

MARIA VALTORTA READERS GROUP

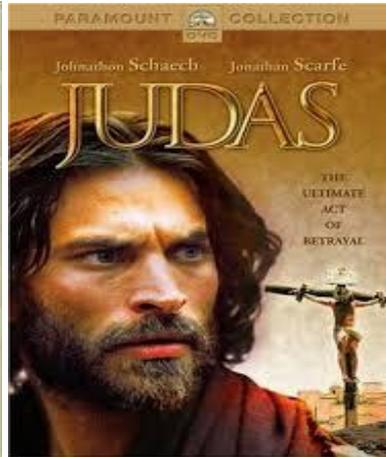
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THE SUPPLEMENT No. 86 – JUNE 2017



St. Joseph



Judas



Marta Diciotti

Part One

Here are some passages that David has selected to share with readers, which he has kept close to his heart as he journeyed with Maria Valtorta.

The Joseph Prayer

(As the time is approaching for His Passion and Death, Jesus says to His friend Joseph of Arimathea:)

'...Goodbye. Joseph. Be just. Just like him who was My guardian for so many years and who was capable of every renovation to serve the Lord his God. If he were here, among us, Oh! How he would teach you to serve the Lord perfectly, to be just, just, just. But it is right that he should already be in Abraham's bosom! (Lk. 16:22)... In order not to see the injustice of Israel. Holy servant of God! ...A new Abraham, with a broken heart, but with perfect will, he would not have advised Me to be cowardly, but he would have spoken the words that he used to utter when anything painful weighed heavily on us: "Let us raise our spirits. We shall meet the yes of God and we shall forget that it is men who grieve us. And let us do whatever is burdensome, as if the Most High presented it to us. In this way we shall sanctify also the least things, and God will love us". Oh! He would have said so also to comfort Me to suffer the deepest sorrows... He would have comforted us... Oh! My Mother! ...'

(The Poem Vol. 5, pp. 154-5; The Gospel, Vol. 9, p. 56)

Whom did Jesus Love the Most?

(Jesus says:)

'Do you know who the apostle was, who loved Me more than any other? John. It was truly John. Before and after the Passion. Before and after Pentecost...

And who is the apostle I loved most? It is Judas Iscariot. Do not stare in disbelief or give a start. It's true. I loved Judas Iscariot more than anyone else. And now I'll explain to you, and you'll understand.

John was the beloved one. Everyone knows. And everyone knows the truth. He was good, pure, and faithful. It is obvious that he attracted the love of God and the love of the Man - that is, the love of Jesus the God-Man.

But tell me: is it more wearisome to perform an action demanding continuous effort which we know beforehand will be futile, or to perform another which, instead of effort, involves joy and repose in carrying it out? The former, isn't it? And who will have more merit? The one carrying out the former or the latter? In the former case, where the sole purpose is to do one's full duty with no hope of receiving compensation, or in the latter, where minute by minute we are amply repaid for what we are doing? Whoever carries out the former act will have more merit...'

(Notebooks 1945-50, pp. 394-5)

The Heart of Jesus

(Jesus says:)

'...Love Me as Eucharist. *The Eucharist is the Heart of God, it is My Heart. I gave you My Heart at the Last Supper; I always give it to you, provided you want it. And you will not conceive the Christ in yourselves and give birth to Him unless you are able to make His Heart live in you...*

(Notebooks 1943, p. 55)

'...My Heart is a living Eucharist. Where does love start from? From the heart. What is the Eucharist? It is love. When you think, then, of the Eucharist, you can say to yourselves, "This is the Heart of Jesus' Heart"...

(Notebooks 1944, p. 356)

The Heads of the Apostles

(Azariah, Maria Valtorta's Guardian Angel, speaks of Pentecost (Acts 2:1-4), and the heads of the Apostles:)

'Have you ever meditated, O soul of Mine, on the symbol of that tongue of fire... which rested upon each of the Apostles' heads while it crowned the All-Holy Woman with a wreath?...

