

MARIA VALTORTA READERS GROUP

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OUR LADY ON THE ROSARY

[Ed: In previous editions, excerpts from Maria Valtorta's Works were presented on several mysteries of the Rosary. Edition 80 (The Shepherds Part 1) presented a Joyful Mystery. Edition 91 (The Seven Sorrows of Our Lady) included Jesus' Passion and Death. Edition 93 (The Resurrection) and Edition 95 (The Assumption) presented two of the Glorious Mysteries. Therefore, this edition will only consist of passages where Our Lady has **commented on or explained the significance of the Mysteries, and Maria Valtorta & the Rosary]**

The Franciscan Joyful Mysteries

(Our Lady says:) 'I want you to understand my joys better. You will say the Franciscan rosary more willingly.

In the first one (The Annunciation), I was not happy because of my glory and joy but because the time had come for man's redemption and God's forgiveness of man. The second one (The Visitation) made me happy not because of the praise offered me by my cousin, but because I had begun redemption by sanctifying the Baptist by taking my Jesus, your Redeemer, to him. The blessedness of the third one (The Birth of Jesus) was not exclusively because I had become a mother without pain or the staining of my virginity, or because of the grace of being able to kiss God, my Son, either. But because the Earth now had the Saviour. What made me happy the fourth time (The Adoration of the Magi) was that in the three Magi, I saw all of those who, from everywhere in the world and in all periods of the earth, from that moment on, would come towards the Light, towards my Lord, and would proclaim Him to be their King and their Saviour and God. The joy of the fifth event (the Finding of Jesus in the Temple) did not come exclusively from my love as a Mother who ceases to suffer because her lost Son is found again. It would have been selfishness. But it was

inexpressible joy to hear the 'Good News' echoing forth for the first time and to understand that a few years in advance, it was falling into some hearts and sprouting there into an eternal plant. I rejoiced over these people instructed in advance.

The sixth joy (The Resurrection) was an even greater love for you, redeemed creatures. The Risen One told me that the Heavens were open and already inhabited by the holy ones of the Lord who had been awaiting that hour for centuries and that in those Heavens, the seats of all the saved were ready. And for me, your Mother, to know that your dwelling was ready was a joy of incalculable depth.

Finally, the seventh joy (The Assumption) was not because of my glory but because having been made the Queen of the Heavens by the goodness of God, as the Queen, I could concern myself with you, my beloved ones. And chosen as I was to sit at the right hand of God, I could speak, pray, and obtain graces directly for you with powerful entreaty.

No joy was for me alone. *Selfishness, even the most just and holy, destroys love. Every joy came to me through perfect love and was spurred towards an even more perfect love. I am now blessed. I could not be more so because I am surrounded by the Triune embrace of God. But I still use my blessedness out of love for you. Even here I apply the law: I love God with my whole self and my neighbour as myself. Myself, not because I am Mary, but because Mary found grace before the Lord and is loved by Him; she is thus a holy creature in Him and of Him, part of Him.'* (**Notebooks 1944, pp.296-7**)

The Sorrowful Mysteries

(Maria Valtorta says:) Then, since I was alone in the dark while the others were [...] in the dining room, I carefully refrained from letting it be known that I was awake. I put up with the heat and the need to be moved (I felt pins and needles all over) to savour that

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sweet vision in peace. With my half-numb hands, I took my rosary which was lying on my breast, where I always put it when I feel myself being overtaken by sleep or a collapse, and I began to say the rosary – the sorrowful mysteries. When I had barely begun the invocations of Fatima – ‘Jesus, it is for the sake of your love, for the conversion of sinners, for the Holy Father, and to make reparation for the offenses committed against the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Jesus, forgive us our sins, preserve us from the fire of hell, and take all souls to Heaven, especially those most in need of your mercy’ - I saw the Two look at each other, beaming with mutual love. Beam is the right word and barely expresses the radiance of the two Faces. Then, when I said the mystery of ‘Jesus Praying in the Garden’, Mary’s face looked at her Son with love and affliction, and she took her Son’s right hand, which was hanging at his side, in her little hand and kissed it with supreme veneration. And she did the same at each of the five sorrowful mysteries. The grace of that act was indescribable, as was the gaze which Jesus lowered over the bent head of his Mother as she kissed Him on the back of the hand. I did not see the stigmata. Really, if I must state the truth, even when I saw Jesus in agony, I saw blood on his hands but never the open wound. I thus cannot say the exact point where it is located. Afterwards the people in the house came and disturbed me. I *continued to see, but I was disturbed in the peace of contemplating.*

(Notebooks 1943, pp.619-20)

Maria Valtorta and the Rosary

Yesterday, I said a whole Rosary and the sequence of the joys and sorrows. I meditated on the fifteen mysteries, in addition to daily prayers.

