

## MARIA VALTORTA READERS GROUP

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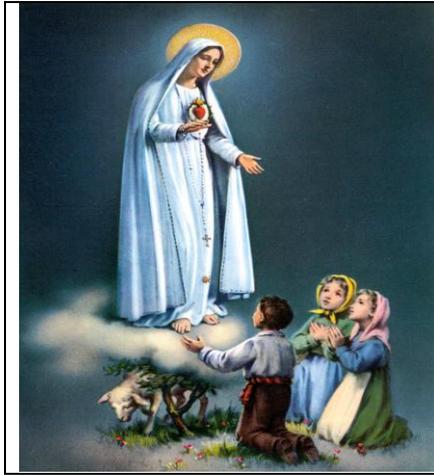


Image of Our Lady of Fatima



Statue of Our Lady of Fatima

**Part One:** In this 100th anniversary of Fatima, here are some passages from the writings of Maria Valtorta that mention this apparition or where Our Blessed Mother appears to Maria as Our Lady of Fatima.

#### November 20, 1943

*Jesus says:* 'How much pain is already in the chalice which is approaching! [...] Remain "the Light of the world" in my place, even if the darkness builds up upon you to crush you. Even when falling, hold up my Cross, which is Light. Even when dying, make the Voice be heard which speaks from Heaven by way of you, my exemplary Servant. You have wept and it has not helped for you to know the secret of Fatima. Your care for the world has turned against you, like the care used with someone obsessed. But it doesn't matter. My Mother is with you, and I am with Her. We are close to the great "voices" and the little "voices" that speak in my name and consume themselves so that the Voice of Christ will still sound on this earth swarming with demons. Be blessed, great and small bearers of the Word. We will win out against Satan. I am telling you so. And in the hour of victory, my Light itself shall be your light which shall make you shine like new suns.' (*Notebooks 1943 pp. 495-6*)

#### December 31, 1943

*Jesus says:* 'How often, in the course of millennia, have the Earth's inhabitants remained astonished at stellar phenomena of inconceivable grandeur: meteors with strange lights, nighttime sun, comets and stars arising like flowers in a garden, in God's garden, and being launched into space as if by child's play, to amaze you?! Your scientists give ponderous explanations of the desegregation and nucleation of cells or of stellar bodies to make the incomprehensible development of the skies human. No. Be silent. Say a single word: God. Here is the shaper of those shining, rotating, burning lives! God is the one who, as a warning to you that are forgetful, tells you that He exists by way of the northern lights, the darting meteors tingeing the ether furrowed by them with

sapphire, emerald, ruby, or topaz, the comets with a flaming tail like the mantle of a heavenly queen flying across the firmaments, the opening of the eye of another star in the vault of heaven, and the whirling of the sun perceptible at Fatima to convince you of God's will. Your other inductions are the smoke of human science and envelope error in the smoke.' (*Notebooks 1943, pp. 624-5*)

#### May 13, 1946

*Maria says:* After having kept me for many days in this novena under the luminous splendor of her apparition, Our Lady of Fatima spoke to me as follows: 'Most beloved daughters of mine, have the soul of Lucy, [little Jacinta], and Francis, who received me because they were simple, like their little sheep. Be able to look upwards at all times, for the Mother does not go down into the mud, but soars over you from the azure of Heaven. With my whiteness as a robe for your soul, with your spirit praying, like my hands joined in prayer out of compassion for mortals, with the gentleness of my smile to make community life sweet, and, above all, with a heart which is, insofar as possible, immaculate (for daughters also inherit their mother's heart from her and her heredity) imitate me, love me, and elevate yourselves.' (*Notebooks 1945-50, pp. 255-6*)

#### May 8, 1947

*Maria says:* On appearing to me as She does, Our Lady of Fatima says: 'On the 5th, I gave you an intellectual vision of what a well said Rosary is: a rain of roses upon the world. For every Hail Mary said by a loving soul with love and faith, I let a grace fall. Where? Everywhere: on the just to make them more just, on sinners to bring them to repentance. How many! How many graces rain down through the Hail Marys of the Rosary! 'White, red, golden roses. White roses of the joyful mysteries, red roses of the sorrowful mysteries, golden roses of the glorious mysteries. All powerful roses through the merits of my Jesus. For it is his infinite merits that give

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value to every prayer. Everything good and holy exists and takes place through Him. I scatter them, but He confirms. Oh, my Blessed Child and Lord!