Ineffable Love, the Creator together with the Father and the Son... wanted to complete and perfect them, burning up the heaviest, the most poisonous dross remaining in the humanity of the apostolic man, located in the head...

Into the head - sometimes and, too often, informed with heavy slabs of threefold sensuality - the Divine Sun and

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the Father's messages cannot enter while the corrupt fumes of a corrupt humanity rise up...

In the Apostles that was not to happen. In the son of Darkness - the wretched deicide Judas - the gift of miracles had initiated the Apostle's ruin. But in the twelve destined to evangelize the world, there were not to be any more ruins. And behold the Spirit in His Pentecostal Communion, burning and purifying the seat of sense and thought: the heads of the apostolic men, while He crowned with love the head of the Virgin, His Spouse! ...' (*Book of Azariah*, pp.93-5 (1993 Edition), 96-8 (2007 Edition))

Part Two:

The Second International Maria Valtorta Conference in France on 20 May, 2017 by Fr. Ernesto Zucchiniaria

We were in Paris to attend the **Second International Day of the Friends of Maria Valtorta**. By the grace of God, we arrived in the evening of 19 May after travelling 1,044 km by car (from Italy). The day consisted of Mass, prayers and various speakers. We returned home happily and safely on 21 May. Thanks to God

For me and Gabriele Cajano, it was our first time, but it was Francesco Penati's second time. He was there last year and he knew the best way to get there.

All three of us congratulated Bruno Perrinet and Jerome Bayle for this wonderful initiative taking place in France. The purpose of this day was to involve as many people as possible within the financial constraints and [to cut costs] by using the Parish of Notre-Dame d'Auteuil in Paris as a venue. This conference took place entirely in this church, and at least 400 people attended from all over France. Unfortunately, the famous engineer Jean-François Lavère (refer to **Stephen's Update**) and Monsignor René Laurentin (Mariologist and French theologian) were unable to attend but that did not detract from the day.

In the morning, Holy Mass was celebrated in the crypt along with the Holy Rosary (interspersed with passages from Maria's writings) led by Bruno Perrinet. Everyone was then invited to go down the side street to a building on the grounds, which I presume belongs to the parish, where there were books for sale and time for lunch. In the afternoon from 2:00 pm, various speakers addressed the group. It started with Père Yannik Bonnet on Valtorta's works, then Mrs Véronique Lévy with a wonderful dramatic reading of a passage from Valtorta where Jesus comments on his Passion (*Poem*, Vol 5, Chapter 613; *Gospel*, Vol 9, Chapter 613). Then a former professional footballer, Florian Boucansaud, gave a testimony on his profound conversion to Jesus through reading the works of Maria Valtorta.

There was a brief address made by the Italian CEV, and then Bruno Perrinet, the president of the Maria Valtorta Association, concluded the conference.

The solemnity of the place (the crypt and the church) and the Holy Mass did not allow any opportunity for a dialogue to take place between those who attended and the guest speakers, and this somewhat detracted from the day, but I do not think it could have been done any differently due to the time constraints and the venue.

However, I must admit that I did not realise that the room where the conference took place was actually the central nave of the church of Notre-Dame d'Auteuil. I thought it

was another part of this church or the parish hall. To my utter astonishment, in allowing the nave to be used, the parish priest of this church literally gave his consent to people to talk about Maria Valtorta. We all constantly know the reluctance of priests to allow people to speak about Maria Valtorta in parishes in Italy. And the 'allergic reaction' of priests towards Maria Valtorta is also very strong here in France, so I thought this was impossible. Had it been a church run by traditionalists, then I believe it may have been possible because in that environment, Maria Valtorta would have been accepted, but that this could happen in a 'normal' parish dumbfounded me.

I praise and applaud this wonderful parish priest: Fr. Antoine de Romanet for his courage.

