

## MARIA VALTORTA READERS GROUP

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The Resurrection & a few of the people to whom Jesus appeared.

#### Jesus Comments on the Resurrection

Jesus says: 'The fervent prayers of Mary have anticipated My Resurrection by some time. I had said: "The Son of man is about to be killed, but on the third day He will rise from the dead". I died at three o'clock in the afternoon of Friday. Whether you count the days by their names, or you count them by their hours, it was not the dawn on Sunday that was to see Me rise. With regard to the hours, they were only thirty-eight instead of seventy-two, in which My Body had remained lifeless. With regard to the days, it should have been the evening of the third day to say that I had been in the sepulchre three days. But Mary anticipated the miracle. As when with Her prayers She opened the Heavens a few years in advance of the predetermined time, to give the world its Salvation, so now She obtains some hours in advance to give comfort to Her dying heart. (*Poem, Vol.5, p. 712; Gospel, Vol.10, p.253*)

#### Jesus Appears to His Mother

Mary is prostrated with Her face on the floor. She looks like a poor wretch. [...] The closed window is opened with a violent banging of the heavy shutters, and with the first ray of the sun, Jesus enters.

Mary, Who has been shaken by the noise and has raised Her head to see which wind has opened the shutters, sees Her radiant Son: handsome, infinitely more handsome than He was before suffering, smiling, lively, brighter than the sun, dressed in a white garment that seems woven light, and Who is advancing towards Her.

She straightens Herself up on Her knees and crossing Her hands on Her breast, She says with a sob that is joy and grief: 'Lord, My God'. And She remains thus, enraptured in contemplating Him, with Her face all washed by tears, but made serene, pacified by His smile and by the ecstasy.

But He does not want to see His Mother on Her knees, like a servant. And He calls Her, stretching out His hands, from the wounds of which emanate rays that make His glorious Flesh even brighter: 'Mother!' [...] It is a cry of triumph, of joy, of freedom, of rejoicing, of love, of gratitude. And He bends over His Mother, Who dares not

touch Him, and He places His hands under Her bent elbows, and He lifts Her up, He presses Her to His Heart and kisses Her. Oh! Mary realises then that it is not a vision, that it is Her Son Who has really risen, that it is Her Jesus, the Son Who still loves Her as a Son. And with a cry, She flings Her arms round His neck, and She embraces and kisses Him, laughing in Her weeping. She kisses His Forehead, where there are no longer any wounds, His Head no longer unkempt and bloody, His shining Eyes, His healed Cheeks, His Mouth no longer swollen. She then takes His Hands and kisses their backs and palms, their radiant wounds, and She suddenly bends down to His Feet and uncovers them from under His bright garment and kisses them. Then She stands up, looks at Him, but dare not. But He smiles and understands. He uncovers His chest a little and says: 'And this one, Mother, are You not kissing it, this one that grieved You so much and that You alone are worthy to kiss? Kiss My Heart, Mother. Your kiss will cancel the last remembrance of what is sorrowful and will give Me that joy, which My Joy of having risen from the dead still lacks.' [...] 'It is all over, Mother. You no longer have to weep over Your Son. The trial is over. Redemption has taken place. Mother, thanks for conceiving Me, for bringing Me up, for helping Me in life and in death.' (*Poem, Vol.5, pp. 701-2; Gospel, Vol. 10, pp. 239-40*)

#### Jesus Comments on the Two Marys.

Jesus says: 'And after showing Myself to the Pure One, to Whom by right of Holiness and Maternity it is just that the Son-God should go, I present Myself to the redeemed woman (Mary Magdalene), to the file-leader, to the representative of all the female creatures, whom I have come to free from the sting of lust. So that she may tell them to approach Me to be cured, to have faith in Me, to believe in My Mercy that understands and forgives, to look at My Body adorned with the five wounds, in order to defeat Satan, who rummages in their flesh.

