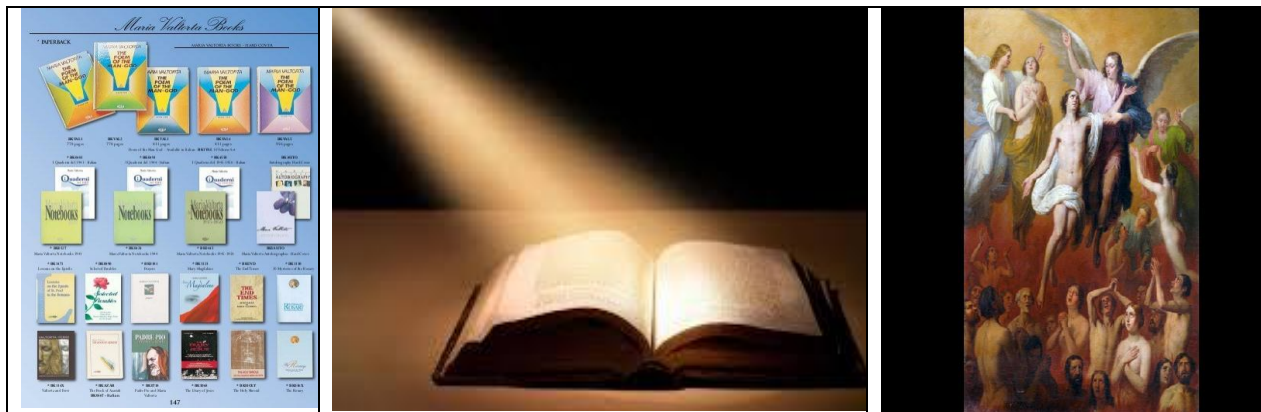


MARIA VALTORTA READERS GROUP

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MARIA VALTORTA READERS' GROUP THE SUPPLEMENT No. 92 – DECEMBER 2018



This edition begins with a passage on Lazarus' love of books (which mirrors Maria Valtorta Readers worldwide) & passages on Purgatory from Maria's Notebooks.

Lazarus Loves Books

(Jesus meets Lazarus at Bethany and asks him)

'Do you read much?'

'Yes, I do. But I do not know whether I do the right thing. My disease and... other things have deprived me of many of the delights of men... and now, I have but the passion for flowers and books... [f]or plants and also for horses... 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... 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 penetrating 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 bums 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 also 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 jasmines there is a cool breeze and silence. It is sweet to rest under their cool shade awaiting the evening.'

(Poem, Vol.1, pp. 453-4; Gospel, Vol.2, pp.54-5)

Jesus talks about Love and Purgatory

(Jesus speaks to Maria:)

'Everything hinges on Love, Maria, except for the real 'dead', the damned. For these 'dead ones' Love, too, is dead. But for the three realms - the heaviest one: the Earth; the one where the weight of matter is abolished, but not of the soul weighed down by sin:

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Purgatory; and, finally, the one where the inhabitants share with their Father the spiritual nature which frees them from every encumbrance - the motor is Love. It is by loving on earth that you work for Heaven. It is by loving in Purgatory that you conquer Heaven, which in life you were unable to merit. It is by loving in Paradise that you enjoy Heaven.

When a soul is in Purgatory, it does nothing but love, reflect, and repent in the light of Love which, for its sake, has ignited those flames, which are already God, but which conceal God from it for its punishment.

This is the torment. The soul recalls the vision of God received in the private judgment. It bears that memory with it, and since having only glimpsed God is a joy surpassing every created thing, the soul is anxious to experience that joy again. That memory of God and that ray of light which have assailed it in its appearance before God, make the soul "see" the true significance of the faults committed against its Good, and this "seeing", together with the thought that because of those faults it has voluntarily deprived itself of the possession of Heaven and of union with God for years or centuries, constitutes its purgative affliction.

