

## MARIA VALTORTA READERS GROUP

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THE SUPPLEMENT No. 100 – DECEMBER, 2020



**SAINT MICHAEL  
PROTECTOR**



**SAINT RAPHAEL  
HEALER**



**SAINT GABRIEL  
MESSENGER**

## THE ARCHANGELS

### The Appearance of the Archangels

(Maria Valtorta says:) [...] At the moment of Holy Communion, I was... already elsewhere, intent on looking towards heaven, from which a joyful call was coming to me, [...] which cannot be described by human comparisons and words. [...] The heavenly domain became progressively illuminated for me, and I saw [...] the most radiant azures of the meadows of Paradise [...].

From a north-eastern point, three most radiant figures, like common mortals, are coming to meet me, walking over the sapphire fields, with a royal, very dignified gait. And yet they show no haughtiness. Quite the contrary. They walk nimbly, without losing solemnity. They smile, observing me, and smile at one another, drawing each other's attention towards me with the language of their gazes.

As they approach, I see the movements of their beautiful eyes - the first one's are sapphire blue, the second's are very black, and the third's are golden chestnut - shining in the smile and light of Paradise. They come up to the limit of the heavenly field, beyond which there is an empty space as far as the lower terrace where I am, venerating and enraptured. And they halt there, looking at me, smiling as only an angel can smile, clasping each other around the waist like three brothers who love one another and are taking a stroll together.

They are the three Archangels: Gabriel, Michael and Raphael. And I shall attempt to provide a picture of them. They are three very handsome young men. They strike me as young men aged twenty, or

between eighteen and thirty. The youngest is Raphael, and the oldest (in appearance) is Michael, with a *tremendous* comeliness.

The first on the right was Gabriel, apparently aged twenty-four or twenty-five. Tall, slender and very spiritualized in his enraptured features as a perpetual worshipper. Blond - a pure gold blond - with wavy hair barely touching his shoulders or, rather, the base of his neck, clasped by a slender diamond-studded ring. It resembled a band of incandescent light rather than metal and jewels. Dressed in that robe of woven light - diamonds and pearls, which I have often seen in glorious bodies. A long, loose, very pure tunic which completely concealed his feet and barely left uncovered his right hand, quite beautiful in appearance, was hanging down at his side. He was looking at me with his sapphire eyes, with such a supernatural smile that, though a smile, it frightened me.

The other one, in the middle, also very tall like his companion, was, as I said, *awesome in his austere handsomeness*. With brown hair, shorter than his companion's and curlier, a sturdier build, and a forehead free of all diadems, but with a kind of medal on his chest made of gold and stones and constructed like this: ( ), held up by two little golden chains. The stones set in place formed characters, perhaps a name but I was unable to read those words, those letters which are not like our own. He was dressed in inflamed gold, a robe which was so bright that it blinded you. It looked like a light-coloured flame (not reddish, but golden) enveloping his nimble, robust members. His black eyes were

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severe and cast forth beams of light. He did not make me afraid for I felt he was not angry with me but, rather, that he loved me. But it was a gaze with an *awesomeness* which must be distressing for sinners and Satan. Michael had neither a sword nor a lance, quite the opposite of the way he is portrayed, but his weapons were his eyes. Even his smile was severe, very austere.

The third one, wearing a robe, with a jewel-covered belt, a robe of a delicate emerald, seemed to be dressed exactly in the colour you see when looking at an emerald against the light. He was tall, with long dark hair, like Gabriel's. A precious colour of hair which is chestnut with a little sprinkling of dark gold, He looked like the youngest of all and reminded me a bit of St. John the Apostle because of his gentle, youthful smile. Raphael's eyes, though, were a very soft chestnut colour, with a placid, patient gaze which is a caress. He was smiling in a more human way than the others. Everything in him was more like the way we are. He was really the 'good Young man' of the Book of Tobiah (5:4-23). You feel like putting your hand in his trustingly, and saying to him, 'Guide me! In everything!'

They looked at me, smiled, and smiled at each other. Then they greeted me.

