

**MARIA VALTORTA READERS' GROUP**  
**THE SUPPLEMENT No. 115 – SEPTEMBER 2024**



**WHAT GOT READERS MORE HOOKED ON MARIA VALTORTA'S WORK**

**THE TABLE OF CONTENTS**

Initially, my knowledge of the **Poem** occurred in 1988. I immediately researched it and my 'hook' was in the Table of Contents. As I perused the Contents, I immediately saw characters like Joachim and Anne, the Blessed Mother, and the Proclamation of the Gospel. Once I started, I could not stop reading the Work, and since then, I have read it about 3-4 times. I'm just finishing Volume 5 now. In particular, I liked many characters especially Lazarus, Mary Magdalene and Maximinus, as well as countless others. My travels with the Air Force in France connected the dots for me for these particular characters in tradition, as well as the writings of Maria Valtorta.

**GERARD BEER, USA**

**(A Selection of Chapter headings that hooked Gerard)**

2. Joachim and Anne Make a Vow to the Lord.
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**HOOKED FROM THE START**

I first read the **Work** nearly thirty years ago and, since then, I have read them many times. Each time, I find something new. I remember when I first came across the **Poem**, I was skeptical and cautious, as I am with any private revelation. However from page 1 of Volume 1, I

was hooked. I was raised to know my Catholic faith very well, and so I read (with my own interior 'canon lawyer' reading with me), checking everything very closely. The first page of the **Poem**, when our Lord speaks of His Mother in such a way, i.e. "**Purity has such a value, that the womb of a creature can contain the Uncontainable One because She possessed the greatest purity that a creature of God could have**", put my 'canon lawyer' into a state of calm. From that page on, I have loved this work of God. You ask, "What got you more hooked? Was it a particular character? An interaction between people? Was it Mary or Jesus' words about something? Did some minor characters interest you? Was it the description of some places geographically?" **Frankly, all of that.**

While reading the **Poem**, I felt that I was a little disciple following the other disciples and our Lord as He walked around from village to village, teaching and curing. I listened, I saw, I felt. I was very sad when the day came that I had finished my 'travels' around Palestine: I wanted more. It was amazing to think: I will meet all these people one day. They are not fictional characters, but real people! I will meet our Lord, our Lady, the apostles (Peter being my favourite), our Lord's first friends the Shepherds, Gamaliel, and Sabea, and all the others. I really had a soft spot for John of Endor. I loved how quick his heart changed in the presence of Love. He had a tough, hard, ugly exterior, with a matching interior, and yet his rock-hard, bitter heart melted before the Sun...and so quickly. It reminded me a little of myself.

For me, it was John of Endor and Peter that I most related to. I was not living the faith I know so well when the Lord, in His infinite Mercy, brought the **Poem** to my doorstep. Like John of Endor, my heart quickly became His again, as I 'followed' Him around each day. I loved Peter's non-nonsense, practical, and protective nature. How He pestered our Lord for Marjiam, and then sought the intercession of the Queen of Heaven to secure his desire. At first, I felt more like Judas than Peter, but as I continued my 'journey' I can honestly say that I 'moved' further and further from Judas towards honest Peter: "Depart from me, oh Lord, for I am a sinner".

I wish I could say all I wanted to say but such a request for me is impossible. **MICHAEL TURNER, AUSTRALIA**

## MARIA VALTORTA READERS GROUP

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### MARY IS PRESENTED IN THE TEMPLE (P1, pp. 42-7; G1, Chapter 8.1-6)

*In actual fact, I was hooked on the **Poem** even before starting to read it. A friend asked if I had heard about this book called 'The Poem of the Man-God', and when she said it begins with **the hidden life of Jesus**, I knew instantly that I wanted to read it. How exciting to know more about Jesus that we hadn't known before! After starting to read, it didn't take long to know this book is what my soul was looking for. In Chapter 8 : **Mary is Presented in the Temple**, I joined Joachim and Anne with the shedding of tears as I read this chapter. I was HOOKED! It was motherly emotions that hooked me first; then I was in awe of the beautiful strong faith that the parents of Mary had.*

