

MARIA VALTORTA READERS' GROUP
THE SUPPLEMENT No. 118 – JUNE 2025

				
PETER	LINUS	URBAN	MARCELLUS	PIUS IX
				PETER the ROMAN ?
LEO XIII	PIUS X	PIUS XI	PIUS XII	

THE POPES & VALTORTA'S WORK

POPE SAINT PETER
(the first pope, 33-c.64/7 A.D.)

(Jesus is speaking to Peter and asks:) “And who do you say that I am? Tell Me your own personal opinion, without taking into account My words or the words of other people. If you were compelled to judge Me, who would you say that I am?”

“You are the Christ, the Son of the Living God” exclaims Peter, kneeling down with his arms stretched upwards towards Jesus who looks at him with His face bright with love and who bends to raise and embrace him, saying:

“Simon, son of Jonah, you are a happy man! Because it was not the flesh and blood that revealed this to you, but My Father in Heaven. Since the first day you came with Me, you have been asking yourself that question, and because you are simple and honest, you have been able to understand and accept the reply that came to you from Heaven. You did not see supernatural manifestations as your brother John and James did. You did not know My holiness as son, workman, citizen, as My brothers Judas and James did. You did not receive any miracle, neither did you see Me work any; I showed no sign of power to you as I did with Philip, Nathanael, Simon Cananean, Thomas and Judas, who saw them. You were not subdued by My will, as Levi the publican was. And yet you exclaimed: ‘He is the Christ!’. You believed since the first moment you saw Me, and your faith was never shaken. That is why I called you Cephas. And that is why on you, Peter, I will build My Church and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it. I will give you the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven. Whatever you bind on earth, shall be bound also in Heaven. And whatever you loose on the earth shall be loosed also in Heaven, O prudent faithful man, whose heart I have been able to test. And now, from this moment, you are the head, to whom obedience and respect are due as to another Myself. And I proclaim him such before all of you.” **(P3,pp.371-2; G5, Ch.243.5)**

(After the Ascension, a discussion takes place between Peter & John. Peter makes a decision about the new Church as the Pontiff.) Peter and John are on the terrace of Simon's house. They are speaking in low voices, pointing towards Lazarus' house, which is all closed and

silent. They speak for a long time, walking backwards and forwards on the terrace. Then, for I wonder which reason, the discussion becomes more animated, and their voices, previously subdued, become higher in tone and very clear.

Peter, striking the parapet with his fist, exclaims: “But do you not understand that we must act so? I am speaking to you in God's name, so listen to me and do not be obstinate. It is better to act as I say. Not out of cowardice and fear, but to avoid a total destruction, which would be deleterious to the Church of Christ. They now watch every move of ours. I noticed that, and Nicodemus has confirmed that I am right. Why could we not remain at Bethany? Just for that reason. Why is it not more prudent to stay in this house, or in Nicodemus', or in Nike's, or in Anastasica's? Always for the same reason. To prevent the Church from dying, because of the death of its leaders.”

“The Master assured us many a time that not even hell will be able to exterminate it and prevail against it.” John replies to him.

“That is true. And hell will not prevail, as it did not prevail against the Christ. But men will. As they prevailed against the Man-God, Who defeated Satan, but was not able to gain a victory over men.”

[...] “Snares will be laid also for the Church, but it will not perish completely, providing we shall have so much prudence, as to prevent the present leaders from being exterminated, before many more Priests of His, of all ranks, are created by us, His first ones, and prepared for their ministry. Do not deceive yourself, John! Pharisees, scribes, priests and members of the Sanhedrin, are doing everything to kill the shepherds, so that the flock may be dispersed. The flock which is still weak and fearful. Above all, this flock in Palestine. We must not leave it without shepherds, until many lambs, in turn, become shepherds. You have seen how many have already been killed. Think of what a large part of the world is awaiting us! His order was clear: ‘Go and evangelize all the nations, baptising them in the name of the Father, of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, teaching them to observe what I ordered you’. And on the shore of the lake, for three times He ordered me to pasture His sheep and His lambs, and He prophesied that only when I am old I will be tied and led to confess the

