

**MARIA VALTORTA READERS' GROUP**  
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**A SELECTION FROM MEMBERS OF MARIA VALTORTA READERS' GROUP  
IN APPRECIATION OF THESE WRITINGS IN THE 65<sup>TH</sup> ANNIVERSARY YEAR.**

**RESPECT FOR THE HIGH-PRIESTS:  
WHAT CHANGED IN THIRTY YEARS?**

(P1, pp. 65-6; G1, ch.12.7-8)

*(The High-priests had lost the respect of Rome and the people by the time of Jesus' ministry. In contrast, just 30 years earlier, the level of respect for them was so much greater as seen through Mary and Joseph, both of whom had consecrated their lives to God. And yet, in obedience to the High-priest, they married.)*

*(Maria observes:)* Mary takes the branch. She is moved and looks at Joseph with a face that has become more and more confident and bright. She feels certain of him. When he says to Her « I am a Nazirite », Her face becomes bright and She takes courage: « Also I am all of the Lord, Joseph. I do not know whether the High-Priest told you... »

« He only told me that You are good and pure, that You wish to inform me of a vow, and that I must be good to you. Speak, Mary. Your Joseph wants You to be happy in all Your desires. I do not love You my with body. I love You with my soul, holy girl given to me by God! Please see in me a father and a brother, in addition to a husband. And open Your heart to me as to a father and rely on me as on a brother... »

« Since My childhood I have consecrated Myself to the Lord. I know this is not the custom in Israel. But I heard a voice requesting My virginity as a sacrifice of love for the coming of the Messiah. Israel has been waiting for Him for such a long time! ... It is not too much to forgo the joy of being a mother for that! »

Joseph gazes at Her as if he wanted to read Her heart, then he takes Her tiny hands which are still holding the branch in blossom and he says: « I will join my sacrifice to Yours and we shall love the Eternal Father so much with our chastity that He will send His Saviour to the world earlier, and will allow us to see His Light shining in the world. Come, Mary. Let us go before His House and take an oath that we

shall love each other as the angels do. Then I will go to Nazareth to prepare everything for You, in Your house, if You wish to go there, or elsewhere if You wish so. »

« In My house... There was a grotto down at the bottom... Is it still there? »

« It is, but it is no longer Yours... But I will build another one for You where it will be cool and quiet during the hottest hours of the day. I will make it as much as possible identical to the older one. And tell me: whom do You want with You? »

« Nobody. I am not afraid. Alphaeus' mother, who has always come to see Me, will keep Me company during the day. At night I prefer to be alone. No harm can befall Me. »

« And now I am there too. When shall I come and get You? »

« Whenever you wish, Joseph. »

« Then I will come as soon as the house is ready. I will not touch anything. I want You to find it as Your mother left it. But I want it to be bright and clean, to receive You without any sadness. Come, Mary. Let us go and tell the Most High that we bless Him. »

**VIC LUND, CANADA**

**JESUS RETURNS TO THE MOUNTAIN WHERE  
HE FASTED & TO THE ROCK OF TEMPTATION**

(P1, pp.431-2; G2, 80.9-10)

Jesus says: « Because I am made of flesh too, My dear friends. Real flesh. And my flesh is subject to the weakness common to all the flesh. And, with My flesh, I have a heart. Yes, I took the first and second of the three parts that form man. I took the physical part with all its needs and the morals with their passions. And whilst, with My will, I subdued all the bad passions at birth, I let the holy passions grow like mighty age-old cedars, that is filial love, love for the fatherland, friendship, work, everything that is best and holy. And here I felt nostalgia for My far

away Mother, here I felt the need of Her care for My human frailty, here I felt once again the pain of parting from the Only One Who loved Me with perfect love, here I realised what sorrow is laid aside for Me and I was grieved at Her sorrows, poor Mother, Who will have to shed so many tears for Her Son and because of the wickedness of men, that She will be left tearless. And here I experienced the weariness of the hero and of the ascetic who realise the uselessness of their efforts.

[...] Temptation (Satan) did not give up because of My remark: "Man does not live on his senses only" and he spoke to Me of My mission. He wanted to seduce the Messiah after failing with the young Man. And he incited Me to crush the unworthy ministers of the Temple with a miracle? A miracle, the fire of Heaven, is not to be bent to form a wicker wreath to crown ourselves? And we must not put God to the test asking for miracles for human purposes. That is what Satan wanted. The reason mentioned by him was an excuse; the truth was: "Boast of being the Messiah", as he wanted to lead Me to another lust: the lust for pride.