#### GWEN STORY, NEW ZEALAND

(Maria describes her vision:) I see [3-year-old] Mary between Her father and mother walking in the streets in Jerusalem. [...] A very old Joachim. Whoever sees him, must think that he is the grandfather or the great grandfather of the little girl he is holding by the hand. The pain of losing Her causes the poor father to drag his feet and he is so weary that he looks twenty years older. He is so sad and tired that he looks like an old sick man. His mouth trembles slightly between the two wrinkles that at the sides of his nose are so deep today.

They are both endeavouring to conceal their tears. But if they are successful with many people, they are not with Mary, who, because of Her height, sees them from below, and lifting Her head looks at Her father and mother alternately. They make an effort to smile at Her with their trembling mouths and they hold Her tiny hand tighter every time their little daughter looks at them and smiles. They must be thinking: «There. A smile to be seen one time less.»

They proceed slowly. Very slowly. They seem to be wishing to protract their journey for as long as possible. Everything serves as a pretext to stop... But a journey must come to an end! And this one is about to end. Up there, at the top of this last stretch of the road, there are the Temple walls. Anne utters a groan and holds Mary's hand tighter.

«Anne, my dear, I am here with you!» a voice utters, coming out from the shade of a low arch built over a cross-roads. And Elizabeth, who was waiting for them, approaches her and embraces her. And since Anne is crying she says: «Come into this friendly house for a little while. Then we shall go together. Also Zacharias is here.»

[...] «You must not think that I am repenting or I am giving my treasure to the Lord unwillingly» explains Anne crying, «but it's my heart... Oh! How my heart aches, my old heart that is returning to its childless solitude! If you could only feel...»

«I know, my dear Anne... But you are good and God will console you in your solitude. Mary will pray for the peace of Her mother. Won't you, Mary?»

Mary caresses Her mother's hands and kisses them. She presses them to Her face to be caressed and Anne holds Her little face tightly in her hands and kisses it repeatedly. She is never tired of kissing Her.

[...] «I am old, my dear cousin. I have never felt it so much as I do now in my great pain. I have given the last ounce of strength in my life to this flower, to bear Her and to

nourish Her, and now the pain of losing Her is drawing my last strength away and dispersing it.»

«Don't say that, for Joachim's sake.»

«Yes, you are quite right. I will try and live for my husband.»

Joachim pretends he has not heard, intent as he is on listening to Zacharias, but he has heard and he sighs deeply, his eyes shining with tears.

[...] But before going out, Mary kneels down on the threshold with Her arms stretched out: a little imploring cherub. «Father! Mother! Your blessing, please.»

She is not crying, the little brave girl. But Her lips are trembling and Her voice, broken by a sob, resembles more than ever the trembling cooing of a little dove. Her face is pale, and Her eyes have the look of resigned distress which I will see again on Calvary and in the Sepulchre, where it was so much more intense that it was impossible to look at Her without deep suffering.

Her parents bless Her and kiss Her: once, twice, ten times, they are never satisfied... Elizabeth is weeping silently and Zacharias, notwithstanding his efforts to conceal his tears, is deeply moved.

They go out. Mary is between Her father and mother as before.

[...] Mary looks whiter than snow in so much sunshine. She is now at the foot of the steps, between Her father and Her mother. How violently their hearts must be throbbing!

[...] The High Priest looks at the little Girl and smiles. She must look very tiny at the foot of the flight of steps worthy of an Egyptian temple! He lifts his arms to the sky in prayer. They all bow their heads in perfect humility before the priestly majesty communicating with the Eternal Majesty.