Love, and the certainty of having offended Love, is the torment of those being purged. The more a soul has been at fault in life, the more it is as if blinded by spiritual cataracts which make knowing and reaching that perfect loving repentance, which is the first factor for its purgation and entry into the Kingdom of God, more difficult for it. The more a soul has oppressed it with sin, the more love is weighed down in its living and rendered sluggish. As it is cleansed by the power of Love, its resurrection to love is accelerated and, consequently, its conquest of Love, which is completed at the moment when, with the end of expiation and the reaching of the perfection of love, it is admitted into the City of God.

It is necessary to pray a lot so that these souls, that suffer to reach Joy, may be swift in attaining the perfect love which absolves them and unites them to Me. Your prayers and your acts of intercession are as many increases in loving fire. They increase the burning. But - Oh, blessed torment! - they also increase the capacity for loving. They speed up the process of purgation. They raise the souls immersed in that fire to higher and higher degrees. They carry them to the threshold of the Light. They open the gates to Light, finally, and introduce the soul into Heaven.

To each of these operations, provoked by your charity towards those who have preceded you into the second life, there corresponds a leap in charity for you. The charity of God, who thanks you for providing for his children in affliction, and the charity

of the afflicted who thank you for working to introduce them into the joy of God.

Never do your loved ones love you so much as after earthly death, for their love is now infused with the Light of God, and in this Light they understand how you love them and how they should have loved you.

They can no longer say words to you that ask for forgiveness and provide love. But they say them to Me for you, and I take to you these words of your dead, who are now able to see and love you as they should. I take them to you together with their request for love and their blessing. A blessing already valid from Purgatory on, for it is already infused with the inflamed Charity which burns and purifies them. Perfectly valid, later, from the moment when, freed, they come to meet you on the threshold of Life or rejoin you therein, if you have already preceded them into the Kingdom of Love.

Trust in Me, Maria. I work for you and for those you most dearly love. Relieve your spirit. I come to give you joy. Trust Me.' **(Notebooks 1943, pp.393-5)**

Purgatory – Expiating with Love

Jesus says:

'As you see, if you violate the decalog, you violate love. And so it is with the counsels I have given you, which are the flower of the plant of Charity. Now, if by violating the Law you violate love, *it is obvious that sin is an act against love. And it must therefore be expiated with love.*

You must give Me the love you have been unable to give Me on earth in Purgatory. This is why I say that Purgatory is nothing but the suffering of love.

Throughout your lives, you have little loved God in his Law. You have cast the thought of Him behind you; you have lived loving everyone and not loving Him very much. It is right that, not having merited Hell and not having merited Paradise, you should merit it now by becoming inflamed with charity, *burning for the way you were lukewarm on earth. It is right that you should desire for thousands and thousands of hours of expiation in love what you have failed to desire, thousands and thousands of times on earth: God, the supreme goal of the created intelligences.* To every time you turned your backs on love, there correspond years and centuries of loving longing. Years or centuries according to the seriousness of your sin.

Now rendered certain of God, aware of the supreme beauty of God, through that fleeting encounter at the first judgment, the memory of which then accompanies you to make the desire for love more intense, you long for Him, weep over his absence, regret and repent of having been yourselves the cause of this absence, and increasingly become capable of being penetrated by Charity in that intense fire for your supreme good.

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When the merits of Christ, by the prayers of the living who love you, are cast like burning essences into the holy fire of Purgatory, the incandescence of love penetrates you more powerfully and more inwardly, and amidst the glow of the flames, the memory of God, seen in that instant, becomes increasingly luminous in you.

As in life on earth, the more love grows, the thinner the veil becomes which conceals the Divinity from the living. Just the same in the second realm, the more purification - and thus love - grows, the closer and more visible the face of God becomes. It already shines through and smiles amidst the flashing of the holy fire. It is like a Sun coming closer and closer, and its light and warmth increasingly cancel out the light and heat of the purgative fire, until, passing from the merited and blessed torment of the fire to the conquered and glorious refreshment of possession, you go from blaze to Blaze, from light to Light, and rise to be light and blaze in Him, the Eternal Sun, like a spark absorbed by a pyre and a lamp thrown into a fire.