(Notebooks 1944, p.278)

(Maria Valtorta says:) [...] At dawn, I said the Rosary with the Sorrowful Mysteries since it is Tuesday. Jesus again explained to me His sufferings in the first four mysteries and all the torture of Gethsemane. The scourging - always atrocious and, I would say, more and more atrocious the more it is viewed. And the crowning with thorns passed before me, making me suffer from Jesus’ sufferings. In the Fourth Mystery, I saw only a staggering Jesus going up a narrow, badly paved lane leading towards the Gate of Judgment, one of the frequent sloping areas in Jerusalem. And there were two rudimentary steps here to surmount an excessively steep rise. To get over this - for Jesus who was exhausted and burdened with the long, heavy cross - was a great effort. He was sweating and panting and seemed close to falling. I then saw nothing else.

(Notebooks 1945-50, p.17)

The Second Glorious Mystery – The Ascension

(Our Lady says;) ‘[...] As by ascending degrees, I had been able to carry out all the offerings and acts

of separation - always maintaining awareness in my spirit that the offering and separation which were transfixing it were accomplishing the will and increasing the glory of God, my Lord. And later [I had been able to] detach myself from my Son for the sake of his preparation for the mission: his preaching, his capture, his death, and his burial. All things whose brief duration I was aware of, I was thus able to smile and bless Him without taking my heart’s tears into account. On the first dawn of the fortieth day of his glorious life, when, without witnesses, as on the morning of the Resurrection, He came to give me his kiss before ascending into Heaven. I, the Mother, was losing the Son who, with his presence, gave me ineffable joy. But I, his first believer, knew that for Him the stay in the inimical world was ending and that, if it could no longer harm Him, for He was now beyond the reach of man’s deceits, it did not, however, cease to be hostile to Him. That the Heavens should open to receive the Son into glory, who was returning to the Father after pain. That the Triune Love should be reunited without further need for separation. That I might even lack light and breath because the world was no longer inhabited by my Jesus and his breath was no longer in the air to make it holy. But that He, after having been the “Son of Man” should again become the “Son of God” robed in his divine glory eternally. [...] *Always “Fiat” to the desires of God. Both for Him to come to us to become part of us, and for Him to withdraw to ascend and prepare the dwelling for us in his Kingdom. [...] After having received, served and listened to Him while He is with us, to live without diminishing love to the slightest degree because He is no longer visibly present to us.*

(Notebooks 1943, pp.576-7)

The Third Glorious Mystery - The Descent of the Holy Spirit

(Our Lady says;) ‘When the Spirit of the Lord descended to invest the twelve assembled in the Cenacle with his Power, He poured Himself upon me as well. But if for all of them it was a knowledge which made them aware of the Third Person and of His divine gifts, for me it was only a more intense rediscovery. For all of them, He was a flame; for me, He was a kiss.

He, the Eternal Paraclete, had already been my Spouse for thirty-four years, and His Fire had so possessed and penetrated me as to make my whiteness the body of a Mother. After the divine marriage, He had also left me filled with Himself, nor could He add Perfection to Perfection, for God cannot increase Himself, being most perfect and unsurpassable in his measure. And having given Himself to me without limit, to make my womanly flesh something so holy as to be able to become a

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dwelling place for the Divine One who was descending to incarnate Himself in me.

But now that the work of His self-giving to me and of mine to Him had been fulfilled, and our Son had returned to Heaven after having accomplished all, He was coming back to give me His kiss of thanks.

[...] And Heaven was then my goal more than ever, for when Love has been savoured and savoured anew, sun and earth, creatures and things disappear from before our eyes, and there remains only one sight, one taste, one desire: God. To possess God, not momentarily, but in an eternal present.'

(Notebooks 1943, pp.585-6)

The Fourth Glorious Mystery – The Assumption

(Our Lady says:) '[...] Trusting in the promise received in the divine splendour of the morning of Pentecost, I thought that the approach of the moment of the final return of Love to carry me off to Himself was to be signalled by an increase in fire. Nor was I mistaken.

For my part, the more life passed, the more I augmented my desire to fuse myself to Eternal Charity. I was spurred to it by the desire for my Son and the conviction that I would never do so much for men as when I would be praying for them on the steps of God's throne. And with an increasingly inflamed and accelerated movement, with all the strength of my soul I would cry out, "Come, Lord Jesus; come, come, Eternal Love!"

The Eucharist, which for me was like dew given to a thirsty flower - it was life - now was no longer sufficient for the uncontainable longing of my heart. It no longer sufficed for me to receive my Divine Child into myself and bear Him in the Sacred Species, as I had borne Him in my virginal flesh. My whole self wanted the Triune God, and not under the veils chosen by my Jesus to conceal the ineffable mystery, but as He was, and is, and shall be in the centre of Heaven. In his Eucharistic transports, my Son Himself burned for me with kisses of infinite desire, and every time He came to me with the power of His love, He nearly uprooted my soul in the initial impetus and then remained with infinite tenderness to call me "Mother", and I felt He was anxious to have me with Himself. I no longer wished for anything else. Not even the desire to protect the nascent Church was in me. All was annulled in the desire to possess God, in the conviction that one can do all when one possesses God. [...] The approach of Eternal Love bore the sign I was thinking of. Everything lost light and colour, voice and presence under the Radiance and the Voice which, from the open Heavens, bent down over me to gather in my soul. It is said, "Mary would have rejoiced to be accompanied by her Son". But my sweet Jesus was quite present with the Father when Love gave me the third kiss of life, that kiss which was so divine

that my soul expired in it, gathered up like a dewdrop drunk in by the sun from the centre of a lily. And I ascended with my spirit singing hosannas into the midst of my Three whom I adored and adore, like a pearl in a setting of fire, followed by the procession of the angelic spirits coming to my eternal birthday and awaited on the threshold of the Heavens by my earthly Husband, by the Kings and Patriarchs of my lineage, and by the first saints and the first martyrs. And Heaven closed over the joy of possessing its Queen, whose flesh, the only flesh among all mortal flesh, experienced the blessedness of glorification.'

