



The Lord bless you and keep you; The Lord make His Face shine upon you, and be gracious to you; The Lord lift up His countenance upon you, and give you peace.
(Num. 6:24-6.)

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(Jesus to Maria): "Let us turn to the little sheep, seeking to be acquainted with their Shepherd. It is I, and you are the staff, leading them to Me." (The Poem of the Man-God, Vol. 1, p. 246; The Gospel as Revealed to Me, Vol. 1, p. 292)
"Publish this work as it is... whoever reads it will understand..."
– Pope Pius XII (26th February 1948)

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"Lord, I do not ask You for the glory of your visions, but for the grace to love You more and more." (Notebooks 1944, p. 439.)

EDITORIAL

Dear Readers' Group Members,

This issue includes stories of some tracks of the "Why is Mary Crying?" audio book (including the horror and subsequent relief experienced by Heaven's angels, when Lucifer was expelled to Hell); Maria Valtorta's witnessing of Saint Francis' stigmata; and a French publication by Father Laurentin. The supplement contains extracts from Stephen Austin's *Summa and Encyclopedia* (including Mother Teresa's love for Maria Valtorta's writings), plus a further dictation from Jesus in the (yet untranslated) *Quadernetti*, clarifying the words: "Truly, I say to you, this generation will not pass away till all these things take place" (*Mt. 24:34*). But first...

My Favourite Mystery

Late in 1999 we produced a Gospel Meditated Rosary in three audio tapes — with selected passages from *The Poem of the Man-God* interspersed between the Hail Marias of each of the Joyful, Sorrowful and Glorious Mysteries. In October 2002 we added audio tapes of the (then) new Luminous Mysteries. These 4-tape sets are still available.

Late in 2004 the 90-minute audio tapes were converted — with some of the passages trimmed - to a 4 x 78-minute CD set. (In the trimming process I discovered — to my utter surprise — that one of the audio tape's Sorrowful Mysteries had **eleven** Hail Marias! I trimmed these to 10 on the CD.)

During fifteen years of listening to these recordings, I have become more and more convinced, that of all the 20 Rosary Mysteries, the fifth Luminous Mystery — The Institution of the Eucharist - is my very favourite.

You can listen to the fifth Luminous Mystery by clicking on the "Valtorta Meditated Rosary" in the sub-headings of the Readers' Group's web-site: www.valtorta.org.au

May the Lord bless and keep you all.
 David D Murray
 Editor and Assistant Convenor.

"WHY IS MARY CRYING?"

(An anonymous Readers' Group member writes:)

Recently, while hospitalised and bed-ridden, I remembered that I had the (MP3) CD of "Why is Mary Crying?" — which I hadn't listened to for some time. So I started from the introductory tracks, then began to listen to tracks 2 to 30, one track each day. I was God-smacked. I was most moved by tracks: # 4 - when Joseph discovered that Mary was pregnant, # 13 - Mary's encounters with Judas, and Her beautiful conversation with Jesus, and # 30 - the angels' distress in Heaven when Lucifer was sent to Hell.

Here is an extract from track # 30:

(On the Feast of the Immaculate Conception in 1946, Azariah – Maria Valtorta's Guardian Angel - says to Maria:)

"...When Lucifer's sin upset the order of Paradise and swept the less faithful spirits into disorder, a great horror struck all, almost as if something had been lacerated, destroyed - and without hope of seeing it rise again. In reality, that was so. The complete charity - that *alone* had existed up above - had been destroyed, and it had collapsed into an abyss, from which there emerged the stench of Hell...

"Bewildered, as it is possible to be in Heaven, we, the ones faithful to the Lord, wept over God's pain and His indignation. We wept over the altered peace of Paradise, over the order violated, over the fragility of the spirits. We no longer felt sure about being flawless because we were made of pure spirit. Lucifer - and those like him - had proven to us that even the angel can sin and become a demon. We felt that pride - existing latently - might develop in us. We feared that no one, except for God, could resist it, if Lucifer had yielded to it. We trembled at these dark forces which we had thought could not invade us - of whose existence, I might say, we had been ignorant - and which were brutally revealing themselves to us. Discouraged, we wondered - with throbs of light - 'But is being so pure of no use, then? Who, then, can ever give God the love He demands and deserves, if even we are subject to sinning?'

"It was then that, uplifting our contemplation from the abyss and desolation to the Divinity, and gazing fixedly at His Splendour - with a fear previously unknown - we contemplated the second Revelation of Eternal Thought. And if through the knowledge of the first there came Disorder, created by the proud - who did not want to adore the Divine Word - through knowledge of the second, the peace which had been disturbed returned to us.

