

## **PENTECOST OR WHITSUNDAY**

**(Jn. 14:23-9) TRACK C 051**

[Poem Vol. 5, pp. 512-3, Vol. 1, pp. 82-3; Gospel Vol. 9, pp. 502-3, Vol. 1, p. 102;  
Notebooks 1943, p. 249; Azariah (1993) p. 177, (2007) p. 184]

***(Jesus continues one of the last instructions to His apostles during the Last Supper, just before they leave for the Garden of Gethsemane. He is asked by His cousin Judas Thaddeus:)***

« Why, Lord, have You been showing Yourself to us, and not to the world? »

Jesus replies: « Because you love Me and you keep My words. He who does that will be loved by My Father. And we shall come to him and make our home: with him, and in him. Whereas he who does not love Me, does not keep My words, and acts according to the flesh and the world. Now remember: what I said to you is not the word of Jesus of Nazareth, but it is the word of the Father. Because I am the Word of the Father Who sent Me.

I told you these things, speaking to you in this way, because I want to prepare you Myself for the complete possession of the Truth and the Wisdom. You can't yet understand or remember. But when the Comforter - the Holy Spirit Whom the Father will send to you in My name - comes to you, then you will be able to understand. He will teach you everything, and He will remind you of what I told you.

I leave you My peace. I give you My peace. I give it to you not as the world gives it, and not even as I have given it to you so far (the blessed greeting of the Blessed One to the blessed ones). The peace I am giving you now is more profound. In this farewell I communicate Myself, My Spirit of peace to you, as I communicated My Body and My Blood to you, so that you may have strength for the imminent battle. Satan and the world are stirring up a war against your Jesus. It is their hour. Have Peace within you: My Spirit, which is spirit of peace, because I am the King of peace. Have it so that you may not be too forlorn. He who suffers, with the peace of God within himself, suffers, but does not blaspheme and does not despair.

Do not weep. You have also heard Me say: "I am going to the Father and then I will come back". If you loved Me beyond the flesh, you would rejoice, because I am going to the Father after such a long exile... I am going to Him Who is greater than I am and Who loves Me... »

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***(In one of His earliest dictations, Jesus says to Maria Valtorta:)***

«...Did I not say: "If anyone loves Me he will keep My word, and My Father will love him, and we shall come to him and make Our home with him"? The soul in grace possesses love, and by possessing love it possesses God, that is: the Father Who preserves it, the Son Who teaches it, the Spirit Who illuminates it. It therefore possesses Knowledge, Science, Wisdom, Light.

Consider therefore what sublime conversations your soul could hold with you. Such conversations filled the silence of prisons, the silence of cells, the silence of hermitages, and the silence of the rooms of holy sick people. Such conversations were the consolation of prisoners awaiting martyrdom, of cloistered monks and nuns searching for the Truth, of

hermits longing for an advanced knowledge of God, and of sick people in bearing, nay, in loving their crosses.

If you knew how to question your soul, you would be told that the true, extensive meaning - as comprehensive as creation itself - of the words "that he might rule" is this: "That man might dominate everything, that is: his three states. The lower state - the animal one. The middle state - the moral one. The superior state - the spiritual one. And all three of them are to be directed to one sole aim: to possess God". To possess Him by deserving Him through a strict control which subdues all the power of one's ego and conveys it to one, only purpose: to deserve to possess God... »

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**(Jesus says:)**

"...I take up my dwelling - and with Me, the Father and the Spirit, for we are one single reality - in the hearts of those who love Me. And my word is no longer a whisper, but a full Voice, no longer isolated, but continuous..."

How much Life I give you! True Life, holy Life, eternal Life, joyful Life, through my word, which is the Word of the Father, and the Love of the Spirit..."

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**(Azariah, Maria's Guardian Angel, says:)**

"...Be free to adhere with all your strength to God alone. And peace - which is full, luminous, a good friend and holy teacher, 'for the Lord has his eyes upon the just and his ears are intent on their prayers' - will be in you. Indeed, God will not be 'above' you, but within you, for the peace will be in the Father and the Father in them, according to the beatific promise of the Word.

To have God, Peace in you! If we angels consider what it is to see God, we can well understand what it must be for you to have God, the Peaceful One, in you...

Oh, soul of mine! Peace, peace, always peace in you. For you are in the tabernacle, under God's tent. Do not go out of it..."

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**(The Descent of the Holy Spirit upon the apostles and Mary.) TRACK D 036**

***(It is some days after Jesus' Ascension into Heaven, shortly after Matthias, the former shepherd who adored Jesus at His birth, has been elected to replace Judas as the twelfth apostle. Maria Valtorta describes the scene:)***

No voices or noises can be heard in the house of the Last Supper... There are only the presence and the voices of the Twelve, and of the Most Holy Virgin, gathered in the Supper room itself.

The room looks wider, because the furniture is placed differently, and leaves free the centre of the room, and also two of the walls. The large table, used for the Supper, has been pushed against the third wall, and between them and the wall, and also at the two narrower

sides of the table, they have placed the couch-seats used for the Supper, and also the stool that Jesus used for the Washing of feet. But the couch-seats are not at right angles to the table - as they were for the Supper - but parallel to it, so that the apostles can sit down without occupying all of them. And they have left one couch-seat - the only one placed at right angles to the table - all for the Blessed Virgin, Who is at the centre of the table, in the place that Jesus occupied at the Supper.