[...] He was not daunted by My reply: "You must not put the Lord your God to the test" and he circumvented Me with the third power of his nature: gold. Oh! gold. Bread is a great thing, and woman an even greater one for those longing for food or pleasure. To be acclaimed by the crowds is a very great thing for man. How many crimes are committed for these three things! But gold? Gold! It is a key that opens, a circle that joins, it is the beginning and end of ninety-nine of human actions. For bread and a woman, man becomes a thief. For power, he becomes also a murderer. But for gold, he becomes an idolator. The king of gold, Satan, offered Me his gold if I adored him. I pierced him with the eternal words: "You shall worship the Lord your God, and serve Him only".

[...] I think that from that moment, I got the power of working miracles. I was God. I had become the Man. Now by defeating the animal nature connected with man's nature, I was the Man-God. And I am. And as God, I am omnipotent. And as Man, I am omniscient. Do as I did if you want to do what I do. And do it in memory of Me.

[...] That man was amazed at My asking the Father's help, and at My praying not to be led into temptation. That is, not to be left at the mercy of temptation beyond My strength. I think that man will no longer be amazed now that he knows. I ask you to do the same in My memory and to win as I did. And never doubt My nature of true Man and true God, seeing how strong I was in all the temptations of life, and how I won the battles of the five senses, of sensuality and of sentiments. Remember all that. »

**VERONICA LEE, SOUTH KOREA**

## JESUS' DISCIPLES

(P1, p. 540; G2, 101.2-3)

*(As a loving son, Jesus asks His Mother Mary for her opinion on His disciples)*

Then He asks Her point blank: « Mother, have You seen the disciples? What do You think of them? »

Mary, Who is about to put a third fig to Her mouth, withholds Her hand, lifts Her head and looks at Jesus.

« What do You think of them now that I have shown them all to You? » urges Jesus.

« I think that they love You and that You will get much out of them. John... Love John, as You know how to love. He is an angel. I do not worry when I think that he is with You. Peter, too... is good. Somewhat harder, because he is older, but sincere and convinced. And his brother, too. They love You as best as they can, just now. Later, they will love You more. Also our cousins, now that they are convinced, will be faithful to You. But the man from Kerioth... I do not like him, Son. His eye is not crystal-clear and his heart even less so. He frightens Me. »

« He is full of respect for You. »

« Too much respect. He is full of respect also for You. But not for you, the Master; for You the future King, from Whom he hopes to receive wealth and glory. He was a nobody just a little more than the others at Kerioth. He hopes to play an important role at Your side and... Oh! Jesus! I do not want to be uncharitable, but I think, even if I do not want to believe it, that in case You should disappoint him, he will not hesitate to take Your place or endeavour to do so. He is ambitious, greedy and vicious. He is more suitable to be the courtier of a worldly king than Your apostle. My Son. He frightens Me! » And the Mother looks at Jesus with two eyes full of dismay in Her pale face.

Jesus sighs. He ponders. He looks at His Mother. He smiles to encourage Her. « That is also needed, Mother. If it were not he, it would be someone else. My College must represent the world, and in the world, they are not all angels, neither are they all of the same character as Peter and Andrew. If I chose everything perfect, how could the poor diseased souls dare hope to become My disciples? I have come to save what is lost, Mother. John is saved as he is. But how many are not! »

« I am not afraid of Levi. He redeemed himself because he wanted to. He forsook his sin and his customs desk and acquired a new soul to come with You. But Judas of Kerioth did not. On the contrary, pride is becoming more and more the master of his ugly old soul. But You already know that, Son. Why do You ask Me? I can but pray and cry for You. You are the Master, also of Your poor Mother. »

The vision ends here.