MARIA VALTORTA READERS GROUP

Website: <http://www.valtorta.com.au> Email: catherine @valtorta.com.au

Christ with my blood and my life. And quite far from here! If I have understood one of His speeches properly, before Lazarus' death, I have to go to Rome and found there the immortal Church. And did He Himself not judge that it was right to withdraw to Ephraim, because His evangelization had not yet been accomplished? And only at the right moment He came back to Judaea to be arrested and crucified. Let us imitate Him. No one can certainly say that Lazarus, Mary and Martha were fearful people. And yet, you can see that, although with deep sorrow, they have gone away from here, to take His divine Word elsewhere, as here it would have been suffocated by the Judaeans. I, chosen by Him as His Pontiff, have decided. And with me the others, apostles and disciples, have equally decided. We will scatter. Some will go to Samaria, and some towards the great sea, and some towards Phoenicia, pushing on and on, to Syria, to the islands, to Greece, to the Roman Empire. If in these places here, daniel and Judaeans poison make the fields and the vineyards of the Lord sterile, let us go elsewhere and sow other seeds in other fields and vineyards, so that there may be not only a harvest, but it may be a rich one. If in these places the hatred of the Jews poisons the waters and infects them, so that I, a fisher of souls, and my brothers cannot catch souls for the Lord, let us go to other waters. We have to be prudent and shrewd at the same time. Believe me, John.'

(P5,pp.920-4; G10,Ch.648.1-2)

POPE SAINT LINUS (2nd pope, c.64/67-c.76/79 A.D.)

Jesus says: "I have already told you that the death of Agnes, like that of Therese has a single name: love. Regardless of whether the sword or illness appears to be the cause of the death of these creatures, [...] *the true and exclusive agent is love*. A single word should be affixed as an epigraph upon these 'saints' of mine. The one which is used for Me: *Dilexit*. 'He loved.' Agnes the girl and the young Cecilia loved; [...] **Linus the pontiff loved**; [...] and the sacerdotal procession of bishops, pontiffs, priests, and deacons loved [...]. This purple court of mine, which confessed Me in the midst of torments, loved.

(N1944, p.67)

POPE URBAN I (17th pope, 222-230 A.D.)

(Maria describes what she sees. It is during the papacy of Pope Urban, while the church was still struggling from the persecutions and just before an era of peace. Pope Urban is saying Mass in what appears to be an underground church). "I see the catacombs. [...] In them, there are many niches ready to receive martyrs. [...] There are also more people here, men, women, and children of all social conditions, dressed like poor people and patricians [...]. On the altar are many lights set aflame. Around the altar is a ring of virgins dressed and veiled in white.

An old man with a good, majestic appearance enters, blessing. I believe it is the Pontiff, for they all prostrate themselves in reverence. He is surrounded by priests and deacons and passes in the midst of the hedge of lowered heads with a smile of ineffable beauty on his face. The smile alone speaks of his sanctity. He goes up to the altar and prepares for the rite as the faithful sing.

The celebration takes place. The Mass is almost like ours. [...] When the Gospel reading is over, the Pontiff gets up (for the homily) and says, "Proper to virgins, this parable is

addressed to all souls, for the merits of the Blood of the Savior and Grace restore virginity to souls and make them like children waiting for the Spouse.

Smile, O feeble elderly people; raise your heads, O patricians, who until yesterday were immersed in the slime of corrupt paganism; O mothers and wives, look with no more regret at your white innocence as girls. In your souls, you are not unlike these lilies the Lamb walks among, who now form a circle around his altar. Your souls possess the beauty of a virgin whom no kiss has touched when you are reborn and remain in Christ, our Lord. His coming makes the soul that was previously sullied and black with the most abject vices, whiter than dawn on a snow-covered mountain. Repentance cleanses it, and will purify it. But love, the love of our holy Saviour, a love coming from His Blood, which cries in a loving voice, gives you back perfect virginity. Not, indeed, that which you had at the dawn of your human life. But that belonging to the father of all, Adam, and to the mother of all, Eve, before Satan, leading them astray, passed over their angelic innocence, the innocence which, as a divine gift, robed them in grace in the eyes of God and the universe.

