well, yes, it is Jacob's and its water is so plentiful and clear that we in Sychar prefer it to other fountains. But it is very deep. You have neither amphora nor bucket. How could You, therefore, draw living water for me? Are You greater than our holy Patriarch Jacob, who found this abundant vein for himself, his sons and his cattle and left it to us in his memory and as a gift?»

«You are right. But whoever drinks this water, will be thirsty again. I instead have a water that whoever drinks it will not be thirsty again. But it is only Mine. And I will give it to whoever asks Me for it. And I solemnly tell you that whoever has the water I give him, will always be satisfied and will never be thirsty again, because My water will be an unfailling eternal spring.»

«What? I do not understand. Are You a magician? How can a man become a well? A camel drinks and lays a supply of water in his big stomach. But he then consumes it and it does not last all his life. And You say that Your water lasts a whole lifetime?»

«Even longer: it will last until eternal life. In those who drink it, it will gush until eternal life and will give germs of eternal life, because it is a spring of health.»

«Give me some of that water, if You really have it. I get tired coming here. If I have it, I will not be thirsty anymore and I will never be ill or become old.»

<sup>3</sup>«Is that the only thing of which you get tired? Of nothing else? And do you only feel the need of drawing water to drink and satisfy your poor body? Think about it. There is something more important than your body. Your soul. Jacob did not procure only the water of the earth for himself and his sons. He was anxious to be holy and to bestow holiness, the water of God.» 143. 3

«You call us heathens... If what You say is true, we cannot be holy...» The woman's tone is no longer insolent and ironical and she is submissive and somewhat confused.

«Also a heathen can be virtuous. And God, Who is just, will

reward him for the good he has done. It will not be a complete reward, but I can tell you that between a guilty believer and an innocent heathen, God looks at the latter with less severity. And if you know you are such, why do you not come to the True God? What is your name? »

«Photinai. »

«Well, tell me, Photinai, are you sorry that you cannot aspire to holiness because you are a heathen, as you say, or because you are in the haze of an old error, as I say? »

«Yes, I am sorry. »

«Well, then, why do you not live at least as a virtuous heathen? »

«Lord!... »

«Yes, can you deny it? Go and call your husband and come back here with him. »

«I have no husband. » The embarrassment of the woman increases.

«You have spoken the truth. You have no husband. But you have had five men and you have one with you now who is not your husband. Was that necessary? Also your religion condemns lewdness. You have the Decalogue, too. Why, then, Photinai, do you live thus? Are you not tired of the exertion of being flesh for everybody, instead of being the honest wife of one man only? Are you not afraid of the evening of your life, when you will be all alone with your memories and regrets? And with your fears? Yes, all those. Fear of God and of ghosts. Where are your children? »

The woman lowers her head completely and does not reply.

«You have none in this world. But their little souls, whom you prevented from seeing the day of their birth, are reproaching you. And they always will. Jewels... beautiful dresses... a splendid house... a bountiful table... But emptiness, and tears, and interior misery. You are forlorn, Photinai. And only through sincere repentance, through God's forgiveness and consequently through your children's forgiveness, you can become rich again. »

143.4      4«Lord, I see that You are a prophet. And I am ashamed... »

«And when you were doing evil things, were you not ashamed of yourself before the Father Who is in Heaven? Do not weep out of dejection before the Man... Come here, Photinai. Come near Me. I will speak to you of God. Perhaps you did not know Him

well. And that is why you have been so faulty. If you had known the True God well, you would not have degraded yourself so much. He would have spoken to you and supported you... »

«Lord, our ancestors have worshipped on this mountain. You say that one must worship only in Jerusalem. But You said that there is only One God. Help me to see what I must do and where... »

«Woman, believe Me. Before long the Father will be worshipped neither on the mountain in Samaria nor in Jerusalem. You worship Him Whom you do not know. We worship Him Whom we know, because salvation comes from the Judaeans. I remind you of the Prophets. But the time will come, in fact it has already arrived, when the true worshippers will worship the Father in spirit and truth, no longer according to the ancient rite, but to the new one, where there will be no sacrifice of animals consumed by fire. There will be the eternal sacrifice of the Immaculate Victim consumed by the Fire of Charity. It will be a spiritual cult in a spiritual Kingdom. And it will be understood by those who are able to worship in spirit and truth. God is Spirit. Those who worship Him must do so spiritually. »

«You speak holy words. I know, because we also know something, that the Messiah is about to come: the Messiah, He Who is called also “Christ”. When He comes, He will teach us everything. Not far from here there is also one who is said to be His Precursor. And many go and listen to him. But he is so severe!... You are kind... and the souls of poor people are not afraid of You. I think that Christ will be good. They say that He is the King of Peace. Will it be long before He comes? »

«I have told you that His hour has already come. »

«How do You know? Are You perhaps one of His disciples? The Precursor has many disciples. Also Christ will have them. »

«I, Who am speaking to you, am Jesus Christ. »

«You!... Oh!... » The woman, who had sat down near Jesus, stands up and is about to run away.

«Woman, why are you running away? »

«Because I am struck with terror at being near You. You are holy. »

«I am the Saviour. I came here, although it was not necessary, because I knew that your soul was tired of wandering. You are

disgusted with your food... I have come to give you a new food,  
143.5 which will remove your nausea and tiredness... <sup>5</sup>Here are My  
disciples coming back with My food. But I have already been fed  
by giving you the first crumbs of your redemptions

The disciples glance at the woman out of the corners of their  
eyes, more or less prudently, but no one speaks. She goes away  
forgetting about her amphora and the water.

«Here, Master» says Peter. «The people have treated us very  
well. Here is some cheese, fresh bread, olives and apples. Take  
what You want. It's a good job that woman left her amphora. We  
shall draw water with it quicker than with our small flasks. We  
shall have a drink and then we shall fill them. And we shall not  
have to ask the Samaritans for anything else. Neither shall we  
have to go near their fountains. Are You not eating? I wanted to  
get some fish for You, but there was none. Perhaps You would  
have preferred it. You look tired and pale. »

«I have a food which is unknown to you. I will have some of it  
and it will restore Me considerably. »

The disciples look at one another inquisitively.

Jesus replies to their silent questions: «My food is to do the  
will of Him Who sent Me and to accomplish the work which He  
wants Me to complete. When a sower sows the seed, can he say  
that he has done everything and thus state that he can reap the  
harvest? Most certainly not. How much more there is still to be  
done before he may say: "My work is accomplished". And he can-  
not rest until that moment. Look at these little fields in the bright  
midday sunshine. Only a month ago, even less than a month ago,  
the soil was bare and dark because it was wet with rain. Look  
now. It looks as if it were covered by a light whitish veil, because  
of the many very pale-green corn stems, which have just come up  
and look even lighter because of the bright sunshine. That is the  
future crop and seeing it you say: "It will be harvest time in four  
months. The sowers will employ reapers, because if one man is  
quite sufficient to sow his field, many men are required to reap  
the harvest. And they are all happy. Both the man who sowed a  
small sack of corn, and now must prepare his granaries to store  
the crop, and those who in a few days earn enough to live on for  
a few months". Also in the spiritual field those who reap what I  
have sown will rejoice with Me and like Me, because I will give

them the wages and crops due to them. I will give them what to live on in My eternal Kingdom. You have but to reap. I have done the hardest work. And yet I say to you: "Come. Reap the harvest in My field. I am glad that you burden yourselves with the sheaves of My corn. When you have harvested all the corn that I, without ever tiring, have sown everywhere, then the will of God will be fulfilled and I will sit at the banquet in the Celestial Jerusalem". Here the Samaritans are coming with Photinai. Be kind to them. They are souls coming to God. »

#### 144. The Samaritans invite Jesus to Sychar.

23<sup>rd</sup> April 1945.

<sup>1</sup>A group of Samaritan dignitaries are coming towards Jesus, <sup>144.1</sup> led by Photinai. «God be with You, Rabbi. This woman has told us that You are a prophet and that You do not disdain speaking to us. We beg You to stay with us and not to refuse to speak to us, because if it is true that we are cut off from Judah, that does not mean that only Judah is holy and that all the error is in Samaria. Also amongst us there are some just people. »

«I told her exactly the same. I will not impose Myself, neither will I reject those who seek Me. »

«You are just. <sup>2</sup>The woman told us that You are Christ. Is that <sup>144.2</sup> true? Reply to us in the name of God. »

«I am. The Messianic epoch has come. Israel is united by her King. And not only Israel. »

«But You will be the Messiah for those who... are not in error, as we are» remarks an imposing elderly man.

«Man, I see that you are their leader and I also see that you are honestly seeking the Truth. Now, listen to Me since you are learned in the holy scriptures. I was told\* what the Spirit said to Ezekiel, entrusting him with the prophetic mission: "Son of man, I send you to the people of Israel, to a nation of rebels, who have rebelled against Me... They are impudent and stubborn children... They may listen to you and then not keep your words, which are My words, because they are a rebellious house, but at

\* I was told, in Ezekiel 2: 2-8.

least they will know that there is a prophet among them. Therefore, be not afraid of them, nor be afraid of their words, because they are unbelieving and rebellious... And you shall speak My words to them, whether they listen or not. Do what I tell you, hear what I say to you, be not rebellious like them. Eat, therefore, whatever food I give you". And I came. I do not flatter Myself and I do not expect to be received as a triumphant victor. But since the will of God is My honey, here I am to fulfill it, and if you wish I will tell you the words that the Spirit said to Me. »

«How can the Eternal Father have thought of us? »

«Because He is love, My childrens

«Not all the Rabbis in Judah say so. »

«But that is what the Messiah of the Lord tells you. »

144. 3    3«It is written that the Messiah is to be born of a virgin in Judah. Of whom and where were You born? »

«In Bethlehem Ephrata, of Mary of the House of David, by means of a spiritual conception. I ask you to believe Me. » Jesus' beautiful voice is a declaration of triumphant joy in proclaiming His Mother's virginity.

«Your face is shining with a bright light. No, it is not possible for You to lie. The faces of the children of darkness are gloomy and their eyes are grim. You are bright; Your eyes are as bright as the morning star and Your words are true. Please come to Sychar and teach the children of this people. Then You will go away... and we will remember the Star that appeared in our sky... »

«Why would you not follow it? »

«How can we? » They are talking while walking towards the town. «We are cut off. At least that is what they say. But we were born in this faith and we do not know whether it is right to abandon it. Further... well, I feel I can tell You. After all we have eyes to see and minds to think. When we pass through your country, on journeys or on business, not everything we see is so holy as to persuade us that God is with you Judaeans or with you Galileans. »

«I solemnly tell you that the remainder of Israel will be charged with not persuading and leading you back to God by means of good examples and charity, instead of offending and anathematizing you. »

«How much wisdom there is in You. Have you all heard Him? »

They all nod assent whispering their admiration.

4They have in the meantime reached the town and many people draw near while they walk towards a house. 144.4

«Listen, Rabbi. Since You are wise and good, please resolve a doubt of ours. A great deal of our future depends on it. As You are the Messiah and thus the Restorer of David's Kingdom, You must be happy to rejoin this severed limb to the body of the state. Are You not? »

«I am not so much interested in reuniting the severed parts of what is perishable and transient, as to lead all the souls back to God, and I am happy when I restore the Truth to a heart. But express your doubt. »

«Our fathers sinned. Since then the souls of Samaritans have been disliked by God. What benefit will we receive if we follow Good? We will always be like lepers in the eyes of God. »

«Your regret is the eternal dissatisfaction of all schismatics. Once again I will reply\* to you with Ezekiel: "All souls are Mine" says the Lord. "The soul of the father as well as the soul of the son. Only the soul that sins shall die. If a man is righteous, if he is not an idolator, if he does not fornicate, or steal or lend at an interest, if he has mercy both on the body and on the soul of his neighbour, he is righteous in My eyes and shall live a true life". And further on. "If a just man has a rebellious son, shall that son live because his father was a just man? He shall not live". And also: "If the son of a sinner is a righteous man, will he die like his father, because he is his son? No, he shall live eternal life because he was just". It would not be fair if one had to suffer for the iniquity of another. The soul that has sinned shall die. The soul that has not sinned shall not die. And if he who has sinned is repentant and comes to the Justice, behold, he shall have true life, too. The Lord God, the One and Only Lord, says: "I do not want the death of the sinner, but I want him to repent and live". That is why He sent Me, wandering children: that you may have true life. I am the Life. He who believes in Me and in Him Who sent Me will have eternal life, even if up to the present moment he was a sinner. »

«Here we are at my house, Master. Do You not detest entering it? »

\* I will reply, as in Ezekiel 18.



«I only detest sin. »

«Come in, then, and stay. We shall break our bread together and then, if it is not a burden to You, You will explain the word of God to us. That word has a different flavour when it is explained by You... and we are tortured by a doubt: we do not feel sure that we are right... »

«Everything would be appeased if you dared to come openly to the Truth. May God speak to your hearts. It is getting dark. Tomorrow, at the third hour I will speak to you at some length, if you wish so. Go now with the Mercy which is close to you. »

## 145. The first day in Sychar.

24<sup>th</sup> April 1945.

145. 1 <sup>1</sup>Jesus is speaking to a large crowd in the centre of a square. He has climbed onto a stone bench near the fountain. The crowds are around Him. Also the Twelve are around Him... their faces are dismayed, or annoyed, or they clearly show disgust at certain contacts. Bartholomew and the Iscariot in particular clearly show their embarrassment and to be as far as possible from the Samaritans; the Iscariot is sitting astride the branch of a tree as if he wanted to dominate the scene, while Bartholomew is leaning against a door in a corner of the square. The prejudice is evident and clearly visible in all of them.

Jesus, on the contrary, has not changed His usual attitude in the least. Indeed I would say that He is endeavouring to prevent His majesty from frightening the people and at the same time He tries to let it shine to remove all doubts. He caresses two or three little ones and asks them their names. He takes an interest in an old man to whom He gives alms Himself. He replies to two or three questions, which are put to Him on private matters, not on general problems.

145. 2 <sup>2</sup>The first one is the request of a father whose daughter had eloped and is now begging to be forgiven.

«Forgive her at once. »

«But I suffered because of her, Master. And I still suffer. In less than a year I have grown ten years older. »

«Forgiveness will relieve you. »

«It is not possible. The wound is still there. »

«That is true. But in the wound there are two parts that hurt.

One is the undeniable affront you received from your daughter. The other is the effort to cease loving her. Remove at least the latter. Forgiveness, which is the highest form of love, will remove it. You must consider, poor father, that your daughter was born of you and is always entitled to your love. If you knew that she was suffering from a physical disease and that she would die, unless you cured her yourself, would you let her die? Most certainly not. Consider then that you, with your forgiveness can put an end to her illness and bring her back sound in her instinct. Because you must realise that she was overwhelmed by the most basic material instinct. »

«So You would advise me to forgive her? »

«You must. »

«How will I be able to see her move about the house, and not curse her for what she has done? »

«In that case you would not forgive her. Your forgiveness must not consist in opening the door of your house to her once again, but in reopening your heart. Be good, man. What? Shall we not have for our own child the patience we have for a restless steer? »

<sup>3</sup>A woman, instead, asks Jesus whether she ought to marry her brother-in-law to give a father to her little orphans. <sup>145.3</sup>

«Do you think he will be a *real* father to them? »

«Yes, Master, I do. They are three boys. It takes a man to guide them. »

«Marry him, then, and be a faithful wife to him, as you were to your first husband. »

<sup>4</sup>The third man asks Him whether he will be doing the right thing or not by accepting an invitation to go to Antioch. <sup>145.4</sup>

«Man, why do you want to go there? »

«Because I have not enough means here for myself and my large family. I met a Gentile who would employ me because he saw how skillful I am in my work and he would take on my sons as well. But I would not like... the scruple of a Samaritan may seem strange to You, but there it is. I would not like to lose our faith. That man, You know, is a heathen! »

«So? Nothing contaminates unless one wants to be contaminated. Go to Antioch and be of the True God. He will guide you

and you will be the benefactor of your master, who will acquire the knowledge of God through your honesty. »

<sup>5</sup>He then begins speaking to the crowd.

145. 5

«I have heard many of you and I have perceived that each of your hearts is filled by a secret sorrow, a grief of which you are not even aware. Your sorrow has been accumulating for centuries and neither the reasons expressed by you nor the insults hurled at you can dissolve it. On the contrary it becomes deeper and deeper and weighs like snow that becomes ice.