**GERARD BEER, USA**

## SOULS AND SINNERS

(P2, pp. 225-6; G3, ch. 184.4-5)

(Jesus says:) «Now listen to the parable of how God works in the hearts of men to establish His Kingdom there. Because every heart is a small kingdom of God on the earth. Later, after death, all these small kingdoms will agglomerate into one, immeasurable, holy eternal Kingdom of Heaven. The Kingdom of God is created in men's hearts by the Divine Sower. He comes to his field [...] and sows His seed. He then goes to other fields, to other hearts. Days follow the nights, and nights the days. The days bring sunshine and rain, in our case, rays of divine love and effusion of divine Wisdom speaking to the spirit. The nights bring stars and restful silence: in our case, enlightening calls of God and silence for the soul so that it may collect its thoughts and meditate. The seed, in this course of imperceptible but powerful influence, swells, splits, takes root, sprouts, grows. And all that happens without any help from man. The soil spontaneously produces grass from seeds, the herb becomes strong and supports the rising ear, the ear grows, swells, hardens, becomes golden and perfect when seeding. When it is ripe, the sower comes back and cuts it because the time of perfection has arrived for that seed. It cannot develop any further and so it is harvested.

My word does the same work in hearts. I am referring to the hearts which receive the seed. **But it is a slow process.** One must not spoil everything by being hasty. How troublesome it is for the little seed to split and take root! Such work is painful also for a hard wild heart. It must open itself, allow people to search it, accept new things and nourish them laboriously, appear different being covered with humble useful things, instead of the fascinating, pompous, useless, exuberant flourishing that covered it previously. It must be satisfied with working humbly for the benefit of the divine Thought, without drawing other people's admiring attention. It must exert all its talent to grow and burst into ear. It must bum with love to become corn. And after overcoming all fears of human opinion, which are so grievous after toiling, suffering and becoming attached to its new dress, it must be deprived of it by a cruel cut. It must give everything to receive everything. It must be divested to be clad again in Heaven with the stole of sainthood. **The life of a sinner who becomes a saint is the longest, most heroic and glorious fight.** I tell you.

[...] Sinners become more obstinate when they realise that they are treated as sinners. But when we are caressed instead of being insulted, we are dumbfounded and we weep... and when one weeps, the whole framework of sin collapses... One is left naked before Goodness, and one implores it wholeheartedly to be reclothed by It. »

MARIAN RUSTIA, CANADA

## THE UBIQUITOUS PRESENCE & BILOCATION OF JESUS

(P3, pp. 541, 544 & 547; G6, ch. 366.7-10)

(In a letter to Jesus, John of Endor writes:)

« Your promises have exceeded my hope in Your promises. Oh! Holy Master! When in that sad winter morning You promised me that You would come to comfort Your depressed disciple, **I did not understand the true value of Your promise.** Sorrow and man's limitation were oppressing the power of my spirit, which was too dull to be able to understand the extent of Your promise.

May You be blessed, **O spiritual Visitor of my nights**, which thus are not desolation and grief as I foresaw, but expectation of You, or joyful meeting with You. Night, the dread of sick people, of exiles, of lonely people, of culprits, has become for me, Felix [John of Endor's real name], really happy to do Your will and serve You.

[...] Oh! my Master and Lord, while I bless You for giving me so much, I beg You to remember the other two promises that You made me. The most important one, for the very weak man I am, is not to let me be alive at the hour of Your passion. You are aware of my weakness! Do not let him, who for Your sake despoiled himself of hatred, do not let him put on again the thorny scorching uniform of hatred, through his hatred for Your executioners. The other promise is for Your poor disciple, who is also too weak and imperfect: be near me, as You told me, at the hour of my death. Now that I know that there is no distance for You, and that seas, mountains, rivers and the will of men cannot prevent You from giving the comfort of Your tangible presence to those whom You love, **I no longer doubt that I can have You when I breathe my last.** Come, Lord Jesus! Come soon to lead me to peace.

[...] **I would also like to know whether You come to me really or whether You just appear to my spiritual senses, but so perfectly that I cannot tell where the material reality of Your Presence ends.**

(In Syntyche's letter, she writes:)

« John excels and becomes stronger only in his soul. The rest is declining notwithstanding cures. He relies much on early summer. I do not think that he will be able to do what he says. I am afraid that winter will chill his feeble life... But he is in peace. And he is sanctified by his deeds and his suffering. **Support his strength with Your presence, my Lord! I ask You to subject me to every kind of pain in exchange for this gift for Your disciple.** »

(Simon the Zealot says to Jesus:)

« Since last night I have been thinking of **the great grace that You grant John of Endor at Antigonea.** You know, it's really a great grace! **Something unique. Granted to him only!** And yet Syntyche also deserves as much... And there are many good people... **who would deserve to see You... but**

**they only see You when they are close to You.** For instance, what a comfort it would have been to us when You sent us out into the world! And there have been times when a word of Yours would have cleared up doubtful points for us... **But You never appear to us...** Why this difference? »

