

MARIA VALTORTA READERS' GROUP  
THE SUPPLEMENT No. 121 – MARCH 2026



Mary and Joseph



Maria Valtorta



Mary Magdalene in the Cave

MARTYRS - WHITE AND GREEN

Supplement #117 presented the theme of **Martyrdom** from the writings of Maria Valtorta - the **Red Martyrs** who were executed, who shed their blood for Christ. Yet in this Work, Jesus also reveals that there were other types of Martyrs – **White** and **Green**.

The **White Martyrs** were those who lived in total devotion, who died unto themselves daily, who left their home to put God first, who patiently endured trials, served others and avoided temptation, and who performed a long-term spiritual and often hidden sacrifice such as Saint Joseph, the Blessed Virgin Mary and Maria Valtorta. The **Green Martyrs** were those who lived the life of extreme, voluntary self-denial and penance in reparation for past sins, such as Saint Mary Magdalene.

THE MANY FORMS OF MARTYRDOM

(Jesus says:) 'All deaths are glory offered to God when they are accepted and undergone by holiness. [...] In the arena of a circus or in the darkness of a jail, in the midst of family affections or in the solitude of those without anyone, swift or long in torments, *it is always, always glory rendered to God.* [...] Consider that the bloody death of an Agatha (who died a martyr of the third century) is no different for Me from that of a Liduina (who died of an infirmity) or a Therese Martin of the Child Jesus (who died of an illness in the cloister), or a Dominic de Guzman (founder of the Dominicans who died of exhaustion arising from his travels), or a Contardo Ferrini (who died of typhus).'

(Notebooks 1944, pp. 229-31)

(Jesus says:) 'The soul that has abandoned itself to its God completely becomes His martyr [among which is] the martyrdom of pain, the martyrdom of love and the martyrdom of the heart.'

(Notebooks 1943, p. 135)

THE MARTYRDOM OF PAIN

(Jesus explains:) 'Nor is pain any less a cause of martyrdom, which can be of different kinds but is always pain, and sometimes very great, and is never lacking in the lives of the elect. Pain permitted by God can come from illness, misfortune, resentment, envy or hatred of creatures. Resentment, envy and hatred can lead to material or moral crime, depriving **others** of their lives, reputation, freedom; or trampling on their rights, appropriating the things of others, be they material or intellectual riches; distorting the truth of things to the point

of presenting as the work of a madman, a demon or a pretender, what is the work and action of a genius or a righteous person chosen by God for extraordinary deeds. Pain permitted by God *but condemned by God*, inflicted by creatures upon their fellow creatures, inflicted in a thousand ways to torture the righteous with slander, derision, and experiments hateful to God, to incite the psyche of the saint, to sow doubts in his heart about himself, about the divine acceptance of his sacrifice, about what he sees or hears; experiments without prudence, charity and justice carried out for an unrighteous purpose that offends and grieves both God and the creature.

[...] The martyrdom of pain is always present in the lives of the elect who demonstrate their justice also through their love of pain, which is not only endured with resignation but also asked for as the eighth sacrament and ninth beatitude, to be anointed victims and to be a true image of Jesus-Victim.

[...] And it is still, and always, through pain and sacrifice that man is saved, continuing the work of salvation begun by Christ. Pain, meditated upon, understood, contemplated supernaturally, is not a punishment of divine severity but a grace of divine love. Grace that God grants to his best children to make them Christs through participation. Yes. By sharing in the bitter chalice, in the painful passion from Gethsemane to Golgotha, to the Cross.'

THE MARTYRDOM OF LOVE

(Jesus says:) 'The martyrdom of love! The demands of love. The absolutism of love isolates in a holy madness, the creature embraced by Love and immersed with full and voluntary consent in the flaming ocean of love. The total generosity of love, [...] as long as God has glory and our neighbour has relief, forgiveness and thanks. The absolute and continuous adherence of the creature given to love, to the Holy Will of God, preserving of his free will as a man, a single branch: that of wanting to do what God wants, [...] living in souls, indwelling in the souls that love. This obedient, active, constant love puts divine life within you and completes your identification with God.'