(Translated by Catherine Loft)

Part Three: Here are more excerpts taken from Marta Diciotti's book called *Una Vita con Maria Valtorta (Life with Maria Valtorta)*. As this book has not been translated into English yet, here are more passages for your perusal, all of which tell us so much more about this victim soul. (NB: The following is not a full translation of the content on these pages)

Marta says:

During the night, I dreamt of Maria in all her youthful splendour, beautifully dressed in a loose, white long gown drawn at her waist with a silk sash. She was at the table looking slowly at the photos of her funeral. [Ed: Italians used to take photos at funerals, including the open coffin]. She looked at them and smiled with irony, gently shaking her head as she browsed through the pictures. She shook her head with tender compassion at the childish things that we hold dearly. This continued for a while, then at a certain moment, she became serious. She turned to me and said, 'So, you think you suffered a lot during this time? Don't forget that your suffering was only like a grain of sand compared to mine.' Then continuing to take the photos, one by one, and putting them down again, she added conclusively, 'Don't worry about these poor remains here, love the Writings - there you will find my love for Jesus and there you will love me too.'

Maria often predicted things about people and Fr. Migliorini was one of them. When he was unwell, Maria said that he did not have long to live. When Dr. Lapi was still a young man, just married with a new son, Maria predicted his death. Regarding her own father who lived at a time when there wasn't as much medical treatment, he got sick and Maria pleaded with her mother to look after him, keep him quiet and treat him well because he only had six months left. Her mother snapped at her and said, 'You are the bird of ill omens!' To which Maria responded, 'No! This is something I don't like doing - telling people about forthcoming disasters.' But it was like talking to a brick wall and all Maria could do was just help.

Maria had premonitory dreams: When she dreamt someone was drowning, the person soon after fell ill. For years she had premonitions of the tragic death of Dr. Lamberto Lapi, who was shot by 'partisans' in Corsica. This gentleman, Dr. Lapi was Maria's family doctor for nine years, and he would often discuss clinical cases with

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her because Maria showed extraordinary medical knowledge: even though she did not have a degree in medicine. Maria was able to give absolutely accurate clinical opinions and predict whether the patient would die or not. She never made mistakes: Maria could sense a person was near death from a particular smell that only she could sense.

Desperate people came to Maria to ask for advice. She would give it, but without involving the supernatural, saying that it was just her personal advice (which was of great value anyway, because she was such a wise woman.) But Maria told them that she would not ask for a sign because 'the Lord is not in our service.' If someone had a heavy weight on their soul, she would recommend Confession first, then she would console, reassure or advise them. Maria commented that, 'It is not pleasant being an extraordinary instrument because the fate of prophets in general is usually being stoned to death.'

When Jesus appeared to Maria, he would generally stand at the end of her bed, a little to her right or he would sit on a little stool that was always near her bed. Sometimes, our Most Holy Mother would appear to her in that same spot. At times Our Lady would be very sad and she would cry. Maria kept a cloth over her top sheet, like a person who wears an apron so as not to get dirty with things she did or items she held. Our Lady's tears fell on this piece of material. One day, Maria told me to wash it when it was time to do the laundry. In those days, there were no washing machines but a copper where we would wash in boiling water. When she asked me to wash it, I questioned her, 'Why do you want to wash the cloth that holds the tears of Our Lady?' and she responded, 'Look, just do as I say. I will explain later. But please boil it in the copper.' When I had done as she asked – I washed it and ironed it - I brought it to her and she looked at it and said, 'See? See? These marks made by Our Lady's tears are still here and were not washed away even in boiling water.' The cloth is still there and you can see the spots which Maria has marked with threaded stitches. Had Maria not reassured me of her motives, I would never have had the courage to wash it, and Maria knew this. I washed it in boiling water slowly for a couple of hours, and things would come out beautifully white. Maria wanted to do this to confirm or verify her vision.