O holy virginity of the Christian life! A Bath of Blood, of the Blood of a God who makes you as new and pure as the Man and the Woman emerging from the hands of the Most High! O second birth of your life, into Christian life, the prelude to that third birth which will give you Heaven, when you ascend there, at God's signal, white from faith or purple from martyrdom, as beautiful as angels and worthy to see and follow Jesus Christ, the Son of God, our Saviour!

But today, more than to the souls restored to virginity by Grace, I turn to those enclosed in a virginal body, with a virginal will. To the wise virgins who have understood our Lord's loving invitation, and the words of the virginal John and want to the Lamb forever in the array of those who did not experience contamination, and will eternally fill the Heavens with the canticle which no one can say except those who are virgins out of love for God. And I speak to the woman strong in faith, hope and charity who feeds tonight on the immaculate Flesh of the Word and fortifies herself with His Blood, as with a heavenly Wine, so as to be strong in his enterprise.

One of you (Cecilia) will rise from this altar to meet a destiny whose name may be 'death.' And she is going with trust in God, not with the faith common to all Christians, but with an even more perfect faith which is not limited to believing for herself, believing in divine protection for herself. But she believes for others too, and hopes to take to this altar the man who, in the eyes of the world, will be her husband tomorrow (Valerian), but in the eyes of God, her beloved brother. A twofold, perfect virginity which feels sure of its strength to the point of not fearing any violation, not fearing the wrath of a disappointed spouse, not fearing sensual weakness, not harbouring a fear of threats, not fearing that hopes will be frustrated, and not fearing the danger and near certainty of martyrdom.

Rise up and smile at your true Spouse, chaste virgin of Christ who goes to meet man while looking to God, who goes to take man to God! God observes you and smiles, and the Mother who was a Virgin smiles at you, and the angels encircle you. Rise up and come to quench your thirst at the immaculate Fount before going to your cross and to your glory.

Come, spouse of Christ. Repeat your love song to Him under these vaults, which are dearer to you than the cradle of your birth into the world, and take it with you until the moment when your soul sings it in Heaven while your body rests in its final sleep in the arms of this true Mother of yours, the Apostolic Church."

The Pontiff's homily is over, [and after more prayers and songs, the Mass ends.] The Christians crowd around the Pontiff to be blessed by him individually and to take leave of the virgins he has addressed.

Jesus says: "The Pontiff Urban spoke about restoring virginity to souls through being reborn and remaining in Me. Be able to attain this. It is not enough to be baptized to be alive in Me. One must be able to remain."

Maria says: The goodness of the Lord grants me a continuation of the vision.

I thus see the baptism of two brothers, (Valerian and Tibertius) who were undoubtedly instructed in the faith by Pope Urban and Cecilia." (N1944, pp.450-4, 462, 463)

**POPE SAINT MARCELLUS
(30th pope, 308-309 A.D.)**

(Maria Valtorta says:) I am certainly in the catacombs. In which one? In which century? I don't know. In short, it is a rectangle ending in a vast rounded hall at the center of which is the altar: a rectangular table separated from the wall and covered with a real altar cloth - that is, made of linen, with high borders on all four sides, but without lace and embroidery. [...]

On the altar is a covered chalice. But the Mass must already have begun. There is a venerable old man at the altar with an ascetic, very pale face which seems to have been sculpted in old ivory. His tonsure fades in the baldness leaving only a crown of soft white hair around his head down to a point above his ears. The rest is bare, and his forehead looks immense. Below it are two pale blue, gentle, sad eyes - as clear as a child's, though. A long, thin nose, a mouth with the curve characteristic of the elderly, and markedly toothless jaws. The thin, austere face of a saint. I see him clearly because he is facing me, celebrating the rite from the other side of the altar [...] facing the three young men who are kneeling (about to be ordained).

I now understand, however, that the Mass has only just begun, [and] they come to the Gospel [after which] the Pontiff delivers his homily.

"Having been baptized on the birthday of the martyr Valente, this new son of the Apostolic Roman Church and brother of ours (one of the young men) has wished to take the name of the blessed martyr, but with the modification which the humility drawn from the Gospel (humility, one of the roots of sanctity) dictated to him. And he wanted to be called, not Valente, but Valentine.