« In conclusion, My dear Simon, are you perhaps a little jealous? »

« No! But... Well, I would like to know three things: why is it granted to John of Endor; whether it is granted to him only; and whether one day it should happen to us as well, for instance to me, to see You miraculously and be informed by You how I should behave. »

« And this is My reply. The grace is granted to John because he is a most willing spirit, but he, because of his past adventures, has some weaknesses, which are more physical than anything else, and might spoil the edifice of his elevation to God, which he built. [...] John was penetrated for years by the poisonous evil of the world. Through his will power, he had it cut off from his soul when it became alive again. But there are weaknesses still left, hidden in his flesh, in his inferior part... His spirit is strong, but his body is weak and the flesh causes storms when its incentives link up with elements of the world, capable of shaking one's ego. John!... How many particles of his past have been removed by what happened! I help his resistance, his purification, his victory over his resurgent past. I give solace to his too bitter suffering, as best I can. Because he deserves it. Because it is just to help a holy will when all the wickedness of the world attacks it. Are you convinced? »

« Yes, Master, I am. Do You appear to him only? »

Jesus smiles looking at Peter who is gazing at Him from below like a child watching the face of his father. He replies: « **Not to him only. To others also, who are far away, building up their holiness, laboriously and all alone.** »

« Who are they? »

« There is no need to know that. »

James of Alphaeus asks: « And what about us, for instance, when we shall be alone and, who knows, how we shall be tortured by the world?... Will You not help us with Your presence? »

« You will have the Paraclete with His light. »

*(After the resurrection, Jesus says to Ananias, a relative of Mary, the mother of Judas Iscariot:)*

« For the supplementary Passover the disciples will be at Bethany. You will go to them and you will tell them that on the *twelfth* day from His death you saw the Lord at Kerioth, alive and true, in Body and Soul and Divinity. They will believe you because I have already been with them quite a lot. But it will confirm them in their faith in My Divine Nature to know that I am everywhere on the same day. »

**PETE MADDEN, USA**

## **PONTIUS PILATE'S WIFE CLAUDIA DEFENDS JESUS PUBLICLY**

(P 3, pp. 628-30; G 6, Ch. 378.10-11)

*(Claudia, Pontus Pilate's, wife publicly defends Jesus against the hate-filled Pharisees.)*

Jesus looks at His enemies and says: « And now? What should I do to you? What should I do, people, after this ordeal? »

The crowds shout: « Let the offenders of God be stoned! Death to them! No more snares for the Holy One! May you be cursed! » and they begin picking up lumps of earth, branches, little stones, ready to throw them.

Jesus stops them. « That is the word of the crowds. That is their answer. Mine is different. I say: Go away! I will not soil My hands striking you. The Most High will take care of you. He is my defence against the wicked. »

The culprits, instead of being silent, do not hesitate to offend the Master, and although they are afraid of the people, they shout foaming with anger: « We are Judaeans and we are powerful! We order You to go away. We forbid You to teach. We banish You. Go away! Enough of You. The power is in our hands and we are making use of it; and we will use it more and more, persecuting You, cursed usurper... »

They are about to say more in a tumult of cries, tears, hisses, when the tallest veiled woman comes forward, placing herself between Jesus and His enemies with swift imperious movement, with even more imperious countenance and voice; she uncovers her face and her sentence drops sharper and more lashing than a whip on galley-slaves or an axe on a neck: « Which of you is forgetting that he is a slave of Rome? » She is Claudia. She lowers her veil again. She bows lightly to the Master. She goes to her place. It was enough.

The Pharisees calm down at once. One only, on behalf of everybody, says with creeping servility:

« Forgive us, Domina! But He is upsetting the old spirit of Israel. As you are powerful, you should forbid Him and get the brave just Proconsul to forbid Him to do so; long life and health to him! »

« That does not concern us. It is enough that He does not disturb the order of Rome. And He does not! » replies scornfully the patrician, who then gives a sharp order to her companions and goes away towards a thicket of trees at the end of the path and disappears behind it. She reappears in a creaky covered wagon, all the curtains of which she has ordered to be lowered.

« Are You happy now that You had us insulted? » ask the Judaeans, Pharisees, scribes and their companions, making a fresh attack.