I am not one of you, neither am I one of those who accuse you. I am Justice and Wisdom. And once again I will quote Ezekiel to solve your case. He speaks\* of Samaria and Jerusalem in a prophetic style, and he says that they are daughters of one mother and calls them Oholah and Oholibah. The first to fall into idolatry was the former, whose name is Oholah, because she was already deprived of the spiritual help from union with the Father of Heaven. *Union with God is always salvation.* She changed *true* wealth, *true* power, *true* wisdom with the poor wealth, power and wisdom of one who was inferior to God, who was even lower than she was, and she was seduced to such an extent as to become the slave of the way of living of her seducer. She wanted to be strong, and instead became weak. She wanted to be superior, and became inferior. She became insane because she was imprudent. It is not easy for one to get rid of an infection, when one has imprudently become infected by it. You may say: "Inferior? No. We were great". Yes, you were great, but how? At what cost? You know. How many people, also amongst women, become rich at the dreadful cost of their honour! They achieve something that may come to an end. They lose something that never ends: their reputation.

When Oholibah saw that Oholah's folly had brought her wealth, she wanted to imitate her and became more deranged than her sister, and was twice as guilty, because she had the True God with her and she should never have trodden on the strength that she received from that union. And a terrible severe punishment was inflicted on the twice crazy fornicatrix Oholibah, and a more severe punishment will be imposed. God will turn His

\* He speaks, in *Ezekiel 23*.

back on her. He is already doing so, in order to go to those who do not belong to Judah. Neither can God be accused of being unfair, because He does not impose Himself. He opens His arms to everybody, He invites everybody, but if one says to Him: "Go away", He goes away. He goes to seek love elsewhere, to invite other people, until He finds someone who says to Him: "I will come". I therefore say to you that you can find relief from your torture, you must find it, by meditating on what I told you. Oholah, recover your consciousness. God is calling you.

The wisdom of man consists in acknowledging his faults, the wisdom of the spirit lies in loving the True God and His Truth. Do not look at Oholibah, or Phoenicia, or Egypt, or Greece. Look at God. That is the Fatherland of every righteous soul: Heaven. There are not many laws, but one only: God's. Through the law one achieves Life. Do not say: "We sinned", but say: "We do not want to sin anymore". You have the proof that God still loves you and that He has sent His Word to say to you: "Come". I say to you: "Come". Have you been offended and proscribed? By whom? By your own fellow creatures. But God is above them and He says to you: "Come". The day will come when you will rejoice because you were not in the Temple... Your hearts will rejoice at that. But souls will rejoice even more because God's forgiveness will already have descended upon the righteous hearts scattered throughout Samaria. Prepare His coming. Come to the universal Saviour, o children of God, who have lost your way. »

<sup>6</sup>«Some of us at least would come. But those on the other side <sup>145.6</sup> do not want us. »

«And once again with the priest and prophet\* I say to you: "I am about to take the stick of Joseph, which is in the hand of Ephraim and the tribes of Israel associated with him and I will join it to the stick of Judah and turn them into one stick..." »  
Do not go to the Temple. Come to Me. I do not reject anyone. I am called the King dominating over everybody. I am the King of kings. I will purify all people if they wish to be purified. I will gather you together, o herds without shepherds or with idol-shepherds, because I am the Good Shepherd. I will give you one tabernacle only and I will place it in the midst of My believers.

\* prophet, *Ezekiel 37: 19.*

That tabernacle will be the source of life, the bread of life, it will be light, salvation, protection, wisdom. It will be everything, because it will be the Living One given as food to the dead to make them live, it will be God Whose holiness will overflow to sanctify. That is what I am and will be. The days of hatred, of incomprehension, of fear have come to an end. Come! People of Israel! People separated! People afflicted! People remote! You are a dear people, infinitely dear, because you are ill and weak, because you have been wounded by an arrow that has opened the veins of your souls and has let the vital union with your God escape. Come! Come to the bosom where you were born, come to the breast from which you received life. Kindness and warmth are still here for you. Come! Come to Life and to Salvation. »

#### 146. The second day in Sychar and farewell to the Samaritans.

25<sup>th</sup> April 1945.

146.1 <sup>1</sup>Jesus says to the Samaritans of Sychar: «Before leaving you, as I have other children to evangelize, I want to show you the shining paths of hope, and set you on them saying to you: you may go safely as the goal is certain. Today I will not quote the great Ezekiel; I will quote Jeremiah's favourite disciple, a most great Prophet.

Baruch speaks for you. Oh! He really takes your souls and speaks on behalf of them all to the Sublime God Who is in Heaven. Your souls. I do not mean only the souls of the Samaritans, but all your souls, o families of the chosen people who have fallen into manifold sins; and He also takes your souls, o Gentile people, who feel there is an unknown God among the many gods you worship, a God Whom your souls perceive to be the Only True God and Whom your dullness prevents you from seeking and knowing, as your souls would wish. At least a moral law was given to you, o Gentiles and idolaters, because you are men, and man has in himself an essence that comes from God, and its name is spirit, which always speaks of and suggests nobility and urges for holy things in life. And you have compelled it to become the slave of your vicious flesh, infringing the human moral law

that you had, thus becoming sinners, also from a human point of view and you lowered the concept of your faith and yourselves to a level of brutality that makes you inferior to animals. And yet listen. You all listen. The deeper your knowledge of the moral supernatural Law given to you by the True God, the more you will understand and, consequently, act accordingly.

<sup>2</sup>He prays\* — and this is the prayer that is to be said by your <sup>146.2</sup> hearts humiliated by a noble humbleness, which is not degradation or pusillanimity, but an exact knowledge of one's miserable conditions, as well as a holy desire to find means of improving them spiritually — Baruch thus prays: “Look down, Lord, from Your holy dwelling place, take heed of us and listen. Look at us, Lord and consider; the dead down in Sheol, whose breath has been taken from their bodies, are not the ones to give glory and due observance to the Lord; the person overcome with affliction, who goes his way bowed down and frail, with failing eyes and hungering soul, he is the one to give You glory, Lord, and due observance”. Baruch weeps humbly, and every just soul should weep with him, seeing and calling by their true names the misfortunes that have turned a strong people into a sad, divided and subdued one: “We did not listen to Your voice and so You carried out what You had promised through Your servants the prophets... and behold the bones of our kings and of our ancestors have been dragged from their resting places and have been tossed out to the heat of the day and the frost of the night and people died in dreadful agony, from famine, sword and plague. And so because of the wickedness of the House of Israel and the House of Judah, You have reduced this Temple, where Your Name was invoked, to what it is today”.

Oh! Children of the Father, do not say: “Both our Temple and yours have been rebuilt and are beautiful”. No. A tree split by a thunderbolt from its top down to the roots will not survive. It may just vegetate in a miserable manner through an effort to live by means of the shoots coming from the roots, which are reluctant to die, but it will be barren brushwood, it will no longer be a healthy tree, laden with wholesome sweet fruit. The ruin that started with the separation, grows worse and worse, al-

\* He prays: Baruch 2: 16-18. 24-26; 3: 1-17.

though the material structure does not appear to be damaged, on the contrary it looks beautiful and new. It crushes down the consciences that live in it. And then the hour will come when every supernatural flame will be extinguished and the Temple will be deprived of its very life, the Temple, an altar of precious metal, which can subsist only if it is continuously smelted by the warmth of its ministers' faith and charity; and icy, dull, soiled, full of dead bodies, it will become putrefaction upon which foreign crows and the avalanche of divine punishment will rush to ruin it completely.

Pray, children of Israel, weeping with Me, your Saviour. May My voice support yours and reach up to the throne of God, as it is able to. He who prays with Christ, the Son of the Father, is heard by God, the Father of the Son. Let us say the old just prayer of Baruch: "And now, Almighty Lord, God of Israel, every soul in anguish, every troubled heart cries to You. Listen and have pity, o Lord. You are a Merciful God, have mercy on us for we have sinned in Your sight. You sit enthroned forever, and shall we perish continually? Almighty Lord, God of Israel, hear the prayer of the dead of Israel and of their sons, who have sinned against You. They did not listen to the voice of the Lord their God, hence the disasters that have befallen us. Do not call to mind the misdeeds of our ancestors, but remember instead Your power and Your Name... Because we invoke Your Name and we turn from the wickedness of our ancestors, have mercy on us".

Pray thus and be truly converted, by returning to true wisdom, which is the wisdom of God. It can be found in the Book of God's commandments and in the Law that lasts forever, and that I, the Messiah of God, have now come to bring to the poor of the world in its simple unchangeable form, announcing them the Gospel of the time of Redemption, of Forgiveness, of Love, of Peace. He who believes in that Word will reach eternal life.

146.3 <sup>3</sup>I leave you, citizens of Sychar, who have been good to the Messiah of God. I leave you with My peace. »

«Stay a little longer. »

«Come back again. »

«No one will ever speak to us as You did. »

«May You be blessed, good Master. »

«Bless my little one. »

«Pray for me, since You are a Saint. »  
«Allow me to keep one of Your fringes, as a blessing. »  
«Remember Abel. »  
«And me, Timothy. »  
«And me, Jorai. »  
«I will remember you all. Peace be with you. »

They go with Him for a few hundred yards out of town, and then they slowly go back...

## 147. Healing of a woman from Sychar. The conversion of Photinai.

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

<sup>1</sup>Jesus is walking ahead of the apostles, alone, close to a hedge <sup>147.1</sup> of prickly cactus, the thick leaves of which are shining in the sun and seem to be deriding all the other bare plants. One can see on them a few surviving fruits which age has coloured brick-red and an odd early flower pleasantly bright in its yellow-cinnebar hue.

Behind Him, the apostles are whispering to one another, and I get the impression that they are not really speaking in praise of the Master. All of a sudden Jesus turns around and says\*: «Keep watching the wind and you will never sow, stare at the clouds and you will never reap. It is an old proverb and I follow it. And you can see that where you were afraid of ill winds and did not want to stop, I found a fertile soil and the possibility of sowing. And notwithstanding “your” clouds, which, may I tell you, you ought not to display where Mercy wants to show His sunshine, I am sure I have already harvested. »

«However, no one asked You for a miracle. Their faith in You is very odd! »

«And do you think, Thomas, that faith is illustrated only by requesting miracles? You are wrong. It is the very opposite. If a man wants a miracle to be able to believe, it means that without the tangible proof of the miracle, he would not believe. He who instead says: “I believe” in somebody else’s word, shows the greatest faith. »

\* and says, *Ecclesiastes 11: 4*.



«So the Samaritans are better than we are!»

«I am not saying that. But in their state of spiritual disability they have shown a much greater capacity for understanding God than the believers in Palestine. You will find that very often in your lifetime, and I would ask you to remember this instance so that you will know how to act without prejudice towards the souls who turn to the faith in Christ.»

«But, Jesus, forgive me for telling You, I think that with all the hatred against You, it does You no good to give rise to new accusations. If the members of the Sanhedrin knew that You have...»

«You may very well say: “loved”, because that is what I have done and I do, James. And since you are My cousin, you can understand that I can but love. I have shown to you that I always love also those who were against Me amongst My kinsfolk and countrymen. And should I not love those people who respected Me, although they did not know Me? The members of the Sanhedrin can do all the harm they like. But it is not the thought of such future evil that will stop the effusion of My omnipresent and omniscient love. In any case... even if I did... I would not prevent the Sanhedrin from finding accusations in their hatred.»

«But, Master, You are wasting Your time in an idolatrous country, whilst so many places in Israel are expecting You. You say that every hour is to be consecrated to the Lord. Are the hours spent here not lost?»

«The day spent in gathering the lost sheep is not lost. It is not lost, Philip. It is said: “A man multiplies offerings by keeping the Law... but by having mercy he offers a sacrifice”. It is said: “Give the Most High as He has given to you, generously as your means can afford”. I do that, My friend. And the time devoted to sacrifice is not wasted. I show mercy and I make use of the means I received by offering My work to God. Therefore be calm. <sup>147.2</sup>In any case... He who wanted a request for a miracle to be convinced that the people in Sychar believe in Me, is now satisfied. That man is certainly following us for some reason. Let us stop.»

A man in fact is coming towards them. He seems to be bent under a large bundle that he is carrying on his shoulders. When he sees the group stop, he stops too.

«He wants to harm us. He stopped because he saw that we no-

ticed him. Oh! They are Samaritans! »

«Are you sure, Peter? »

«Of course I am! »

«Well, then. You all stay here. I will go and meet him. »

«Never, my Lord. If You go, I will come, too. »

«Come, then. »

Jesus walks towards the man. Peter jogs along beside Him, curious and hostile at the same time. When they are a few yards from the man, Jesus says: «What do you want, man? Whom are you looking for? »

«For You. »

«Why did you not look for Me when I was in town? »

«I did not dare... If You had rejected me in the presence of everybody, I would have suffered too much and would have been ashamed. »

«You could have called Me as soon as I was alone with My disciples. »

«I was hoping to reach You when You were alone, as Photinai did. I also have a serious reason for being alone with You... »

«What do you want? What are you carrying on your shoulders so heavily? »

«My wife. A spirit has taken possession of her and has turned her into a dead body and a dull intelligence. I have to feed her, dress her and carry her like a baby. It happened all of a sudden, without any disease... They call her the "possessed woman". It causes me much pain. And work. And expenses. Look. » The man lays on the ground his bundle containing an inert body wrapped in a mantle, as if it were a sack, and he uncovers the face of a woman, who is still young. If she did not breathe, one would say that she was dead. Her eyes are closed, her mouth is half open... her face looks as if she had breathed her last breath.

Jesus bends over the poor woman lying on the ground, looks at her, looks at the man: «Do you think that I can? Why do you believe it? »

«Because You are Christ. »

«But you have not seen anything that proves it. »

«I heard Your word. That is enough. »

<sup>3</sup>«Peter, do you hear him? What do you think I should do now, <sup>147.3</sup> in the presence of such good faith? »

«Well... Master... you... I... As You wish, after all. » Peter is very embarrassed.

«Yes, I will do as I wish. Man, look. » Jesus takes the woman by the hand and says: «Go out of her. I want it. »

The woman, so far motionless, is shaken by a dreadful convulsion: at first she is silent, then she shouts and groans and finally bursts into a loud cry, during which she opens her eyes wide as if she were awaking from a nightmare. She then calms down and somewhat bewildered she looks around, staring first at Jesus, the Unknown Man smiling at her... she then looks at the dust on the road where she is lying, she gazes at a tuft of grass that has grown on the edge of the road and on which the tiny white-red heads of daisies seem pearls about to open out in a halo of rays. She looks at the cactus hedge, at the deep blue sky, and looking around she sees her husband... who full of anxiety is watching every movement of hers. She smiles and now, fully free, she jumps to her feet and seeks refuge on the chest of her husband, who caresses and embraces her, weeping.

«What is it? How am I here? Why? Who is that man? »

«He is Jesus, the Messiah. You were ill and He has cured you. Tell Him that you love Him. »

«Oh! Yes. Thank You... But what was the matter with me? My children... Simon... I do not remember the past, but I remember I have some children... »

Jesus says: «You need not remember the past. Always remember the present day. And be good. Goodbye. Be good and God will be with you. » And Jesus withdraws quickly, followed by the blessings of both of them.

When He reaches the others who remained behind, close to the hedge, He does not speak to them. But He addresses Peter: «So? You were sure that that man wanted to hurt Me, what are you going to say now? Simon, Simon! How much you still lack to be perfect! How much you all lack! With the exception of their well known idolatry, you have all the sins of those people and arrogance in judging over and above. Let us have our meal now. We cannot reach before night the place I wanted to. We shall sleep in some barn, if we do not find anything better. »

The Twelve, with a sense of reproach in their hearts, sit down without speaking and take their food. It is a peaceful day and the

sun shines on the country which slopes towards a plain in mild undulations.

<sup>4</sup>After their meal they stop for a little while, until Jesus stands up and says: «Simon and Andrew, come with Me. I am going to see whether that house is a friendly one or not. » And He goes away while the others stay and are silent, until James of Alphaeus says to Judas Iscariot: «Is that woman coming here not the woman of Sychar? » 147. 4

«Yes, she is. I know her by her dress. I wonder what she wants. »

«She will be wanting to go her way» replies Peter sulkily.