Oh, but he really is Valente - 'capable'! See how far the pagan whose religion was vice and over-bearing has come? You know him as he is now, within the Church. Some of you - and especially those who have been his fathers and mothers in a true engendering, as those who by their word and example caused him to be conceived by the Holy Mother Church, and born to her for the altar and for Heaven - know what he was like, not as the Christian Valente, but as the pagan before, whose name both he and we along with him do not wish even to remember.

The pagan is dead. And from the holy water, the Christian has risen. He is now your priest. What a long way! How far! From orgies to fasts; from triclinia [Ed: couches extending around three sides of a table used by the ancient Romans for reclining at meals] to the church; from hardness, impurity and greed to love, chastity, and complete generosity.

He was the rich young man, and one day, brought to Christ by the heart of the saints, who even without words portray Him, he encountered Jesus, our blessed Lord. The gentle eyes of the Master focused on the face of the pagan. And the pagan experienced a seduction which no pleasure had yet given him, a new emotion, with an unknown name, with an indescribable sensation. A kind of softness like a mother's caress, wholesomeness like the smell of just-baked bread, pureness like a spring dawn, loftiness like a heavenly dream.

You, shadows of the world and the pagan Olympus, fall down when Jesus the Sun kisses someone He has called. You dissolve like mist. You flee like demoniacal nightmares. What is left of you - you that seemed to be so splendid? A filthy heap of inadequately burned debris still stinking with corruption.

'Good Master, what must I do to follow You and receive eternal life?' he asked. And the gentle, divine Master in a few words conveyed to him the Life-giving teaching: 'Observe these commandments.' Oh, He could not say, 'Follow the Law!' The pagan was not familiar with it. He thus said, 'Do not kill. Do not steal. Do not bear false witness. Do not be lustful. Honour your relatives, and love God and your neighbor as you love yourself.' New words! Goals never before conceived of! Infinite horizons filled with light. With *his* light.

The pagan could not reply as the rich young man did. He could not. For all sins are in paganism, and he had all of them in his heart. But he wanted to be able to reply. And he came [to me], a poor old man, the persecuted Pontiff Marcellus, and said, 'Give me Light; give me Knowledge; give me Life! Give me a soul, in this beastly body of mine!' And he wept.

And the poor old man that I am, took the Gospel and found Light, Knowledge and Life therein for the weeping beggar. I found everything for him in the Gospel of Jesus, our Lord. And I was able to give him a soul, to summon forth the dead soul to life and say, 'Here is your soul. Preserve it for eternal life.'

Then, white with the bath of baptism, he devoted himself to seeking the good Master, and found Him again and said to Him, 'Now I can tell You that I am doing what You told me to. What else is needed to follow You?' And the good Master replied, 'Go, sell everything you own, and give it to the poor. You will then be perfect and able to follow Me.'

Oh, then Valentine surpassed the young man in Palestine! He did not go off, unable to separate himself from all his possessions. But he brought me these possessions for Christ's poor and, free from the yoke of wealth, a heavy yoke keeping one from following Christ, he asked me for the luminous, winged, heavenly yoke of the Priesthood.

Here he is. You have seen him under that yoke, with his hands bound, a prisoner of Christ, going up to his altar. He will now break the Eternal Bread for you and quench your thirst with the Divine Wine. But he and I, too, in order to be perfect in the sight of the good Master, want one

thing more. To become bread and wine: to immolate, crumble, and squeeze ourselves out to the last drop, reduce ourselves to wheat so as to become hosts. To sell the last, the only wealth remaining to us: our life. My feeble life as an old man. His flourishing life as a young man.

Oh, do not disappoint us, Eternal Pontiff. Grant us blessed martyrdom! With our blood, we want to write your Name: Jesus our Saviour. We want another baptism for our stole, which human imperfection always corrupts: the baptism of blood. To rise up to You with immaculate stoles and follow You, O Lamb of God who takes away the sins of the world, who has taken them away with your Blood! Blessed martyr, Valente, in whose church we are, ask for your very same palm and crown from the Eternal Pontiff for your Pontiff Marcellus and for your brother in the priesthood." And there is nothing more. (N1945-50 pp. 22-6)

BLESSED POPE PIUS IX
(255th pope, 1846-78 A.D.)