THE MARTYRDOM OF THE HEART

(Explained by Maria Valtorta, *Autobiography*, pp. 126-8)

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(*Maria Valtorta says:*) God's voice had resonated within me, and was resounding within me so deeply that the impressions I had in my heart did not shine through on my face. I had become too attached to God in the revelation, to find comfort in Him, and I suffered too much in detaching myself from Him. A sensation not only metaphorical *but real*, of a tearing of my fibres, because the pain of this laceration that was occurring within me, now that I necessarily had to return to my usual life.

[...] I felt I could not live. [...] If human separations had tightened my heart to the point of sickness, this one suffocated me as if all the air had been taken from me. I was desolate, as if freedom, light, wealth, health, friendship, kinship—everything—had been taken from me. In the [...] page dedicated to our reflections and our resolutions, [...] I wrote just one sentence: my program for the future life, my rule of conduct towards my family, towards myself, towards my neighbour, towards God. [...] "*Sacrifice and Duty at every hour, in every contingency.*" I have been faithful to this resolution. And if, at times, my humanity seemed to triumph over my spirit, I always quickly returned to fully practicing sacrifice and duty, and I can say that I have never completely set them aside, even if the temptations were such, and my joys in duty so naughty as to suggest abandoning that resolution and abandoning myself to the flow.

[...] Entering the cloister wasn't my path, nor the life God wanted me to live. I knew this clearly. The world was to be my arena of combat. I didn't know what the battle would be, *but I knew it had to take place in the world*, not in the cloister.

### WHITE MARTYRYDOM - MARIA VALTORTA

(*Maria Valtorta is often described as a 'victim soul' who offered her intense, long-term physical sufferings marked by extreme, sustained and voluntarily accepted physical agony for spiritual purposes.*)

(*Maria says:*) Everything has its purpose in creation, and everything has its mission given to it by its Creator. I have mine: to suffer, to expiate, to love. To suffer for those who are unable to suffer, to expiate for those who are unable to expiate, to love for those who are unable to love. I do not think of myself. I say to the good Lord, 'I trust You!' And that is all I say to Him [...] I want one thing alone: 'To do His Will!'

(*Autobiography, pp. 361-2*)

(*Jesus says:*) 'Listen to your Master. Before telling you a couple of things you wish to know, I want to give you the program of suffering for the days of your week.

And let us look at the major groups for which suffering is needed. The priesthood, the despairing, sinners, idolaters, and the souls waiting to return to God - that is, for you, the souls being purged; for Me, at that time, the just in Limbo. There are seven days in the week. For the need of three of those groups there should have been seven times seven. But there are seven. And you will thus suffer in this way.

On **Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday**, for the Priesthood. In the Priesthood, I include all the consecrated of every kind and category. Why three days for them alone? Because, on account of their need, all seven would not suffice. What is the Priesthood for the mass of the faithful? What shall we compare it to? To the vital elements [...] light, heat, water, and air.

[...] If the week had more days, I would have imposed on you four more devoted to penance for the Priesthood.

[...] With this face, I will ask them, "What have you done to my children, my lambs? Where are these flocks of mine? Why have they turned into wild Billy goats? Why did they lie, torn to pieces by the four enemies of man: the flesh, knowledge, power and the devil? Why, blinded, wounded, dispersed, hungry, thirsty, naked, spiritually illiterate, persecuted and abandoned, were they forced to cry out: 'God does not exist for we do not see Him, do not hear Him, and do not know Him through the work and the word of those who call themselves priests of God?'"

[...] This is what I shall say to them. But you - give Me three days of pain for them. It is painful for Me, the eternal Pontiff, to see that my priestly army is full of sluggards and deserters.

You shall give **Wednesday** to your Lord for "your poor brothers and sisters in despair." No one should be so much of a brother or sister for you as someone who is poor, alone and sick. And those despairing are poor, with the greatest poverty. They have lost *everything* in losing hope in God. They are alone. There is no solitude more real than this. It is the only real solitude. They are without God. They are sick. An illness which produces death. *Real* death. It is necessary to heal them, restore them to God, and make them rich with God.

On **Thursday**, you shall suffer for the large group of idolaters. Idolatry is not just to worship an idol. For Me idolatry is the worship of anything which is not the true God. Idolaters include savages - indeed, they are such less than many of the civilized who, while knowing that there is one Triune God, worship a thousand idols ranging from their self to the self of one of their peers and, along this way, have many altars and false gods named "money", "power", "sensuality", "rationalistic knowledge", and so on. For Me, then, both the savage and the civilized are idolaters when they have national or individual forms of worship which are not true.