The crowds shout contemptuously. Joseph, Nicodemus and all those who have proved to be friends - among them there is Gamaliel's son, who has not joined them but has spoken the same words

- feel that they must interfere and reproach the others for passing all bounds. The altercation thus passes from Jesus' enemies to the two opposite groups, leaving out the One most interested in it. Jesus is silent, with arms folded, listening, and I think that He emanates a power to hold the crowds back and particularly the apostles, who are beside themselves with rage. **LEN MOORE, AUSTRALIA**

### THE APOSTLES ARE PUT TO SHAME

(P5, pp.767-9; G10, ch. 630.10-11)

Andrew points at the wall of a house, where a red-brown spot stands out on the white of the lime, and he says, « It is blood! Perhaps Blood of the Master? Was He already losing blood here...? »

“And what do you want us to tell you, if none of us followed Him?” James of Alphaeus says dejectedly.

« But my brother and, above all John, followed Him...»

« Not at once. John told me that they followed Him from Malachi's house. **There was nobody here. None of us...**» James of Zebedee says.

As if hypnotized, they look at the large dark spot on the white wall, a little off the ground, and Thomas remarks, « Not even the rain has washed it away. Not even the hailstones which fell so heavily these past days have scraped it.... If I knew that it is His Blood, I would scrape that wall...»

« Let's ask the people of the house. Maybe they know, »Matthew suggests.

« No! You know . . . they might recognize us as His apostles . . . or they might even be enemies of the Christ, and ...» Thomas worries.

« **And we are still cowards.** » James of Alphaeus sighs. They approach the wall slowly and they look.

A woman passes by, a late-comer returning from the fountain with dripping pitchers. She watches them. She places her pitchers on the ground and asks them, « Are you looking at that spot on the wall? It seems so, even if you are haggard-faced and . . . even if I didn't see you follow the Lord when He passed by here, captured, to be put to death. This makes me feel uncertain because a disciple who follows the Master in pleasant hours, proudly as a disciple, and severely looks at those who are not as prompt to leave everything to follow the Master, they, too, should follow the Master in unpleasant hours. A disciple should do that at least. But I didn't see you. And if I didn't see you, it means that I, a woman from Sidon, went behind Him Whom His Jewish disciples did not follow, and I received a favour from Him. But you, maybe He never favoured you? It seems strange to me because He helped Gentiles and Samaritans, sinners and even highwaymen, giving them eternal life even if He could no longer give them the life of their bodies. Didn't He love you? Then that means that you were worse than asps and unclean hyenas, even though I really think that He

also loved vipers and jackals—not because of what they are, but because they were created by His Father. That is blood. Yes. It's blood. The blood of a woman from the shores of the great sea. And yet, she was able to defend the Master until her husband killed her, throwing her there with so much strength after beating her, and her head was split, and brains and blood squirted out on the wall of the house where her orphans now weep. But she had been helped. The Master had cured her husband who was unclean with a horrible disease... so she loved the Master. She loved him until she died for Him. She preceded Him in Abraham's bosom, as you say. Annaleah also preceded Him, and she also would have been able to die like that if she had not died unexpectedly. And also, a mother, further up, has washed the street with her blood, with the blood of her womb opened by her brutal son, to defend the Master. And an old woman died of grief when she saw Him, Who had given eyes back to her son, pass by wounded and beaten. And an old man, a beggar, died because he stood up to defend Him when his head was struck by a stone destined for the Head of your Lord.

You did believe Him to be such, didn't you? The valiant man of a king dies around him. But none of you died. You were far away from those who were striking Him. Ah, no! One did die. He killed himself. But not out of grief. Not to defend the Master. First, he sold Him. Then he pointed him out with a kiss. Then he killed himself. He had nothing else to do. He couldn't grow any more in iniquity. He was perfect like Beelzebub. The world would have stoned him to remove him from the earth. Oh, I think that the compassionate woman who died to prevent the Martyr from being struck, I think that old Anne who died of grief seeing Him in that state, and the old beggar and Samuel's mother and the virgin who died, and I who am not able to go up to the Temple because I feel sorry for the lambs and doves that are sacrificed. I think that we would have had the courage to stone him, and we would not have trembled seeing him torn by our stones.... He was aware of that, and he spared the world the trouble of killing him, and he spared us the trouble of becoming executioners to avenge the Innocent...»