'I give you the white roses of the very great merits of the perfect Innocence of my Son, for it is divine and was voluntarily preserved as such by the Man. I give you the red roses of the infinite merits of the Suffering of my Son, so willingly consummated for your sake. I give you the golden roses of his most perfect Charity. I give you everything belonging to my Son, and everything belonging to my Son sanctifies and saves you. Oh, I am nothing. I disappear in his splendor. I merely carry out the gesture of giving, but He, He alone, is the inexhaustible source of all graces! And, my beloved souls, listen to these words of mine: Do the Lord's will cheerfully. To do his Most Holy Will with sadness is to diminish the great merit of doing it. Resignation is indeed rewarded by God. But joy in doing God's Will multiplies merit a hundredfold and, accordingly, the reward for doing this Divine Will, which is always, always just, even if it perhaps does not seem so to man. Do what God wills, then, in a cheerful spirit. And you, dearly beloved, will be pleasing to Him and to me, your Mother. Be at peace under my gaze, which does not abandon you.'

*My Note:* Today, too, the 8th, I said the Holy Rosary together with Our Lady of Fatima! Today, though, Mary did not detach the roses, and provided an explanation of the reason why She made the symbolic gesture on the 5th. Now I know the value of a well-said Hail Mary! The fifteen-decade rosary was for five roses as white as pearls, five red roses resembling rubies, and five golden ones as on the other day., And Mary Most Holy [was] running her fingers over the beads and saying the Gloria and the first part of the Our Father, from "Our Father..." to "on earth as it is in heaven" and in the Hail Mary, only "Blessed" (She did not say "the fruit of thy womb, Jesus"). [She] looked down at the world with her indescribable gaze of peace, love and mercy, and smiled with a smile which was slightly painful in its softness.

That's it! I understand why I am so attracted by Our Lady's apparition in Fatima, even more than in Lourdes, greatly loved by me too. Because She is more our own, more of a *Mother*. The Lourdes apparition looks to Heaven ... with an apparent desire to go back up there, lose herself in God, She is the Immaculate Conception, the Heavenly Woman. The Fatima apparition looks at us and at the poor earth, where She was a woman like any other, whose afflictions and needs She is familiar with, this poor earth, which needs Her so much. And She is completely merciful towards us: She is our Mother. It is the Heart of Mary that loves and watches over us.... The former apparition is for the Lord and the Angels. But the one in Fatima is for us sinners. Pray for us.... She is truly "the Mother" most pure and compassionate. (*Notebooks 1945-50, pp. 391-2*)

### October 12-13, 1947

(Maria says:)

In Fatima with the pilgrims. Prayers in the night and in the basin strewn with lights... And Our Lady of Fatima at my side.... In the morning, too, while Father Berti was here in the room.... And Mary spurred me to say the Rosary a great deal, for the Pope, the clergy, peace and Italy. The Rosary is the valid defence of the Papacy, the Church,

Peace and our country. She said that for this reason She had appeared in Rome, and to rouse the incredulous, the indifferent, the hostile, and those opposed to the supernatural (the incredulous in regard to the Work, too), which is "the glory of her Son and in which there is salvation for many." (*Notebooks 1945-50, p. 424*)

### December 28, 1947

*Maria says:* Mary Most Holy, had filled this month of December with Herself, always present. (*She alone* from the 8th on, Entirely Lovely, the Lily of Paradise, in her appearance as Mary Immaculate, indescribable Light which is flesh possessing the immaterial. No, not immaterial, for it is a real body or, rather, the transfigured, ideal beauty of glorified bodies), She descended today, the feast of the Holy Innocents, from her niche of light (the light emanating from her blessed body) and became Mary of Nazareth, the pure, lovely, delicate, motherly, humble Mary who lived in Palestine twenty centuries ago.

She came to my bedside, dressed in white, with a light linen veil of thin-woven cloth over her blond hair, parted at the top of her head, just as I had seen her so many times in the visions. She was gentle, but slightly sad. Resting her very lovely hands on the edge of my bed, though, she said: "I am here. So that you can contemplate me, study my features, from very close up once again, and grasp where the difference lies between what I was like on earth and what I am now like in Heaven.

'In Lourdes, in Fatima, and in the apparitions in general, I appear as I am now in Heaven, and my appearance already possesses the indescribable luminous beauty of glorified bodies. The beauty which the seers of *those* apparitions never grasp entirely, in all its details. Note that they are able to mention the clothing I wear, the rosary I hold, the rock or tree where I stand, the gestures I make, and the expression on my face, but they are always uncertain and, *involuntarily*, they are never truthful about describing my face and the colour of my eyes, and hair and skin. They make an effort to do so. But they do manage to; they cannot do so.

"None of the souls of the seers has seen me to the extent that you have seen me, as a Girl, Spouse and Mother on earth, and as the Queen of Heaven. And every time you say to yourself, 'It is still Her. But how different She is as the glorious Queen of Heaven, taken up in body and soul among the angels, from the times when She is the humble Mary of Nazareth.'

'Look at me carefully, daughter, and soothe your pain. Look at me. Am I Mary of Nazareth?'