(Jesus explains the conversation between the three-year-old Mary and Joachim:) "But Joachim spoke inspired by God, like all the prophets. He himself did not understand the sublime supernatural truth that the Spirit spoke through his lips because Joachim was just. So just as to deserve that paternity. And he was humble. There is no justice where there is pride. He was just and humble. He comforted his Daughter out of fatherly love. He taught Her through his wisdom of a priest, as he was such as a guardian of the Ark of God. As a Pontiff, he consecrated Her with the sweetest title: "The Immaculate One". And the day will come when **another grey-haired Pontiff** will say to the world: "She is the Immaculate Conception" and will give this truth to the world of believers as a dogma which cannot be refuted, so that the Most Beautiful Virgin of God, crowned with stars, clad with the rays of the moon, which are not so pure as She is, brighter than all stars, the Queen of Creation and of God, may shine, fully revealed, in the world which in those days will be sinking deeper and deeper in the grey fog of heresies and vices. Because God-King has as His Queen, in His Kingdom, Mary." (P2, p.288; G3, Ch. 196.8)

POPE LEO XIII
(256th pope, 1878-1903 A.D.)

(Maria Valtorta is writing to Fr. Migliorini, her spiritual director and tells him she has had used the prayer given by Pope Leo XIII when dealing with the spiritists who wanted to rent a room at her house but then moved in next door. Maria says:) "And I shall now obey you by referring to the hasty departure of the spiritists who in June wanted a room at my house and, when I refused, took up ... lodging for their activities in the house next door. He and his friend both said they were chirographers and fortune tellers. And though I am also bothered by these two occupations, I let them stay until July 18, when, on account of the sufferings I experienced at night, just like others I had undergone every time I was close to places or people engaged in spiritistic practices, I understood that they were holding seances in the house next door.

I said, and I also told you, Father, "Now I'll take care of this, and we'll see who gets the worst of it." And in the evening I set about performing an exorcism with Leo XIII's

formula, which I had gotten from the Redemptorists in Naples. I have always found it to be powerful against storms, bombs, characters ... of an infernal variety, and every spiritistic episode.

[...] Yesterday the owner of house where these two gentlemen were staying said to me that [the one, who was the medium] packed up and left [...].

Well! The fact is that the medium took to his heels, and I trust the other will soon follow him, ... the air will be cleansed of the smell of sulfur, which my spiritual lungs cannot bear. And now let us see what annoyance Satan will cause me to take revenge.... I certainly won't get off lightly." (N1945-50, p. 87)

POPE SAINT PIUS X
(257th pope, 1903-1914 A.D.)

(Maria talks about a dream she had) "Kindly, candid and good-natured, the figure of holy Pope Pius X appeared to me at the time of Holy Communion. He came forward just as he surely looked in his final days. Slightly obese, burdened by ailments, with his silent gait somewhat shuffling, his shoulders somewhat bent, rounded, supporting a head covered with silvery hair - already haloed with splendour - above his short neck, with a youthfulness in the flesh of his elderly face, and a virginal sweetness in the gaze of his limpid, serene eyes. He was wearing the white clothing of the Pontiffs, but without a red mantle or *camauero*. Oh, not at all! He was a priest dressed in white rather than black - that's all. But he was so much 'himself' that he was more venerable than if he had been in the magnificence of pontifical apotheoses, amid banners and *flabella* (large fans), shining guards, the red of cardinals, and so on. He was the holy Pope.

He uplifted his short, chubby hand to bless me. He spoke: 'Woman blessed by the Lord and the Immaculate Virgin, may the Lord and Mary always be with you. Do not take offense, blessed one! Continue, continue on your way. The Lord is pleased. Be *simple, increasingly simple*, like a child. One of those children whom our blessed Lord so loved. Feed on the Eucharist because you are the little host that is consecrated only when Our Lord Jesus Christ is transubstantiated in the large Host. The more you feed on the Holy Eucharist, then, the more you become a host with Him.