Maria put up with the pain she was in without complaining. This continued to the later years and to the very last days of her life. She always endured the physical pain with the greatest courage and with great dignity. When the pain became so great to the point that she couldn't bear it, she would say, 'Oh God, Oh God, leave me alone. Can't you end it all, at least? Can't you let me see the light?' Then she would say, 'Go! Go! Don't worry about me. It will pass.' She didn't want Jesus to be there and watch her suffer but she accepted the suffering. Maria never wanted anything to ease the pain. What's more, she was of the opinion that painkillers may give relief but they do not cure you. They are useless for curing people. One day, when Dr. Lapi was still young, he saw her in pain and gave her some morphine without telling her. When Maria saw the empty vial on her bedside table, she responded strongly,

and she made it clear to him, 'Look, Doctor, this is the first and last time that you will take liberties with me. These painkillers are not meant for me. Remember that! I absolutely do not want them.' She made him promise.

My biggest aspiration was to see Maria's works published before she died, but Maria had a prophecy that this would not take place and accepted the will of God. But Maria would assure me that the works would be published because Jesus told her they would be. So Maria warned me to 'Be careful. Promise me you will be careful because this work has enemies that are trying to destroy it. Remember this. Remember this and never forget it. See, I never stop trying to be prudent. One wrong move and everything will be wasted or damaged on a grand scale. Tomorrow, when I am no longer with you, one wrong move on your part could destroy everything, so be vigilant over this gift.' I often wondered why there was so much protest over such a work that had done so much good. I then realised that the negativity was demonic.

Maria would say, 'You'll see...When things have changed, these writings will reach souls, just wait and see! God knows that they will reach them. God has told me repeatedly and God never lies. Just wait and see. These writings will reach so many souls and they will come here, even those who slandered me, offended me, mistreated me and trampled on me. But I have forgiven them, yes I have forgiven all those who treated me badly and made me suffer. Yes, I have forgiven them but I have not forgotten. Forgive, forgive, forgive. But always be prudent.'

Frequently they were satanic attacks, full of hate, against the divine Work and against Maria Valtorta personally. She urged me to 'forgive the evil clerics, but do not forget because the moment you forget and trust people, there is the danger that you will not be alert to those wanting to disparage the work again.'

Mother Teresa became a great confidante from December 1945. I understood Maria on an exterior level but Mother Teresa understood her from within. She was able to give her advice, direct her and she encouraged her. Maria often wrote letters to her.

Maria was a victim soul and sacrificed so much. She not only accepted her illness and her medical condition, but she suffered the Passion, not wanting any visible signs to show this. All along, Maria wanted to get these works out to people to help them get to know and love Jesus. She was always so disappointed and upset when the clergy didn't give it a chance by reading it, and yet they insubstantially questioned it. However, it was towards the end of her life that I noticed something unusual. Around 1956 when the publisher sent us a copy her *Poem*, Maria, opened the package, looked at the title and turned that book around this way and that, and she just put it down. She was like a robot with no expression. This surprised me because I expected Maria would be so happy and that she would die of joy...but her reaction was... nothing. I didn't understand it. In fact, she was like this more and more towards the end. She no longer communicated with people through letters, and did not speak. However, Mother Teresa informed me that Maria had written her a

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letter 10 years before, in which she said she had also offered up the supreme sacrifice to God- her intelligence, her intellect. This explained her mental state and everything made sense. It was as though Maria became detached from everything.

The Poem is presented and is referred to as 'the writings of Maria Valtorta' and this is the case only because Maria is no longer living on this earth. Otherwise, you can be sure this would never be said or written. Not ever, because Maria used to say, 'I am the pen' or 'I am simply the instrument.' She absolutely would not have wanted this phrase to be used. **The Autobiography** was hers but **the Poem** was Jesus'. Do you honestly think that a wretched person like Maria could have written 15,000 pages? (That's what people say, not that I have actually counted them). Supernaturally speaking, it was fortunate for her that her sacrifice gained her Heaven.

Twenty-one hours before Maria died, 11 October, 1961 Fr. Bonaventura Raschi came to say Mass for Maria at her home. He felt an exceptional admiration for the writings and wanted to meet her, but there I was, not allowing him to go into her room, making excuses and keeping him waiting at the entrance. Maria wasn't herself any more. I couldn't stand seeing her in that state of inertia when I had known her with her full intellect. I couldn't cope seeing her like this. It was so painful for me. Even when I think back on it, I relive the pain. I was utterly ashamed of my rudeness at not letting Fr. Raschi in. He was a remarkable person and when I explained it to him, he consoled me.