Oh, joy of joys, when you find yourselves risen to my Glory, having passed from that realm of expectation to the Kingdom of triumph. Oh, perfect knowledge of Perfect Love!

This knowledge, O Maria, is a mystery which the mind can know by the will of God, but cannot describe with human words. Believe that it is worth suffering for a whole lifetime to possess it, beginning at the hour of death. Believe that there is no greater charity than to seek it with prayers for the ones you loved on earth and who are now beginning the purgation in love to which they closed the doors of their hearts so many times in life.

Courage, blessed one to whom the hidden truths are revealed. Proceed, act, and rise [for] yourself and for the ones you love in the hereafter.

*Let the thread of your life be consumed by Love. Pour your love upon Purgatory to open the gates of Heaven to the ones you love. Blessed are You if you are able to love to the point of burning to ashes that which is weak and which sinned. The Seraphim come to meet the spirit purified by the immolation of love and teach it the eternal Sanctus to be sung at the foot of my throne.' **Notebooks 1943, pp. 414-5)***

Praying for the Deceased in Purgatory

Maria writes: It's 6:15 a.m., and the first light is entering the room. With difficulty I write what Jesus dictates:

'The month devoted to the deceased is coming. Pray for them in the following way:

O Jesus, who with your glorious Resurrection have shown us what the "children of God" will be like eternally, grant a holy resurrection to our loved ones

who have died in your Grace and to us, when our hour comes.

For the sake of the Sacrifice of your Blood, the tears of Mary, and the merits of all the saints, open your Kingdom to their spirits.

O Mother, whose agony ended at dawn on Easter, before the Risen One, and whose waiting to rejoin your Son ceased in the joy of your glorious Assumption, console our sorrow by freeing from affliction those whom we love even beyond death, and pray for us, who await the time when we shall recover the embrace of those we lost.

Martyrs and Saints who rejoice in Heaven, turn a gaze of entreaty towards God and a fraternal gaze towards the deceased who are expiating, to pray to the Eternal for them and say to them, "See: peace is opening out for you."

Beloved ones, who are dear to us, not lost, but separated, may your prayers be for us the kiss we miss, and when, through our suffrages, you are free in blessed Paradise with the saints, protect us by loving us in Perfection, united to us through the invisible, active, loving Communion of the Saints, a foretaste of that perfect reunion of the "blessed" which will be granted to us, in addition to the bliss of the vision of God, on regaining you just as we had you, but rendered sublime by the glory of Heaven.'

Maria says:

'On counting the days, I realize that today the Novena for the Deceased begins. Jesus dictated the prayer to me, then, so that I would say it in the Novena, as well as in November.'

(Notebooks 1944, pp. 604-5)

Purgatory and our Guardian Angels

St. Azariah (Maria's Guardian Angel) says:

'People think the mission of the Guardian Angel ceases with the death of the one being protected. It is not always that way. It ceases, as is logical, at the death of impenitent sinners, and with supreme pain on the part of the guardian angel of whoever did not repent. It is transfigured into festive, eternal glory at the death of a saint who goes from earth to Paradise with no stopover for purgation. But he continues as before, as a protection that intercedes and loves the one entrusted to it, in the case of those going from earth to Purgatory to expiate and purify themselves. Then we, the guardian angels, pray for you with charity before the throne of God and, along with our loving prayers, present the entreaties offered for you on earth by relatives and friends.

Oh, I cannot say everything about how intense, active and sweet the bond is which goes on linking us to you in purgatory! Like mothers watching for the return of health in a child who was sick and is convalescing, like wives counting the days separating them from being reunited with a husband

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who has been held prisoner, so are we. Not even for an instant do we cease to observe divine, loving Justice and your souls that are cleansed amidst the fires of love. And we rejoice on seeing that Love is increasingly assuaged in regard to you, and you are increasingly worthy of its Kingdom. And when the Light orders us, "Go and pull him out to bring him here," we rush forward quicker than lightning bolts to convey an instant of Paradise, which is faith and hope and comfort for those still remaining to expiate, there in Purgatory, and we clasp the beloved souls we worked and suffered for to ourselves and go back up with them, teaching them the Hosanna of Paradise.