«No, she is looking in our direction, shielding her eyes with her hand. »

They watch her until she is near them and asks in a low voice: «Where is your Master? »

«He has gone away. Why do you want Him? »

«I need Him. »

«He does not waste His time with women» replies Peter coldly.

«I know. Not with women. But I am the soul of a woman who needs Him. »

«Leave her alone» suggests Judas of Alphaeus. And he replies to Photinai: «Wait. He will soon be back. »

The woman withdraws to a little corner where the road bends and she remains still and silent, while no one pays attention to her.

Jesus is soon back and Peter says: «Here is the Master. Tell Him what you want and be quick. »

The woman does not even reply to him, but goes towards Jesus and kneels down at His feet. She is silent.

«Photinai, what do you want from Me? »

«Your help, my Lord. I am so weak. And I do not want to sin anymore. I have already told the man. But now that I am no longer a sinner, I know nothing. I do not know what good is. What shall I do? Please tell me. I am mud. But Your feet tread on the road to go towards souls. Trample on my mud, but come to my soul with Your advice. » She is weeping.

«You cannot follow Me, a lonely woman as you are. But if you really do not want to sin anymore and you want to learn how not to sin, then go back to your house with a repentant mind and

wait. The day will come, when amongst many more women who have also been redeemed, you will be able to be near your Redeemer and learn the science of Goodness. Go. Be not afraid. Persevere in your present will not to sin. Goodbye. »

The woman kisses the ground, stands up, retreats for a few yards, then goes away, towards Sychar...

## 148. Jesus visits the Baptist near Ennon.

27<sup>th</sup> April 1945.

148.1 <sup>1</sup>It is a clear moonlight night, so clear that the ground appears in all its details and the fields, covered with corn which has just come up look like green-silver plush carpets, on which the country paths seem like dark stripes, watched over by the tree trunks that are white on the moonlit side and completely dark on the other.

Jesus is walking steadfast and alone. He proceeds very fast along His way until He reaches a stream that is flowing down gurgling towards the plain in a north-east direction. He goes upstream as far as a lonely spot near a woody slope. He moves to one side, climbs up a steep path and arrives at a natural cave on the side of the hill.

He goes in and bends over a body that is lying on the ground and can be seen only indistinctly in the moonlight, which shines on the path outside but does not illuminate the cave. He calls him: «John. »

The man awakes and sits up, still drowsy. But he soon realises Who is calling him and jumps to his feet, then prostrates himself saying: «How is it that my Lord came to me? »

«To make your heart and Mine happy. You wanted Me, John. Here I am. Get up. Let us go out into the moonlight and sit and talk on the rock near the grotto. »

John obeys, gets up and goes out. But when Jesus sits down, he kneels down in front of Christ. He is wearing a sheepskin, which hardly covers his very lean body, and he pushes back his long dishevelled hair, which had fallen over his eyes, to see the Son of God better.

The contrast between them is very strong. Jesus is pale and

fair-haired, His hair is soft and tidy and His beard is trimmed round the lower part of His face. John is like a bush of very dark hair, in which two deep set eyes can be seen: two feverish eyes, I would say, as they shine so much in their jet black setting.

<sup>2</sup>«I have come to thank you. You have fulfilled and are fulfilling, with the perfection of Grace within you, your mission as My Precursor. When the hour comes, you will enter Heaven beside Me, because you will have deserved everything from God. And in the expectation, you will already be in the peace of the Lord, My beloved friend. »

148.2

«I will enter peace very soon, my Master and God, bless Your servant to strengthen him for his last trial. I am aware it is now near and that there is still one witness I have to bear: the witness of my blood. And You are aware more than I am that my hour is about to arrive. The merciful bounty of Your Divine heart has brought You here, to fortify the last martyr of Israel and the first of the new era. Tell me one thing only: will I have to wait long for Your coming? »

«No, John. Not much longer than the time that elapsed between your birth and Mine. »

«May the Most High be blessed for that. Jesus... may I call You so? »

«You can, because of our blood and your holiness. The Name, which also sinners pronounce, can be pronounced by the holy one in Israel. It is salvation for them, let it be kindness to you. What do you want from Jesus, your Master and cousin? »

«I am about to die. As a father is anxious for his children, so I am anxious for my disciples. My disciples... You are a Master and You know how fondly we love them. My only fear in dying is that they may get lost like sheep without a shepherd. Please gather them. I give You back the three who are Yours and who have been perfect disciples while waiting for You. They, and Matthew in particular, really possess wisdom. I have some more and they will come to You. Allow me to entrust those three to You personally. They are the dearest. »

«And they are dear to Me. Do not worry, John. They shall not perish. Neither those three, nor the other *true* disciples of yours. I will collect your inheritance and look after it as the dearest treasure received from the perfect friend and servant of the Lord. »

<sup>3</sup>John prostrates himself to the ground, and what seems impossible in such an austere individual, he bursts into tears sobbing out of spiritual joy.

Jesus lays a hand on his head: «Your joyful and humble tears are in unison with a song of long ago at the sound of which your little heart leapt out of joy. The song and your tears are the same hymn of praise to the Eternal Father, Who “has done great things, He that is Mighty, to humble souls”. Also My Mother is about to intone once again the song that She sang then. But later, the greatest glory will also come to Her as to you after your martyrdom. I convey Her greetings to you as well. You deserve all respect and comfort. Here it is only the hand of the Son of man, which is laid on your head, but Light and Love are descending from the open Heavens to bless you, John. »

«I do not deserve so much. I am Your servant. »

«You are My John. On that day at the Jordan, I was the Messiah Who was being revealed; here, now, it is your cousin and God Who wishes to give you the viaticum of His love as God and as a relative. Get up, John. Let us kiss each other goodbye. »

«I do not deserve so much. I have longed so much for it, all my life. But I dare not do that to You. You are my God. »

«I am your Jesus. Goodbye. My soul will be near yours until peace comes. Live and die in peace for the sake of your disciples. That is all I can give you for the time being. But in Heaven I will give you one hundredfold, because you have found grace in the eyes of God. »

Jesus has lifted him and embraced him, kissing him on his cheeks and being kissed by him. Then John kneels once again and Jesus lays both hands on his head and prays with His eyes turned to Heaven. He seems to be consecrating him. He is impressive. They are silent for some time. Then Jesus takes His leave with His kind greeting: «May peace be always with you» and He resumes the same road as before.

149. The inheritance of the Baptist. The time  
of death for the apostles. The love of God in John.

28<sup>th</sup> April 1945.

<sup>1</sup>«My Lord, why do You not rest during the night? Last night I got up and did not find You. Your place was empty», Simon Zealot says. <sup>149.1</sup>

«Why were you looking for Me, Simon? »

«I wanted to give You my mantle. I was afraid You might feel cold in the limpid but very cold night. »

«And were you not cold? »

«In many years of misery I got accustomed to being badly dressed, badly fed and badly lodged... That valley of the dead!... How horrible! Just now it was not the case. But the next time we go to Jerusalem, because we will certainly go there, come, my Lord, to that place of death. There are so many unhappy people there... and their physical misery is not the worst... What the most tortures and consumes them is their desperation.... Do You not think, my Lord, that lepers are too harshly treated? »

The Iscariot replies to the Zealot, who is pleading the cause of his old companions, before Jesus does: «So you would leave them amongst the people? So much the worst for them if they are lepers! »

«That's all we need to make the Jews martyrs! How lovely it would be to have lepers walking in the streets in addition to the soldiers and other things!...» exclaims Peter.

«I think it is a fair and wise step to keep them confined» remarks James of Alphaeus.

«Yes. But it should be done in a charitable manner. You do not realise what it is to be a leper. You cannot speak about them. If it is fair to take due care of our bodies, why are we not equally fair to the souls of lepers? Who speaks to them of God? And God only knows how much they need to think of God and of peace in their utter desolation! »

«Simon, you are right. I will go to them. Because it is just and to teach you all such mercy. So far I have cured the lepers that I met by chance. So far, that is, until I was driven out of Judaea. I addressed the great people in Judaea, as they are the most remote and in the greatest need of redemption, in order to be of



help to the Redeemer. As I am now convinced that such an attempt is quite useless, I am abandoning it. I will no longer address the mighty ones, but the lower and miserable people in Israel. And the lepers in the valley of the dead will be amongst them. I will not disappoint the faith that those, who have been evangelized by the grateful leper, have in Me. »

«How do You know, my Lord, that I did that? »

«As I know what friends and enemies, whose hearts I search, think of Me. »

149. 2    2«Goodness gracious! You really know everything about us, Master! » shouts Peter.

«Yes, I do. And also that you, and not only you, wanted to send Photinai away. Do you not know that you are not allowed to send a soul away from good? Do you not know that to get to the heart of a town you must be most kind and merciful also towards those whom human society, which is not holy because it is not identified with God, calls and judges unworthy of mercy? But do not be upset because I know all that. Be sorry only that the sentiments of your hearts are not approved of by God and endeavour not to have them in future. I told you, the first year is over. In the new year I will proceed along My way with new forms. In the second year you must make progress, too. Otherwise it would be useless for Me to get tired evangelizing, and super-evangelizing you, My future priests. »

149. 3    3«Did You go and pray, Master? You promised to teach us Your prayers. Will You do that this year? »

«I will. But I want to teach you to be good. Goodness is already a prayer. But I will do it, John. »

«And will You teach us also to do miracles this year? » asks the Iscariot.

«Miracles are not taught. They are not the game of a juggler. A miracle comes from God. He who has grace in the eyes of God obtains it. If you learn to be good, you will have grace and obtain miracles. »

149. 4    4«But You are not answering our question. Simon asked You and John asked You, but You have not told us where You went last night. It could be dangerous to go out alone in a heathen country. »

«I went to make a righteous soul happy and since he is doomed

to death, I went to collect his inheritances

«Did You? Was it a large one? »

«Yes, Peter, very large and of great value. The fruit of the work of a true just man. »

«But I have not seen anything in Your bag. Are they jewels which You are carrying on You? »

«Yes, jewels that are most dear to My heart. »

«Let us see them, Lord. »

«I will have them when the man doomed to death dies. For the time being he needs them, and I need them to be where they are. »

«Has he invested them at an interest? »

«Do you think that money is the only valuable thing? It is the most useless and filthy thing on earth. It is only useful for material things, for crimes and for hell. Only rarely man makes use of it for a good purposes

«Well, if it is not money, what is it? »

«Three disciples formed by a saint. »

«You have been to the Baptist. Oh! Why? »

«Why!... You always have Me with you. And you all together are not worth a single finger nail of the Prophet. Was it not right that I should go to take God's blessing to the holy one in Israel to fortify him for his martyrdom? »

«But if he is holy... he does not need to be fortified. He can manage by himself!... »

«The day will come when "My" saints will be brought before judges and condemned to death. They will be saints, in the grace of God, comforted by faith, hope and charity. And yet I can already hear their cries, the cries of their souls: "Lord, help us in this hour! ". Only with My help will My saints be strong in persecutions. »

<sup>5</sup>«We are not the ones You are referring to, are we? Because I <sup>149.5</sup> am utterly incapable of sufferings

«That is true. You are not capable of suffering. But, Bartholomew, you have not been baptized yet. »

«Yes, I have. »

«With water. You still need another baptism. Then you will be able to suffer. »

«I am already old. »

«And when very old, you will be stronger than a young man. »

«But You will help us just the same, will You not? »

«I shall always be with you. »

«I will endeavour to get accustomed to suffering» says Bartholomew.

«I will always pray, from now on, to obtain this grace from You» says James of Alphaeus.

«I am old and all I ask for is to precede You and enter peace with You» says Simon Zealot.

«I... I do not know what I would like. Whether to precede You or to be near You and die together» says Judas of Alphaeus.

«I will be unhappy if I survive You. But I will be comforted by preaching You to the people» states the Iscariot.

«I am of the same opinion as Your cousin» says Thomas.

«I, instead, am with Simon the Zealot» says James of Zebedee.

«And what about you, Philip? »

«Well... I say that I do not know what to think about it. The Eternal Father will give me what is best. »

«Oh! Keep quiet. You would think that the Master is to die soon! I do not want to think of His death! » exclaims Andrew.

«You are quite right, my dear brother. You are young and healthy, Jesus. You will have to bury us all, I mean the ones who are older than You. »

«What if they killed Me? »

«Let that never happen to You, but I will avenge you. »

«How? By a blood vengeance? »

«Well... also by that means, if You will allow me. Otherwise, by my profession of faith amongst peoples, I will confute the accusations moved against You. The world will love You because I will never be tired of preaching You. »

«That is true and that is what will happen. And what about you, John, and you, Matthew? »

«I must suffer and wait until I have washed my soul by suffering a great deal» says Matthew.

«And I... I do not know. I would like to die at once so that I would not see You suffer. I would like to be near You to comfort You in Your agony. I would like to live for a long time to serve You. I would like to die with You to enter Heaven with You. I would like everything, because I love You. And I think that I, the least of my brothers, will be able to do all that, if I know how to

love You properly. <sup>6</sup>Jesus, increase Your love! » says John.

149. 6

«You mean: "Increase my love"» remarks the Iscariot.

«No. I say: "Increase Your Love". Because the more He will inflame us with His love, the more we shall love. »

Jesus draws the pure passionate John to Himself and kisses his forehead saying: «You have revealed a mystery of God about the sanctification of hearts. God effuses Himself to just souls, and the more they surrender to His love, the more He increases it and their holiness grows greater. That is the mysterious and ineffable work of God and of souls. It is accomplished in mystical silence, and its power, which cannot be described by human words, creates indescribable masterpieces of holiness. It is not a mistake, but a wise prayer, to ask God to increase His love in one's heart. »

## 150. At Nazareth with Holy Mary who will follow Her Son.

30<sup>th</sup> April 1945.

<sup>1</sup>Jesus is alone. He is walking fast along the main road near Nazareth. He enters the village and heads towards His house. When He is near it He sees His Mother. She is also going towards the house and Her nephew Simon is with Her, carrying a bundle of firewood. Jesus calls Her: «Mother! »

150. 1

Mary turns around exclaiming: «Oh! My Blessed Son! » and they both run to meet each other, while Simon drops the bundle to the ground and like Mary runs towards Jesus and greets Him wholeheartedly.

«Mother, I have come. Are You happy now? »

«So happy, Son. But... If You came only because I begged You, I tell You that it is not right for Me or for You to listen to the call of blood, rather than to Your mission. »

«No, Mother. I have come for other reasons as well. »

«Is it really true, Son? I thought, I wanted to believe that they were false rumours and that You were not hated so much...» There are tears in Mary's voice and in Her eyes.

«Do not weep, Mother. It grieves Me so much. I need Your smiles. »

«Yes, Son. That is true. You see so many harsh faces of enemies, that You need so much smiling love. But here, see? Here is She Who loves You on behalf of everybody... » Mary is leaning lightly on Her Son, Who embraces Her shoulders, and while walking slowly towards the house, She endeavours to smile, to expel all grief from Jesus' heart.

Simon has picked up his bundle and is walking beside Jesus.

«You are pale, Mother. Have they grieved You so much? Have You not been well? Have You tired Yourself excessively? »

«No, Son, no one has grieved Me. My only sorrow is that You are far from Me and they do not love You. Here everybody is good to Me. I will not even mention Mary and Alphaeus; You know what they are like. Also Simon, see how good he is. He is always like that. He has helped Me all these past months. He is now supplying Me with wood. He is so good. And Joseph is too. They are so thoughtful for their Mary. »

«May God bless you, Simon, and may He bless Joseph as well. I forgive you for not loving Me yet as the Messiah. Oh! You will eventually love Me as Christ! But how could I forgive you for not loving Her? »

«It is fair and peaceful to love Mary, Jesus. You are loved, too... only, see, we are too much afraid for You. »

«Yes, you love Me with a human love. You will come to the other love. »

«You, too, Son, are pale looking and thin. »

«Yes, You look older. I can see that, too» remarks Simon.

150. 2 <sup>2</sup>They go into the house, and Simon, after laying the firewood in its place, withdraws discreetly.

«Son, now that we are alone, tell Me the truth. The whole truth. Why did they drive You away? » Mary speaks holding Her hands on Jesus' shoulders and staring at His thin face.