I thus include in the intentions for Thursday all those who must know the Most Holy Name of God and my own, those to whom the Cross as an arrow pointing to Heaven is not yet known, those who follow a revealed religion which is not, however, Religion, and those who are "Christians", but not Catholics. The Church is one: the Church of Rome. Offer and suffer for those whom an erroneous science turns into idolaters of the mind and those whom a passion turns into idolaters of the heart. Have them return to Me. I am the true God, and there is no other above or apart from Me. To Me, there must be given the love and worship of the creatures created by the Father, redeemed by the Son, and loved by the Spirit. Thursday will be the day of pain for all of them.

Let **Friday** be for those undergoing their spiritual crucifixion in Purgatory, seeking God and still unable to have Him. [...] So that every Friday, my angels can say these words to many spirits in purgation. Suffer and offer every Friday.

**Saturday** is the day of the Mother, and She has already asked you to suffer for sinners. Let every Saturday of yours, then, be a band of thorns surrounding your heart so that it will be covered with roses to offer Mary. Every sinner who returns to God is a rose you place at the Mother's feet, a rose with which She wipes away the tears flowing from her eyes since I made Her the Mother of the human race, so hostile to Me.

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And for you? The week is over, and "little John" has not had an hour of freedom to think of herself. I'll take care of you. The Mother and I. And while you do what you can, as you can, with difficulty, in spite of your good will, the Mother and I act for your sake, as We are able to. You are now tired. Rest. My peace be with You.'

*(Notebooks 1944, pp.323-9)*

### WHITE MARTYRYDOM - SAINT JOSEPH

*(Saint Joseph is not traditionally considered a martyr who died for his faith physically, as he died peacefully before Jesus' public ministry, with Mary and Jesus at his side, earning him the title 'Patron of a Happy Death'. However, some traditions refer to him as a 'Martyr of Grandeur' or 'Spiritual Martyr' due to the immense suffering, humiliation, and the silent endurance he experienced in protecting the Holy Family. He bore the shame and difficulty of Mary's pregnancy, the flight to Egypt, and the humble circumstances of Jesus' upbringing.*

*His life was a continuous, hidden living sacrifice of self-denial and obedience to God's will, a form of spiritual martyrdom, and he accepted public scorn and being seen as a man of no consequence while fulfilling a divine role. In essence, Joseph's martyrdom was one of deep, internal suffering and quiet virtue rather than violent persecution.)*

### SAINT JOSEPH'S FIFTH SORROW THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT

*(Maria watches and writes:)* It is night. Joseph is sleeping in his little bed in his very small room: the peaceful sleep of a man after a hard day's honest and diligent work. [...] He is lying on one side and is smiling at some vision he sees in his dream. But his smile turns into an expression of anxiety. He is now sighing deeply as if he had a nightmare and he awakes with a start. [...] It is the dead of night [...] He knocks very gently on Mary's door [...] but Mary is not sleeping.

[Joseph says] in an excited voice: 'We must go away from here at once. It must be at once. Prepare the coffer and a sack with everything you can put in them. I'll prepare the rest. I'll take as much as I can. [...] We will flee at dawn. I would go even sooner but I must speak to the landlady...' 'But why this flight?'

'I will tell you later. It's because of Jesus. An angel said to me: "Take the Child and His Mother and escape into Egypt." Don't waste any time. I'm going to prepare what I can. [...] Take as much as You can. We will lose the rest. [...] Things will be useful because [...] we will have to stay away for a long time, Mary!'

Joseph is very sad in saying so [...] and sighing deeply. Joseph ties the blankets with a rope and while doing so, he says: 'We will leave the quilts and the mats. Even if I take three donkeys, I cannot overload them. We will have a long and uncomfortable journey, partly in the mountains and in the desert. Cover Jesus well. The nights will be cold both up in the mountains and in the desert. I have taken the gifts of the Magi because they will be very useful down there. I am going to spend all the money I have to buy two donkeys [because] we cannot send them back. I'll go now without awaiting dawn. I know where to find them. You finish preparing everything.' And he goes out...