"We saw Mary in the eternal Thought. Seeing Her and possessing that wisdom - which is comfort, security, and peace - was one and the same thing. We saluted our future Queen with the song of our Light, and we contemplated Her in gratuitous and voluntary perfections. Oh, the beauty of that moment in which - for the comfort of His angels - the Eternal presented to them the jewel of His Love and Power! And we saw Her so humble, as to make up by Herself alone for all creaturely pride.

"From then on, She was our teacher, in not turning gifts into an instrument of ruin. Not Her corporeal effigy, but Her spirituality, spoke to us wordlessly, and we were preserved from every thought of pride by having contemplated - for an instant, in the Thought of God - the Most Humble One. For

ages and ages we worked in the sweetness of that radiant revelation. For ages and ages, through eternity, we have rejoiced - and rejoice, and shall rejoice - in possessing Her Whom we contemplated spiritually. The Joy of God is our joy, and we keep ourselves in His Light, so as to be penetrated with it, and to give joy and glory to Him Who created us..."

[The Book of Azariah - (1993 Edition) pp. 280-1, (2007 Edition) pp. 291-2]

(Mary says:)

"Oh, My theology! It has only one key word: 'Love.' I am Queen of the Heavens because I have understood this theology as no other creature has.

"Love. You will be saved. Love. Love in words or in silence. Love in action or immobility. Love in fervour or in the suffering of aridity. Love in joy and in pain. Love in victory and in weakness. Love in temptation and in freedom from the Enemy. Always love..."

(Notebooks 1944, p. 292)

(Mimi Kintner, from Santiago, Chile, writes:)

WONDERFUL this loving collection. Extraordinary research. I wish a radio station would make you an irresistible offer! Please God!

(Most of the tracks are 22 to 25 minutes in length – ideal to be part of a weekly radio series. – Ed.)

A VISION OF ST. FRANCIS, AND HIS STIGMATA

(The Feast of Saint Francis is celebrated every year on 4th October. Maria Valtorta had a number of encounters and visions of this great saint. This is the most striking and graphic of all of these, from *Notebooks 1944*, pp. 555-9.)

(On 16th September 1944 Maria describes a vision of an angel of brightest radiance in the sky, and then...)

Below, an emaciated little brother, whom I recognize to be my Seraphic Father, is praying on his knees on the grass, not far from a bare, rough grotto as fearful as a crag in hell. The destroyed body does not seem to dwell in the sombre frock, which is so large in relation to his limbs. His neck, a pale brown, emerges from the grayish cowl, a colour between that of ash and that of certain slightly yellowish forms of sand. The hands - and thin wrists - emerge from the wide sleeves and are extended in prayer, with the palms turned outwards and upraised, as when "The Lord be with you" is said. Two hands that were once brownish and are now yellowish - the hands of a suffering, emaciated person. The face is thin and seems to be sculpted in old ivory - neither handsome nor even, but possessing a special beauty made up of spirituality.

His brown eyes are very beautiful. But they are not looking up. Wide open and fixed, they are looking at the things on earth. But I do not think they see. They remain open, resting on the dew-covered grass. They seem to be studying the greyish embroidery of a wild thistle or the feathery one of a wild fennel, which the dew has turned into a green, diamonded *aigrette*. But I am sure he does not see anything. Not even the robin that comes chirping down to look for some small seeds on the grass. He prays. His eyes reopen. But his gaze does not go outside, but inside himself.

I do not know how or why or when he becomes aware of the bright cross which is set in the sky. I do not know whether he has sensed it by an attraction, or has seen it through an internal call. I know he raises his face and scans with his eyes, which now become animated with interest - confirming my conviction that his sight was previously not turned outwards.

My Seraphic Father's gaze encounters the large, bright, blazing cross. An instant of astonishment. Then a cry: "My Lord!" And Francis falls back a little on his heels, remaining ecstatic, with his face uplifted, smiling and shedding the first two tears of blessedness, with his arms open wider...

And the Seraph then moves his shining, mysterious figure. He comes down. He approaches. He does not come down to earth. No. He is still very high up. And the earth becomes even more luminous because of this bright sun, that, on this blessed dawn, unites to and surpasses the other one seen every day on descending - with his wings still extended in the form of a cross, furrowing the air not by the motion of the wings, but by his own weight - he makes a sound proper to Paradise. I think of and recall the sound of the globe of Fire at Pentecost (*Acts 2:2*)...