Jesus smiles kindly but sadly: «Because I tried to bring man back to honesty, justice and to the true religion. »

«But who accuses You? The people? »

«No, Mother, the Pharisees and the scribes, with the exception of a few just ones amongst them. »

«But what have You done to incur their accusations? »

«I told them the truth. Do You know that it is the biggest mistake with men? »

«What could they say to justify their accusations? »

«They told lies. The ones You know and many more. »

«Tell Your Mother. Place Your sorrow, all Your sorrow on My bosom. A mother's bosom is accustomed to sorrow and is happy to consume it, to remove it from the heart of her son. Give Me Your sorrow, Jesus. Come here, as You were wont to do when a child, and leave all Your bitterness. »

Jesus sits on a little stool at His Mother's feet and tells Her all about the months spent in Judaea, without any grudges and without concealing anything.

Mary caresses His hair with a heroic smile on Her lips to fight back the tears shining in Her blue eyes.

Jesus also mentions the necessity of approaching women to redeem them and His grief at not being able to do so owing to the wickedness of men.

Mary nods assent and then She decides: «Son, You must not deny Me what I want. From now on I will come with You when You go away. I will come at any time, in any season, to any place. I will defend You from false accusations. My simple presence will cause the mud to fall off. And Mary will come with Me. She is so anxious to. That is what is needed near the Holy One, against the demon and against the world: a mother's heart. »

151. In Cana in the house of Susanna, who will become a disciple. The royal officer.

1<sup>st</sup> May 1945.

<sup>1</sup>Jesus is possibly going towards the lake. He certainly arrives at Cana and heads towards Susanna's house. His cousins are with Him. While they are in the house and they rest and take some food, Jesus, to Whom His relatives and friends are listening as they should always do, teaches those good people in a very simple way. He also comforts the husband of Susanna, who appears to be ill. She is in fact absent and while I hear them talk continuously of how much she suffers, a well dressed man enters and prostrates himself at Jesus' feet.

151. 1

«Who are you? What do you want? »

While the man is still sighing and weeping, the landlord pulls

Jesus by the hem of His tunic and whispers: «He is an officer of the Tetrarch. Don't trust him too much. »

«Speak up. What do you want from Me? »

«Master, I heard that You are back. I have been waiting for You as one waits for God. Come to Capernaum at once. My son is so ill that his hours are numbered. I saw John, Your disciple. He told me that You were coming here. Come, please come at once, before it is too late. »

«What? Can You, a servant of the persecutor of the Holy One in Israel, believe in Me? You do not believe in the Precursor of the Messiah. So, how can you believe in the Messiah? »

«That is true. We are guilty of incredulity and of cruelty. But have mercy on a father! I know Chuza. I have seen Johanna. I have seen her before and after the miracle. And I believed in You. »

«Quite! You are such an incredulous and wicked generation that you will not believe without signs and miracles. You lack the essential quality that is necessary to obtain a miracle. »

«It is true. It is all very true. But You can see... I believe in You now and I beg You: come to Capernaum at once! I will have a boat ready for You at Tiberias, so that You may come quicker. But please come before my child dies! » and he weeps desolately.

«I am not coming just now. But go to Capernaum. Your son is cured as from this moment and he will live. »

«May God bless You, my Lord. I believe You. But as I want all my household to welcome You when You come to Capernaum, come to my house. »

«I will come. Goodbye. Peace be with you. »

The man rushes out and soon after the trot of a horse can be heard.

151.2 <sup>2</sup>«But is the boy really cured? » asks Susanna's husband.

«Is it possible for you to think that I tell lies? »

«No, my Lord. But You are here and the boy is there. »

«There is no barrier, no distance for My spirit. »

«Well, then, my Lord. You turned water into wine at my wedding, please turn my tears into happy smiles. Cure my Susanna. »

«What will you give Me in exchange for that? »

«The amount of money You want. »

«I will not stain what is holy with Mammon's blood. I am ask-

ing your spirit what it will give Me. »

«Myself, if You wish so. »

«And if I asked, without any words, a great sacrifice? »

«My Lord, I ask You to grant physical health to my wife and the sanctification of us all. I don't think I can say that anything is too much to have that... »

«You are suffering agonies because of your wife. But if I restored her to health and I got her to become My disciple forever, what would you say? »

«That... You are entitled to do it and that... I will imitate Abraham in his readiness to the sacrifices

«You are right. <sup>3</sup>Listen, everybody: the time of My Sacrifice is <sup>151.3</sup> approaching. Like a course of water it is running fast and incessantly to the sea. I must accomplish what I have to do. And human hardness precludes so much of the field of My mission. My Mother and Mary of Alphaeus will come with Me when I go away amongst people that do not love Me yet or will never love Me. My wisdom knows that women will be able to help the Master in those precluded fields. I have come to redeem women as well and in the future century, in My time, women will be seen serving the Lord and the servants of the Lord like priestesses. I have chosen My disciples. But to elect women who are not free, I must ask fathers and husbands to do it. Do you agree? »

«Lord, I love Susanna. And so far I have loved her more as a body than as a soul. But after Your teaching, something is already changed in me and I look at my wife as a soul besides as a body. A soul belongs to God and You are the Messiah, the Son of God. I cannot deny Your right on what belongs to God. If Susanna wants to follow You, I will not oppose her. I only beg You to work the miracle that will cure her body and my feelings... »

«Susanna is cured. In a few hours' time she will come here to tell you how happy she is. Let her soul follow its impulse without any mention of what I have just said. You will see that her soul will come to Me spontaneously as a flame moves upwards. But because of that, her love of a wife will not be stifled. On the contrary it will rise to the highest degree, which is to love each other with the better part: with your souls. »

«Susanna belongs to You, Lord. She was to die a very painful slow death. And once she was dead, I would have lost her forever



in this world. But as You say, I will still have her beside me, to lead me on to Your way. God gave me her, and God is taking her away from me. Blessed be the Most High in giving and in takings

## 152. Maria Salome is accepted as a disciple.

2<sup>nd</sup> May 1945.

152. 1 <sup>1</sup>Jesus is in a house, which, from what the people in it say, I understand to be the house of John and James. With Jesus, beside the two apostles, there are Peter and Andrew, Simon Zealot, the Iscariot and Matthew. I do not see the others.

James and John are very happy. They come and go from their mother to Jesus and vice versa, like butterflies which do not know which of two equally loved flowers they should prefer. Mary Salome, who is also most happy, caresses each time her big boys, while Jesus smiles.

They must already have had their meal, because the table is still laid. But the two disciples at all costs want Jesus to eat some bunches of white grapes, which their mother has preserved and which must be as sweet as honey. What would they not give Jesus?

152. 2 <sup>2</sup>But Salome wants to give and receive something better than grapes and caresses. And after being lost in thought for a little while, looking at Jesus, then at Zebedee, she makes up her mind. She goes near Jesus Who is sitting with His back to the table, and kneels down before Him.

«What do you want, woman? »

«Master, You have decided that Your Mother, and the mother of James and Judas should come with You, and also Susanna is coming, and the great Johanna of Chuza will certainly come as well. If only one woman comes, all the others who venerate You, will come. I would like to be one of them. Take me, Jesus. I will serve You with all my love. »

«You have Zebedee to look after. Do you not love him anymore? »

«Oh! Of course I love him. But I love You more. Oh! I do not mean that I love You as a man. I am sixty years old, I have been married for almost forty, and I have never seen any other man

but my husband. I am not going to be crazy now that I am old. Neither is my love for my Zebedee going to end because of my old age. But You!.. I am not good at speaking. I am a poor woman. I will tell You as best I can. Thus: I love Zebedee as my husband. I love You with the spirit You have aroused in me with Your words and what James and John have told me. It is something completely different... but so beautiful. »

«It will never be so beautiful as the love of a very good husbands

«Oh! No. It is much more beautiful. Oh! Don't take it amiss, Zebedee! I still love you with all my heart. But I love Him with something, which is still Mary, but it is no longer Mary, your poor wife, it is something more... Oh! I do not know how to tell you! »

Jesus smiles at the woman who does not wish to offend her husband, but cannot conceal her new great love. Also Zebedee smiles seriously, and goes near his wife, who, still on her knees, turns around to look at her husband and at Jesus alternately.

«Do you realise, Mary, that you will have to leave your home? And you are so proud of it! Your doves, your flowers... this vine that bears such sweet grapes of which you are so proud... your beehives, which are the most famous ones in the village... and you will no longer have your loom on which you have woven so much linen and so much woolen cloth for your dear ones... And what about your little nephews? What will you do without your little nephews? »

«Oh! My Lord! What do all these things matter: walls, doves, flowers, vines, beehives, looms, they are all good and dear things, but so insignificant as compared to You and to loving You?! My little nephews... well! Yes! I will feel sorry that I cannot put them to sleep on my lap or hear them call me... But You are worth more! Oh! You are worth more than all the things You mentioned! And if those things were taken all together and because of my weakness they were as dear or dearer than serving and following You, I would cast them aside, with the tears of a woman, to follow You with the smile of my soul. <sup>3</sup>Take me, Master. John, James, will you tell Him... and you too, my husband. Be good. Help me. »

152. 3

«All right. You will come with the others. I wanted you to meditate carefully on the past and the present, on what you leave

and what you get. But come, Salome. You are mature to enter My family. »

«Oh! Mature! I am less than a child. But You will forgive my errors and hold me by the hand. You... because, coarse as I am, I will be much ashamed before Your Mother and before Johanna. I will be ashamed before everybody. Except You. Because You are the Good One and You understand, pity and forgive everything. »

### 153. Jesus speaks to His disciples of women's Apostolate.

3<sup>rd</sup> May 1945.

153. 1 <sup>1</sup>«What is the matter with you, Peter? You look discontented» asks Jesus, Who is walking along a country path under almond-trees in blossom, which announce to men that the worst season is over.

«I am thinking, Master. »

«You are thinking, I know. But you do not seem to be thinking of happy things! »

«As You know everything about us, You already know my thoughts. »

«Yes, I do. Also God the Father knows the needs of men, but He wants in man the intimacy that discloses his needs and asks for help. I can tell you that you are wrong in being vexed. »

«So my wife is not less dear to You? »

«Of course not, Peter. Why should she? There are many dwelling places of My Father in Heaven. And many are the tasks of men on the earth. And they are all blessed, provided they are fulfilled in a holy manner. Could I possibly say that all the women who do not imitate the Maries and Susanna are disliked by God? »

«Certainly not! Also my wife believes in the Master, but she does not follow the example of the other women» says Bartholomew.

«Neither does my wife nor my daughters. They are staying at home, but they are always ready to give us hospitality, as they did yesterday» says Philip.

«I think my mother will do the same. She cannot leave every-

thing... she is all by herself» says the Iscariot.

«It is true! I was sad because I thought mine was so... so little... oh! I cannot explain! »

«Do not criticise her, Peter! She is an honest woman» says Jesus.

<sup>2</sup>«She is very shy. Her mother had them all under her thumb, both her daughter and her daughters-in-law» says Andrew. 153.2

«But she should have changed in all the years she has been with me! »

«Oh! Brother! You are not all that sweet-tempered yourself, you know. If a person is shy you are like a spoke in his wheel. My sister-in-law is very good and the best proof is that she has always tolerated with patience her mother and her bad temper, and you and your overbearance. »

They all laugh at Andrew's outspoken conclusion and at Peter's astonished face when he hears of his overbearance.

<sup>3</sup>In addition Jesus laughs heartily. He then says: «The faithful women who do not feel like leaving their homes to follow Me are equally useful to Me by staying at home. If they all wanted to come with Me, I would have to ask some of them to remain. Now that some women are going to join us, I will also have to see to them. It would be neither decent nor wise for the women to be without a dwelling place while they move about. We can rest anywhere. A woman has different necessities from men, and needs a shelter. We can all sleep in one place. But they could not stay with us, both because of the respect due to them and because of their more delicate constitution. We must never tempt Providence and nature beyond their limits. Now, of every friendly house, where there is one of your women, I will make a shelter for their sisters. I will do that with your house, Peter, with yours, Philip, with yours, Bartholomew, and with yours, Judas. We cannot expect our women to travel around incessantly, as we do. Instead we shall have them waiting for us, at the meeting place, from which we shall move in the morning and go back in the evening. We shall give them instructions for the hours of rest and the world will no longer be able to grumble, if other unhappy women come to Me, neither shall I be prevented from listening to them. The mothers and wives that follow us will defend their sisters and Me against the slander of the world. You can see that I am making 153.3

a quick trip to greet My friends or where I know that I will have friends. I am not doing that for Myself. I am doing that for these weaker disciples who by means of their weakness will support our strength and make it helpful to many more creatures. »

«You said that we are going to Caesarea now. Who is there? »

«Creatures seeking the True God are to be found everywhere. Springtime is already announced by the pinkish-white almond blossoms. The cold days are over. In a few days' time I will decide upon the places where we shall stop and shelter the women disciples, and we shall start moving around again, to spread the word of God, without worrying about our sisters, without any fear of slander and both their patience and their kindness will be a lesson to you. The hour of rehabilitation of women is almost here. There will be a great flowering of holy virgins, wives and mothers in My Church. »

154. At Caesarea on Sea. Sermon to the galley-slaves  
and meeting with Claudia Procula.  
The fatigue of the "voice" relieved.

4<sup>th</sup> May 1945.

154.1 <sup>1</sup>Jesus is in the centre of a beautiful wide square, from which a very wide road leads off, one which is almost an extension of the square as far as the seaside. A galley must have left the harbour just a short time before and it is taking to the open sea driven by the wind and by the oarsmen. Another one is manoeuvring to enter the harbour, because its sails are being furled and the oars are worked on one side only to veer round into a suitable position. The harbour cannot be seen from the square, but it must be nearby. On the sides of the square there are rows of large houses, the typical walls of which have almost no openings. There are no shops.

«Where are we going now? You wanted to come here, instead of going to the eastern side and this is the heathen district. Who do You think will listen to You here? » says Peter reproachfully.

«Let us go over there, to that corner towards the seaside. I will speak there. »

«You will be speaking to the waves. »

«Also the waves were created by God. »

They go. They are now just at the corner and they can see the harbour into which the galley they saw before is now slowly entering and is moored at its place. Some sailors are idling along the quays. Some fruit sellers attempt going towards the Roman boat to sell their goods. Nothing else.

<sup>2</sup>Jesus, leaning with His back against the wall, really seems to be speaking to the waves of the sea. The apostles, not very happy with the situation, are all around Him, some standing, some sitting on stones scattered here and there, to be used as benches. 154. 2

«Foolish is the man who, seeing that he is powerful, healthy and happy, says: “What do I need? Whom do I need? Nobody. I need nothing, I am self-sufficient; therefore God’s decrees and moral laws mean nothing to me. My only law is to do what I can, without considering whether it is good or bad for other people”. »

A vendor turns round on hearing the sonorous voice and comes near Jesus Who continues: «That is how a man and a woman without wisdom and faith speak. But if that proves a more or less great power, it also evidences a relationship with Evil. »

Some men come off the galley and other boats and come towards Jesus.

«A man, not by words of mouth, but by deeds proves that he is related to God and to Virtue, when he considers that life is more changeable than the waves of the sea, which one moment are calm and soon after stormy. Likewise the power and wealth of today may turn into misery and incapacity tomorrow. Then what will a man do if he is bereft of union with God? How many on the galley were one day happy and mighty and are now slaves and considered criminals! Criminals: therefore twice slaves, of the human law, which is derided in vain because it exists and punishes its transgressors, and of Satan who forever takes possession of criminals, who do not repent and hate their crimes. »

<sup>3</sup>«Hail, Master! You are here!? Do You know me? » 154. 3

«May God come to you, Publius Quintilianus. See? I have come. »

«And You are here, in the Roman district. I was not hoping to see You again. But I am very happy to hear You. »

«And I am happy, too. Are there many men chained to the oars on that galley? »

«Yes, quite a large number. Mostly war prisoners. Are You interested in them?»

«I would like to approach that boat.»

«Come. Get away from here» he orders the few people who had come near and who draw back at once, mumbling rude remarks.

«You may leave them. I am accustomed to being pressed by crowds.»

«I can take You so far, not any farther. It's a military galley.»

«It is enough. May God reward you.»