Joseph comes back. 'Are you ready? Is Jesus ready? Have you taken His blankets and His little bed? We can't take His cradle but He must have at least His little mattress: poor Baby, whose death they are seeking!'

'Joseph' shouts Mary, while she grasps his arm.

'Yes, Mary, His death. Herod wants Him dead... because he is afraid of Him: because of his human kingdom, he is afraid of this innocent Child. I do not know what he will do when he realises that He has escaped. But we will be far away by that time. I don't think he will revenge himself by seeking Him as far as Galilee. It would be very difficult for him to find out that we are Galileans, least of all, that we are from Nazareth and who we are precisely. Unless Satan helps him to thank him for being his faithful servant. But if that should happen, [...] God will help us just the same. Don't cry, Mary. To see you crying is a greater pain for me than having to go into exile.'

'Forgive Me, Joseph. I am not crying for myself or for the few things I am losing. I am crying for you [...] You already have had to sacrifice yourself so much! And now once again, you will have no customers, no home. How much I am costing you, Joseph!'

'And I, having Jesus, have my native land, in which I had hope up to some months ago. I have my God. You can see that I lose nothing of what is dear to me above all things. The only important thing is to save Jesus, and then we have everything. Even if we should never see this sky again, or this country or the even dearer country of Galilee, we shall always have everything because we shall have Him. Come, Mary, it is dawning. It is time to say goodbye to our hostess and load our things. Everything will be all right.'

*(P1 179-83; G1, 220-5)*

### SAINT JOSEPH'S SIXTH SORROW THE RETURN FROM EGYPT TO NAZARETH

*(Jesus says:)* 'Prompt, complete obedience to the point of not replying with a single word of contention and not even waiting for the morning to put it into practice. And this was not only the first time, when an hour's delay might have meant even 'death' for the Child, but also the second time, when the departure was less urgent, when, indeed, leaving the hospitable city (Egypt) meant losing his customers again and, therefore, his income and that minimum which by his work he had again recovered. Joseph did not know what he would find on going back to his country. But he departed because God so willed, and he went where God wanted him.'

*(Azariah, p.313)*

### WHITE MARTYRYDOM -THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

*(To cite all the passages which demonstrate the martyrdom of Mary would be impossible for a supplement. However, suffice to say that Mary is certainly a 'martyr of pain, of love and of the heart' which led to her being honoured by the title the 'Queen of Martyrs' (Regina Martyrium) by the Catholic Church in the 16<sup>th</sup> century. Throughout the canonical gospels, 'Mary pondered these things in her heart'. Her joys and sufferings were never audible to us but Jesus tells Maria that she is to write in the Work what she sees and hears in the visions.)*

*(Our Lady reveals:)* 'The first sorrow was not just because of my love as the Mother of God. I knew my destiny. I knew because I was not ignorant of the destiny of the Redeemer. The prophecies spoke of His great suffering. [...] From the moment I had said, "I am the handmaiden of the Lord", I had embraced Pain together with Love. But how much pain to feel and *already* see that men would take Good that had become Flesh, and turn Good into an Evil for themselves. [...] Jesus had come to bring peace. And men, in His name or going against His name, would

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have war in relation to Him and each other. All the schisms, all the heresies, and all forms of atheism were thus before me... and, like a carpet of swords, awaited to lacerate my heart.'

**(Notebooks 1944, pp.303)**

*(Our Lady says:)* 'I was the victim, together with my Son. For every offense against Him, strikes my heart and scourges my love for Him, just as all of His suffering on the day of the Passion was a scourge, blow, thorn, nail, attack, and fall for me. And so, now that a furious, unwearingly, more and more violent rain of hailstones is being hurled by Humanity against its Lord, I am wearing the mantle of penance, as a victim with my Son, the Divine Victim.'

**(Notebooks 1945-50, p.528)**

*(Jesus says:)* 'Mother! Oh, my Mother's love! Invoked love, bent over my pain! Rejected love, so as not to make her die from my pain! My Mother's pain! Yes, I know. My every sob reached you, O Holy One. My every call to you transcended space and penetrated like a spirit into the closed room where you, as always, spent your nights praying, and that night, praying not with ecstasy but with a tortured soul. I know. And I forbade myself from calling you, so that the lament of your Son would not reach you, O martyred Mother...who began your Passion alone, like I was alone on the night of Holy Thursday!