There are no tablecloths or tableware on the table, there is nothing on the sideboards, and the ornaments have been taken off the walls. Only the chandelier in the centre is lit, and only one flame is lit. The other small flames, on the circle forming a corolla to the strange chandelier, are out.

The windows are closed and barred, with heavy metal bars placed across them. But a sunbeam penetrates boldly through a tiny hole, and like a long thin needle, it descends on the floor, forming a round spot of sunshine.

The Blessed Virgin - sitting all alone on Her seat - has Peter and John at Her sides, on their seats. Peter is on Her right, John on Her left. Matthias - the new apostle - is between James of Alphaeus and Thaddeus. In front of Her, Our Lady has a large low chest of dark wood, which is closed. She is dressed in deep blue. Her hair is covered with a white veil, over which is placed the edge of Her mantle. All the others are bare-headed.

Mary is reading slowly, in a loud voice. But as the light that arrives there is very faint, I think that rather than read, She is repeating by heart, the words written on the scroll that She is holding, spread out. The others follow Her in silence, meditating. Now and again they reply, when it is appropriate.

Mary's face is transfigured by an ecstatic smile. I wonder what She sees, that is capable of inflaming Her eyes - like two clear stars - and making Her ivory cheeks blush - as if a rosy flame reflected on Her! She is really the mystic Rose...

The apostles bend forward - sitting a little sideways - to see Her face, while She smiles so gently, and reads. And Her voice sounds like the song of an angel. Peter is so deeply moved, that two large tears fall from his eyes, and stream down along wrinkles on both sides of his nose, to get lost in the thicket of his grey beard. But John reflects the virginal smile, and is inflamed like Her with love, while he follows with his eyes what the Virgin is reading on the scroll. And when he hands Her a new scroll, he looks and smiles at Her.

The reading is over. Mary's voice stops. The rustling of the parchments - rolled and unrolled - comes to an end. Mary concentrates in secret prayer, joining Her hands on Her breast, and leaning Her head on the chest. The apostles imitate Her...

A very loud and harmonious roar, that resembles the wind and the harp - as well as human singing and the sound of a perfect organ - suddenly resounds in the silence of the morning. It comes near, more and more harmonious and loud, and it fills the Earth with its vibrations. It propagates them, and impresses them on the house, on the walls, on the furniture. The flame of the chandelier - so far immobile in the peace of the closed room - flickers as if a wind were blowing. And the little chains of the chandelier tinkle, vibrating under the wave of the supernatural sound that strikes them.

The apostles raise their heads, frightened. And as that most beautiful rumble - in which are all the loveliest notes that God gave the Heavens and the Earth - approaches them more and more, some stand up, ready to run away, some crouch on the floor, covering their heads with their hands and mantles, or beat their breasts asking God to forgive them, and some press against Mary, too frightened to keep the reserve they always have for the Most Pure Mother. Only John is not frightened, because he sees the bright peace of joy that is accentuated on the face of Mary. She raises Her head - smiling at a thing known to Her alone - and then slides down on Her knees, opening Her arms. And the two blue wings of Her mantle, also opened, stretch out on Peter and John, who have knelt down and imitated Her. But all this, which took me some minutes to describe, has taken place in less than one minute.

And then the Light, the Fire, the Holy Spirit enters, with a last melodious loud noise, in the form of a very shining burning globe, into the closed room, without any door or window being moved, and remains hovering for a minute over Mary's head, about three palms above Her head, which is now uncovered, because Mary - upon seeing the Fire Paraclete - has raised Her arms to invoke Him, and has thrown Her head back with a cry of joy, with a smile of boundless love. And, after that moment - in which all the Fire of the Holy Spirit, and all the Love, is collected in His Spouse - the Most Holy Globe splits into thirteen very bright flames, of so bright a light that no earthly comparison can describe, and it descends, to kiss the forehead of each apostle.

But the flame that descends upon Mary is not a tongue of a straight flame - on Her forehead that it kisses - but it is a crown, that embraces and encircles the virginal head like a wreath, crowning - as Queen - the Daughter, the Mother, the Spouse of God, the Incorruptible Virgin, the Wholly Beautiful, the Eternally Loved, the Eternally Maiden. She Whom nothing can humiliate..., Whom sorrow had aged, but Who has revived in the joy of the Resurrection, sharing with Her Son an accentuation of bodily beauty and freshness, of looks, of vitality... already having an advance of the beauty of Her glorious Body received into Heaven, to be the flower of Paradise.

The Holy Spirit makes His flames shine round the head of His Beloved. Which words does He speak to Her? Mystery! Her blessed face is transfigured with supernatural joy, and smiles with the smiles of Seraphim. Blissful tears shine like diamonds on the cheeks of the Blessed Virgin, struck as they are by the Light of the Holy Spirit.

The Fire remains like this for some time... Then it vanishes... [but] a fragrance remains, that no earthly flower can exhale... The Perfume of Paradise...

The apostles collect themselves... But Mary remains in Her ecstasy. She folds Her arms across Her breast, closes Her eyes, and lowers Her head... Her conversation with God continues... insensible to everything... No one dare disturb Her.

John, pointing at Her, says: « She is the altar. And the Glory of the Lord has rested on Her glory... »

« Yes » says Peter, and with supernatural impulsiveness: « Let us not upset Her joy. But let us go and preach the Lord, and let His works and His words be known to all peoples. »

« Let us go! Let us go! The Spirit of God is burning in me » says James of Alphaeus.

« And it is urging us to act. All of us. Let us go and evangelize the people. »

They go out as if they were pushed - or attracted by a wind, or by a vigorous force.

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