And now, as Francis smiles and weeps and shines in ecstatic joy, the Seraph opens his two wings - I now understand clearly that they are wings - which are towards the middle of the Cross. And the most holy feet of my Lord, nailed to the wood, appear, with His long legs, with a splendour, in this vision, that is as bright as His glorified members in Paradise. And then two other wings open, right at the top of the Cross. And my sight and also Francis', I believe - though he is assisted by divine grace - suffer with joy from the dazzling blaze.

Here we see the trunk of the Saviour, pulsating with breath... and, oh, the Fire which only a grace enables one to look at! Here is the Fire of His face, which appears when the sudarium of sparkling feathers is entirely open. The fire of all volcanoes and stars and flames, surrounded by six sublime wings of pearls, silver, and diamond, would still be only a little light in comparison to this indescribable, inconceivable splendour of the Most Holy Humanity of the Redeemer, nailed to His scaffold.

Moreover, the face and the five holes of the wounds are beyond all comparison for the purposes of description. I think... I think of the most resplendent objects... But, if what I have read is true, this light is bright, but is the colour of a starry silver blue, whereas the other is the condensation of sunlight multiplied an incalculable number of times.

The summit of Verna must look as though a thousand volcanoes had opened around it to encircle it. The air - with the light and heat flaring but not burning - which emanates from my crucified Lord, trembles with waves perceptible to the eye. And the light penetrates the opacity of bodies and turns them into light, to such a degree that stems and fronds seem unreal...

I do not see myself. But I think that in the reflection of that light my poor person must look phosphorescent. Francis - upon whom the light pours, investing and penetrating him - no longer looks like a human body, but a lesser seraph, the brother of the one who has offered his wings at the service of the Redeemer.

Francis has bent so far backwards that he is almost on his back now, with his arms wide open, under his Sun, God Crucified! Light and joy penetrate Him so much that He is immaterial in appearance. He does not speak or breathe materially. He would appear to be a glorified dead man if He were not in that position, which requires at least a minimum of life to continue. The tears falling down - which perhaps serve to temper the human burning of this mystical flame - shine like rivers of diamond on His slender cheeks.

I do not hear any words from either Francis or Jesus. Absolute, profound, amazed silence. A pause in the world which is around the mystery. So as not to disturb. So as not to profane this holy silence, where a God communicates Himself to His blessed one. Contrary to what one might assume, the birds do not burst in elation into sharper trills and happier flights because of this feast of light; butterflies and dragon flies do not dance; green lizards and others do not jump. Everything is still, in a waiting in which I feel the adoration of beings towards Him by whom they were made. There is no longer even that light breeze making a noise like a sigh in the fronds, or that slow arpeggio sound of water hidden in some stony hollow which previously cast forth its notes on a thundering scale from time to time. Nothing. There is Love. And that's all. Jesus looks and smiles at His Francis. Francis looks and smiles at his Jesus... That's all.

But now the glorified Face - so luminous that it almost looks like lines of light, like that of the Eternal Father - materializes a little. The eyes take on that radiance of bright sapphire they have when He works a miracle. The lines become severe, imposing, as always at those times which I would term imperious. A command of the Word must go to His Flesh, and the Flesh obeys. And from the five wounds He shoots forth five arrows, five little bolts of lightning - I would have to say - which descend through the air without zigzagging, but perpendicularly and very swiftly. Five needles of unbearable light which pierce Francis...

Of course I do not see His feet, covered by the robe and limbs, and His side, covered by the frock. But I see His hands. And I see that, after the points of fire have entered and pierced - I am somewhat behind Francis - the light, which come from the other side, towards His palms, passes through the holes on the back of His hands. They look like two small eyes opened in the metacarpus, from which there descend two threads of blood, slowly flowing down over His wrists and forearms, under His sleeves.

Francis only sighs so deeply that I am reminded of the last breath of the dying. But he does not fall. He remains as he was for some time still. Until the Seraph, whose face I have not seen - I have seen *only his six wings* - again extends these sublime wings as a veil over the Most Holy Body and conceals it. And with the initial two wings he goes back up, further and further into the sky, and the light diminishes, finally remaining just the light of a peaceful sunny morning. And the seraph disappears beyond the cobalt blue of the sky, which swallows him up and closes over the mystery, which has descended to make a son of God blessed, and has now gone back up to its kingdom.