Then he beckons Mary. And She departs from Her mother and father and, as if fascinated, She climbs the steps. And She smiles. She smiles in the shade of the Temple, where the precious Veil is hanging... She is now at the top of the steps, at the feet of the High Priest, who imposes his hand on Her head. The victim has been accepted. Which purer victim had the Temple ever received?

Then he turns round and holding his hand on Her shoulder, as if he were leading the immaculate little Lamb to the altar, he takes Her to the Temple door. Before letting Her in, he asks Her: «Mary of David, are You aware of Your vow?» When She replies «Yes» in Her silvery voice, he cries out: «Go in, then. Walk in my presence and be perfect.»

Mary enters and is swallowed up by the darkness. The group of virgins and teachers, then the Levites hide and isolate Her more and more... She can no longer be seen...

Also the door is now closing on its sweet-sounding hinges. Through the gap which is becoming narrower and narrower, the procession can be seen advancing towards the Holy of Holies. Now it is only a thread. Now it is no more: it is closed.

The last chord of the harmonious hinges is replied to by a sob from the two old parents and by a joint cry: «Mary! Daughter!» and then two groans, one invoking the other: «Anne!» «Joachim!» and they finish whispering: «Let us give glory to the Lord Who is receiving Her in His House and is leading Her along His path.»

It all ends thus.

**FAREWELL TO HIS MOTHER AND DEPARTURE  
FROM NAZARETH**

**(P1, pp.235-8; G1, Chapter 44.1-6)**

*This passage from Chapter 44 really touched my heart and hooked me in. Prior to this chapter, there were already AHA moments like the flowering of Joseph's staff when a husband was being chosen for Mary, and the birth of Jesus as a light surrounds Mary. But this chapter really tugged at my heartstrings. This was not just story-telling, as emotions were felt. I was drawn in to Mary's pain, and Jesus' love and tenderness to Mary's sorrow. My tears flowed and I couldn't wait to read more.*

**MARIAN RUSTIA, USA**

(Maria describes her vision:) Jesus is sitting at the table. He is eating and Mary is serving Him, coming and going from a little door, which leads into the room where there is a fireplace, the light of which can be seen through the half-open door.

Two or three times, Jesus tells Mary to sit down... and to eat with Him. But She does not want to, She shakes Her head, smiling sadly. After serving some boiled vegetables as a first course, She brings in some roast fish and then some rather soft cheese, like fresh cheese, round shaped, like the stones which can be seen in the beds of torrents, and some small dark olives. Some small, flat round loaves of bread [...] are already on the table. The bread is rather dark brown as if the bran had not been removed from the flour. Before Jesus, there is an amphora with water and a goblet. He is eating in silence, looking at His Mother sadly, but lovingly.

It is very obvious that Mary is sad at heart. She comes and goes, purely to occupy Herself. Although it is still daylight, She lights a lamp and puts it near Jesus, and while stretching out Her arm doing so, She subtly caresses Her Son's head. She then opens a nut-brown haversack, which I think is made of pure hand-woven wool and therefore, water-resistant, She searches inside it, goes out into the little kitchen garden and walks to the far end where there is a kind of store-room. She comes out with some rather withered apples, which have certainly been preserved from the previous summer, and She puts them into the haversack. She then takes a loaf of bread and a piece of cheese and also puts them into the haversack, although Jesus remarks that He does not want them, as there is already enough food in the satchel.

Mary then comes once again near the table, at the shorter side on Jesus' left hand, and looks at Him eating. She looks at Him with love and adoration. Her face is more pale than usual and seems aged by pain; Her eyes are ringed, and thus seem bigger, an indication of tears already shed. They also seem clearer than normal, as if they were washed by the tears welling up within, ready to stream down Her face: two sorrowful tired eyes.