Gabriel sang, with his voice like a very spiritual harp (and every note takes you into ecstasy): 'Hail, Mary' and on saying 'Mary', he gathered his hands over his chest and bent his head, raising it afterwards with a smile increasing the glowing of his entire self towards the heights of Paradise. I understood that rather than greet me, he had wished to show himself clearly. He is the Archangel who announces the great mystery ... and seems able only to say those words and venerate the Virgin...

Michael touched the jewel on his chest. He took it in the fingers of his right hand and lifted it up to show it to me. And with a voice resounding like bronze, he said, 'Whoever is with God can do all. And Satan can do nothing against whoever is with God. *For who is like God?*' And these last words seemed to make his heavenly aura vibrate as if from harmonious thunder. He rested his medal on his chest and knelt down, adoring the Eternal whom I did not see but who I would say, judging from the Archangel's gaze, was perpendicular to, or right behind my back, far up, high above.

Raphael, with his golden voice, opened his arms as if to embrace me and, at the same time, uplifted his shining face in contemplation of God and said, 'May joy always be with you.' He somewhat resembled the angel I have seen in two visions. But he was less spiritualized than the other. At the root of his hair was a light like a star, a gentle light which brought comfort, as did his robe of shining light emerald.

They continued to look at me. They then clasped each other more tightly around the waist (note that until then I had not noticed the wings on their backs) and opened their wings of pearl, flame and pale green light, and swiftly rose into the sky, singing an unrepeatable song, just like the one I heard [...] when I saw the angelic cohorts flying over Bethlehem singing. Rather, I descended from the spheres where I had been and came back to myself, to my agonies, to my bed. The joy remained though I also realized that - how stupid of me - I had been incapable of saying a word to the three archangels... But my soul spoke with them. I felt that it venerated them, even if I could not translate its beats into material words.

**(Notebooks 1945-50, pp.129-33)**

### Intercession of the Three Archangels

(Maria Valtorta is very distressed as she refers to a clash that took place between Father Migliorini and her cousin, Giuseppe Belfonte who had converted to the faith. This conflict was causing Giuseppe to leave the Church again. She appeals to the Archangels to act).

(Maria says:) Yesterday, while writing to Father Migliorini, [...] I told the 'good companion' Raphael to leave me to help Father, and the victorious Michael to defeat Lucifer in his craftiness - which would certainly be used *to the full* in these days to do harm and bring pain. And the most luminous Gabriel to take God's decree to the men designated to command. So I said to you, Azariah, my angel, 'Go. Go. Speak to your fellow angels so that their ministry will instruct the ones they must judge!'

**(Notebooks 1945-50, p. 224)**

### Saint Michael

(Maria says:) The night between May 7 and 8 - that is, a few hours before the meeting of the Partners of the CEPV (The reference must be to *Casa Editrice Parole di Vita* - the Words of Life Publishing House, specifically constituted to publish the Work but later dissolved) at my house to clarify everything and establish that I *want to obey* the Church *and have it obeyed*.

Jesus had said, 'Meet on the [...] 8th so that on that day I, as the Good Shepherd, with the help of the Queen of the Rosary and St. Michael the Archangel, may be able to recover on my paths, the sheep that have wandered astray. Prayer in common to my Mother and yours, in particular to St. Michael - that he may cast out the Disturber, so active in some - will *at least obtain* the binding of the perverse will and the making known of your will, without doubt.'

**(Notebooks 1945-50, p. 521)**

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### **Azariah and Saint Gabriel**

(Maria says:) Yesterday, Marta was away for six hours... Well, alone in my room for three out of six hours, I was so happy with this angelic presence that I even got physical relief from it. I got recollected in that meditation and contemplation [...] a spiritual ardour, and I was enraptured.... What peace...!

But now Azariah shows himself and [...] Azariah kneels to listen to Gabriel, who, increasing his light, greets me with the words 'Ave Maria!' Nothing but 'Ave Maria'. He then utters a tremendous word (Oh, it really is tremendous!) and gives me an order, so condemnatory in its motives! But I will take it with me to the grave. 'It is much more tremendous,' the Archangel says, 'than the secret of Fatima and should not be revealed because men, even these for whom it is issued, *do not deserve to know it.*' And then the Archangel, together with Azariah, who gets up again from his genuflection, sings, 'Let us bless the Lord'. I reply, 'Thanks be to God,' as Azariah taught me, and with them say, 'Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit.' And now I also have the anguishing weight of this tremendous knowledge...