Francis then feels the pain of the wounds, and, with a moan, without standing up, he shifts from the previous position and sits down on the ground. And he looks at his hands... and uncovers his feet. And he half-opens his robe over his chest. Five rivulets of blood and five cuts are the memory of God's kiss. And Francis kisses his hands and caresses his side and feet, weeping and murmuring, "Oh, my Jesus! My Jesus! What love! What love, Jesus...! Jesus...! Jesus...!"

He tries to get onto his feet, pushing his fists against the ground, and manages to with pain in his palms and soles. And, staggering a bit - like someone who is wounded and cannot support himself on the ground, and wavers with pain and the weakness of having lost blood - he heads towards his cave and falls to his knees on a stone, with his brow against a cross made of wood alone, two branches bound together. And there he looks again at his hands, on which

there seems to be forming the head of a nail which penetrates and pierces them. And he weeps. He weeps with love, beating his breast and saying, "Jesus, my gentle King! What have You done to me? Not because of the pain, but because of the praise of others, this gift of yours is excessive! Why me, Lord, who am unworthy and poor? Your wounds! Oh, Jesus...!"

I do not see or hear anything else.

When I was among the living, I think I heard the vision described in another way. I think they said it was a Seraph with the face of Christ. I don't know what to make of it. I saw it this way, and this is the way I describe it.

I have never been to Verna or to any Franciscan site, though I have always wished to. Consequently, I am *totally* ignorant of the topography of these places.

[See also brief passages about St. Francis on pages 17-19, 112-3 and 194 of *Notebooks 1944*; and in *The Book of Azariah* - p. 97 (1993 edition), or p. 100 (2007 edition)]

Sometimes...

The wrong train will get you to the right station...
Humility is not thinking less of yourself,
but thinking of yourself less...
In my old age, I'll forget stories -
unless I have someone to tell them to...

SOME FRENCH RESEARCH

[A Readers' Group member has notified us of a new book in French, called the "Enigma of Valtorta" (but not in English yet). He says:]

The book is by Jean-François Lavère a French engineer who has worked on analysis of Valtorta for 25 years. He has identified 10,000 data points in art, astronomy, flowers, geography, geology, history and geopolitics, etc. that can be used to "test the historical accuracy" of *The Poem of the Man-God*. He has checked 8,000 of these so far and he states that they are 99.6% accurate... This is the book's title, which one of our readers might research:

Jean-François Lavère - 2012 L'Enigma Valtorta
Editions Rassemblement à Son Image.

I was also very surprised to see that the famous theologian/Mariologist René Laurentin has a book on Maria called "Dictionary of people in the Gospels by Maria Valtorta". I have not seen the book, but Laurentin is a very big name in apparition studies, and was an expert consultant to various Vatican organizations.

[See René Laurentin - 2012 - Dictionnaire des personnages de l'évangile selon Maria Valtorta, Published by Salvator ISBN-10:2706709618.]

Bulletin #55, September 2009, refers to some work by Laurentin, but it seems that he is a believer now, stating that Valtorta is "free of contradictions" according to some websites, but I have not confirmed him saying that.

If you put the word out, someone will at least publish a summary in English about Lavère's work that can go on websites. Laurentin is of course the very big ticket item, and a quote/statement from him carries much weight. He is a bigger name than many other Maria supporters, and a solid theologian.

LETTERS

(From Australia unless stated otherwise)

The Valtorta Books

I continue to remain shocked (as I am sure you and all your readers do) that *The Poem* remains a work unknown to nearly all. All the secrets of life reside in this wonderful work that man is too proud to accept as truth. I teach both second and eight grade kids in my local Parish. The looks upon their faces as I recount stories from the life of Jesus continue to be my source of strength to not get discouraged. "You sound like you were THERE!" they often say to me - and in a way I was!

JOHN COYNE, Mineola NY, USA.

I have started re-reading Volume One of *The Poem*, and had forgotten about the description of the splendour of the Virgin Mary. I am just loving it again.

MARGARET DOWSEY, Highett, Vic.

Every year, we religious make a Retreat. I choose 8 days from the Friday before Palm Sunday to Easter Sunday... I listen to the morning talk and read the hand-out, but can't wait to get back to Maria Valtorta's description of the last week in Our Lord's life. Now that I'm reading about the Ascension, I'm beginning to feel that the translation in these new books is better than the original 5 volumes...

SISTER BRIDGET, Rooty Hill, NSW.

(The translation is much the same, however you might be gleaned more from your subsequent reading of this text - Ed.)