Jesus, Who is eating slowly, evidently against His will, only to please His Mother, and is more pensive than usual, lifts His head and looks at Her. Their eyes meet, and He notices that Hers are full of tears, and lowers His head to leave Her free to weep. **He only takes Her slender hand which She is resting on the edge of the table. He takes it in His own left hand, lifts it to His cheek, rests His cheek on it and then rubs it against His face to feel the caress of the poor trembling little hand, which He kisses on its back with so much love and respect.**

I see Mary taking Her free hand, Her left one, to Her mouth, as if to stifle a sob, and She then wipes a big tear with Her fingers, which has fallen from Her eye and is streaming down Her face.

Jesus resumes eating and Mary goes out quickly into the kitchen garden where it is now almost dark, and She disappears. Jesus leans His left elbow on the table, rests His forehead on His hand, absorbed in thought. He stops eating. He then listens and gets up. He also goes out into the kitchen garden, and after looking around, He moves towards the right-hand side of the house, and through an opening in the rocky wall, He goes into what I recognise as the carpenter's workshop. It is now very tidy, without any boards or shavings lying about, and also the fire is out. There is the large working bench, all the tools are laid aside, and there is nothing else.

Mary is weeping, bent over the bench. She looks like a child. Her head is resting on Her folded left arm and She is crying silently, but very grievously. Jesus enters quietly and approaches Her so softly, that She realises He is there, only when He lays His hand on Her lowered head, calling Her « Mother! ». In His voice, there is the sound of a gentle loving reproach.

Mary lifts Her head and looks at Jesus through a veil of tears, and with both hands joined, She leans on His right arm. Jesus wipes Her face with the hem of His large sleeve and then He embraces Her, clasping Her to His heart and kissing Her forehead. Jesus is majestic, He looks more manly than ever, whilst Mary looks more like a little girl, except for Her sorrow-stricken face.

Then I hear: «And get Your relatives to come. Don't stay here alone. I will be happier, Mother, and You know how I need peace of mind to fulfil My mission. You will not lack My love. I will come quite often and I will inform You in case I cannot come home when I am back in Galilee. Then You will come to Me, Mother. This hour was to come. It began when the Angel appeared to You; it is now striking, and we must live it, Mother, must we not? After we have overcome the trial, we shall have peace and joy. First, we must cross this desert as our Ancestors did, before entering the Promised Land. But the Lord God will help us as He helped them. And He will grant us His help as a spiritual manna to nourish our souls in the difficult moment of the trial. Let us say the Our Father together...» Jesus and Mary stand up and they look up to Heaven: two living victims shining in the darkness.

Jesus, slowly but with a clear voice, says the Lord's Prayer, stressing the words. He emphasizes the words: «Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done» spacing the two sentences from the others. He prays with His arms stretched out, not exactly crosswise, but as priests do when they say: «The Lord be with you.» Mary's hands are joined.

They then go back into the house, and Jesus, Whom I have never seen drink wine, pours some white wine into a goblet from out of an amphora on the bookcase and He puts it on the table. He then takes Mary by Her hand and makes Her sit beside Him and drink some of the wine, into which He dips a small slice of bread, which He gives Her to eat. His insistence is such that Mary yields. Jesus drinks the remaining wine. He then clasps His Mother to His side, and holds Her thus close to His heart. [...] They are both silent, waiting. Mary caresses Jesus' right hand and His knees, Jesus pats Mary's arm and Her head.

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Then Jesus rises, and so does Mary. They embrace and kiss each other very fondly and repeatedly. They always seem to be on the point of separating and parting, but each time Mary embraces Her Creature over and over again. She is Our Lady, but She is still a mother, a mother who must part from Her Son, and is fully aware of the final destination of His departure.

[...] Jesus takes His dark blue mantle, puts it on His shoulders, and pulls the hood on to His head. He arranges His haversack across His back, in order to be free when walking. Mary helps Him, and She delays endlessly in sorting His tunic, mantle and hood, caressing Him in the meantime.

Jesus goes towards the door, after making a sign of blessing in the room. Mary follows Him and at the open door they kiss each other once again.