**(Notebooks 1945-50, p. 241)**

### **Saint Gabriel**

Mary was still in Her house, waiting to be married to Her spouse when Gabriel, the angel of divine announcements came back to earth and asked the Virgin to become a Mother. [Gabriel] 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.

**(Poem, Vol.1, p.744; Gospel, Vol.2, p. 407)**

### **Saint Gabriel**

(Maria says: ) The Angel must necessarily take a human appearance. But it is a trans-humanised appearance. Of what flesh is this beautiful and gleaming figure made? With what substance did God form it to make it perceptible to the senses of the Virgin? Only God can possess such substances and use them so perfectly. It is a face, a body, eyes, a mouth, hair and hands like ours. But they are not our dull matter. It is a light that has taken the colour of flesh, of eyes, hair, lips, a light that moves and smiles, looks and speaks. 'Hail, Mary, full of Grace, Hail!' The voice is a sweet arpeggio as of pearls thrown on a precious metal plate.

**(Poem, Vol.1, pp.80-1; Gospel, Vol.1, pp.102-3)**

### **Azariah and the Archangels**

Azariah says: Here I am, soul of mine, for our Holy Mass. The beautiful Mass of the 'voices'.

I do not speak to you as a master, standing in front of you but put my arm around your shoulders to

make you feel that Heaven is with you and that all this peace inundating you is Heaven; it is Heaven, for you are the little obedient voice and God loves you; He loves you so much, and the more you are unloved by men, the more He loves you. Do you see who is with me? The three Archangels to bring you more and more Heaven. Joan of France never had Michael with her so much as in the hour of martyrdom. We do not abandon the 'victims'. We draw close to them because we see Christ again in them and they are what we would like to be out of love. They are holocausts.

Look at the smile of my three brothers. They are ready to sing the praises of God with the two of us.

**(Azariah, p.28)**

### **Saint Michael and Saint Gabriel**

(Jesus says:) The Archangel Michael, whom you invoke in the Confiteor [...], was present at my death on the cross. The seven great Archangels who perennially remain before the throne of God were all present at my Sacrifice [...], at the Immolation of the Son of God for the salvation of man and at the Torture of the Virgin Mother. And if it is stated in the Apocalypse that in the last times an Angel will make the offering of the holiest incense to the throne of God, before sprinkling the first fire of divine wrath upon the Earth, how can you fail to think that among the prayers of the saints enduring incense, worthy of the Most High, first of all are the tears, more prayerful than any word, of my blessed Holy One, My most sweet Martyr, my Mother, gathered in by the angel who bore the announcement and who received the consent, the angelic witness to the Supernatural nuptials [...].

Gabriel and his heavenly companions, bending over the pair of Jesus and Mary, were prevented from relieving it, for it was the hour of Justice. They were not absent from it in their intellects of light but gathered in all the details of that hour - all of them - to set them forth when time no longer exists, in the sight of the resurrected: joy of the blessed and condemnation of the reprobates, a foretaste for the former and the latter of what will be given by Me, the supreme Judge and most high King.

**(Notebooks 1943, pp.304-6)**

### **Saint Gabriel**

(Jesus says:) The Consoler (Gabriel), who is also the Announcer, is never separated from what concerns Me. The messenger of God, an obedient, loving spirit, always made it his joy to bear God's wishes to men and console those suffering. He did not swiftly leave Heaven only for the blessed announcement, to console Joseph, and to comfort my tremendous agony. He had already gone to the prophets to take the word and reveal the future regarding Me as the

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Messiah. A spirit inflamed with love, he soars close to those desirous of God and bears off the sighs of those loving God, and God's lights to those who love Him.  
(**Notebooks 1943, p.520**)

### Saint Gabriel

Maria says: [...] When I had my agonies, I confess to you that I was afraid. Yes, I have already felt death to be quite close – it has come to me [...]. That should cause no astonishment with all its harshness [...]. I have asked to be a victim [...]. I shall have a painful death as my endless agonies have always been painful. From then on, I always called upon the angel of Jesus in agony and, when I later learned that he is believed to be the Archangel Gabriel, I did so with even greater devotion. I was baptised on the feast day of the Archangel Gabriel and feel he is a bit of a godfather in my birth to the Church and he will also be in my birth to Heaven.