[...] How I loved you, Mother, in that hour of Gethsemane! All the tears I had already cost you, and all those that were now falling from your eyes, and all those that would fall in the next three days. I heard your tears fall like a rain of lamentation. Oh, tears of my Mother!

**(The Little Notebooks, pp.27-8)**

### THE TERRIBLE SPIRITUAL DISTRESS OF MARY

*(Maria writes:)* I am present at Our Lord's burial. [...] Mary never tires of caressing those frozen limbs. With even greater delicacy than if She were touching those of a newborn baby, She takes the poor tortured hands, She clasps them in Her own, She kisses the fingers and stretches them, She tries to connect the gaping wounds, as if She wished to doctor them, so that they may not ache so much, and She presses those hands which can no longer caress, against Her cheeks, and moans and moans in Her dreadful grief.

[...] She sees the gash of the lance, which is now wide open like a mouth, as Jesus is lying on His back on the anointing stone slab, and so the cavity of the thorax can be seen more clearly. [...] Mary utters a cry again as on Calvary. A lance seems to be piercing Her so much that She writhes in Her pain, pressing Her hands on Her heart, pierced like Jesus'. How many kisses on that wound, poor Mother! [...] . And She moans and moans, [...] caressing, contemplating, moaning, weeping.

[...] I see large tear drops stream down the cheeks of Her ravaged face. And I can hear Her words. Every one of them. All of them, very clearly, although whispered between Her lips. A real conversation of a mother's soul with the soul of Her Son. I am told to write them.

'Poor Son! How many wounds! ... How much You have suffered! Look what they have done to You! ... [...] Poor hands! My darling, My love, My holy love, give them to Your Mother! Look how lacerated they are! [...] They have killed You! You are no longer on the Earth! No longer! Wherever I send My soul to look for Yours and embrace it because finding You, having You, feeling You was the life of My body and of My spirit, wherever I look for You with the wave of My love, I no longer find you, I do not find You

anymore. Nothing of You is left to Me but these cold soulless remains! O soul of My Jesus, O soul of My Christ, O soul of My Lord, where are You?'

[...] The Mother, who with Her voice had raised also Her head, now bends again over the lifeless face and speaks in a low voice to Him alone: 'At least we would have been together in here, in the tomb, as we would have been together in the agony on the cross, and together in the journey beyond life and towards the Life. But if I cannot follow You in the journey beyond life, I can remain here waiting for You.... How cold! I am shivering all over. More than that December night. Then there was the joy of having You to warm My heart. And You had two people loving You... Now... Now I am alone and I am dying, too. But I will love You for two: for those who have loved You so little that they abandoned You at the moment of sorrow; I will love You for those who have hated You, I will love You for the whole world, Son. You will not feel the chill of the world. No, You will not feel it.'

*(To all of those with her at the tom, Mary says:)*

'Go away, all of you. I will stay. Close Me in here with Him. I will wait for Him.'

[...] She turns to Jesus and says: 'I will stay. You will come back in three days' time and we will go out together. Oh! to see the world again leaning on Your arm, Son! How beautiful the world will be in the light of Your risen smile!'

[...] Nicodemus and Joseph approach Her, laying vases and bandages, and the clean Shroud, and a basin of water, I think, and what seem lint wads, on a kind of seat, which is on the other side of the stone.

Mary notices it and asks in a loud voice: 'What are you doing? What do you want? To prepare Him? For what? Leave Him in the lap of His Mother. If I succeed in warming Him up, He will rise sooner. If I succeed in consoling the Father and in comforting Him for the decide hatred, the Father will forgive sooner, and He will come back sooner.'

The Sorrowful Mother is almost raving. 'I will not give Him to you! I gave Him once, I gave Him once to the world, and the world did not want Him. It killed Him, because it did not want Him. Now I am not giving Him anymore! [...] Yes, call Me "mother". I cannot live thinking that I shall not be called so!'

[...] Mary staggers, pressing a hand against Her breast. They support Her. She repels them. She seems to be repelling the compassionate people but in actual fact, She repels what She alone can see. And She shouts: 'Back! Back, you cruel one! Not this revenge! Be silent! I do not want to hear you! Be silent! Ah! he is biting at My heart!'