The road is silent and solitary, white in the moonlight. Jesus starts walking away. He turns round twice to look at His Mother, Who is leaning against the doorpost, paler than the moon's rays, Her eyes sparkling with silent tears. Jesus moves farther and farther away along the narrow white road. Mary is still weeping against the doorpost. Then Jesus disappears round a bend of the road.

His Evangelical journey, which will end on Golgotha, has just begun. Mary goes into the house shedding tears and closes the door. She also has started Her journey which will take Her to Golgotha. And for us...

### ST. THOMAS THE APOSTLE

(P1: pp. 291-305; G1, 346-63)

*Although I was born and live in Australia, my family is Indian and we are very devoted to St. Thomas. So when I first read about him in the Work, I was more hooked because I wanted to know more about this apostle: what he looked like, what he did as a disciple of Jesus, and what his character was like.*

#### JESSICA SINGH, AUSTRALIA

*(Thomas says to Jesus on their first meeting:) « I am another who saw You. I would like to be with You. But now I am frightened. »*

*« Do not be afraid. Think about it, and when I come back... »*

*« Master, You are so holy! I am afraid of not being worthy. Nothing else. Because I do not doubt my love... »*

*« What is your name? »*

*« Thomas, of Didymus. »*

*« I will remember your name. Go in peace. »*

[...] There is a knocking at the door. It is Thomas once again. He goes in and throws himself at Jesus' feet.

*« Master... I cannot wait until You come back. Let me come with You. I am full of faults, but I have my love, my only real great treasure. It is Yours, it's for You. Let me come, Master... »*

Jesus lays His hand on Thomas' head. *« You may stay, Didymus. Follow Me. Blessed are those who are sincere and persistent in their will. »*[...]

*«Oh! Master! » Thomas is happy.*

[...] *(Simon says that his father does not approve of him following Jesus and Thomas replies:) « I have already overcome the obstacle. My father listened to me and he understood me. He blessed me saying: "Go. May this Passover be for you the liberation from the slavery of waiting. You are fortunate because you can believe. I will wait. But if it is really 'Him', and you will find out following*

*Him, then come and say to your old father: 'Come, Israel has the Expected One' ". »*

[...] Thomas, about thirty eight years old [...], is busying himself in the kitchen and seems an experienced cook by the way he controls fire and flames and because of his skill in cleaning the vegetables [...].

*(Thomas has been away visiting his family. On his return,) Jesus embraces Thomas first; he is as prosperous and cheerful as usual [...].*

*« Lord, I missed You. Had You been there, my heart would have been utterly happy. My father and mother are grateful to You for sending me home for a little while. My father was not very well, so I worked for him. I went to my twin sister's and saw my little nephew and I had him named as you suggested. »*

### THE LUNATIC GIRL OF BETHGINNA

(P2, pp.409-14; G3, Chapter 215.3-7)

*My father told me about Valtorta's visions maybe 15 years ago. After deliberating (procrastinating) for some time, I finally grabbed a random volume and flipped to this chapter. What grabbed me was the intensely realistic and detailed description of the profound miracle Jesus granted the innkeeper, Samuel, who begins with some doubt and deliberation but then finally makes a steadfast decision to seek Jesus' help based on his spontaneous faith. This first read was an emotional experience for me. I became a devoted reader instantly after reading it. The passage is somewhat long, but all the background and details flow into an amazing and coherent vision with so much meaning.*

#### JAMIE CHAVEZ, USA

*(Maria describes her vision:) Philip and Andrew go, at random, through the village until they find a small hotel, an inn, and inside there are some brokers bargaining for lambs with some shepherds. [...]*

The hotel-keeper [Samuel] rushes towards them: *«What do you want? Lodgings?»*

[Andrew] replies: *«Yes, lodgings for us and for the Rabbi of Israel.»*

*«Which rabbi? There are many of them! But they are wealthy gentlemen. They do not come to the villages of poor people to bring their wisdom to the poor. The poor have to go to them, and we are lucky if they allow us to go near them! »*