"The Passion, Death and Resurrection..." Booklet

A big "Thank you" for the booklets which arrived safely. Send up a little prayer to God that he shows me who to lend (& if they are touched - give) them to. I will also suggest they pass them around to others... (A friend) once said he didn't like the booklet because he prefers the full story in Volume Five. However, I started off in a small way. An Aussie of Italian parents was once telling me something about Our Lady digging her nails in at the sepulchre... and when I read it, I had a headache from crying.

Very few people show any interest, which always amazes me. When Our Lord said it was granted to His favourites to know His Life before they go to Heaven, I think He means the little or unlearned. I have to admit it would have been good to have it translated by an English-speaking person. That Italiano always manages to get the word "also" in the wrong part of a sentence; but what a small price to pay for such a treasure.

SISTER BRIDGET, Rooty Hill, NSW.

(Yes Sister Bridget, and I believe that the English translation of The Poem was in the translator's second - or third? - language. - Ed.)

The "Sunday Gospels" 4x(MP3)CD Set

I share your Gospels with visitors, as a base to talk about God, wonderful. And I personally fall asleep and wake up with your "Sunday Gospels" CDs, they perk my life. My parishioner is whoever I meet... and I am equipped to preach Jesus as He really wants to be known.

FATHER J. B., Saskatchewan, Canada.

A "Thank You"

Greetings of peace to you. Thanks for the Bulletin. I would like to express my sincere thanks to you and the rest of the Reader's Group who put me and my congregation in special prayers when we were going through a very critical

period... Please continue praying for us, so that this time of grace the Holy See has granted us may truly be utilised for healing and purification.

And I thank Maria Valtorta for her great works which helped me to keep my hold when the ground below me was surely drifting and things falling apart. The weather was really stormy but our time of Lent has passed. I believe God is real and that He is a God of justice and peace...

SR. CHRISTINE KABUMBU, Zambia.

A Word about Stephen Austin's Summa Encyclopedia

Stephen Austin's Summa has revived my eagerness to revisit the Valtorta "phenomenon" which, as he demonstrates, is even more stunning than I had realised. I was so totally absorbed in the 5 volumes (of *The Poem*) over 20 years ago, in a way that I just "KNEW" as Pius XII said. For me there was no debate; just the most wonderful participation as more than an onlooker. I find it hard to put it into words as there don't seem to be good enough words or expressions.

Having had a maths and dry science background I was never a reader. But these volumes are far more than the words they contain, and have the most powerful spiritual magnetism - even for a non-reader. Some quotes from the *Notebooks* by Stephen Austin have made me realise I definitely needed them as well. But it is wonderful also to learn of the archaeological and other scientific aspects of *The Poem* that I didn't know about.

MARY WHITING, Box Hill South, Vic.

[Stephen Austin has advised us of a recent update of his Summa (Encyclopedia), as follows:]

"There are extensive edits of the "Proof by Astronomy" section of my e-book. Hence, this section got an overhaul. I have also made quite a few other corrections, revisions, etc., including adding information about Blessed Mother Teresa."

(See our web-site: www.valtorta.org.au and click on: A Summa and Encyclopedia to Maria Valtorta's Extraordinary Work)

The Bulletins

I was so pleased to see the Bulletin arrive, and I read it in two days. These Bulletin efforts of the Readers Group are so appreciated, imagine living in a city where not a soul has time or interest in Maria Valtorta...

MIMI KINTNER, Santiago, Chile.

Maria Valtorta Readers' Group

This group is a non-profit organization, which retails publications of Maria Valtorta's writings, and offers other supporting materials, to its members and to other interested persons. Bulletins are sent to members every 3 months. A subscription of \$12.00 per year (a little extra if mailed overseas, and no charge for priests and religious) is requested. (E-mail copies of the bulletins and supplements, convenient for Valtorta readers outside Australia, are now free.) A Catalogue of books and other items is available on request.

The writings of Maria Valtorta are considered by many to be among the most wonderful gifts given by Jesus to His followers and would-be followers in the twentieth and twenty-first centuries. The Readers' Group has much material available which supports their authenticity as Private Revelation. If you receive just a fraction of the knowledge, understanding and inspiration from Maria's revelations on the lives of Jesus and Mary, as testified by our readers, you will be very blessed. May God inspire us all, in our journeys to holiness.

[The material in this publication is not intended to represent the opinion of the Church. The editor affirms submission to the official judgement of the Church regarding the information contained herein.]