She looks at them with contempt. Her contempt became more and more evident as she spoke. Her large, dark eyes have the hardness of the eyes of rapacious animals.... The last word is hissed through her teeth: « Bastards! »

She picks up her pitchers and goes away content that she has spat her scorn on the disciples who abandoned their Master. They are crushed with heads lowered and arms hanging enervated. . . They meditate on the consequence of their cowardice. . . They are silent. . . They dare not look at one another. . .

**ED CHAVEZ, USA**

## JESUS APPEARS TO JUDAS' MOTHER MARY AFTER THE RESURRECTION

(P5, pp. 795-6; G10, ch. 632.4)

Jesus is in the room, which is lit up by a trembling light, because daylight is still too faint to illuminate the large room in which the bed is at the end, very far from the only window. He calls her gently: « Mary! Mary of Simon! »

The woman is almost delirious and does not attach importance to the voice. Her mind is far away, carried away by the vortex of her grief, and she repeats the ideas that haunt her brain monotonously, like the tick-tock of a pendulum-clock: « The mother of Judas! What have I given birth to? The world shouts: "The mother of Judas"... »

Two tears well up in the corners of Jesus' very mild eyes. I am surprised at them. I did not think that Jesus could also weep after His resurrection...

He bends. The bed is so low for Him Who is so tall! He lays His hand on the feverish forehead, pushing aside the cloths damp with vinegar, and He says: « A poor wretch. That and nothing else. If the world shouts, God covers the shout of the world saying to you: "Have peace, because I love you". Look at Me, poor mother! Gather your lost spirit and put it in My hands. I am Jesus! »

Mary of Simon opens her eyes as if she were coming out of a nightmare and she sees the Lord. She feels His Hand on her forehead, 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. »

« I am Judas' mother. I am unclean like all the things that demon touched. The mother of a demon! Do not touch me. » She struggles to avoid the divine Hands that want to hold her.

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. » He has succeeded in getting hold of her hands and He sits, yes, He really sits down on the edge of the little bed, holding her trembling hands in His.

The loving compassion of His bright eyes caresses, envelops and cures the poor wretch, who calms down weeping silently and whispering: « Have You no grudge against me? »

« I have love. That is why I have come. Have peace. »

« You forgive! But the world! Your Mother! She will hate me. »

« She thinks of you as of a sister. The world is cruel. That is true. But My Mother is the Mother of the Love, and She is good. You cannot go about in the world, but She will come to you when everything is at peace. Time pacifies... »

« 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. »

« My son has given You too much Infinite horror. »

« And you your infinite sorrow. The horror is over. It no longer serves. Your sorrow serves. It joins these wounds of Mine, and Your tears and My Blood wash the world. All sorrows join together to wash the world. Your tears are between My Blood and the tears of My Mother and around them there is all the sorrow of the saints who will suffer for the Christ and for men, for My sake and for the sake of men. Poor Mary! » He lays her down gently, He crosses her hands and watches her as she calms down...

Anne comes back in and stops dumbfounded on the threshold.

Jesus, Who is now standing, looks at her saying:

« You have complied with My wish. There is peace for obedient people. Your soul has understood Me. Live in My peace. »

He lowers His eyes again on Mary of Simon, who looks at Him through a stream of tears which are now more calm, and He smiles at her again. And He says to her: « Lay your hope in the Lord. He will give you all His comfort. » He blesses her and is about to go away.

But Mary of Simon utters a passionate cry: « They say that my son betrayed You with a kiss! Is it true, Lord? If it is so, allow me to wash it by kissing Your Hands. There is nothing else I can do! I cannot do anything else to cancel... to cancel... » She is struck with deeper grief.

Jesus, Oh! Jesus does not give her His hands to kiss, those hands on which the wide sleeve of His snow-white tunic reaches down to half the metacarpus concealing the wounds, but He takes her head in His hands and He bends, and with His divine lips He lightly touches the burning forehead of the most unhappy of all women, and standing up again He says to her: « My tears and My kiss! No one has ever had so much from Me. So be at peace, because there is nothing but love between you and Me. »

**GWEN STORY, NEW ZEALAND**

## IS JUDAS REALLY IN THE HELL?

(P5, pp.879-880; G10, ch. 639.2-4)

[..] Peter is addressing a crowd and he collects his thoughts in an intense silent prayer, but perhaps he listens more than he prays, or at least he waits for words of light... Then he raises his head again and

once again he stretches out his arms, which he had folded across his chest, and as he is small as compared to the majority of his companions, he climbs on his seat to dominate the little crowd thronging the court-yard, and to be seen by everybody. And everybody, realising that he is going to speak, becomes silent and looks at him paying attention.