Jesus resumes speaking while the Roman, in his splendid uniform, seems to be mounting guard beside Him.

«Slaves by misfortune, that is, slaves only once. Slaves for a lifetime. But every tear that falls on their chains, every blow that strikes them writing pain on their flesh files their handcuffs, adorns what does not die, opens to them the peace of God, Who is the friend of His poor unhappy children, and Who will give them as much joy as the pain they suffered here.»

Some men of the crew look out from the bulwarks of the galley and listen. None of the galley slaves are there, of course. But Jesus' powerful voice certainly reaches them through the rowlock sockets and it spreads through the quiet air at low tide. Publius Quintilianus is called by a soldier and goes away.

«I want to tell these unhappy men who are loved by God, to be resigned to their misfortune, and to turn their pains into flames that will soon unfasten the chains of the galley and of their lives, ending in a desire for God. Having endured the poor day, which is our life, a dark, stormy, fearful, painful day, they thus enter the day of God, a bright, serene, fearless and joyful day. You will enter the great peace, the infinite freedom of Paradise, o martyrs of a painful destiny, provided you are good in your suffering and you aspire to God.»

154.4 <sup>4</sup>Publius Quintilianus comes back with other soldiers and he is followed by a litter carried by slaves, and the soldiers make room for it.

«Who is God? I am speaking to Gentiles who do not know who God is. I am speaking to the children of the peoples subdued who do not know who God is. In your forests, o Gauls, Iberians, Thracians, Germans, Celts, you have a Sham god. A soul is naturally

inclined to worship, because it remembers Heaven. But you cannot find the True God, Who put a soul into your bodies, a soul equal to the soul we people of Israel have, equal to the soul of the mighty Romans who have subdued you, a soul that has the same duties and the same rights to Good and to which the Good One, that is the true God will be faithful. Be equally faithful to Good. The god or gods that you have worshiped so far, learning his or their names on your mothers' knees; the god of whom you no longer think because you do not feel any comfort coming from him to relieve your suffering, the god that perhaps you hate and curse in your daily despair, is not the True God. The True God is Love and Piety. Were perhaps your gods like that? No, they were not. They were hard, cruel, false, hypocrites, vicious, thieves.

And now they have abandoned you, without the least comfort, which is the hope of being loved and the assurance of rest after so much suffering. It is so because your gods do not exist. But God, the True God, Who is Love and Piety, and Who I can assure you exists, is He Who made the sky, the seas, the mountains, the forests, the plants, the flowers, the animals and man. He is the One Who inspires conquerors to treat the poor people of the world with mercy and love, as He is Mercy and Love.

<sup>154.5</sup>  
50 mighty masters, consider that you all come from the same origin. Do not act cruelly against those who by misfortune have come under your power, and be human also to those whom a crime has tied to the bench of a galley. Man sins many times. No man is without sins which are more or less secret. If you considered that, you would be really good to your brothers, who, not so lucky as you are, have been punished for crimes which you too have committed, without, however, being punished for them.

Human justice is such a doubtful thing in judging, that it would be dreadful if divine justice were like it. There are guilty people who do not appear to be so, whereas innocent people are considered guilty. Let us not ask why. It would be too serious an accusation against unjust men who hate their fellow men! There are people who are really guilty, but have been led to perpetrate a crime by overbearing circumstances that somewhat extenuate their crime. Be therefore human, you who are in charge of galleys. Above human justice there is a much higher divine justice. The justice of the True God, Who created kings and slaves, rocks



and grains of sand. He watches you; both you on the oars and you who are in charge of the crew; woe betide you if you are cruel without any reason. I, Jesus Christ, the Messiah of the True God can assure you: at your death He will tie you to an eternal galley, and will entrust the demons with a blood-stained lash and you will be tortured and struck exactly as you did. Because, if according to human law a criminal is to be punished, you must not overstep all limits. Remember that. A man who is powerful today may be miserable tomorrow. God only is eternal.

I would like to change your hearts, and above all I would like to untie your fetters, give you back your freedom and send you back to your fatherlands. But, My dear galley-slaves, you are My brothers, you cannot see My face, but your sorely wounded hearts are well known to Me; instead of the freedom and fatherlands, which I cannot give you now, while you are the poor slaves of mighty men, I will give you a greater freedom and Fatherland. For your sake I have become a prisoner Myself, far from My fatherland, I will redeem you by offering Myself in ransom, because you are not the disgrace of the world, as men call you, but the shame of man, who forgets the limits of the rigours of war and justice. I will make a new law for you on the earth and a pleasant abode for you in Heaven. Remember My Name, o children of God, who are weeping. It is the name of a Friend. Repeat it in your suffering. Be sure that, if you love Me, you will have Me, even if we never see one another on the earth. I am Jesus Christ, the Saviour, your Friend. I comfort you in the name of the True God. May peace come to you soon. »

154.6 <sup>6</sup>A crowd of people, mainly Romans, have gathered round Jesus, Whose new ideas have astonished everybody.

«By Jove! You have made me ponder on new things, of which I had never thought before. I feel they are true...» Publius Quintilianus looks at Jesus, pensive and moved at the same time.

«It is so, My friend. If man used his brains, he would never go so far as to commit a crime. »

«By Jove, by Jove! Wonderful words! I must remember them! You said: "If man used his brains..." »

«... he would never go so far as to commit a crime. »

«It is true. You are really a great man, You know? »

«Every man who wanted, could be as great as I am, if he were

all one with God. »

The Roman continues his sequence of «by Jove» in increasing admiration.

Then Jesus says to him: «Can I give some solace to those galley-slaves? I have some money... some fruit, some comfort, that they may know that I love them. »

«Give me it. I can do that. On the other hand there is a lady over there who can do a lot. I will ask her. » Publius goes to the litter and speaks through the curtains that have been slightly drawn. He comes back. «I am authorised to do it. I will see to the distribution, so that the jailors may not take advantage of it. And it will be the only time a soldier of the Empire deals mercifully with war slaves. »

«The first, but not the only time. The day will come when there will be no slaves, and even before that My disciples will go among galley-men and slaves and call them brothers. »

A further sequence of «by Joves» can be heard in the calm air while Publius is waiting to have enough wine and fruit for the galley-slaves. <sup>7</sup>Before going on board the galley he whispers near Jesus' ear: «Claudia Procula is in there. She would like to hear You again. In the meantime she wants to ask You something. Go and see her. »

154. 7

Jesus goes towards the litter.

«Hail, Master. » The curtain is drawn a little, showing a beautiful woman about thirty years old.

«May the desire for wisdom come upon you. »

«You said that a soul remembers Heaven. Therefore, that thing which You say we have within us, is it eternal? »

«Yes, it is eternal. That is why it remembers God. It remembers the God Who created it. »

«What is the soul? »

«The soul is the true nobility of man. You are famous because you belong to the Claudi family. A man is even more so because he belongs to God. In your veins there is the blood of the Claudi, the mighty family, which, however, had a beginning and will come to an end. In man, because of his soul, there is the blood of God. Because a soul is the spiritual blood — as God is a Most Pure Spirit — of the Creator of man: of the Eternal, Almighty, Holy God. Because of the soul, which is in him and which is alive

as long as it is united to God, man is eternal, powerful and holy. »

«I am a pagan. So I have no soul... »

«You do have it. But it has fallen into a state of lethargy. Wake it up to the Truth and to Life... »

«Goodbye, Master. »

«May Justice conquer you. Goodbye. »

154.8 <sup>8</sup>«As you have seen, here too I had people listening to Me» says Jesus to the disciples.

«Yes, but with the exception of the Romans, who will have understood You? They are barbarians! »

«Who? All of them. Peace is with them and they will remember Me more than many others in Israel. Let us go to the house where they are offering us hospitality for our meal. »

«Master, that woman is the same one who spoke to me\* on the day that You cured the sick man. I saw her and I recognised her» says John.

«You can see, therefore, that even here there was someone waiting for us. But you do not seem to be very happy about it. I will have accomplished a great deal when I succeed in persuading you that I have come not only for the Jews, but for all the peoples, and I have prepared you for them all. And I tell you: remember everything of your Master. There is no event, however trifling it may seem, that may not be a lesson for you one day during your apostolate. »

No one replies and a sad smile of pity appears on Jesus' lips.

154.9 <sup>9</sup>This morning He had such a smile for me as well...

I was in a state of such deep depression that I began to weep over so many things, not being the least the tiredness of writing and writing with the firm belief that so much bounty of God and work of little John are utterly useless. Weeping I invoked my Master, and when out of kindness He came exclusively for me, I told Him what worried me.

He shrugged His shoulders as if He wished to say: «Forget about the world and its nonsense», and then He caressed me saying: «So what? Would you not like to help Me any more? Does the world not want to know My words? Well, let us repeat them to

\* spoke to me, chapter 116.1.

each other, for My joy in mentioning them to a faithful heart, for yours in hearing them. The weariness of the apostolate!... More depressing than any other work! It deprives the most tranquil day of its light and the sweetest food of its sweetness. Everything becomes ashes and dirt, nausea and bitterness. But, My dear soul, these are the hours in which *we* take upon ourselves the weariness, the doubts, the misery of the worldly people who die because they do not possess what we have. And they are the hours in which we do more. I told you last year as well. "To what advantage?" wonders the soul submerged by what submerges the world, that is, by the waves sent by Satan. And the world drowns. But the soul nailed to the cross with its God does not drown. It is in darkness for a moment and sinks under the nauseating wave of spiritual tiredness, then it emerges fresher and more beautiful. Your expression: "I am no longer good for anything" is the consequence of such tiredness. You would never be good for anything. But I am always I, and thus you will always be good for your task of mouthpiece. Of course, if I saw that My gift were hidden avariciously like a heavy most valuable gem, or it were used imprudently, or if out of indolence it were not protected by means of the safety precautions commanded by human wickedness in such cases, to guard the gift and the person through whom the gift is granted, I would say: "Enough of that". And this time without any possible recurrence. Enough for everybody, with the exception of My little soul, which today looks just a little flower in a downpour. And with such caresses can you doubt My love for you? Cheer up! You helped Me in wartime. Help Me again, now... There is so much to be done. »

And I calmed down under the caress of the long hand and of the very kind smile of My Jesus, so candid as when He is all for me.

155. In Caesarea, the healing of a little Roman girl.  
An argument about the contacts with the Gentiles.

5<sup>th</sup> May 1945.

<sup>1</sup>Jesus says:

«Little John, come with Me, as I have to make you write a les-

155.1

son for the consecrated people of the present time. Watch and write. »

155.2 <sup>2</sup>Jesus is still at Caesarea on Sea. He is no longer in the same square as yesterday, but further inland, from where the harbour and ships can still be seen. There are many warehouses and shops and as on the ground, in this open space, there are mats with various kinds of goods, I realise that it is near the market place, which was perhaps located near the harbour and warehouses, for the convenience of seamen and of the people buying goods brought by sea. There is a lot of shouting and bustling among the people. Jesus with Simon and His cousins, are waiting for the others who are buying the food that is needed. Some children look curiously at Jesus, Who caresses them lovingly while speaking to His apostles. Jesus says: «I am sorry to see dissatisfaction because I approach the Gentiles. Yet I can but do what I must do and be good to everybody. At least you three and John must endeavour to be good; the others will follow you and imitate you. »

«How can one be good to everybody? After all they despise and oppress us, they do not understand us, they are full of vices... » says James of Alphaeus apologetically.

«How can one do that? Are you happy that you were born of Alphaeus and Mary? »

«Of course I am. Why do You ask me? »

«And if God had asked you before you were conceived, would you have chosen to be born of them? »

«Certainly. But I do not understand

«If instead, you were born of a Gentile, and you heard someone accuse you of wanting to be born of a heathen father, what would you have said? »

«I would have said... I would have said: "It is no fault of mine. I was born of him, but I might have been born of someone else". I would have said: "You are unfair in accusing me. If I do no harm, why do you hate me? ". »

«Exactly, also these people, whom you despise because they are pagans, can say the same. It is no merit of yours, if you were born of Alphaeus, a true Israelite. You can only thank the Eternal Father, Who granted you a great gift, and out of gratitude

and humbleness you can endeavour to take to the True God those who did not receive such a gift. <sup>3</sup>One must be good. »

155. 3

«It is difficult to love those whom we do not know. »

«No. It is not. Look. You, little fellow, come here. »

A little boy, about eight years old, who is playing in a corner with two other little lads, comes near Jesus. He is a strong boy, with very dark hair and a fair complexion.

«Who are you? »

«I am Lucius, Caius Lucius, of Caius Marius, a Roman, the son of the Decurion of the guards, who remained here after he was wounded. »

«And who are those? »

«They are Isaac and Toby. But we must not say, because it is not allowed. The Jews would hit them. »

«Why? »

«Because they are Jews and I am a Roman. They are forbidden to associate with us. »

«But you are playing with them. Why? »

«Because we are fond of one another. We always play together dice or jumping. But we have to hide. »

«And would you love Me? I am a Jew, too, and I am not a boy. Just imagine: I am a Master, something like a priest. »

«What do I care? If You love me, I will love You. And I love You because You love me. »

«How do you know? »

«Because You are good. He who is good, loves. »

«There you are, My friends. That is the secret to love: to be good. Then you love without considering to which faith other people belong. »

And Jesus, holding little Caius Lucius by the hand, goes and caresses the little Jewish children, who are frightened and hide in a passage way and He says to them: «Good children are angels. Angels have one fatherland only: Paradise. They have only one religion: the religion of the One God. They have only one Temple: the Heart of God. Like little angels, always love one another. »

«But if they see us they will hit us... »

Jesus shakes His head sadly but does not reply...

<sup>4</sup>A tall shapely woman calls Lucius, who leaves Jesus saying:

155. 4

«My mother! » and shouts to the woman: «I have an important friend. He is a Master!... »

The woman does not go away with her son, on the contrary, she comes near Jesus and asks Him: «Hail. Are You the Galilean who spoke at the harbour yesterday? »

«Yes, I am. »

«Wait for me, then. I'll be back in a moment» and she goes away with her little son.

In the meantime the other apostles have also arrived, with the exception of Matthew and John, and they ask: «Who was she? »

«A Roman, I think» reply Peter and the others.

«What did she want? »

«She told us to wait here. We shall soon find out. »

Some people have come near them in the meantime and are waiting curiously.

The woman comes back with other Romans. «So You are the Master? » asks one who looks like a servant of a rich family. After receiving an answer in the affirmative, he asks: «Would it upset You if You had to cure the little daughter of one of Claudia's friends? The child is choking to death and the doctor does not know the cause of it. She was alright last night. This morning she is in agony. »

«Let us go. »

They take a few steps along a street towards the place where they were yesterday and they arrive at a wide open main entrance of a house where Romans appear to be living.

«Just a moment. » The man rushes in and almost immediately looks out again and says: «Come in. »

155.5 <sup>5</sup>But before Jesus can go in, a young ladylike woman comes out. Her extremely pitiful state is very obvious. She is holding in her arms a little child, only a few months old, completely inert, livid with suffocation. I would say that she is suffering from a lethal diphtherias and is about to breathe her last breath. The woman clings to Jesus' chest like a shipwrecked person to a rock. Her tears prevent her from speaking.

Jesus takes the baby, whose very pale tiny hands with nails already blue are shaken by fits, and lifts her up. Her little head hangs down motionless. The mother, no longer a proud Roman in front of a Jew, has fallen at Jesus' feet, in the dust, sobbing,

her face raised, her hair dishevelled, pulling at Jesus' tunic and mantle with her outstretched arms. Behind and around her there are Romans of the household and Jewish women of the town, looking at her.

Jesus wets His right hand forefinger with saliva, puts it into the little panting mouth, pressing it down the throat.

The child writhes and becomes darker in the face. The mother cries: «Don't! Don't! » and she writhes as if she were pierced by a blade. The people are holding their breath.

Jesus pulls His finger out with a mass of putrid membranes. The child writhes no longer, cries for a few seconds, then calms down and smiles innocently, shaking her hands and moving her lips like a little bird, that chirps flapping its little wings while waiting to be fed.

«Take her, woman. Feed her. She is cured. »

The mother is so bewildered that she takes the child and still kneeling in the dust she kisses and caresses her and breast-feeds her. She seems to be out of her wits, as if she had forgotten everything except her child.