I do not let her touch Me. She is not the Pure One, who can touch, without contaminating Him, the Son Who goes back to the Father. She has still much to purify through penance (for Mary Magdalene's last years cf: *Notebooks*

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1944 pp. 252-9). But her love deserves that reward. She was able to rise through her own will from the sepulchre of her vice, to strangle Satan who held her, to defy the world out of love for Her Saviour, she was able to divest herself of everything that was not love, she was able to be nothing but love that is consumed for her God. And God calls her: "Mary". Listen to her replying: "Rabboni!" Her heart is in that cry. As she deserved it, I entrusted her with the task of being the messenger of Resurrection. (*Poem, Vol. 5, p. 714; Gospel, Vol. 10, p. 252*)

### Jesus Appears to Lazarus

Lazarus crosses the hall, he goes out into the garden, running all the time, smiling, whispering, and there is his soul in his voice: 'I am coming, Lord.' He arrives at a box thicket that forms a green shelter [...] and he falls on his knees, with his face on the ground, shouting: 'Oh! my Lord!' Because Jesus, in His beauty of the Resurrection, is on the threshold of this green bower and smiles at him... and says: 'Everything has been accomplished, Lazarus. I have come to thank you, My faithful friend. I have come to ask you to tell our brothers to come at once to the house of the Supper. You - another sacrifice, My dear friend, out of love for Me - will remain here, for the time being... I am aware that you suffer because of that. But I know that you are generous. Mary, your sister, has already been comforted, because I have seen her and she has seen Me.'

'You no longer suffer, my Lord. And that repays me for every sacrifice. I suffered... knowing that You were suffering... and that I was not there...'

'Oh! you were! Your spirit was at the foot of My Cross, and it was in the darkness of My sepulchre. From the depth where I was, you have evoked Me earlier, like all those who have loved Me with their whole selves. Just now I said to you; "Come, Lazarus". As on the day of your resurrection. But for several hours you have been saying to Me: "Come". I have come. And I called you, to draw you out, in My turn, from the depth of your grief. Go. Peace and blessings to you, Lazarus! Grow greater in your love for Me. I will come again.'

Lazarus has remained on his knees all the time without daring to make a gesture. The majesty of the Lord, although mitigated by love, is such that it paralyses Lazarus' usual behaviour.

But before disappearing in a flood of light that absorbs Him, Jesus takes a step and, with His hand, He touches the faithful forehead lightly. (*Poem, Vol. 5, p. 719; Gospel, Vol. 10, p. 261*)

### Jesus Appears to Johanna of Chuza

Without moving the curtains or opening the door Jesus goes in, and without making any noise He approaches her. He touches her hair lightly with His Hand and in a whisper He asks: 'Why are you weeping, Johanna?'

And Johanna, who must think that it is her angel who has asked her the question, and who does not see anything because she does not raise her head from the edge of the bed, with more desolate tears she expresses her torture: 'Because I do not even have the Sepulchre of the Lord any more, to go and shed my tears there and not be alone...'

'But He has risen. Are you not happy?'

'Oh! yes! But [...] mine is no longer a friendly house... I have lost everything with His Passion... Both my Master and my husband... and his soul... because he does not believe... he does not believe... and he derides me... and he orders me not to venerate even the memory of my Saviour... in order not to ruin him... Human interests are more important for him... I do not know whether I should continue to love him or to be disgusted at him. I do not know whether I should obey him, being his wife, or disobey him, as my soul would like to do, because of the greater nuptial tie of the spirit with the Christ, to Whom I will remain faithful... I should like to know... And who will advise me, if poor Johanna can no longer reach Him? Oh!... the Passion is over for my Lord!... But for me it began on Friday, and it lasts... Oh! I am so weak and I have not got the strength to carry this cross!...'

'But if He helped you, would you carry it for His sake?'

'Oh! yes! Providing He helps me... He knows what it means to carry the cross by oneself... Oh! Have mercy on my misfortune!...'

'Yes. I know what it is to carry the cross by oneself. That is why I have come and I am beside you. Johanna, do you realise Who is speaking to you? Is your house no longer friendly with the Christ? Why? If he, your earthly husband, is like a star covered with a cloud of human miasmata, you are still Johanna of Jesus. The Master has not left you. Jesus never leaves the souls who have become His spiritual spouses. He is always the Master, the Friend, the Spouse, also now that He has risen. Johanna, raise your head. Look at Me. [...] I will tell you what your future behaviour is to be. The same as that of many sisters of yours. Love your upset husband patiently and submissively. Increase your kindness all the more as he fosters the bitterness of human fears in himself. Increase your spiritual brightness the more he gives off shadows of human interests. Be faithful for two. And be strong in your spiritual nuptial tie. How many women, in future, will have to choose between the will of God and that of their husbands! But they will be great when, above love and maternity, they follow God. Your passion is beginning. Yes. But you can see that every passion ends in a resurrection...'