« My brothers, it was necessary that the Scripture predicted by the Holy Spirit through the mouth of David and concerning Judas should be accomplished. Judas in fact was the guide who led those who captured the Lord and our Blessed Master: Jesus.

He, Judas, was one of ours, and was entrusted with this ministry. But his election changed into ruin for him because Satan entered into him through many ways, and from apostle of Jesus, made him the traitor of his Lord. He thought he would triumph and rejoice and thus revenge himself on the Holy Master, Who had disappointed the unclean hopes of his heart full of every concupiscence. But when he thought he was going to triumph and rejoice, he realised that the man who makes himself slave of Satan, of the flesh, of the world, does not triumph. On the contrary he bites the dust like one who is defeated. And he learnt that the taste of food given by man and by Satan is very bitter and completely different from the sweet simple bread that God gives His children. He then became acquainted with despair and he hated the whole world after hating God, and he cursed everything the world had given him, and he killed himself by hanging himself from an olive-tree in the olive grove that he had bought with his iniquities. And on the day that the Christ rose gloriously from the dead, his putrid and already verminous body burst, and his bowels were scattered on the ground at the foot of the olive-tree, making that place unclean.

The redeeming Blood rained on Golgotha and purified the Earth because it was the Blood of the Son of God, Who had become incarnate for us. On the hill near the place of the ill-famed Council, not blood, not tears of good remorse, but the filth of rotten bowels rained on the dust. Because no other blood could be mixed with the Most Holy Blood in those days of purification, in which the Lamb was washing us in His Blood, and less than ever was it possible for the Earth, that was drinking the Blood of the Son of God, to drink also the blood of the son of Satan.

The fact is well known. And it is also known that Judas, in his fury of a damned soul, took the money of the infamous transaction back to the Temple, striking with it, unclean as it was, the face of the High Priest. And it is known that with that money, which had been taken from the Treasury of the Temple, but could no longer be put back into it because it was the

price of blood, the princes of the Priests and the Elders, after consulting with one another, have bought the field of the potter, as the prophecies had said, specifying even its price. And the place will be handed down to posterity under the name of Akeldama. So, everything about Judas has been said, and let even the memory of his face vanish from us, but let us bear in mind the ways through which, from being called by the Lord to the Heavenly Kingdom, he descended to being prince in the Kingdom of eternal darkness, so that we ourselves may not tread on them imprudently, becoming other Judases for the Word that God has entrusted to us and which is still the Christ, the Master among us.

But it is written in the book of Psalms: "Let their house become desert, let no one live in it and let his office be taken by somebody else". So, it is necessary that one of these men who have been with us all the time that the Lord Jesus was with us, coming and going, beginning from the Baptism by John until the day in which from the middle of us, He ascended to Heaven, is appointed to be witness with us of His Resurrection. And it is necessary to do so quickly, so that he may be present with us at the Baptism of Fire, of which the Lord has spoken to us, so that he, who did not receive the Holy Spirit from the Master, may receive it directly from God and be enlightened and sanctified by it, and he may have the virtues that we shall receive, and he may judge and remit and do what we shall do, and his actions may be valid and holy. »

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### **THE SUBLIME ORDER OF THINGS**

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Jesus explains: « When you saw the eternal Paradise, you wondered why the recently formed souls had different degrees of colour. It is not that the spiritual sparks which animate really possess a colour. In order for your senses to be able to comprehend and for your attention to notice this and wonder about the reason for it, this perceptible variation in colour was shown to you. But it was to serve only to make you ask, **"Why are there such differences if the Source is one?"**

God, the Creator is unlimited in His power. God the Creator is perfect in His creating. **God the Creator is far-sighted in His working.** He did not make the stars alone for the sky. They would have been of use only for your nights. He did not make the moon alone as a planet. It would have been of use only to indicate to you the passing of the months. He did not make the sun alone or many suns alone. They would have scorched you by shining night and day uninterruptedly.

But He made the sun for the day and regulated the revolution of the other heavenly bodies around it so that these, by a law of order, would regulate light and

warmth. He made the moon as a first measure of time so it would regulate the tides and other more intimate laws of creation. He made the stars so that you would have a compass on dark nights.