O blessed one! If I were on the throne of Peter and they told me that there was a creature who had become a "voice" after having been a "voluntary cross", I would not leave you in this anguish. But I would have comforted you with my blessing, reading the blessed pages on my knees. Remain a girl, won't you? Always a girl. A little, little John, *with your eyes free from all malice and your heart free from all pride*, to understand the Most Blessed Master at all times, who provides instruction for the good of many. *The Eucharist and simplicity*. The way of the children of love. St. Therese's way, and also mine as a poor servant of the Lord who is still amazed at having become a Pontiff after being a priest'.

And he wept gently, humble and holy in his weeping as he was holy in his smile. He lifted up his head and looked at me again - he, too, a big 'child'; his expression was so pure. He again smiled at me and said:

'I give you my blessing. Are you happy? I bless you, soul of the Lord and of Mary Most Holy. Continue in patience and faith. In Paradise nothing is remembered except having always done the Most Holy Will of God, and in this,

MARIA VALTORTA READERS GROUP

Website: <http://www.valtorta.com.au> Email: catherine @valtorta.com.au

one is blessed. Paradise is so beautiful that none of the lovely things you see can equal it. You could not see Paradise as it is because your heart would burst.

When you get the chance, send my blessing to that blessed soul, Sister Giuseppina. Tell her that her Patriarch always remembers the Institutes of the Most Holy Child Mary, and especially those very dear ones of his Venetian region. Peace, peace to those places and those who live there! And peace to you, little child of my Jesus. Good-bye. Always remember the Pontiff of children and the Eucharist.'

He again raised his hand in blessing, and the whiteness of the woolen robe turned into an incandescence in which St. Pius X was transfigured and disappeared. And now I can say that I, too, have seen a Pontiff! And what a Pontiff!

[...] I was very happy that he spoke to me so informally, like a good pastor, as when he was one in his Venetian region - and he was already holy and great in the sight of God - as when, acting as the Patriarch and later as the Pontiff, he would linger informally with his friends, with the simple folk, with whom the very humble and holy Pope Pius X must have felt quite at ease...."

(N1945-50 pp. 185-6)

(Regarding Modernism in the church during this papacy, Jesus says:) "The deepest reason for the gift of this Work - among the many others which my spokesman knows - is that in these times, in which the modernism condemned by my Holy Vicar Pius X is corrupted into increasingly harmful human doctrines, the Holy Church represented by my Vicar will have additional material to combat those who deny: the supernatural character of dogmas; the divinity of Christ; the truth of Christ, God and Man, real and perfect in both the Faith and the history concerning Him which has been handed on (Gospel, Acts of the Apostles, Apostolic Letters, and Tradition); the doctrine of Paul and John and the Councils of Nicea, Ephesus, and Calcedonia, and other more recent ones, as my true doctrine, orally taught or inspired by Me; my wisdom, unlimited because it is divine; the divine origin of the Dogmas, the Sacraments, and the One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church; the universality and continuity, until the end of the ages, of the Gospel given by Me for all men; the nature, perfect from the outset, of my doctrine, which was not shaped as it is through successive transformations, but just as it was given: the doctrine of Christ, of the Time of Grace, of the Kingdom of Heaven and of the Kingdom of God in you, divine, perfect, immutable, the Good News for all who are thirsty for God."

(N1945-50 p. 346)

POPE PIUS XI

(259th pope, 1922-1939 A.D.)

(This dictation was given in October 1947, when Maria turned 50 in March of that year. Jesus foreshadows the dogma of the Assumption and says to Maria:) "You had your Holy Year in your fiftieth year (1947). You *had Me in a way only you know*. In 1933, under Pope Pius XI, **the extraordinary Holy Year of the Redemption** had been celebrated. In 1950, **an ordinary Holy Year**, Pope Pius XII will define as a dogma of faith the Assumption of Our Lady in soul and body into the glory of Heaven.

And you are remaining in this jubilee year of yours until it turns into your eternal century of heavenly peace. But the Holy Year that will come must be marked by a special character: *the Marian character*.

