

THE TRANSFIGURATION OF THE LORD

(Luke 1: 57-68)

(*Poem* Vol. 3, p. 407-10; *Gospel* Vol. 5, pp. 367-71; *Notebooks 1943*, p. 234)

(While travelling with his apostles through Galilee, Jesus tells Peter, James and John to climb to the top of Mount Tabor with Him...)

After a short rest in the cool shade of a group of trees - a pause which He certainly granted out of pity for Peter, who clearly has great difficulty in climbing - Jesus resumes the uphill climb. He goes almost to the top, where there is a grassy tableland with a semicircle of trees near the side of the mountain.

'You may rest, My friends. I am going over there to pray.'

Peter takes off his sandals, shakes off dust and grit, and remains barefooted, with his tired feet on the cool grass. He is almost lying down, with his head resting on an emerald green tuft, as a pillow. James does the same, but in order to be comfortable he looks for a tree, against which he leans his mantle, and rests his back. John remains sitting, looking at the Master. But the calm of the place, with the fresh breeze and its silence - combined with his fatigue - overcome him also, and he droops his head and eyes. None of the three apostles are fast asleep, but they are in that state of summer drowsiness.

They are suddenly aroused by a brilliance, so striking, that it overwhelms the brightness of the sun, and spreads and penetrates even into the shade of bushes and trees, where the apostles are.

When they open their eyes, they are astonished at seeing Jesus transfigured. He is exactly as I see in the visions of Paradise. Of course He has no Wounds, and there is no banner of the Cross. But the majesty of His Face and Body is the same, the brightness is also the same. His garment, too, is identical: from deep red, it has changed into an immaterial fabric of diamonds and pearls, in which He is clad in Heaven. His Face shines with an extremely intense sidereal light, in which His sapphire eyes are beaming. He looks taller, as if His glorification had increased His height. I can't say whether the brilliance emanates entirely from Him, or whether His own brightness is mingled with that of all the light of the Universe and Heaven, concentrated on Him. I can only say that it is something indescribable.

Jesus is now standing, raised off the ground, because between Him and the green meadow, there is something like a luminous vapour, a space consisting only of a light, upon which He seems to be standing. But it is so bright that I may be wrong, and the fact that I no longer see any green grass under Jesus' feet - may be due to the bright light that vibrates and waves, as is often seen in bonfires. It is a snow-white incandescent light. Jesus is looking at the sky and smiling at a vision that enraptures Him.

The apostles are almost afraid, and they call Him, as He is transfigured so much that He no longer appears to be their Master. 'Master, Master' they call in low voices, full of anxiety. He does not hear.

'He is in an ecstasy' says Peter, trembling. 'I wonder what He sees?'

The three are now standing up. They would like to approach Jesus, but they dare not.

The light increases further, because of two more lights that descend from the sky and take place at Jesus' sides. When they settle on the tableland, with their veils open, two majestic bright individuals appear.

One is more elderly than the other, he has a sharp severe countenance, and a double-pointed beard. Two horns of light depart from his forehead and make me understand that he is Moses. The other one is emaciated, bearded and hairy, more or less like the Baptist, whom I would say he resembles - in height, leanness, structure and severity.

While the light emanating from Moses is white - like that of Jesus, particularly with regard to the beams coming from their foreheads - the light of Elijah is like the bright flame of the sun.

The two Prophets take a reverential attitude before their God Incarnate, and although He speaks to them with familiarity, they do not drop this respectful attitude. I don't understand even one of the words they speak.

The three apostles fall on their knees, trembling, and covering their faces with their hands. They would like to look, but are afraid. At last Peter says: 'Master, listen to me.' Jesus looks around, smiling, towards His Peter, who takes heart again and says: 'It is wonderful to be here with You, Moses and Elijah. If You wish, we will make three tents, one for You, one for Moses and one for Elijah, and we will stay here to serve you...'

Jesus looks at him again, and smiles more warmly. He also looks at John and James. It is a glance that is a loving embrace. Moses and Elijah also stare at the three apostles. Their eyes flash fire. They must be like rays, piercing hearts.

The apostles dare not say any more. Frightened, they lapse into silence. They look as if they are inebriated, like people who are bewildered. But then a veil - which is neither fog, nor a cloud, nor a ray - envelops the Three glorious figures behind a screen that is even brighter than the one that surrounded them previously. And as it hides them from the sight of the apostles, a powerful harmonious Voice vibrates, filling the air, and the three bow down, with their faces on the grass.

The Voice says: 'This is My beloved Son, in Whom I am well pleased. Listen to Him.'

Peter, falling flat on his face, exclaims: 'Have mercy on me, a sinner! It is the Glory of God descending!' James doesn't utter a single word. John whispers with a sigh, as if he were about to swoon: 'The Lord is speaking!'

Even when there is total silence again, none of them dare raise their heads. Thus they do not even see that the light has come back to its natural state of daylight, and that Jesus is alone and has become the usual Jesus, wearing His red mantle.

He walks towards them, smiling. He touches them, and calls them by their names. 'Stand up. It is I. Be not afraid' He says. Because the three - not daring to raise their faces - are imploring mercy for their sins, fearing that the Lamb of God wants to show them to the Most High. 'Stand up, now. I order you' repeats Jesus authoritatively. They look up, and see Him smile.

'Oh! Master, my God!' exclaims Peter. 'How shall we be able to live near You, now that we have seen Your Glory? How shall we be able to live among men and among ourselves, since we are sinners, and we have heard the Voice of God?'

Jesus replies: 'You will have to live beside Me and see My glory, until the end. Be worthy of that, because the time is close at hand. Obey My Father and yours. Let us now go back among men, because I came to stay with them and to bring God to them. Let us go.

Be holy, strong and faithful in remembrance of this hour. You will take part in My greater glory. But do not speak now to anybody of what you have seen. Do not tell your companions either. When the Son of man has risen from the dead, and gone back to the glory of the Father, then you will speak. Because it will be necessary to believe, then, to take part in My Kingdom.'

The three descend the mountain with Jesus, by the same road they came up.

(Jesus comments to Maria Valtorta:)

'Oh, this beatitude of beatitudes - to live with Me who know how to love - is too little known! For if Peter exclaimed on Tabor, just because he saw Me transfigured, "Lord, it is good for us to remain here", what should the soul say that is itself transfigured, becoming a molecule of my Divine Heart?

Consider, Maria. Whoever lives in Me becomes part of Me. Do you understand? Of Me, Jesus, Son of the true God, Wisdom of the Father, Redeemer of the world, eternal Judge, King of the future age, and eternal King. The soul, living immersed in my Heart, becomes all of these. An integral, living part of the Heart of a God, it will live eternally, like God, in the Light, Peace, and Glory of my Divinity.'