'Who, Mother?'

'O John! It is Satan! Satan who is saying: "He will not rise. No prophet said that". O Most High God! Help Me all of you good spirits, and you compassionate men! [...] Son, tell Your Mother that You are coming back! Say: "On the third day I will rise from the dead". I implore You, Son and God! Help Me to protect My Faith. Satan is crushing it in his coils to strangle it. Satan has removed his mouth of a snake from the flesh of man because You have torn that prey away from him, and now with his hooked poisonous teeth he is piercing the flesh of My heart paralysing its throbs, its strength and warmth. God! God! God! Do not allow Me to be distrustful! Do not allow doubt to freeze Me! Do not let Satan be free to lead Me to despair! Son! Son! Put Your hand on My heart. It will drive Satan away.

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Lay it on My head. It will bring the Light back to it. Sanctify My lips with a caress, so that they may be fortified to say: "I believe" even against a whole world that does not believe. Oh! how grievous it is not to believe!

*(Jesus says:)* 'And Satan behaved mercilessly with infinite cruelty towards the conqueress. Mary had defeated him. The most atrocious temptation for Mary. Temptation against the flesh of the Mother. Temptation against the heart of the Mother. Temptation against the spirit of the Mother. The world thinks that Redemption ended with My last breath. No, it did not. The Mother completed it by adding Her treble torture to redeem the treble concupiscence, struggling for three days against Satan, who wanted to induce Her to deny My word and not to believe in My Resurrection. Mary was the only one who continued to believe. She is great and blessed also because of that faith.

You have become acquainted also with that: a torture corresponding to My torture (against Satan) at Gethsemane.'

*(Nicodemus and others have now closed the tomb.)*

*(Maria writes:)* After striking and staining the unrelenting stone with the blood of Her lips and hands, She turns round, She leans against it with Her arms stretched out, gripping the two edges of the stone once again, and solemn in Her majesty of Our Lady of Sorrows, She orders: 'Open it! Do you not want to? Well, I am staying here. Not inside? Well, here, outside. Here is My bread and My bed. Here is My abode. I have no other home, no other purpose. You may go. Go back to the world which is disgusting. I am staying where there is no avidity or smell of blood.'

And they try to detach Her hands from the stone, while they are frightened of those eyes, which they have never seen before flash in such a way that makes them look hard and irresistible, glassy, phosphorescent. ... But Mary's vehement will and imperious command soon vanish. Her eyes become meek again, like those of a tortured dove.'

[...] 'Oh! Do leave Me! For the sake of your dead relatives, for the sake of the living ones whom you love, have mercy on a poor mother! Feel My heart. It needs peace to stop throbbing so fiercely. It began throbbing thus up there, on Calvary. The hammer went bang, bang, bang... and each blow wounded My Child... and each blow resounded in My brain and in My heart... and My head is full of those blows, and My heart is beating fast, as those blows did on the hands and feet of My Jesus, of My little Jesus... My Child! My Child!'

[...Son], how long will this hell last for Your Mother? You said: "Within three days I will rebuild this Temple". I have been repeating these words to Myself all day today in order not to drop dead, to be ready to greet You when You come back and go on serving You... But how shall I be able to put up for three days with the knowledge that You are dead? You, My Life, for three days dead? [...]

Men, look with what you have pierced God, My Son! And I must forgive you. And I must love you. Because He has forgiven you. Because He told Me to love you. He made Me your Mother, the Mother of the killers of My Child! [...]

So, Jesus. I forgive. I love them. Ah! My heart breaks in this forgiveness and in this love! Do You hear that I am forgiving them and loving them? I am praying for them.

Yes, I am praying for them... I am closing My eyes not to see these objects of Your torture, to be able to forgive them, love them and pray for them. Each nail serves to crucify a will of Mine not to forgive, not to love, not to pray for Your executioners. [...]

Look at My heart, God, who have struck Me in My Child! Look at it! Is it not as covered with sores as the Body of Your Son and Mine? The scourges have come down on Me like hailstones while He was being lashed. What is distance for love? I suffered the torture of My Son! I wish I alone had suffered it, and that I alone were on the sepulchral stone! Look at Me, God! Is My heart not bleeding? [...]