A Roman asks Jesus: «How did You do that? I am the Proconsul's doctor and I am clever. I tried to remove the obstruction, but it was too far down!... But You... so... »

«You are clever. But the True God is not with you. May He be blessed. Goodbye. » And Jesus is about to go away.

<sup>155.6</sup> «But a small group of Israelites feel they should interfere, «Why did You take the liberty of approaching foreigners? They are corrupted and unclean, and whoever approaches them, becomes such. »

There are three of them and Jesus stares at them severely and then says: «Are you not Haggai, the man from Azotus, who came here last Tishri to negotiate business with the merchant at the foundation of the old fountain? And are you not Joseph of Ramah, who came here to consult the Roman doctor, and you know, as well as I do, why? So? Do you not feel unclean? »

«A doctor is never a stranger. He cures bodies and all bodies are alike. »

«And souls are even more so. After all, what did I cure? The innocent body of a child and by doing so I hope to cure the souls of strangers, which are not innocent. Therefore both as a doctor



and as the Messiah I can approach anybody. »

«No, You cannot. »

«No, Haggai? And why do you deal with the Roman merchant? »

«I only approach him through goods and money. »

«And as you do not touch his body, but only what was touched by his hands, you do not think that you are contaminated. Oh! How blind and cruel you all are!

155.7 <sup>7</sup>Listen, everybody. In the very book of the Prophet, whose name this man bears, it is written\*: “Ask the priests this question on the Law: ‘If a man carries consecrated meat in the fold of his gown and with this fold touches bread, broth, wine or food of any kind, does such food become holy?’. The priests answered: ‘No, it does not’. Haggai then said: ‘If a man made unclean by contact with a corpse touches any of this, does it become unclean?’. The priests answered: ‘Yes, it does’.”

By means of such shift, false, inconsistent behaviour, you bar and condemn Good and accept only what is profitable to you. Then there is no more indignation, no disgust, no horror. Provided no personal detriment is caused to you, you decide whether a thing is clean or unclean, whether it makes one clean or not. And how can you, liars as you are, state that what has been sanctified by contact with holy flesh or some holy thing, does not make holy what it touches; and what has touched an unclean thing can make unclean what it touches?

Do you not realise that you are belying yourselves, false ministers of a Law of Truth, exploiters of that very same Law, which you twist as if it were a hempen rope, when you are anxious to profit by it, you hypocritical Pharisees? Under religious pretexts you give vent to your human envious malice, entirely human, you desecrators of what belongs to God, revilers and enemies of the Messenger of God. I solemnly tell you that every action, every conclusion, every movement of yours is motivated by a complex shrewd mechanism, where the wheels, springs, weights and rods are your selfishness, your passions, your insincerity, your hatred, your anxiety to overwhelm people, your envy.

Shame! Greedy, trembling, spiteful, you live in the supercili-

\*it is written, Haggai 2: 11-13.

ous fear of being overcome by someone who may not belong to your own caste. You thus deserve to be like the one who frightens and irritates you! As Haggai says\*, of a heap of twenty measures you make one of ten, and of fifty barrels you make twenty, and you pocket all the difference, whereas to set an example to men and for the love to be given to God, you should add something of your own to the heap of the measures and to the number of the barrels, for the benefit of those who are hungry, instead of taking it away. You thus deserve to be made barren by a burning wind and by rust and hail stones, in all the deeds of your hands.

Who are those amongst you who come to Me? Those whom you consider dung and filth, who are so ignorant that they do not even know that there is a true God, they come to the One Who brings them that God, Who is present in His deeds and in His words. You, instead, have built a niche for yourselves and you stay in there, as arid and cold as idols awaiting incense and worship. And since you consider yourselves gods, you deem it useless to think of the True God, as one should think of Him, and you consider dangerous that other people, who are not like you, should dare what you do not dare. In fact you cannot dare, because you are idols and servants of the Idol. But he who dares, can do it, because not he, but God works in Him.

<sup>8</sup>Go! Tell those who sent you to spy on Me, that I disdain merchants who do not feel contaminated if they sell goods or their fatherland or the Temple to those from whom they receive money. Tell them that I feel disgusted at the brutes, who only worship their own flesh and blood, for the recovery of which they do not consider the contact with a foreign doctor to be contaminating. Tell them that the measure is the same for everybody and that there are not two measures. Tell them that I, the Messiah, the Just Admirable Counselor, upon Whom the Spirit of the Lord shall rest with His seven gifts, Who will not judge by what appears to the eyes, but by the secrets of hearts, Who will not condemn according to what His ears hear, but by the spiritual voices He will hear in every man, Who will side with the humble and judge the poor with righteousness, the One Who I am, because that is Who I am, is already judging and smiting those

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\* says, Haggai 2: 16.

who on the earth are nothing but earth. And the breath of My lip will slay the wicked and destroy their dens, but will be Life and Light, Freedom and Peace for those who, desirous of justice and faith, will come to My Holy Mountain to be sated with the Science of the Lord. That is Isaiah\*, is it not?

My people. Everything comes from Adam and Adam comes from My Father. Everything is therefore the work of the Father and it is My duty to gather all men together for the Father. And I bring them to You, o Holy, Eternal, Almighty Father. I shall lead the stray children back to You, after gathering them together by means of loving words, under My pastoral rod, which is like the one Moses raised against the deadly snakes. That You may have Your Kingdom and Your people. And I make no difference because in the depths of all men I see something that shines brighter than fire: a soul, a spark of Your Eternal Brightness. O My eternal desire! O My untiring will!

This is what I want and what I crave for. That the whole earth may sing Your Name. That mankind may call You Father. A Redemption that will save everybody. A fortified will that will make every man obedient to Your will. An eternal triumph that will fill Paradise with an everlasting hosanna... Oh! Multitude of Heavens! Behold, I see the smile of God... and that is the reward compensating all human harshness. »

155. 9 <sup>9</sup>The three men have fled in the hail of reproaches. All the others, both Romans and Jews, are gaping. The Roman woman, with her child, who has sucked her fill and is sleeping peacefully in her lap, is still where she was, almost at Jesus' feet, weeping, overwhelmed by maternal joy and spiritual emotion. Many are moved to tears by the last words of Jesus Who seems to be flashing with glory in His ecstasy.

And Jesus, lowering His eyes and returning with His spirit from Heaven back to the earth, sees the crowd and the mother... and passing by, after waving goodbye to everybody, He caresses her lightly, blessing her for her faith. And He walks away with His disciples, while the crowds, still amazed, remain where they were...

155. 10 <sup>10</sup>(The young Roman woman, unless it is a casual resemblance,

\* is Isaiah, Isaiah 11: 1-5.

is one of the Roman women who were with Johanna of Chuza on the way to Calvary\*. As no one here called her by her name, I am not sure. )

## 156. Annaleah, the first of the consecrated virgins.

6<sup>th</sup> May 1945.

<sup>1</sup> Jesus with Peter, Andrew and John, knocks at the door of His <sup>156.1</sup> house in Nazareth. The door is opened at once by His Mother, Whose face brightens with a beautiful smile on seeing Jesus.

«Welcome home, My Son! Since yesterday I have had with Me a pure dove waiting for You. She came from far away. The person who brought her here could not stay longer. As she asked for My advice, I told her what I could. But only You, My Son, are the Wisdom. You are welcome too,» She says to the disciples. «Come in and refresh yourselves. »

«Yes, stay here. I am going at once to see the girl who is waiting for Me. »

The three disciples are very curious, but show their curiosity in different ways. Peter stares intently in all directions, almost hoping to see through the walls. John looks as if he wanted to read the name of the unknown girl on Mary's face. Andrew, who on the other hand has blushed, stares intently at Jesus and both his eyes and his lips seem to be trembling with a silent entreaty.

Jesus pays no attention to any of them. While the three make up their minds and go into the kitchen, where Mary offers them some food in the warmth of the fireplace, Jesus draws the curtain that conceals the door opening onto the kitchen garden and goes out into it.

The mild sunshine makes more airy and dream-like all the blooming branches of the tall almond-tree. The only tree in blossom, the tallest in the kitchen garden, looks splendid in its silk white-pink dress, compared with the poverty of all the others: the pear-tree, the apple-tree, the fig-tree, the pomegranate, the vines which are still all barren. It looks stately in its soft bright

\* the way to Calvary, in 608.9 (vol. 10) - although that vision was written two months before. In 167.3 we shall see that she is the Roman Valeria with her child Faustina.

veil, which contrasts with the drab humbleness of the olive trees: it seems to have caught with its long branches a wispy cloud, lost in the blue field of the sky, and to have adorned itself with it to say to everybody: «The wedding of springtime is coming. Rejoice, plants and animals. It is the time for kisses with the winds, the bees, the flowers. It is the time for kisses under the tiles, or in the thick of woods, o little birds of God and snow-white sheep. Kisses today, offspring tomorrow, to perpetuate the work of our Creator God. »

Jesus with His arms folded on His chest, standing in the sun, smiles at the serene gracefulness of His Mother's kitchen garden, with its bed of lilies recognizable from their first leaves, its still bare rose-bushes and silvery olive leaves, and many other families of flowers spread among the humble beds of legumes and vegetables, which are just becoming green. Clean, tidy and unassuming, it also seems to exhale the purity of perfect virginity.

156.2     <sup>2</sup>«Son, come to My room. I will bring her to You, because she ran there when she heard so many voices. »

Jesus enters His Mother's room, the chaste, the most chaste little room, which heard the words of the angelical conversation and which exhales, even more than the kitchen garden, the virginal, angelical, holy essence of Her Who has lived in it for years and of the Archangel who venerated his Queen in it. Have thirty years gone by or did the meeting take place only yesterday? Also today a distaff holds its soft and almost silvery tuft of wool and the thread is on the spindle, a folded embroidery is on the shelf near the door, between a parchment roll and a copper amphora in which there is a thick almond branch in bloom; also today the striped curtain, lowered on the mystery of the virginal dwelling, is moved by a gentle breeze, and the bed, neat in its corner, still has the genteel look of the bed of a girl who has just reached the threshold of youth. What will one dream or has dreamt of on the low pillow?...

The curtain is softly raised by Mary's hand; Jesus, Who was contemplating that abode of purity, standing with His back to the door, turns round.

«Here, My Son. I have brought her to You. She is a little lamb. You are her Shepherd» and Mary, Who has come in holding by the hand a slender brunette young girl, who blushes vehemently

when she appears in Jesus' presence, quietly withdraws letting the curtain down.

<sup>3</sup>«Peace to you, child. »

156. 3

«Peace... Lord... » The girl, deeply moved, is speechless, but she kneels down and bows her head.

«Stand up. What do you want from Me? Do not be afraid... »

«I am not afraid... but... now that I am in front of You... after longing so much... what seemed easy and necessary to tell You... I cannot remember... it does not seem what it was... I am silly, forgive me, my Lord... »

«Do you want a grace for this world? Do you need a miracle? Have you souls to convert? No? What, then? Speak up! You had so much courage and now are losing heart? Do you not know that I am the One Who increases strength? Yes? You do? Well, then, speak as if I were a father for you. You are young. How old are you? »

«Sixteen years, my Lord. »

«Where have you come from? »

«From Jerusalem. »

«What is your name? »

« Annaleah... »

«The dear name of My grandmother and of many more holy women of Israel, and joined to it, to make one only, the name of the good, faithful, loving, meek wife of Jacob. It will be a good omen to you. You will be a model wife and mother. No? You are shaking your head? You are weeping? Have you been rejected? No? Your fiance perhaps died? Has no one proposed to you yet? »

The girl always shakes her head. Jesus takes a step forward, caresses her and forces her to raise her head and look at Him... Jesus' smile overcomes the girl's excitement. She takes heart:

«My Lord, I could be a wife and a happy one, thanks to You. Do You not recognise me, my Lord? I am the girl who suffered from tuberculosis, the dying fiancee, whom You cured at Your John's request... After Your grace I... I have had another body: this healthy one in the place of the dying one I had before; and I have had another soul... I do not know. I did not feel the same... The joy of being cured, and consequently the certainty I could get married — my regret in dying was that I could not get married — they only lasted for a few hours. And then... »

The girl becomes franker and franker, she finds the words and the ideas that she had lost in the excitement of being alone with the Master...

«...And then I felt that I should not be only selfish, and say only: "Now I will be happy", but that I should think of something else, something that came to You and to God, Your Father and mine. Something that, although small, should express my gratitude. I gave the matter a lot of thought and when the following Sabbath I saw my fiance I said to him: "Listen, Samuel. Without the miracle I would have died in a few months' time and you would have lost me forever. Now I would like to offer a sacrifice to God, with you, to say to God that I praise Him and thank Him". And Samuel, because he loves me, said at once: "Let us go to the Temple together and offer a sacrifice". But that was not what I wanted. I am a poor and common girl, my Lord. I know very little and I can do much less. But through Your hand, which You laid on my diseased breast, something had come not only into my corroded lungs, but also into my heart. It was health to my lungs, and wisdom to my heart. And I realised that the sacrifice of a lamb was not the sacrifice wanted by my soul that... that loved You. »

The girl becomes silent, blushing after her profession of love.

156.4 4«Go on without any fear. What did your soul want? »

«To sacrifice something worthy of You, the Son of God! And so... sol thought it should be something spiritual like what comes from God, that is, the sacrifice of postponing my wedding, for Your sake, my Saviour. A wedding, You know, is a great joy. When one is in love it is a great thing! One longs to... is anxious to celebrate it!... But I no longer the same person as a few days before. But I was no longer wanted my wedding as the dearest thing... I told Samuel... and he understood me. He also wanted to be a nazirite for one year, starting on the day which was to be the day of our wedding, that is the day after the calends of Adar. In the meantime he has been looking for You, because he wanted to love and know Him Who had given him back his fiancee: You. And he found You, after many months, at the Clear Water. I came too... and Your word completed the change of my heart. Now my previous vow is no longer sufficient for me... Like that almond-tree out there, which in the warmer and warmer sunshine has revived

after being dead for months and has blossomed and will leaf and then bear fruit, so I have continuously grown in the knowledge of what is better. The last time, when I was already sure of myself and of what I wanted — I have pondered on the matter all these past months — the last time I went to the Clear Water, You were no longer there... They had driven You away. I wept and prayed so much that the Most High heard me and persuaded my mother to send me here with a relative who was going to Tiberias to speak to the courtiers of the Tetrarch. The steward told me that I would find You here. I found Your Mother... and Her words, only listening to Her and being beside Her these two days, have completely matured the fruit of Your grace. » The girl has knelt down as if she were in front of an altar, her arms folded on her breast.

«All right. <sup>5</sup>But what do you want exactly? What can I do for you? » 156.5

«Lord, I would like... I would like a great thing. And only You, the Donor of life and health, can give it to me, because I think that what You can give, You can also take away... I would like You to take the life You gave me, during the year of my vow, before it ends... »

«Why? Are you not grateful to God for the life you received? »

«So grateful! Infinitely! But for one thing only: because by living by His grace and by Your miracle I have understood what is best. »

«Which is? »

«Which is to live like angels. As Your Mother, my Lord... as You live... as Your John lives... The three lilies, the three white flames, the three beatitudes of the earth, my Lord. Yes. Because I think that it is a beatitude to possess God and God is possessed by the pure. I believe that he who is pure is a Heaven with God in its centre and the angels around... Oh! My Lord! That is what I would like... Little have I heard of what You, Your Mother, the disciple and Isaac have said. Neither have I approached anyone else who could tell me Your words. But I feel as if my soul heard You all the time and You were its Master... I have told You everything, my Lord... »

«Annaleah, you are asking for very much and are giving very much... Daughter: you have understood God and the perfection to which a creature may rise to be like the Most Pure and to



please the Most Pure. »

Jesus has laid His hands on the sides of the head of the dark-haired girl, who is kneeling in front of Him and speaks bending over her: «He Who was born of a Virgin — because He could but build His nest on a pile of lilies — is nauseated, My dear daughter, by the triple lechery of the world and He would be crushed by so much nausea if His Father, Who knows on what His Son lives, did not intervene with loving help to support My soul in anguish. The pure are My joy. You are giving Me what the world takes from Me through its unexhausted baseness. May the Father and you, dear girl, be blessed for that. Go happily. Something will intervene to make your vow an eternal one. Be one of the lilies scattered on the blood-stained ways of Christ. »

156. 6    6«Oh! my Lord... there is still one thing I would like... »

«Which? »

«Not to be present at Your death... I could not see Him, Who is my Life die. »

Jesus smiles kindly and with His hand He wipes the tears streaming down her little dark face. «Do not weep. Lilies are never in mourning. You shall smile with all the pearls of your angelical crown when you see the crowned King enter His Kingdom. Go. May the Spirit of the Lord teach you while I am away. I bless you with the fire of Eternal Love. »

Jesus looks out onto the kitchen garden and calls: «Mother! Here is a little daughter, she is all Yours. She is now happy. But immerse her in Your purity every time we go to the Holy City, that she may become snow of celestial petals spread on the throne of the Lamb. » And Jesus goes back to His disciples, while Mary caresses the girl and stays with her.