The extraordinary Holy Year (1933) was celebrated for the nineteenth centennial of my Passion. *Infinite Wisdom would love there to be a celebration of this other centennial as well - of the glorious Assumption of my Mother into Heaven - and to have this celebration give a special character to the next Holy Year. Infinite Wisdom would love to have this duty, this need and this far-sightedness be felt as regards providing a note of Marian triumph and thus a stimulus for devotion to Mary, your Salvation in this terrible conclusion to this terrible century in which the complete opening of the seven seals may take place, as God's punishment - in the next Holy Year.* For too many centuries now, Christendom has been awaiting this triumphal proclamation of the Virgin Mother, taken up into Heaven by God to be a joy for God, whose living Temple on earth she was, and the Queen of the heavenly choirs and the people of the Saints. Many of the seals have in reality already been opened. But woe if they were all opened or should come to be!" **(N1945-50 p. 428)**

VENERABLE POPE PIUS XII

(260th pope, 1939-1958)

"In 1950, an ordinary Holy Year, Pope Pius XII defined as a dogma of faith, the Assumption of Our Lady in soul and body into the glory of Heaven. On my dearest children, the true children, my sign remains. I have marked you all, you that love Me and that I love. More than the tiara crowning him, that sign is divinely indicative on the forehead of my current Peter (Pope Pius XII), on the Pontiff of Peace in whom there is no ferment of hatred. More than any halo, that sign shines on the heads of the victims who fall with Me under the weapons of Satan and who are the forerunners of the second coming of Christ."

(N1943 p.110)

(Jesus tells Maria the message He wants to convey to Pope Pius XII during the years of WWII and says:)

"Never as in this moment must I repeat to the one who represents Me, 'Feed my lambs'. Well then, from the height of the Heavens, because of all the absinthe being given as food to the masses and leading them to despair even of God, because of all the hunger the bodies and souls of my children are suffering from, and for the sake of those who in this ruin remain the lambs of God's flock (and no passion changes them into rebels against God like their seducers and masters, children of Evil and forerunners of the Antichrist), I am coming with my Word and my Love to feed the poor of my flock, and I repeat to you, who are my Vicar:

'Feed my sheep by giving them the tireless word and the blessings with which I have filled your innocent hand, which knows no blood except my Blood, which you elevate on the altar as a rite of propitiation, and no gesture except that which was my own in blessing those on whom you have mercy, as I do.

I have placed two rods in your hand, and you are dear to Me because you used the rod of love. But love, which exercises power even on the Power of God, falls like pebbles hurled against rock when it is directed towards some who resemble men, but are demons with a heart of granite. Strike, then, with the other rod, and may the faithful know that you are not an accomplice to the sins of the great. One also becomes an accomplice when one does not dare to thunder against their foul deeds. Your Master is not fond of curses and thunderbolts. But there

MARIA VALTORTA READERS GROUP

Website: <http://www.valtorta.com.au> Email: catherine @valtorta.com.au

are moments when it is necessary to know how to use them to convince not the powerful, whose souls, possessed by Satan, are incapable of being convinced, but the poor of the world that God and God's just ones do not approve or support the methods and acts of overbearance of those who have overstepped all bounds and think they are gods, when they are just unclean beasts.

Speak, in the name of the Justice you represent. It is time to. And may the masses know that my Doctrine has not changed and that there is one Law, there is one God alone, and his first commandment is love, and He, as in the ages and ages preceding my coming, in which I confirmed the Law, gives the order not to steal, not to fornicate, not to kill, and not to take the belongings of others. Say so to the current thieves, who are not content with a purse, but steal souls from God and lands from peoples; say so to the fornicators, the great fornicators at present, whose fornication is not the bestial kind with a female, but the demoniacal kind with political power; say so to the killers at present, who arrogate to themselves the right to kill whole peoples after having killed in other peoples - their own-faith in God, honesty of any kind, and love for good; say so to the insatiable at present, who, as avid as jackals, assault wherever what they like is to be found and render all crimes licit for themselves provided they can take what is not theirs.

To speak means "pain" and sometimes "death." But remember Me. I am more precious than "joy" and "life," for I give whoever is faithful to Me a joy and a life which have no end or limit. Remember Me, who was able to purify my House of filthiness and pursue a single goal straightforwardly, "the glory of my Father" that earned Me hatred, revenge and death. For those stricken by my fury, found a corrupt individual who for thirty pieces of silver handed Me over to their power.