(**Autobiography, p. 334**)

### Saint Michael and Saint Gabriel

Our Lady also came to bring me blessedness [...] but after I had become sated with the joy of seeing Mary, there appeared the Archangel Michael - always very imposing; I would say frighteningly handsome with his blazing sword in his right hand. And here the vision for me alone came to an end, and it became universal communication.

The Archangel, pointing to Our Lady, thoroughly lovely in her virginal humility [...] cried out, 'Set the weapon that is Mary against the Great Serpent that is advancing!' What a powerful voice! It shook the atmosphere, like the sound of a harmonious thunder clap. Our Lady lowered her head, looking at the earth with boundless compassion... And the Archangel powerfully cried out three times. The defending Archangel was very severe and imperious... After the third cry and a pause following it, he prostrated himself before Mary, venerating Her by saying, 'You alone are a defence! You alone are victorious! You alone are the hope of salvation against Satanic venom. Mother of the One who is without equal. I greet you, my Queen.'

He was still prostrate when the Archangel St. Gabriel came racing down in flight from the Heavens to the earth, bringing with him a light compared to which St. Michael's splendour was tenuous. He was holding a golden thurible smoking with incense in his hands. His appearance - his hair and clothing were golden and white - was spiritual, though in order to be visible to my humanity, it was weighed down with a human exterior. His figure gave off light, the joyful light of Paradise. For the voice of St. Gabriel, singing is a very soft, indescribable sound. He flew around Mary, incensing Her with his thurible, saying, 'Hail Mary! Queen of the Angels, salvation of men, love of the

Triune God! After God, who is like you, Mary! Hail, most glorious Queen in Heaven, medicine for all the illnesses killing spirits and extinguishing Faith, Hope and Charity in men. Hail, Mary!'

What a blessed night! For a long time I remained contemplating the glorious Virgin and the two shining, very different Archangels, [...] A disturbing thought was mixed, though, with my inner spiritual joy - the words of St. Michael: 'Set the weapon that is 'Mary' against the great Serpent that is advancing.' Words [...] which caused me fear concerning the Church of Rome and us, poor and very weak Christians of the twentieth century.

(**Notebooks 1945-50, pp.426-7**)

### Saint Michael and the Apocalypse

(Jesus says:) Many of the seals have, in reality, already been opened. But woe if they were all opened or should come to be! Hasten the hour of the triumph of the Woman, foundress of the lineage of those marked with the sign of the servants of God, the chosen whose dwelling is Heaven. Hasten the hour of Mary's triumph over Satan [...]. Let the men, women, and children of the One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Church join the Angels, headed by Michael so that the dragon with seven heads, ten horns, and seven accursed diadems - the seven seductions will be cast down for a certain period and Christendom will have time to gather together and fortify itself in charity and faith, and close ranks as a defence for the final battle.

(**Notebooks 1945-50, p.429**)

### Prayer to Saint Michael

Saint Michael the Archangel,  
defend us in battle,  
be our safeguard  
against the wickedness and snares  
of the devil.  
May God rebuke him, we humbly pray;  
and do thou,  
O Prince of the Heavenly host,  
by the power of God,  
cast into hell Satan and all the evil spirits  
who prowl about the world  
seeking the ruin of souls.  
Amen.

So let us look to **Saint Michael**  
for protection and to combat evil.

Let us look to **Saint Gabriel**  
for messages of good news, hope and peace.

Let us look to **Saint Raphael**  
for healing of mind, body and soul, and  
to journey with us in the midst of good and evil  
in these End Times.