156. 7    7Peter, Andrew and John look at Him inquisitively. And Jesus' bright face tells them that He is happy. Peter cannot help asking: «To whom did You speak so long, my Master? And what have You heard to be so beaming with joy? »

«To a woman at the dawn of life, to her who will be the dawn of many more that will come. »

«Who? »

«The virgins. »

Andrew mumbles, in a low voice, to himself: «It is not her... »

«No. It is not she. But do not tire of praying, be good and pa-

tient. Every word of your prayer is like a call, a light in the dark and it supports and guides her. »

«But who is my brother waiting for? »

«For a soul, Peter. A great poverty that he wants to change into a great wealth. »

«And where did Andrew find it, since he never goes about, he never speaks, and he is a helpless sort of chap? »

«On My way. Come with Me, Andrew. Let us go and see Alphaeus and bless Him amongst his many grandchildren. You wait for Me at James and Judas'. My Mother wants to be left alone all day. »

And while they go away, some here, some there, secretly shrouds the joy of the first girl consecrated to virginity for Christ's sake.

### 157. In Nazareth. Jesus gives the outlines of the main duties of women in their new mission.

7<sup>th</sup> May 1945.

<sup>1</sup>Jesus is still at Nazareth, at home. Rather, He is in the old carpenter's shop. The twelve apostles are with Him as well as Mary, Mary mother of James and Judas, Salome, Susanna, and, some-one new, Martha. A really sorrowful Martha, with clear signs of tears below her eyes. A Martha who is lost and frightened at being alone in the presence of other people and above all of the Lord's Mother. Mary endeavours to familiarise her with the other women and to relieve her of the feeling of uneasiness from which She sees she is suffering. But poor Martha's heart seems to be swelling more and more with Her caresses. She flushes and weeps alternately under her veil, which she has pulled very low over her sorrow and discomfort. 157.1

John comes in with James of Alphaeus. «She is not in, my Lord. She and her husband are the guests of a friend of hers. So the servants said» says John.

«She will certainly be very sorry. But she will always be able to see You and receive Your instructions» concludes James of Alphaeus.

«All right. The group of women disciples is not here as I expected it. But, you can see, Martha, Theophilus' daughter and Lazarus' sister, is present in the place of the absent Johanna. The disciples know who Martha is. So does My Mother. You, too, Mary, and perhaps also you, Salome, have already heard from your sons who Martha is, not so much as a woman according to the world, but as a creature in the eyes of God. And you, Martha, on the other hand, know who these women are, who consider you as their sister and will love you so much. You are their sister and daughter. And you are in great need of their love, My dear Martha, that you may enjoy the comfort of their kind fondness, which God does not condemn, but has given to man to support him in the weariness of life. And God has brought you here just when I had chosen to lay the foundation, I could say, to give you the canvas on which you will embroider your perfection of disciples.

157.2 <sup>2</sup>Disciple means to follow the discipline of the Master, of His doctrine. Therefore, in a wide meaning, all those who now and in future centuries will follow My doctrine, will be called disciples. And to avoid mentioning many names, saying: disciples of Jesus according to the teaching of Peter and Andrew, of James or John, of Simon or Philip, of Judas or Bartholomew, or of Thomas and Mathew, they will be called "Christians" by one word only, which will unite them all under one sign. But in the great mass of the followers of My discipline I have already selected the first and the second ones and the same will be done throughout centuries in My memory. As in the Temple, and even before, in Moses' days, there was a Pontiff, the priests, the Levites, those responsible for various services, offices and duties, the singers and so on, so in My new Temple, as large as the earth, which will last as long as the earth, there will be superiors and subordinates, all of them useful and loved by Me, and besides, there will be women, the new category, whom Israel has always despised, confining them to the virginal songs in the Temple or to the teaching of the virgins in the Temple. But nothing more.

Do not discuss whether that was fair or not. In the closed religion of Israel and in the days of Wrath it was fair. All the shame fell upon women, the origin of sin. In the universal religion of Christ and in the days of Forgiveness all that is changed. All the

Grace was assembled in one Woman and She delivered it to the world, that it might be redeemed. Woman is therefore no longer the disdain of God, but the help of God. And through the Woman, beloved by the Lord, all women can become disciples of the Lord, not only as the mass of followers, but as minor priestesses, assistants to the priests, to whom they can give so much help beside them and among the believers and non-believers, among those who will be brought to God not so much by the call of holy words as by the holy smile of one of My women disciples.

<sup>3</sup>You have asked to follow Me, as men do. But, as far as you 157.3 are concerned, it is too little for Me, if you only come, only listen and only practise. It would be your sanctification. A great thing. But not yet enough for Me. I am the Son of the Absolute One and I want the absolute for My beloved ones. I want everything, because I have given everything.

Further, not only I exist, there is also the world. This terrible thing. The world. It should be tremendous in holiness: a boundless holiness, in number and power, of the multitude of the children of God. Instead it is tremendous in wickedness. Its full iniquity is really unlimited owing to the number of its manifestations and the power of its vices. All sins are in the world, which is no longer a multitude of the children of God, but a multitude of the children of Satan, and above all, the sin bearing the clearest sign of its paternity is most alive: hatred. The world hates. He who hates sees evil even in the most holy things, and wants other people to see evil, even if they do not see it. If you asked the world why I came, it would not say to you: "To do good and redeem". But it would say: "To corrupt and usurp". If you asked the world what it thinks of you who follow Me, it would not say: "You follow Him to become holy and give comfort to the Master, through holiness and purity". But it would say: "You follow Him because you have been seduced by the man".

Such is the world. And I am telling you also that, so that you may consider everything before showing yourselves to the world as the chosen women disciples, the founders of a family of future women disciples, the cooperators of the servants of the Lord. Take your hearts in your hands, and say to them, to those sensitive hearts of women, that you, and your hearts with you, will be scorned at, calumniated, spit at, trampled on by the world,

by contempt, by falsehood, by the cruelty of the world. Ask your hearts whether they are capable of receiving all the wounds without shouting out of indignation, cursing those who wound it. Ask them whether they feel they can face the moral martyrdom of slander without going to the extent of hating the slanderers and the Cause for which they are calumniated. Ask them whether, sated and covered with the envy of the world, they will always be able to exhale love, whether poisoned with absinth they will be able to squeeze out honey, whether when suffering all tortures of incomprehension, of scorn, of malicious gossip, they will still be able to smile, pointing to Heaven, their goal, to which you wish to lead other people, out of womanly charity, which is motherly charity also in young girls. Still motherly even if bestowed upon old people who could be your ancestors, but are spiritual babies just born and incapable of understanding and conducting themselves in the way, the life, the truth, the wisdom that I have come to bring, by giving Myself: Way, Life, Truth, divine Wisdom. I will love you just the same if you say to Me: "I have not the strength, my Lord, to challenge the whole world for You".

157.4 <sup>4</sup>Yesterday a girl asked Me to immolate her, before the hour of her wedding strikes, because she feels that she loves Me, as God is to be loved; that is with her whole self, with the absolute perfection of giving herself. And I will do it. I have concealed the hour from her, that her soul may not tremble with fear, or her body more than her soul. Her death will be like the end of a flower, that closes its corolla in the evening, thinking it will reopen it the following day, but never opens it again, because the kiss of the night has sucked away its life. And I will do it, according to her desire, by bringing forward her repose of death to a few days before Mine. So that this first virgin of Mine may not be kept waiting in limbo, and I may find her immediately after My death...

Do not weep! I am the Redeemer... This holy girl did not ask to follow Me, but she did not limit herself to hosannas immediately after the miracle, but she worked the miracle as if it were money invested at an interest, and from human gratitude she passed to a supernatural one, from an earthly desire to a heavenly one, showing a maturity of spirit, which is superior to al-

most everybody else's, I say "almost" because amongst you who are listening to Me, there are perfections that are equal and even greater. She did not ask to follow Me, on the contrary she showed the desire to accomplish her evolution from a girl to an angel in the secrecy of her abode. And I love her so much that in the hours of disgust at what the world is, I will recall this kind creature, blessing the Father, Who wipes away My tears and perspiration of a Master in a world that does not want Me, by<sup>1</sup> means of such flowers of love and purity.

<sup>5</sup>But if you want, if you have the courage to remain the chosen women disciples, behold, I will point out to you the work you have to do to justify your presence and your election near Me and near the saints of the Lord: You can do so much amongst your fellow-creatures and for the ministers of the Lord.

157. 5

I have already mentioned it to Mary of Alphaeus many months ago. How great is the necessity of a woman near the altar of Christ! The infinite miseries of the world can be cured much more and much better by a woman than by a man, and then taken to man to be completely cured. Many hearts, particularly of females, will open to you, o women disciples. You must receive them as if they were dear children led astray, who are coming back to their father's house and dare not face their parent. You are the ones who will recomfort the culprit and placate the judge. Many will come to you seeking God. You will welcome them as if they were tired pilgrims, saying: "This is the house of the Lord, He will be here at once", and in the meantime you will envelop them with your love. A priest of Mine will come, if I do not.

A woman knows how to love. She was made to love. She degraded love into sensual lust, but true love, the gem of her soul, is still imprisoned in the depth of her heart: love devoid of foul sensual mud, made of angelical wings and perfumes, of pure flame and remembrances of God, of its origin from God and its creation by God. Woman: the masterpiece of goodness near the masterpiece of creation, which is man: "And now I will make Adam a helpmate that he may not feel alone", must not abandon the Adams. Take therefore that faculty of loving and make use of it in the love of Christ and for Christ amongst your neighbours. Be most charitable to repentant culprits. Tell them not to be afraid of God. Is it possible for you, mothers and sisters, not to be able

to do that? How often your little ones, your young brothers were ill and needed a doctor! And they were afraid. But with caresses and loving words you relieved them of their fear and they, no longer terrified as before, with their little hands held by yours, let the doctor cure them. Culprits are your sick brothers and children, who are afraid of the doctor's hand, and of his sentence... No, it must not be so. Since you know how good God is, tell them that God is good and no one must be afraid of Him. Even if He is frank and resolute in saying: "You shall not do it again", He will not reject him who has already done it and has fallen ill. But He will cure him to restore him to health.

Be mothers and sisters to holy living people. They, too, need love. They will become tired and worn out in evangelizing. They will not be able to do all that is to be done. Help them, discreetly and diligently. Women know how to work at home, near tables and beds, at looms and everything that is needed for everyday life. The future of the Church will be a continuous flow of pilgrims to the places of God. Be their kind inn keepers, taking upon yourselves all the most humble work, so that the ministers of God may be free to continue the work of the Master.

Then difficult, sanguinary, cruel times will come. Christians, also the holy ones, will undergo hours of terror and weakness. Man is never very strong in suffering. Women, instead, as compared to men, enjoy the true kingliness of being able to suffer. Teach men, supporting them in the hours of fear, discouragement, tears, tiredness and bloodshed. In our History we have examples of wonderful women Who performed daring liberating deeds. We have Judith, Jael. But believe Me, no one is greater, so far, than the mother who was eight times a martyr, seven times with each of her sons, and once herself, in the times of the Maccabees. Then there will be another one... And after Her, there will be countless numbers of heroines of sorrow and in sorrow, women who will be the solace of martyrs and martyrs themselves, who will be angels for those who are persecuted, silent priestesses who will preach God by their way of living, and who, with no other consecration but the one they received from the God-Love, will be consecrated and worthy of it.

157. 6 <sup>6</sup>Those are the outlines of your main duties. I will not be able to devote much time to you in particular. But you will be formed

by listening to Me. And you will be formed even more under the perfect guidance of My Mother.

Yesterday this maternal hand (and Jesus takes Mary's hand in His own) brought Me the girl of whom I have spoken to you and who told Me that to listen to Her and be beside Her for a few hours had matured the fruit of the grace she had received and had carried it to perfection. It is not the first time that My Mother has worked for Christ, Her Son. You and you, who are My disciples as well as cousins, know what Mary is for the formation of souls to God and you will be able to tell both those men and women, who may be afraid that I have not prepared them for their mission or that they are still insufficiently prepared, when I shall no longer be with you. My Mother will be with you now, when I am not amongst you, and later when I shall no longer be with you. She will remain with you, and with Her will remain the wisdom of all Her virtues. As from now you may follow all Her advice.

<sup>7</sup>Yesterday evening we were alone and I was sitting near Her, as I used to when I was a child, with My head resting on Her shoulder, which is so soft and so strong. And My Mother said to Me — we had been talking of the girl who had left early in the afternoon, with enclosed in her virginal heart a sun, brighter than the one in the sky: her holy secret — She said to Me: “How lovely it is to be the Redeemer's Mother! ” Yes, how lovely it is when the creature coming to the Redeemer is already a creature of God, a creature in whom there is only the stain of origin, that can only be washed away by Me. All the other small stains of human imperfection have been washed away by love. 157. 7

But, My sweet Mother, Most Pure Guide of souls to Your Son, Holy Star of orientation, Kind Teacher of saints, Pious Foster-Mother of the most little ones, Healthy Cure of sick people, not always such creatures who are not repugnant to holiness will be coming to You... But lepers, horrors, stench, a tangle of snakes and foul things, will creep to Your feet, o Queen of mankind, and will shout: “Have mercy! Succour us! Take us to Your Son!”. And You will have to put this pure hand of Yours on their wounds, and bend with Your eyes of a heavenly dove on hellish deformities, inhale the stench of sin and not run away. And more than that, You will have to press to Your heart those who have been



mutilated by Satan, those abortions, that filth, and wash them with Your tears and bring them to Me... And then You will say: "How difficult it is to be the Redeemer's Mother! ". But You will do it because You are the Mother... I kiss and bless these hands of Yours from which so many creatures will come to Me, and each of them will be a glory of Mine. But before Mine, *it will be a glory of Yours*, Holy Mother.

157. 8 <sup>8</sup>My dear women disciples, follow the example of My Teacher, of the Teacher of James and Judas, of everyone who wishes to be formed in Grace and Wisdom. Follow Her word. It is the same as Mine, but made sweeter. Nothing is to be added to it because it is the word of the Mother of Wisdom.

And you, My friends, endeavour to acquire the humbleness and firmness of women, and demolishing manly pride, do not despise the women disciples, but mitigate your strength, and I could say your hardness and your intolerance as well, in contact with the kindness of women. And above all, learn from them how to love, to believe and to suffer for the Lord, because I solemnly tell you that they, the weak ones, will become the strongest in faith, in love, in daring, in sacrificing themselves for their Master, Whom they love with their whole selves, without asking for anything, without demanding anything, satisfied only with loving, to give Me solace and joy.

Go now to your homes, or to the houses where you are guests. I will stay with My Mother. God be with you. »

157. 9 <sup>9</sup>They all go away except Martha.

«Martha, you stay here. I have already spoken to your servant. Today it is not Bethany that is giving hospitality, but it is Jesus' little house. Come. You will eat beside Mary and sleep in the little room near Hers. The spirit of Joseph, our comfort, will comfort you while you are resting, and tomorrow you will go back to Bethany stronger and more sure of yourself, to prepare women disciples also there, while waiting for the one dearest to Me and to you. Do not doubt, Martha. I never promise in vain. But it takes time to turn a desert full of vipers into a heavenly thicket. The first work is not noticed. Nothing seems to have taken place. Instead the seed has already been sown. The seeds. All of them. And then tears will come, to act as rain that opens the seeds... And the good trees will come... Come! Weep no more! »

158. On the lake of Gennesaret with Johanna of Chuza.

8<sup>th</sup> May 1945.