Maria Valtorta's bed was very hard, because a wooden board was placed under her mattress for her bad back. This was good for me because that way I could keep my balance when I had to lean on her bed or to move her to a sitting position with three cushions in the morning where she would stay for the whole day. Then I would lay her down at night. Sometimes I would get help moving her. Although she was in this mental state, I could see the pained expression on her face, or her body would contract from the pain when I moved her. She never said anything like, 'Don't hurt me. Be careful.' She just put up with it all. And if people came to see her, they would ask, 'Do you know who I am?' She would remain absolutely silent. And yet, this person was once the most brilliant conversationalist. One day, I remember Dr. Emilio Pisani came to see her. He said to me, 'Marta, do what you need to do in the kitchen. I will feed Maria.' And he fed her gently and simply. This was new to Maria but she did not object. This happened in the last summer of her life.

The front lounge room became her bedroom. Maria could see and hear because four days before she died, she was responding to the Litany of the Saints that was being prayed on the radio at lunchtime. When I heard her from the other room, I thought, 'Is it possible? Is it really her?' I went to check and she looked at me and said, 'Isn't this the way you say it?'

She could talk. She had not lost that ability because I had heard her pray four days earlier. They were short phrases but they were very clear. However, before this, I missed

hearing her voice and I wanted to see if she could still speak. So I did something that I regret. I jabbed her with a toothpick and she cried out clearly, 'You're hurting me!' ...then I wanted to see if she could still write so one month before her death, I gave her a piece of paper and a pen and asked her to write her name, which she did very clearly. MARIA VALTORTA.

In 1944, when we went to Sant'Andrea di Compito, I was in the kitchen preparing and cooking a meal for us to eat when the owner of the house came in and said that Maria was upstairs singing a little song. The people from that area were very simple and they were impressed by this. The woman grabbed me by the hand and told me to come and listen. When we stood at the foot of the staircase, I could hear it clearly. So I went up to her and asked Maria what song it was, and she replied it was the lullaby dictated to her by the Virgin Mary a few days earlier, (which is the one in the **Poem**.) In fact, that was the time she had written a major part of the Pre-Gospel (the Early Years).

Maria read the papers daily and she was able to read between the lines. She kept a close eye on the goings-on in Germany and knew that something bad was going to happen soon. She foresaw Hitler and Mussolini.

When most people are about to die, they utter words about seeing the light but with Maria, she kept saying she could see the sun which was very bright. A sign that she could see heaven and not just the afterlife.

When she died, her hair was a salt and pepper colour but when they exhumed her body, it was the fair colour of her youth. In fact, you can compare it to her plait. Maria cut her hair when she was bedridden because she didn't want to bother anyone unnecessarily who looked after her. In fact, I cut off some of her grey hair as a relic.

Maria knew the Catechism of St. Pius X and the Bible, and she knew the Gospels almost by heart, but in the home, there has never been a theological text, and very few books on these subjects. In fact, I have left my written testimony of this under an oath that I made on the Bible.

Maria had a keen power of observation but at times, Jesus said to her, 'You must be careful because some detail that may seem meaningless to you, may instead be of great importance.' Sometimes, as in the case of the Martyrdom of St. Agnes, the Lord showed it to her twice because Maria forgot to look at the details more carefully. Maria never bought a television because there was the chance she could learn something about Palestine or the life of Jesus, and therefore, her enemies could say that is where she had drawn ideas for the Works, despite the fact that she had already finished writing them.

Mamma Rosa Quattrini, a seer of San Domenico Piacentino, announced after the death of Maria, that in all her visions, Maria was in the highest degree of bliss in Paradise.

[Ed; Marta says that Maria objected to calling these works 'her writings'. I think I will keep her desire in mind.]