*«There is only one Rabbi of Israel. And He has come to bring the Gospel to the poor. And the poorer and more sinful they are, the more He looks for them and approaches them.» replies Andrew kindly.*

*«In that case He will not make much money! »*

*«He does not seek wealth. He is poor and good. When he can save a soul, it is a full day for Him. » replies Andrew once again.*

*«Oh! It is the first time that I hear that a rabbi is good and poor. The Baptist is poor but severe. All the others are severe and rich, as greedy as leeches. You over there, have you heard? Come here, you who travel round the world. These men say that there is a poor but good Master Who comes looking for poor people and sinners. »*

[...] While the innkeeper is speaking and listening to his customers, the two apostles have remained standing in the middle of the yard like two poles. At last, one of the men says to them: *«Ehi! You! Come here! Who is He? Where does that man you spoke of, come from? »*

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«He is Jesus of Joseph, from Nazareth. » says Philip gravely and he looks as if he were expecting to be laughed at.

But Andrew adds: «He is the Messiah foretold. I implore you, for your own good, listen to Him. You have mentioned the Baptist. Well, I was with him, and he pointed out to us Jesus Who was passing and said: "There is the Lamb of God, Who takes away the sins of the world". When Jesus descended into the Jordan to be baptized, the Heavens opened and a Voice cried out: "This is My beloved Son, My favor rests on Him" and the Love of God descended like a dove, shining over His head. »

«See? It is the Nazarene! But tell me, since you say you are His friends...»

«No, not His friends: we are His apostles, His disciples and we have been sent to announce that He is coming, so that those who are in need of salvation may go to Him » clarifies Andrew.

«All right. But tell me. Is He really as some say, that is, a holy man, holier than the Baptist, or is He a demon as others describe Him? You are always with Him, because if you are His disciples, you must be with Him. Tell us frankly, is it true that He is lewd and a guzzler? That He loves prostitutes and publicans? That He is a necromancer and He evokes spirits at night to find out the secrets of hearts? »

[...] It is Philip who speaks now: «We can reply to you quite frankly because there is nothing wicked to be concealed. He, our Master, is the Saint of all saints. He spends His days teaching. He goes tirelessly from place to place seeking the hearts of men. He spends the night praying for us. He does not disdain the pleasures of the table and friendship, but not for His own advantage, but only to approach those who otherwise would be unapproachable. He does not repel publicans and prostitutes but only because He wants to redeem them. His way is traced out with miracles of redemption and miracles over diseases. Winds and seas obey Him. But He does not need anybody to work His prodigies; neither does He have to evoke spirits to know hearts. »

«How can He?... You said that winds and seas obey Him... But they are not endowed with reason. How can He give them orders? » asks the innkeeper. [...]

«By Jehovah! You cannot give orders to death! You can throw oil on the sea, you can hoist sails over it, or, more wisely, you can avoid going to sea. You can lock doors against the wind. But you cannot give an order to death. There is no oil capable of calming it. There is no sail which, hoisted on our little boat, can make it sail so fast as to leave death behind. And there are no locks for it. It comes in when it wants to, even if the doors have been locked. Oh! No one gives orders to that queen! And yet our Master commands it. Not only when it is near but also after it has come. A young man of Nain was about to be put into the dreadful mouth of his sepulchre, and He said to him: "I tell you: rise!" and the young man came back to life. Nain is not in the country of the hyperboreans. You can go and see. »

«Just like that? In the presence of everybody? »

«On the road. In the presence of the whole of Nain.» The innkeeper and his customers look at one another in silence.