(Notebooks 1943, pp.586-7)

Fifth Glorious Mystery – The Queenship of Mary

(Our Lady says:) 'My humility did not allow me to think of so much glory reserved for me in Heaven.

In my thought was the certainty that my human flesh, made holy by having borne God, would not undergo corruption, for God is Life, and when He fills a being with Himself, He is like an aroma protecting from death. Not only had I been fused with Him in a chaste and fertile embrace, but I had been pervaded in the most hidden recesses by the emanations of the Divinity concealed in my womb and intent on covering Himself with mortal flesh.

But that the goodness of the Eternal should have reserved for His Handmaid to feel again on my members the touch of the hand of my Son, his embrace, and his kiss, hear his voice again with my ears, see his face with my eyes, experience anew the joy of caressing Him - no, I did not think that this would be granted to me at once, nor did I desire it. It sufficed for me that these blessings should be granted to my spirit, and my happiness as a blessed one would already be full.

But as a witness to his creative thought regarding man, God wanted me in Heaven in soul and body. I am the certain witness to what God had conceived and willed for man: an innocent life unaware of sin, a placid passage from this life to the complete Life in which, like someone crossing the threshold of a house to enter a royal palace, the complete being would pass from the sun of the earthly paradise to the Sun of the heavenly Paradise, increasing the perfection of the person, in flesh and in spirit, with the full Light which is in the Heavens.

Before the Patriarchs and the Saints, before the Angels and Martyrs, God set me, when taken up into the glory of Heaven, and said, "This is the perfect work of the Creator; this is what I created in my image and likeness, the result of a divine, creative masterpiece, the wonder of the Universe, which sees enclosed in a single being the divine in the immortal spirit; like God, and, like Him, spiritual, intelligent, and virtuous, and the animal, in the most perfect flesh, to which every other living being in the three realms of Creation bends. This is the witness to my

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love for man, for whom I created the perfect organism and the blessed destiny of an eternal life in my Kingdom. This is the witness to my Forgiveness for man, to whom, by virtue of a threefold love, I have granted rehabilitation in my sight. This is the mystical touchstone; this is the link between God and man; this is She who takes the times back to the first days and gives my divine eye the joy of contemplating Eve, whom I created, as I created her, and now rendered even more beautiful because She is the Mother of my Son and the Martyr of Forgiveness. For her Heart, which knew no stain, I open the treasures of Heaven, and for her head, which knew no pride, I make my Radiance into a crown and crown Her, for She is holy to Me, so that She will be your Queen”.

Maria, there are no tears in Heaven. But for the sake of the joyful weeping the spirits would have had if they had been granted weeping - an aqueous humour squeezed out by an emotion - there was a sparkling of lights, a colour change of splendour into more vivid splendours, a burning of fires of charity in a more brightly inflamed fire, an unsurpassed, indescribable sounding of harmonies, to which the voice of my Son joined itself in praise for God the Father and the Servant of God, eternally blessed.

Maria, I had thought of finishing this illustration of the mysteries of my holy rosary after Christmas - for, without your realizing, I spoke to you about all of them, and especially about the white ones of rejoicing and the radiant ones of glory, since for the purple ones, there is only one name – Pain - and all of them are a single pain. But you that love me have so many afflictions and understand that only by forgetting the Earth for the sake of Heaven do those afflictions become bearable for your hearts. And I reveal to you the lights of Heaven. "The mystical necklace is complete. I give it to you for the Birthday of my Son and, with it, my blessing and my caress. Be good and love me. I am with you.'

(Notebooks 1943, pp.587-9)

Maria and the Rosary

(Maria Valtorta says:) The morning rosary ... and then the three afternoon rosaries and the golden roses. Every *Hail Mary* was a rose falling from the garland of Our Lady's fifteen decades. For every pearl had turned into a golden rose, and Mary detached one for every *Hail Mary* I said and let it fall upon the world ... in the places I had recognized and upon the nations which so deserved. How lovely it was to say the rosary with Her! [...] I never got tired.... 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 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 splendour. 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.'

(Maria Valtorta says:) 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 - 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-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. **(Notebooks 1945-50, pp.390-2)**

A Final Word by Our Lady on the Rosary

(Maria Valtorta says:) Mary Most Holy said, 'I grant my blessing, but I want fidelity to daily recitation of the Rosary.' She blessed my rosaries, those of Marta, Eroma, Anna Maria, and Maria Teresa without gestures, with her gaze and love.

(Notebooks 1945-50, p.424)