I am bruised, scourged, stung, struck, pierced like You. I was not with You on the cross. But look at Your Mother. Is She different from You? No, there is no difference of martyrdom. On the contrary, Yours is over. Mine is still on. You no longer hear the false charges; I do. You no longer hear the horrible curses: I still hear them. You no longer feel the bites of thorns and nails.

[...] Where are You, Holy Father? [...] I have always been faithful to You. In what have I displeased You? You have dealt with Me as You liked, and I have always said to You: "Yes, Father. I am ready". So, can angels lie? And Anne (of Phanuel) who assured Me that You would give Me Your angel in the hour of sorrow? I am alone. I no longer have grace in Your eyes, I no longer have You, Grace, in Me. I no longer have an angel. [...] Oh! forgive Me! Forgive Me, Holy Father! Forgive a Mother who is mourning Her Child... He is dead! My Son is dead! Dead with His Heart rent! Oh! Father! Father, have mercy! I love You! We have loved You, and You have loved us so much. How did You allow the Heart of Our Son to be rent? Oh! Father! Father, have mercy on a poor woman! I am blaspheming, Father! I, Your servant, Your nonentity, dare reproach You! Have mercy! You have been good. You have been good. The wound, the only wound that did not hurt Him, is this one. Your abandonment served to make Him die before sunset avoiding other tortures. You have been good. You do everything for a purpose of good. It is we creatures who do not understand. You have been good. You have been good! O My soul, repeat that word, to remove the sting of Your suffering from Your suffering. God is good and has always loved You, My soul. From Your cradle to the present moment, He has always loved You. He has given You all the joy of the time. All of it. He has given You Himself. He has been good. Good. Good. Thank You, Lord. May You be Blessed for Your infinite goodness! [...] Mary is overwhelmed again by Her torture which seems to be appeased after Her prayer to the Father.

**(P5, Ch. 606-7; G10, Ch.610-11)**

### GREEN MARTYRDOM - MARY MAGDALENE

*(While the Bible doesn't explicitly call Mary Magdalene a martyr, she is revered as one in some traditions, particularly for enduring intense suffering with Christ at the crucifixion and for her unwavering faith, after living a long life after the ascension doing penance in a cave in France. She was a soul that abandoned itself to God completely.)*

*(Maria writes:)* I see a cavern in the rock where there is a bed of piled-up leaves on a rustic frame of interwoven branches bound together with rushes. It must be as comfortable as a rack for torture. The grotto also has a large stone which serves as a table and a smaller one

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which serves as a chair. Against the side farthest back, there is another one: a large stone splinter sticking out of the rock which - I don't know whether it is naturally or by patient, toilsome human effort - has been polished and presents a rather smooth surface. Upon this, which looks like a rustic altar, a cross made of two wicker-bound branches is resting. The inhabitant of the grotto has also planted ivy in an earthy cleft in the ground and guided its branches to frame the cross and encircle it, while, in two rustic vases, which seemed to have been modeled in clay by an unskilled hand. There are wild flowers picked nearby, and, right at the foot of the cross in a giant shell, there is a little wild cyclamen plant with small, very clean-cut leaves and two buds which are about to blossom. At the foot of this altar, there is a sheaf of thorny branches and a scourge with knotted cords. In the grotto, there is also a rustic jug with water. Nothing else.

[...] A thin woman, wearing rustic, dark clothing, covered by a goatskin as a blanket, goes into the grotto, pushing aside the hanging branches. She looks exhausted. It is impossible to determine her age. If one were to judge by her withered face, one would say she was quite old - over sixty. If one were to go by her flowing locks, still beautiful, thick and golden, not over forty. Her hair hangs down in two braids over her curved, slender shoulders, and it is the only thing that shines out in that desolation. [...] Her eyes no longer sparkle. They are deeply sunken in their sockets and marked by two bluish bistres. Two eyes which reveal the many tears they have shed. Two wrinkles, almost two scars, have been engraved from the corner of each eye along the nose and finally dissolve into that other wrinkle, typical of those who have suffered greatly which descends from the nostrils like a circumflex accent to the corners of the mouth. Her temples look sunken, and the blue veins are outlined in the intense paleness. Her mouth hangs down in a weary curve and is a very pale pink. It must once have been a splendid mouth; now it is withered. The curve of the lips is like that of two broken wings dangling. A mouth of pain.