Johanna has been raising her head little by little. Her sobbing had become less frequent. She now looks and sees, she slides down on her knees, worshipping and whispering: 'The Lord!'

'Yes. The Lord. You can see that I have not dealt with any of the women disciples as I have done with you. But I see peculiar needs and I arrange in gradations the assistance to be given to souls that expect help from Me. Climb your Calvary of a wife with the help of My caress and with that of your innocent child. He has entered Heaven with Me and he has given Me his caress for you. I bless you, Johanna. Have faith. I saved you. You will save, if you have faith.' (*Poem, Vol. 5, p. 719; Gospel, Vol. 10, pp. 261-2*)

### Jesus Appears to Annaleah's Mother, Eliza

Eliza, Annaleah's mother, is weeping disconsolately in her house, closed in a little room, where there is a small bed without any bedclothes, probably Annaleah's bed. Her head is resting on her arms, which, in turn, are lying stretched out on the little bed, as if she wanted to

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embrace it all. Her body lies heavy on her knees in a languid posture. There is nothing vigorous about her but her tears.

A faint light comes in through the open window. The day has just dawned. But there is a bright light when Jesus enters. [...] with His real, breathing, solid, glorified Body: a fire, a brightness that closes itself in Him and conceals Him when He goes away. But afterwards, it takes the beautiful aspect of the Risen Master, but a Man, a real Man, a hundred times more beautiful than He was before His Passion. It is He, but it is He the glorious King.

'Why are you weeping, Eliza?'

'Raise your head, Eliza, and see Who is standing in front of you!'

The woman raises her white-haired head, her face disfigured by tears, and she sees... She drops even lower on her heels, she rubs her eyes, she opens her mouth to utter a cry that wants to come up, but is stifled in her throat by amazement. [...] 'Oh! You have really risen!!! Happy! Happy I am! May You be blessed for comforting me!' She stoops to kiss His feet, and she does so, and she remains like that. The supernatural light envelops the Christ in its brightness and the room is devoid of Him. But the mother's heart is full of unshakeable certainty.

**(Poem, Vol. 5, pp. 792-3; Gospel, Vol. 10, pp. 350-1)**

### Jesus Appears to Mary, the Mother of Judas

[...] there is a room and a woman lying on a bed. A woman who is altered beyond recognition by mortal anguish. Her face is worn out. Fever devours it, inflaming her cheekbones, so sunken are her cheeks. Her eyes, black ringed, red with fever and tears, are half closed under her swollen eyelids. Where there is no reddening caused by fever, her complexion is yellowish, greenish, as if bile were spread in her blood. Her lean arms and thin hands are relaxed on the bedclothes, which are raised by her rapid panting.

[...] ' "Mother of the Cain of God!" Can you hear it? That wind, out there... It says so... The voice goes all over the world... the voice of the wind, and it says: "Mary of Simon, the mother of Judas, he who betrayed the Master and handed Him over to His executioners". Can you hear it? Everything says so... The stream out there... The doves... the sheep... The whole Earth shouts that I am... No, I do not want to recover my health. I want to die!... God is just and He will not punish me in the next life. But here, no. [...]'

Jesus is in the room, [...] He calls her gently: 'Mary! Mary of Simon!'

[...] Two tears well up in the corners of Jesus' very mild eyes. I am surprised at them. I did not think that Jesus could weep also after His resurrection... He bends. [...] 'Have peace, because I love you'. Look at Me, poor mother! [...] I am Jesus!...'

Mary of Simon opens her eyes, [...] she covers her face with her trembling hands and moans: 'Do not curse me! If I had known what I was giving birth to, I would have torn my womb to prevent him from being born.'

'And you would have sinned. Mary! Oh Mary! Do not depart from your justice because of the sin of another person. The mothers who have fulfilled their duty must not consider themselves responsible for the sins of their sons.

You have done your duty, Mary. Give Me your poor hands. Be calm, poor mother.'