<sup>1</sup>Jesus is on the lake, in Peter's boat, behind two other boats; one is a common fishing boat, like that of Peter, the other is a slender expensive pleasure boat. It belongs to Johanna of Chuza. But the owner is not in her boat. She is at Jesus' feet, in Peter's humbler craft. 158.1

I would say that they met by chance somewhere on the flowery shore of Gennesaret, most beautiful in this first appearance of Palestinian springtime, which strews its clouds of blossoming almond-trees and lays the pearls of future flowers on pear and apple-trees, on pomegranates, quince-trees, on all the trees which are most fruitful and bear the most beautiful blossoms and fruit. When the boat keeps close to the shore exposed to the sun, one can already see millions of buds swelling on the branches, awaiting to blossom, while the petals of the early almond-trees flutter in the quiet air until they alight in the clear water.

The shores, covered with the new grass, which looks like bright green silk, are studded with the golden eyes of buttercups, or radiate-star daisies, near which the beautiful, thin bluish forget-me-nots, stiff on their stems like little crowned queens, smile gently, as placid as children's eyes, and they seem to be saying «yes, of course» to the sun, to the lake, to the other herbs, which are happy to bloom, under the sky-blue eyes of their Lord.

At the beginning of spring the lake has not yet the opulence that will turn it into a triumph the following months, it has not the luxurious pomp, which I would call sensual, of the many thousand rigid or supple rosaries, in the form of tufts in gardens or veils against walls, of the many thousand corymbs of cytisi and acacias, of the thousands and thousands of groups of tuberoses, of the thousands and thousands of waxed stars of citrus trees, of all the blending of hues, of strong, soft, inebriating perfumes, which form the environment and spur of human great desire for enjoyment that desecrates this corner of the earth, which is so pure, and is the lake of Tiberias: the place chosen centuries ago to be the theatre of the greatest number of miracles worked by our Lord Jesus.

<sup>2</sup>Johanna looks at Jesus absorbed in the beauty of His Galile- 158.2

an lake and her face smiles reflecting, like a faithful mirror, His smile. They are speaking in the other boat. There is silence here. The only noise is the thud of the bare feet of Peter and Andrew, who are manoeuvring the boat, and the sigh of the water opened by the prow and whispering its pain to the sides of the boat, and then changing into laughter at the stern, when the wound heals and becomes a silvery wake that the sun causes to sparkle as if it were diamond dust.

At last Jesus ends His contemplation and turns His eyes towards Johanna. He smiles at her and asks her: «We are almost there, are we not? And you will be saying that your Master is not a very pleasant companion. I have not spoken one word to you. »

«But I have read them on Your face, Master, and I heard everything You said to these things which are around us. »

«Well, then, what was I saying? »

«Love, be pure, be good. Because you come from God, and nothing bad or impure has come out of His hands. »

«You have read correctly. »

«But, my Lord, the herbs will do that... Also the animals will do it. Man... Why will he not, although he is the most perfect? »

«Because Satan's tooth has only just pierced man. He intended to demolish the Creator through His greatest prodigy, most like Him. »

158.3 <sup>3</sup>Johanna lowers her head in thought. She seems to be hesitating and weighing two opposite desires. Jesus is watching her. She then raises her head and says: «Would You mind approaching some friends of mine, who are pagans? You know... Chuza is a courtier... And the Tetrarch — and even more so the true mistress of the Court: Herodias, to whose will every desire of Herod yields, as it is... fashionable, to show that they are more refined than any other Palestinian, to be protected by Rome by worshipping Rome and everything that is Roman — flirts with the Romans of the proconsular household... and almost imposes them onto us. Really I must say that the women are not worse than we are. Also amongst us, on these very shores, there are some women who have fallen very low. And what can we speak of, unless we speak of Herodias?... When I lost my child and I was ill, they were very good to me, although I did not seek them. And after, we have remained friends. But if You tell me that it is wrong, I

will put an end to it. No? Thank You, my Lord. The day before yesterday I was with one of these friends. It was a friendly visit, as far as I was concerned, a duty call with regard to Chuza.

It was an order of the Tetrarch who... would like to come back here but does not feel too safe and so... he enters into more interested relations with Rome, in order to be protected. By the way... please... You are a relative of the Baptist, are You not? Well, tell him not to be too trustful. He should never leave Samaria. On the contrary, if he does not mind, he should hide there for some time. The snake is going near the lamb and the lamb has a *lot* to be afraid of. Of everything. Let him be watchful, Master. But it must not be known that I said it. It would be the end of Chuza. »

«Do not worry, Johanna. I will inform the Baptist in such a way that no harm will be done. »

«Thank You, my Lord. I want to serve You... but by doing so, I would not like to harm my husband. In fact... I... will not always be able to come with You. Sometimes, I will have to stay, because he wants me to, and it is just... »

«You will stay, Johanna. I understand everything. Say no more, because it is not necessary. »

«But will You want me to be near You in the most dangerous hours for You? »

«Certainly, Johanna. »

«Oh! What a burden it was for me having to say that and actually giving voice to the words! But now I am relieved... »

«If you have faith in Me, you will always be relieved. <sup>4</sup>But you <sup>158.4</sup> were talking about a Roman lady friend... »

«Yes. She is a close friend of Claudia and I think she must be a relative of hers, too. And she would like to speak to You, or at least, listen to You. And she is not the only one. Now that You have cured Valeria's child, and the news traveled as fast as lightning, they are more anxious than ever. At the banquet the other evening, there was a lot of talking, in your favour and against You. Because some Herodians were present, as well as some Sadducees... although, if you asked them they would deny it... and there were also some women... rich... but... but not honest. There was... I regret telling You because I know that You are a friend of her brother... but there was Mary of Magdala with her new friend and another woman, a Greek, I think, as dissolute as

she. You know... among heathens, women are at table with men and that is very... What a nuisance! My friend was so kind as to choose my husband as my companion and that was a great relief. But the others... oh!... Well... They were talking about You, because Faustina's miracle caused a stir and if the Romans admired You as a great doctor or magician — forgive me, my Lord — the Herodians and the Sadducees vomited venom on Your Name. And Mary! Oh Mary! How horrible!... She began sneering and then. No, I will not tell You. I wept all night over it... »

«Never mind. She will recover. »

«But she is all right, You know? »

«Her body is. All the rest is poisoned. She will recover. »

«You say so... The Roman women, You know what they are like... said: "We are not afraid of witchcraft, neither do we believe in lies. We want to judge by ourselves"; and after they said to me: "Could we not hear Him? "»

«Tell them that at the end of the month of Shebat I will be in your house. »

«I will tell them, my Lord. Do You think they will come to You? »

158.5 «There is a world to be rebuilt in them. First it is necessary to destroy, then to build. But it is not impossible. <sup>5</sup>Johanna, there is your house and your garden. Work in it for your Master, as I told you. Goodbye, Johanna. The Lord be with you. I bless you in His name. »

The boat draws near to the shore. Johanna begs: «Are You really not coming? »

«Not now. I must revive the flames. In the absence of a few months, they have almost gone out. And time flies. »

The boat stops in the little bay which penetrates into Chuza's garden. Some servants rush to assist their mistress in getting off. Her boat arrives at the wharf after Peter's, and John, Matthew, the Iscariot and Philip come off it and get on board Peter's boat, which slowly departs and resumes its voyage to the opposite shore.

159. The preaching at Gherghesa on sincerity in faith.  
The reply to the questions of the disciples  
of the Baptist: new times, new methods.

9<sup>th</sup> May 1945.

<sup>1</sup>Jesus is speaking in a town which I have never seen before. 159. 1  
At least, that is what I think, because all the towns are alike in style and it is difficult to tell one from the other at first sight. Also here a road coasts the lake and all the boats are on the shore. Large and small houses are set in a row on the other side of the road, but the hills are much more distant and so the little town is on a charming plain which stretches along the eastern shores of the lake, protected from the winds by the range of hills, and warmed by the sun which here, more than in the other parts of the country, increases the blossoming of the trees.

I think that Jesus' sermon has already begun because He says: «...It is true, You say: "We will never abandon You because to abandon You is to abandon God", But, o people of Gherghesa, remember that nothing is more changeable than the human mind. I am convinced that at present that is what you really think. My word and the miracle that took place have encouraged you in that direction and at the present moment you are sincere in what you say. <sup>2</sup>But I wish to remind you of one event\*, I could quote a 159. 2  
thousand both remote and recent. I will mention this one only.

Joshua, the servant of the Lord, on the eve of death, gathered around him all the tribes with their elders, leaders, judges and scribes and he spoke to them in the presence of the Lord, reminding them of all the benefits gained from and prodigies worked by the Lord through His servant. And after enumerating all these things, he asked them to repudiate any god which was not the Lord or at least to be frank in their faith, choosing with sincerity either the True God or the gods of Mesopotamia and of the Amorites, so that there should be a clear separation between the sons of Abraham and the paganizing people.

An openly declared error is always better than a hypocritical profession and mixture of faiths, which is an insult to God and death to souls. And nothing is easier to maintain and more

\* one event, *Joshua 24: 1-28*.

commonly met than such mixture. The appearance is good; the substance underneath it is not good. That state applies also nowadays. Those believers who mix the observance of the Law with what is forbidden by the Law, those miserable fellows who stagger like drunken people between loyalty to the Law and the profit of business and compromise with outlaws from whom they hope to receive some advantage, those priests or Scribes or Pharisees who no longer make the service of God the aim of their lives, but indulge in shrewd politics to triumph over other people and thus be able to do anything against more honest persons, because they are not the servants of God, but they serve a power which they know is strong and useful for their purposes, all those people are nothing but hypocrites who mix our God with false gods.

The people replied to Joshua: "Never let it be that we shall abandon the True God to serve false gods". Joshua told them what I, have just told you about the holy jealousy of the Father, about His will to be loved exclusively, with our whole selves, about His justice in punishing those who are untruthful. Punishment! God can punish just as He can reward us. It is not necessary to be dead to receive our reward or punishment. Consider, o people of Israel, whether God, after giving you so much, freeing you from the Pharaohs, leading you safely through the desert and the snares of enemies, allowing you to become a great and respected nation, full of glory, has not punished you once, twice, ten times, for your sins! Consider what you have become now! And I, Who see you throwing yourselves headlong into the most sacrilegious idolatry, I see also into which abyss you are about to fall because you always persevere in the same faults. And because of that I rebuke you, o people who are twice Mine, because I am your Redeemer and because I was born of you. My reproach is not hatred, it is not grudge, nor intolerance, it is love, even if it is severe.

159.3 <sup>3</sup>Joshua then said: "You are witnesses: you have chosen the Lord" and they all replied: "Yes, we are". And Joshua, who was wise besides being brave, knowing how fleeting the will of man is, wrote in the book all the words of the Law and of the covenant and he put them in the temple, and also in the sanctuary of the Lord in Shechem, which contained the Tabernacle for the occa-

sion, he set a great stone as witness and said: "This stone which has heard all your words to the Lord shall remain here as a witness so that you may not lie and deny the Lord your God".

A stone, no matter how great and hard it may be, can always be reduced to powder by man, by thunderbolt or by the erosion of water and time. But I am the Eternal Corner-Stone. And I cannot be destroyed. Do not lie to this Living Stone. Do not love it only because it works miracles. Love it because through it you will touch Heaven. I would like you to be more spiritual, more faithful to the Lord. I am not saying to Me. I am, only because I am the Voice of the Father. By trampling on Me, you wound Him Who sent Me. I am the mediator. He is everything. Take what I offer you and keep within yourselves what is holy so that you may reach God. Do not love the Man, love the Messiah of the Lord not because of the miracles He works, but because He wants to work in you the intimate and sublime miracle of your sanctification. »

«Jesus blesses and heads towards a house. He is almost at the door when He is stopped by a group of elderly men who greet Him respectfully saying: «May we ask You a question, Lord? We are disciples of John and as he always speaks of You and also because the fame of Your miracles reached us, we wish to make Your acquaintance. We have just listened to You and we have a question to ask You. »

«Ask it. If you are disciples of John, you are already on the path of justice. »

«You said, speaking of the idolatries which are common amongst believers, that there are people amongst us who come to compromise between the Law and those who are out of the Law. But You also are a friend of theirs. We know that You do not disdain the Romans. So? »

«I do not deny it. But can you say that I do it to make a profit? Can you say that I caress them even to receive just their protection? »

«No, Master. And we are more than certain. But the world is not made only of us, who want to believe only in the evil that we see and not in the evil we are told about. Now tell us the convincing reason for approaching Gentiles, for our own guidance and to defend You in the event of someone slandering You in our presence.»



«It is evil to have contact when one does it for human purposes. It is not evil when one approaches them to take them to the Lord our God. That is what I do. If you were Gentiles, I could spend some time explaining to you how every man comes from One God only. But you are Jews and disciples of John. You are therefore the cream of Jews, and I need not explain that to you. You can therefore understand and believe that it is My duty, as the Word of God, to take His word to all men, the sons of the Universal father. »

«But they are not His sons, they are pagans... »

«With regards to Grace they are not. Because of their erroneous faith, they are not. That is true. But until I redeem you, man, also a Jew, will have lost Grace, he will be deprived of it, because the Stain of Origin prevents the ineffable ray of Grace from descending into men's hearts. But with regards to creation, man is always a son. From Adam, the founder of the human family, descend both the Jews and the Romans and Adam is the son of the Father Who gave him His spiritual likeness. »

159. 5 «That is true. <sup>5</sup>Another question, Master. Why do John's disciples fast very sternly and Yours do not? We do not mean that You should not eat. Also the Prophet Daniel was holy in the eyes of God although he was a great man at the court in Babylon, and You are greater than he. But they... »

«What very often is not achieved by rigorism, is achieved by cordiality. There are people who would never come to the Master, and the Master must go to them. There are others who would go to the Master, but are ashamed of going amongst the crowd. The Master must go also to them. And since they say to Me: "Be my guest that I may know You" I go, bearing in mind, not the pleasure of a rich table, and of a conversation that sometimes is very painful for Me, but only and always the interest of God. That is as far as I am concerned. And as often at *least one* of the souls which I approach is converted to God, and every conversion is a wedding feast for My soul, a great feast in which all the angels in Heaven take part and which is blessed by the Eternal God, so My disciples, the friends of Me-the Spouse, rejoice with the Spouse and Friend. Would you like to see My friends in pain while I rejoice? While I am with them? But the time will come

159. 6 when they will no longer have Me. And then they will fast. <sup>6</sup>New

methods for new times. Up until yesterday, in the days of the Baptist, there was the ash of Penance. Today, in My days, there is the sweet manna of Redemption, of Mercy, of Love. The old methods could not be engrafted into Mine, as My method could not have been used then, not even yesterday. Because Mercy was not yet on the earth. It is now. No longer the Prophet, but the Messiah, to Whom everything has been entrusted by God, is on the earth. Each day has what is useful to it. Nobody sews a new cloth on to an old garment, lest the new piece of cloth, particularly when being washed, should shrink and thus tear the old cloth and the hole would become bigger. Likewise no one puts new wine into old wineskins, otherwise the new wine would burst the wineskins, which cannot stand the effervescence of the new wine, and it would run out of the burst wineskins. But the old wine, which has already been decanted several times, is put into old wineskins, and the new wine into new ones. So that one force may be compensated by another equal one. The same happens now. The force of the new doctrine suggests new methods to divulge it. And I, Who am aware of it, make use of them. »

<sup>7</sup>«Thank You, Lord. We are now happy. Pray for us. We are old wineskins. Shall we be able to restrain Your force? » <sup>159.7</sup>

«Yes, because the Baptist shaped you and because his prayers and Mine will make you capable of so much. Go with My peace and tell John that I bless him. »

«But... according to You, is it better for us to stay with the Baptist or with You? »

«As long as there is old wine, drink it, if its flavour is agreeable. Later... as the putrid water which is everywhere will disgust you, you will love the new wine. »

«Do You think that the Baptist will be recaptured? »

«Yes, most certainly. I have already sent him a warning. Go now. Enjoy your John as long as you can and make him happy. Afterwards you will love Me. And you will find it hard... also because no one who has become used to old wine will all of a sudden wish to have new wine. One says: "The old one was better". And in fact I will have a different flavour, which will seem sour to you. But you will relish its vital flavour day by day. Goodbye, friends. May God be with you. »