We always have - and among the most trusted - an enemy, a corrupt man. But it doesn't matter. The disciple is not greater than his Master. And if I spoke, knowing that the lash of my words more than the lash of cords was bringing Me death, speak yourself. And if I, out of love for men and love for you, endured an enemy and a corrupt man and the horror of a kiss of betrayal, you, the first among my children at present, must not draw back in the face of what your Master suffered before you.

For if, afterwards, in spite of every means, Justice should perish and both the dominators and the dominated, carried away increasingly by Satan, should, out of malefic mimicry, detach themselves more and more from God, I will then remove Light and Truth. And this shall occur when even in my dwelling - the Church - there are too many who, out of human self-interest and unworthy weakness, are among those dominated by the sowers of Evil in their different doctrines. You shall then know the shepherd who does not take care of the abandoned sheep, the idol shepherd Zechariah speaks about.

Remember John's Apocalypse. Remember the dragon: the Evil One begetting the future Antichrist, who prepares the former's kingdom not only by unsettling consciences, but by sweeping away a third of the stars in his coils and turning the stars into mire. When this demoniacal vintage takes place in Christ's Court, among the leading figures in his Church, in the light reduced to a bare glimmer and preserved as the only lamp in the hearts of Christ's faithful

- for the Light cannot die, I have promised even in periods of horror, the Church will preserve just that amount needed to become radiance again after the trial - the idol shepherd shall come, who shall be and shall remain where his masters will.

Let whoever has ears to understand, understand. For those alive at that time, death will be a blessing.' "

(N1943, pp. 557-9)

FOR THE POPE OF THE END TIMES

(Jesus is dictating to Maria Valtorta a message directly for the pope of the End Times. Was this message meant for Pope Pius XII? For the two Vatican II and five post-Vatican II popes? For Pope Leo XIV? For Peter the Roman? **OR FOR EACH ONE OF THEM** in these End Times?)

(Jesus says:) "And you, the new Peter, watch and watch without deluding yourself. It is true that to suffer for Christ is a dignity surpassed by no other. But I tell you, 'Watch and pray'.

In the hours of a great storm, it is necessary not only to have a purple banner high on the mast, *but for the hand of Peter to be healthier and surer than ever at the helm. The Disorientor makes use of everything to cause confusion. And in the hours of a gale which assails on all sides to sink the holy values hated by the perverted, in a shipwreck, it is enough for the hand to be removed for an instant from the wheel of the tiller, through an irreparable misfortune, in order for the waves to come athwart the mystical boat more forcefully.*

Watch over yourself so that you may watch over others. Peter, now more than ever, it is necessary for you to feed these lambs of mine and these little sheep of mine. There is no one but you that remains as a holy Shepherd, and if you fall, many lambs will be led by imprudent sheep outside the pastures, and other shepherds with wicked doctrines will work their way even into my dominion to contaminate it with their human (and to say human is indeed a merciful judgment) pressures.

No, this is not the time to die for Christ. *This is the time to watch, defend, instruct, and act as a barrier against what seeks to enter to corrupt ever more broadly and deeply.*

And believe Me, O Christ on earth, *believe Me, the sore is already gnawing deeply and obscuring minds and hearts and, as the misfortune of misfortunes, extinguishing the lanterns which had been placed on the mountaintops so that they would illuminate the way for the pilgrims seeking Heaven. Many are already extinguished; many are smoking; many languish, and others are preparing to languish. If the faithful are icy, the pastors are cold, and the death of the spirit comes by frostbite. An imperceptible death bringing on a sleep without the light of resurrection. Consider this, O Christ on earth, born to such a destiny. And without growing weary, insist, preach, exhort, reproach, and evangelize. There are too many temples in which the Gospel has lost value and too many hearts that hear an untrue sound in the Gospel which separates them from it.*

Like the first Peter, make up for the deficiencies of ministers, and cause the throngs to hear again, through your lips, the sweet, holy, and salutary doctrine of Christ, and cause those not yet slain, to be saved and come back to Me, and peace to return to this earth, on which there is not a clump of sod which does not know the dew of the martyrs."

(N1943, 29 December p. 617)