I observed her carefully, close as she was to my face. I examined her skin, of a warm magnolia paleness suffused with a tenuous pink on her cheeks, her appropriately distended red lips, her thin, straight nose, her perfectly proportioned, clear sky-blue eyes under her lofty, smooth brow, the perfect oval face of a girl... I don't know why her face always makes me think of a white flame or a lily bud about to open – the curves are so gentle in their oval.... I looked at her beautiful mildly blond hair – fine, soft and slightly wavy. I considered that if, instead of being clasped into heavy braids extending over her head, they were hanging loose, the waviness would have been more marked.... And, above all, I got lost perceiving the tenuous colour of her body breathing close to me and her

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fragrance – her characteristic scent, the smell of Mary, the smell of the Virgin...

Mary read my wish to abandon myself on her motherly shoulder to obtain relief in so many afflictions of every kind and drew to herself. I remained like that – I don't know for how long. She then left me, saying, "Write that I have clasped you to my heart." I wrote this last five lines.

She then said, "And now look at me." She became transfigured, rising from the ground, separating herself from my bed, supported by a silver cloud bathed in her extremely white light. Her body shone and her robe, turning from white to "white light," shone. Her face shone, growing sharper, as if the light were spiritualizing it. Her enraptured gaze shone. The light was so bright that the pale blue of her eyes became a "ray," and the gold of her hair was almost no longer distinguishable as such. It seemed dark in comparison to the light emitted by the glorified Body of the Mother of God.

She lowered her eyes towards me and smiled, asking, "Is it me?"

"Yes."

"But am I the same as the woman who was Jesus' Mother?"

"Yes ... and no," I answered intrepidly, for intrepidity is needed to make certain comparisons and confessions.

"And yet it's me. You see. I am like this in Heaven. I appeared like this in Lourdes and Fatima where the seers saw me most clearly, since they were innocent, like you, my daughter. The more innocent creatures are, the more they see me as I am and describe me exactly, insofar as they can as creatures, and have my likeness sculpted, insofar as an image can resemble me."

She came back to me in human form.... She asked, "Is your torment being calmed?" I wept. She caressed me. I cried because since I had read that she had appeared to Bruno Cornacchiola (I now know his name) with dark hair of an oriental type, I had thought I was deceived in saying Mary was blond. And yet she is. A *pale* blond, moreover, nearly straw-coloured, almost pure gold. I was seeing it clearly. She was here, with her head less than thirty centimetres away from my eyes!

She caressed me to console me and said:

'Oh Maria, do not be afraid. The shadow of the grotto and the mantle greatly contributed to the mistake. And it was not necessary for me to reveal myself perfectly to a sinner, as with the innocent Bernarda, Lucy, Jacinta, Francis, and the little John of my Jesus.

"But listen carefully. To you, that are a Servant of Mary, I say that the craftsman who sculpted me in such a way that I do not recognize myself would have done well to recall the statues of Lourdes and Fatima, where I am depicted insofar as man can depict the image of the Mother of God.... And, above all, he should have drawn inspiration from the face with which I am portrayed at Our Lady of the Annunciation in Florence – the face from which, if man and time had not altered the image, everyone could discern what I was like when the Spirit of God rendered me pregnant with God. The smoke from candles and time have darkened the colours, and men have done damage.... But one can still see what God's Girl, Joseph's Betrothed, was like in that springtime of her years, in that blooming Nazarene springtime. "Look at me and forget the pain, the fear – everything. Remember: "I

saw the Lamb standing on Mount Zion and, with Him, 144,000 people on whose foreheads his Name and that of the Father were written ... and they were singing a new song which no one could learn except those 144,000 rescued from the earth.... The first fruits for God and the Lamb, nor was any deceit found in their mouths. Do you think you can't belong to this multitude because you are not an innocent? It is further stated that the angel of the Lord marks 144,000 servants of the Lord with God's sign and that they come in white robes to the eternal hosanna after having passed from the *great tribulation*. As you have it. But, you see, I, the Queen of the Angels and Mother of God, am impressing that sign on your forehead with a kiss.

'Be at peace. The Triune Lord and I, starting on the earth, are drying all of your tears.' I abandoned myself again to her motherly embrace. (**Notebooks 1945-50, pp. 456-9**)

### May 17, 1949

Later, Our Lady of Fatima. It was truly Her, with her white and gold mantle, the Rosary in her hand, and the white robe, but her face gently pained.

She came down along the pathway of clouds as far as my bed, on a level with it. But there were not two tears, as on the 8th of this month, furrowing her face... It was a flood of tears washing her face and sprinkling pearls (or rather, diamonds) over her white robe which fell down to her bare feet. And if the weeping on the 8th had been placid – just two tears falling from her eyes over her face, afflicted, but not contracted by pain – today it was the tremendous crying which alters one's features and shakes one's whole body with intense sobbing.... Not one word.... But glances and tears. I asked Her, 'Is this weeping for me? Have I been at fault?'