[...] The two tears of Jesus fall on her face burning once again with fever. 'I have purified you, Mary. My tears of compassion are on you. I have not shed My tears on anybody since I consumed My sorrow. But I am weeping over you with all My loving pity. [...] I have love. That is why I have come. Have peace. [...]'

'Make me die, if You love me...'

'A little longer. Your son was not able to give Me anything. Give Me a period of time of your suffering. It will be a short one.'

**(Poem, Vol. 5, pp. 794-6; Gospel, Vol. 10, pp. 352-5)**

### Jesus Appears to John of Nob

The old man is all alone in his house. But he is serene. He is repairing a chair as on one side the nails have come out, and he smiles. [...]

There is a knock at the door. The old man, without leaving his work, says: 'Come in. What do you want, you who come? Still one of those? I am too old to change! Even if the whole world shouted to me: "He is dead", I say: "He is living". Even if I had to die to say so. So, come in!'

He gets up to go to the door to see who knocks without going in. But when he is near it, the door opens and Jesus goes in.

'Oh! Oh! Oh! My Lord! Alive! I believed! And He comes to reward my faith! Blessed! I did not doubt. In my grief I said: "If He sent me the lamb for the banquet of joy, it means that He will rise this day". Then I understood everything. When You died and the Earth was shaken, I understood what I had not yet understood. And they thought that I was mad at Nob because at sunset on the day after the Sabbath, I prepared a banquet and I went and invited some beggars saying: "Our Friend has risen!". They were already saying that it was not true. They were saying that they had stolen You during the night. But I did not believe them, because since You died, I understood that You were dying to rise again, and that that was the sign of Jonah.'

Jesus, smiling, lets him speak. Then he asks: 'And do you still wish to die now, or do you want to stay to witness My glory?'

'Whatever You want, Lord!'

'No. What you want.'

The old man is pensive. He then decides: 'It would be lovely to go out of this world where You no longer are as You were previously. But I forgo the peace of Heaven to say to the incredulous: "I have seen Him!"'

Jesus lays His hand on his head blessing him and He adds: 'But it will soon be also peace, and you will come to Me with the rank of confessor of the Christ.'

And He goes away. In this case, probably out of pity for the old man, He did not appear or disappear in a wonderful way, but He did everything as if He were the Jesus of days gone by, when He used to enter or come out of a house in a normal human way.

**(Poem, Vol. 5, pp. 800-1; Gospel, Vol. 10, pp. 360-1)**

### Jesus Appears to Abraham of Engedi

A man, all enveloped in his mantle, comes up the road towards the fountains and the vineyards. I say: a man but it is Jesus because it is His garment and His gait. But for

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the old man, it is a man. And the Man asks Abraham: 'May I stop here?'

'Hospitality is sacred. I have never denied it to anybody. Come. Come in. May the rest in the shade of my vines be pleasant to you. Do you want some milk? Some bread? I will give you what I possess here.'

'And what can I give you? I have nothing.'

'He who is the Messiah has given me everything, for every man. And no matter what I give, it is nothing when compared to what He has given me.'

'Do you know that they crucified Him?'

'I know that He has risen from the dead. [...] And Elisha... He is my son, you know? Elisha did not come back any more from Jerusalem, and he said: "Dismiss me, father, because I am leaving all my wealth in order to preach the Lord. I will go to Capernaum to look for John, and I will join the faithful disciples".'

'So your son has left you? So old and alone?'

'What you call abandonment is the joy I have dreamt of. Had leprosy not deprived me of him? And who gave him back to me? The Messiah. And am I losing him because he preaches the Lord? Of course not! I shall find him again also in eternal life. But you speak in a way that makes me suspicious. Are you an emissary of the Temple? Have you come to persecute those who believe in the risen Master? Strike! I will not run away. I will not imitate the three wise men of remote days. I will stay. Because if I fall for Him, I shall join Him in Heaven and my prayer of last year will be answered.'

[...] 'Are you one of His disciples? Were you here with Him when I prayed to Him? Oh! if you are such, help me to make my cry reach Him, so that He may remember.' He prostrates himself, thinking that he is speaking to an apostle.

'It is I, Abraham of Engedi, and I say to you: "Come".' Jesus stretches out His arms towards him, revealing Himself, and inviting him to throw himself into them, relaxing on His Heart.