The two sweetest moments in the mission of the Guardian Angels are when Charity tells us, "Descend, for another man has been begotten and you must protect him like a gem which belongs to Me," and when we can ascend with you to Heaven. But the former is less than the latter. The other instants of joy are your victories over the world, the flesh, and the devil. But just as we tremble over your fragility from the moment you are taken under protection, so we always throb after every victory of yours, for the Enemy of Goodness is vigilant in trying to demolish what the spirit builds. Joyful, therefore, perfect in its joy, is the instant at which we enter Heaven with you. For nothing any longer can destroy what is now finished. And now, soul of mine, I shall respond to an interior question of yours as to whether God is happy that there is another Guardian in your house...Yes, God is happy. Happy because in your house there is an angel content to watch over a newly-created soul, a gem of God, and happy because Jesus is He who loved little children.... And I shall say the rest to your soul, and let it be kept between the two of us, like a secret so beautiful that it is useless to reveal it to the world, which is unable to comprehend the joys of God and of God's souls.'
(Notebooks 1945-50, pp. 403-4)

Information from Maria's Mother in Purgatory

Maria writes: After so long, I saw my mother. She was amidst the flames of Purgatory [...]
I spoke to her and asked, 'Are you still there, Mother? And yet I prayed so much to shorten your expiation and had prayer offered. This morning, for the sixth anniversary, I received Holy Communion for you. And you are still there!'
Cheerful and festive, she replied, 'I am here, but for only a short while now. I know you have prayed and had prayer offered. This morning I took a big step towards peace. I thank you and the nun who prayed for me. I will repay you later... Soon. In a little while, I will be finished with purgation. I have already purified the sins of the mind... My proud head... Then those of the heart... My acts of selfishness... They were the

most serious. I am now expiating those of the lower part. But they are a trifle compared to the others. [...]
And if I am like this, I thank you. [...] Your sacrifice... obtained purgatory for me and, in a short while, peace.'

[...] 'Then there will be no more need to pray for you.'

'Pray just the same as if I were here. There are so many souls, of all kinds, and many souls of mothers, forgotten. One must love and think of all. Now I know. [...]

'Pray for me, then.'

[...] I will now pray for your soul and for you either to be happy or to come with me.'

'And Dad? Where is Dad?'

'In Purgatory.'

'Still? And yet he was good. He died as a Christian, with resignation.'

'More than I. But he's here. God judges differently from the way we do. A way entirely his own [...]

'And Marta's mother? [...]

'Marta's mother has been out of here for a long time.'

'And the mother of my friend Eroma Antonini? You know.'

'I know. We know everything. Those of us in Purgatory. Not so well as the saints. But we know. When I was coming down here, she was leaving.'

I saw the tongue-like flickering of the flames and they brought me pain. I asked, 'Do you suffer a lot from that fire?'

'Now I don't. Now there is another, stronger one which almost keeps me from feeling this one. And, what's more ... that other fire makes you want to suffer. And now the suffering doesn't hurt. I never wanted to suffer.... You know ...'

'You are beautiful, Mother, now. You are the way I wanted you to be.'

'If I am like this, I owe it to you. Ah! How many things you understand when you're here. The more you get purified of pride and selfishness, the more you understand. I had so much of them ...'

'Don't think about it anymore.'

'I must think about it... Good-bye, Maria ...'

'Good-bye, Mother. [...]

(Maria says:) I wanted to record this. It contains teachings. God punishes first the sins of the mind, then of the heart, and finally the weaknesses of the flesh. One must pray for those abandoned in Purgatory as if they were our relatives; the judgment of God is very different from ours; those in Purgatory understand what they did not understand during life because they were filled with themselves.

(Notebooks 1945-50, pp. 540-2)

(Ed: Let us continue to pray for all the deceased especially because a great number of souls are released from Purgatory on Christmas Day.)