She shook her head, with a tenuous smile, and confirmed in words, 'No, not for you. It's not you that make me cry.... But what pain, what pain!'

I would have liked to console Her but I didn't have time to ask her how I could. She said, 'Love me increasingly to console Me for one who is a prodigal son ceasing to dwell in the Mother's Heart, in my Immaculate Heart, whose loving beat sanctifies whoever accepts it.'

She then went off, weeping, slightly bent over, as if demoralized. She looked like the Woman of Sorrows in the hours of the Passion.... (**Notebooks 1945-50, p. 523**)

### Part Two:

I am now into Volume 2 of my current reading of *The Poem of the Man-God* – the first thorough reading for many years. Some stand-out passages are about incrementalism, or "little by little" in a soul's journey towards holiness, or towards sinfulness. Below is a selection on this theme, from all of the writings.

(Early in His public life, Jesus tells his first disciples about how Adam and Eve had to progressively learn how to survive their earliest years...)

'The First Parents, expelled from the Garden, had to learn everything, slowly, progressively. 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

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beasts. How to build a pallet by watching nests. They learned how to cure themselves with herbs and water, by observing animals that 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... 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.' (*The Poem*, Vol. 1, p. 465; *The Gospel*, Vol. 1, pp. 66-7)

(A short time later, Jesus tells Peter how little things can become bigger things...)

'The same happens with sins. After all, one fault is not irretrievable. But if one is not careful in controlling oneself, and one adds fault to fault, at the end a little fault, perhaps a single omission or a simple weakness, becomes bigger and bigger. It becomes a habit, it becomes a capital vice. At times one starts with a lustful glance and ends up by committing adultery. At times, while simply lacking charity when speaking to a relative, one ends up by doing violence to one's neighbour. Never, never allow faults to increase in gravity and in numbers. Care and prayer are necessary to become strong and obtain help, together with a strong will not to sin...'

(*The Poem*, Vol. 1, p. 310; *The Gospel*, Vol. 1, p. 368)

(Travelling with His disciples near Hebron, Jesus is speaking of a woman of whom Judas Iscariot says "she wants to redeem herself and needs to be taught". But Jesus says:)

'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 with 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 removing also 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 in herself the minimum... 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...'

(*The Poem*, Vol. 1, pp. 422-3; *The Gospel*, Vol. 2, pp. 15-16)

(Jesus speaks to Maria Valtorta about the descent of Judas Iscariot...)

'Judas' figure has been distorted too much in the course of time... Some schools have sung his praises as if he had been the second and indispensable author of Redemption. Many also think that he succumbed to a sudden fierce assault of the Tempter. No. Every fall has premises in time... One does not collapse or rise all of a sudden, either in Good or in Evil. There are long insidious factors in descents, and patient holy ones in ascents...'

One does not arrive at the satanic delirium in which you saw Judas struggle after the Crime, unless one is completely corrupted by Hellish habits, which one has taken up voluptuously for years. When one commits a crime driven by a sudden event, which deranges one's mind, one suffers but is capable of expiation because some parts of the heart are still free from infernal poison. To the world denying Satan... - it has absorbed him and has become part of his ego - I prove that Satan exists. He is eternal and immutable in the method employed to make you his victims...'

(*The Poem*, Vol. 4, p. 355; *The Gospel*, Vol. 7, p. 313)

(Jesus compares the Apostles and Judas Iscariot - those of good will, and one of sensual will:)

'Watch the evolution of the former in Good, their ascent. Watch the evolution of the latter in Evil, and his descent. This evolution in perfection of the Eleven good ones should be watched above all by those who, through a visual mental fault, are accustomed to perverting the nature of the reality of saints... Because merit is really consequent on the victory over disorderly passions and temptations, a victory achieved through love for God and to attain the final aim: to enjoy God forever. It should be watched by those who claim that a conversion should come only from God. God gives the means to be converted, but He does not do violence to the will of man, and if man does not want to be converted, in vain he has what serves other people to become converted...'

(*The Poem*, Vol. 5, pp. 947-8; *The Gospel*, Vol. 10, pp. 546-7)

(*Azariah, Maria's Guardian Angel, speaks about the cumulative advancement which can follow sacrifice...*)

'From one sacrifice, a perfecting is generated. From one throb of love there comes a love of sacrifice. From a love of sacrifice, a loving action. From a loving action, the courage for greater renunciation and imitation of the Divine Crucified One. It is a chain. Rings are joined to rings - they succeed one another, increasingly sturdy, ever more in the light, in the heights, towards God, the Fatherland, joy. And the artificer of his perfection proceeds: thanking God the Father for "making him worthy to share in the lot of the saints" who live in Light here and enjoy Light in Heaven, free from the seductions of Darkness...'(The Book of Azariah, (1993), p. 275; (2007), p. 285)