[...] 'Here I am! I am coming!' And Abraham throws himself into the arms of Jesus, shouting again: 'Jesus, Holy Messiah! Into Your hands I commit my spirit!'

A blessed death. A death I envy! On the Heart of Christ, in the serene peace of the April flowery country...

Jesus lays the old man gently on the flowery grass [...] and tidies his beard and hair, He lowers his eyelids, which were half closed, He puts the body in order, and on it He lays the mantle that Abraham had taken off to work.

He remains there until He hears some voices coming from the road. Then He stands up. Wonderful... Those who rush there see Him. They shout. They run faster to reach Jesus. But He disappears from their eyes in the refugence of beams brighter than the sun.

**(Poem, Vol. 5, pp. 803-5; Gospel, Vol. 10, pp. 364-6)**

### Jesus Appears to Dorcas and her Child at the Castle

Dorcas' little boy, supported by his mother, is taking his first steps on the rampart of the fortress. And Dorcas, bent as she is, does not see the Lord appear. But when, having left the little boy somewhat free, [...] she sees Jesus, Who takes up the child, pressing him to His heart and kissing him.

The woman dare not make a gesture. But she utters a loud cry. A cry that makes those of the courts look up and

causes faces to lean out of windows: 'The Lord! The Lord! The Messiah is here! He has really risen.' But before people can rush there, Jesus has already disappeared. **(Poem, Vol. 5, pp. 805-6; Gospel, Vol. 10, pp. 366-7)**

### Jesus Appears to Zacharias the Levite

He is in a small room. Zacharias, the Levite, is pensive. He is sitting, with his head reclined on one of his hands. 'Do not be in doubt. Do not listen to the voices that upset you. I am the Truth and the Life. Look at Me. Touch Me.' The young man, who has looked up at the first words and has seen Jesus, and has fallen on his knees, shouts: 'Forgive me, Lord. I have sinned. I received in me the doubt concerning Your truth.'

'Those who try to seduce your spirit are more guilty than you are. Do not yield to their temptations. I am a real living body. Feel the weight and the warmth, the solidity and strength of My hand.' He takes him by the forearm and lifts him with His strength, saying: 'Rise and walk in the ways of the Lord, out of doubt and fear. And you will be blessed if you can persevere till the end.' He blesses him and disappears.

The young man, after a moment's dumbfounded amazement, runs out of the room shouting: 'Mother! Father! I have seen the Master. It is not true what the others say! I was not mad. Do not persist in believing falsehood, but bless the Most High with me, as He has had mercy on His servant. I am going away. I am going to Galilee. I will find some of His disciples. I am going to tell them to believe that He has really risen.'

**(Poem, Vol. 5, pp. 809-10; Gospel, Vol. 10, pp. 371-2)**

### Jesus Appears at Sidon to the Little Boy Born Blind

The little boy is playing all alone under a thick pergola. He hears someone call him and he finds himself in front of Jesus. Not in the least frightened, he asks Him: 'But are You not the Rabbi who gave me my eyes?' And he fixes his limpid eyes of a child, of the same blue hue as Jesus', on the divine sparkling eyes.

'It is I, My child. Are you not afraid of Me?' He caresses his head.

'No, I am not afraid. But my mother and I have wept very much, when my father came back before the time and he told us that he had run away because they had taken the Rabbi to put Him to death. He did not celebrate Passover and now he has to leave again to celebrate it. So, did You not die?'

'I died. Look at My wounds. I died on the cross. But I have risen again. Tell your father to remain for some time in Jerusalem, after the second Passover, and to stay near the Mount of Olives, at Bethphage. He will find there [a man] who will tell him what to do.'

'My father was thinking of looking for You. At the Feast of the Tabernacles he did not succeed in speaking to You. He wanted to tell You that he loves You because of the eyes that You have given me. But he was not able to do so, neither then nor now...'

'He will do so through his faith in Me. Goodbye, My dear child. Peace to you and to your family.'

**(Poem, Vol. 5, pp. 813-4; Gospel, Vol. 10, pp. 376-7)**

**[Ed: As much as we all yearn to see the Resurrected Jesus, 'Blessed are those who have not seen yet believe.' (John 20:29)]**