He did not make the meadow grasses alone. Or the harvests of the fields alone. Or the vine and the olive tree alone, or the fruit-bearing plants alone. But He made all of them and joined together for you the best-loved plants, the flowers, useful plants, providing wood for your houses, and medicinal plants supplying you with juices needed to heal diseases. He did not make placid ruminants alone, but also swift horses. Or birds alone, but also fish. Not just the beasts easy to domesticate, but also the ones that in their wild existence are useful in cleaning fields and forests. Also the snake, the accursed snake laden with venom, is useful because of this venom, employed to treat some of the most distressing infirmities.

And all of these species obey the reason for which they were made, the order which was given them. From the sun to the gnat, there is none which says, "I want to do as I please." But, with their voice of heat if stars, of juices if plants, of sound if animals, or of darting if voiceless animals such as fish. They say, 'Yes, Creator, here we are. He made us for "*this*," and we do "*this*" for your glory.'

Consider, O men, what would happen if the earth, an immense meteor, were obstinate and no longer wanted to follow its trajectory in the heavens. One hemisphere would then burn, and the other would freeze. On one there would be eternal darkness, and thus the death of animal and plant life because of darkness and cold. On the other, there would be eternal light and heat, and thus the death of life from an excess of light and warmth.

Consider, O men, the result if sheep no longer provided wool, cows no longer provided milk, plants no longer provided fruit, and so on. And yet if animals, plants, and stars followed your example, chaos would bring you to perish in inconceivable horror, now that everything, except you, proceeds in the order received from God.

The Creator, as He provides for this, provides for order in regard to humanity. **His Most Holy Mind considers that for the good of the Earth.** So many thinkers, so many scientists, so many warriors, and so many workers are needed, and, as regards temperaments, so many bold ones, so many meek ones, so many active ones, so many contemplatives, and so on. Souls cease to animate a body and return to God to be destined according to their merits. **God creates new souls to maintain the number of creatures who must populate the earth.** *The first operation involves divine order. The second is to create, according to the needs He sees, one particular category as more numerous than another, so that everything will be harmonious in the race,*

*and each will serve the other,* as teeth in a gear serve the gear next to it, causing the giant machine to move without friction or damage. This is what God does. **And if you obey in this way, everything would go forward.** But you rebel. Who among you is happy with his destiny? No one. At least very few. Always restless, dominated by passions, forgetful of God, or very lukewarm in fervor, you thus follow the voices of disorder and create disorder.

The first point resides in your rebellion against the divine Law, which says to you, "Love and respect God; serve Him alone; love, and respect your parents; do not steal; do not kill; do not slander; do not be dissolute." From this initial disorder there then issue for all the other misfortunes, and you become slaves of yourselves, or of someone among you that without authorization proclaims himself to be what he is not. You become such because you have not wanted to be, not slaves, but children of a Father whose goodness is not surpassed by anyone.

**Consider that even the angels have different tasks.** And one is a guardian of man; and another, an announcer; and another, an adoring seraph. And you, in all that was created - do not be the only ones to guide yourselves according to your wretched will.

"Our Father..., thy will be done." The soul, when just created, says this, and if it is true that original sin then injects into it the opposing will of the rebellious Lucifer, it is also a truth of faith that the Sacrament of Baptism restored you to the snow-whiteness of the heavenly beginning, and the Holy Spirit confirms you in it, and the Eucharist fortifies you therein. Repudiate, then, the voices of what is concupiscence, and **come back to obedience.** Join the festive stars in their obedience, the flowers in the harvests, trees, and animals - all of them, glad in their obedience. Oh, how superior to you they are in this respect! And follow the way that God has assigned to you.

And do not say, 'How can I know it?' If from the most tender years you remain faithful, it will shine before you like a golden band. If, after an instance of losing your way, you *want* to follow it, it will shine again.

**For God is good and wants your individual and collective good.** He is swift to forgive and assist moral and spiritual resurrections. Those variations in colour were intended to make you grasp that the impermanence of one category or another, which makes you suffer, does not proceed from God. It is **souls that spontaneously leave** the class the Lord placed them in **and disturb the harmony of human society** by following appetites; among them the least wicked are those that are only selfish, to achieve relative well-being, and the most blameworthy, those that, just to satisfy themselves, tear their neighbours to pieces, canceling out freedom, affections and faith. Avalanches are moved by Satan out of hatred for God. »

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