The woman drags herself over to the massive stone which serves as a table and sets bilberries and wild strawberries upon it. She then goes to the altar and kneels down. But she is so exhausted that she nearly falls in doing so and must hold herself up with one hand on the stone slab. She prays, looking at the cross, and tears flow down her wrinkles to her mouth, which drinks them in. She then lets her goatskin slip down, remaining with only the rough tunic to cover her, and takes the scourges and the thorns. She clasps the thorny branches tightly around her head and her loins and scourges herself with the cords. But she is too weak to do so. She drops the scourge and, supporting herself against the altar with both hands and her forehead, she says, 'I can't withstand any more, Rabbi! I can't suffer more in memory of your pain!'

The voice brings me to recognize her. It is Mary Magdalene. I am in her grotto as a penitent.

Mary is weeping. She calls Jesus lovingly. She cannot suffer any more. But she can still love. Her flesh, mortified by penance, can no longer withstand the effort of scourging herself but her heart still beats passionately and consumes itself in its final strength by loving. And she loves, remaining with her forehead crowned with thorns and her waist clasped by thorns; she loves by speaking to

her Master in a continuous profession of love and a renewed act of contrition.

She has slipped with her brow touching the ground.

[...] 'Life is fleeing from me, my Master. Will I have to die without seeing You again? When will I be able to take delight in Your face? My sins are before me and accuse me. You have forgiven me and I believe hell will not possess me. But how long will I be detained in expiation before living by You, O good Master? For the sake of the love You have given me, comfort my soul! The hour of death has come. For the sake of your desolate dying on the cross, comfort Your creature! You begot me. You. Not my mother. You raised me up more than You raised up Lazarus, my brother. For he was already good, and death could only mean waiting in Your Limbo. I was dead in my soul, and to die meant eternal death. Jesus, into Your hands I entrust my spirit! It is Yours because You have redeemed it. As a final expiation, I agree to experience the harshness of your dying in abandonment. But give me a sign that my life has served to expiate my sinning.'

'Mary!' Jesus has appeared. [...] He touches her, resting his hand on her head and taking her by the elbow, as in Bethany, to lift her up again. When she feels touched and recognizes that hand by its length, she cries out loudly. And she uplifts her face, transfigured with joy. And she lowers it to kiss the feet of her Lord.

'Get up, Mary. It's Me. Life is fleeing. It's true. But I have come to tell you that Christ awaits you. There is no waiting for Mary. Everything is forgiven her. From the first moment, it was forgiven. But now it is more than forgiven. Your place is already prepared in My Kingdom. I have come, Mary, to tell you this. [...] Now, because of this act of love that you gave Me on the threshold of my death, I come, on the threshold of your death, to repay you with love. Your Master loves you, Mary. He is here to say this to you. Do not be afraid or anxious about another death. Your death is no different from that of those shedding their blood for my sake. What does the martyr give? His life out of love for his God. What does the penitent give? His life out of love for his God. What does the lover give? His life out of love for his God. See that there is no difference. Martyrdom, penance and love consummate the same sacrifice and for the same purpose. In you, then, a penitent and a lover, there is martyrdom, as in those perishing in the arenas. Mary, I will precede you into glory. Kiss My hand and lie down in peace. Rest. It is time for you to rest. Give Me your thorns. Now is the time for roses. Rest and wait. I bless you, blessed one.'

**(Notebooks 1944, pp. 252-9)**

### WORDS FROM JESUS FOR US

'In Heaven, the martyrdoms [...] *though consummated in different ways, receive the same reward, for the glory of God was the agent spurring them to encounter it, and love for souls that spurred them to ask for it.*

**(Notebooks 1943, p. 352, 384)**

'Generous souls, do not fret. *Bear with yourselves*, as you bear with others. Be patient with your small spiritual miseries as you are with small physical ailments. Have it, and always combine it with confidence, even in moments comparable to dangerous and unexpected illnesses. [...] *Bear them with patience* without consenting to them, and without losing confidence or being crushed by them. Remain in peace, thinking of the love of God that succours your weakness with the power of His grace.'