Then the innkeeper says: «But He will do that only for His friends. »

«No, man. For all those who believe in Him and not for them only. He is Mercy on the earth, believe me. No one applies to Him in vain. Listen. Is there anyone amongst you who suffers from or weeps because of diseases in the family, doubts, remorse, temptations, ignorance? Go to Jesus, the Messiah of the Gospel. He is here today. [...] The innkeeper ruffles his hair, opens and closes his mouth, tortures the fringes of his belt... at last he exclaims: « I will try! I have a daughter. Up to last summer she was all right. Then she became a lunatic. She remains like a mute animal in a corner, she never moves from it, and only with difficulty can her mother can dress her and feed her. The doctors say that her brains have been burnt out by too much sunshine, others say that it is due to an ill-starred love. The people say she is possessed. How can that be as she has never been away from here?! Where would she have got that demon? What does your Master say? That a demon can take also an innocent person? »

Philip replies without hesitation: «Yes, to torture the relatives and drive them to despair. »

«And... Can He cure lunatics? Should I hope? »

«You must believe » says Andrew promptly. [...] «I tell you, man: for those who hope in Him, also what is impossible becomes as easy as breathing. I have seen the works of my Lord and I am a witness of His power. »

«Oh! In that case, which of you is going to call Him? »

«I will go myself, man. I will soon be back.»

When Andrew sees Jesus standing in a lobby out of the merciless sun shining in every part of the square, he runs towards Him saying: «Come, Master. The daughter of the innkeeper is lunatic. Her father implores You to cure her. »

«Did he know Me? »

«No, Master. We have tried to make You known to him...»

«And you have succeeded. When one reaches the point of believing that I can cure an incurable disease, one is already well advanced in faith. And you were afraid that you did not know how to do it. What did you tell him? »

« We told him what we thought of You and of Your deeds. Above all, we told him that You are Love and Mercy. The world has such wrong knowledge of You!!! »

« But you know Me well. And that is enough.»

They arrive at the small inn. All the customers are standing at the door, full of curiosity, and in the middle there is Philip with the innkeeper who keeps talking to himself. When he sees Jesus, he runs to meet Him:

«Master, Lord, Jesus, I believe so firmly that You are You, that You know everything, You see everything, You can do everything, I believe it so firmly that I say to You: Have mercy on my daughter although I have so many sins in my heart. Do not punish my daughter because I have been dishonest in my trade. I will no longer be grasping, I swear it. You can see my heart with its past and with its present thought. Forgive and have mercy on us, Master, and I will speak of You to everybody who comes here, to my house... » The man is on his knees.

Jesus says to him: «Stand up and persevere in your present sentiments. Take Me to your daughter. »

«She is in a stable, my Lord. The sultry weather makes her feel worse. And she will not come out. »

«It does not matter. I will go to her. It is not the sultry weather. It is the demon who perceives My coming. »

They go into the yard and then into a dark stable, followed by all the rest. The girl, unkempt and lean, becomes agitated in the darkest corner and, as soon as she sees Jesus, she shouts: «Back, go back! Do not disturb me. You are the Christ of the Lord, I am one struck by You. Leave me alone. Why do You always follow me? »

«Go out of this girl. Go. I want it. Give your prey back to God and be quiet! »

There is a heart-rending shout, a jerk, her body becomes flabby and collapses on to the straw... then she calmly, sadly asks questions expressing her amazement: «Where am I? Why am I here? Who are they? » and she invokes: «Mummy». The young girl becomes shy when she realizes that she is without a veil and with a torn dress in the presence of many strangers.

«Oh! Eternal Lord! But she is cured... » and strange to be seen the innkeeper weeps like a child and tears stream down his ruddy cheeks... He is happy and he weeps and does not know what to do, except kiss Jesus' hands, while the mother of the girl also weeps, surrounded by her amazed little ones, and kisses her first-born now free from the demon. All the people present shout in amazement and many more rush to see the miracle. The yard is full.

«Remain with us. Lord. It is getting dark. Rest under my roof. »

«Man, we are thirteen. »

«Even if you were three hundred, it would not matter. I know what You mean. But the greedy dishonest Samuel is dead, Lord. Also my demon has fled. Now there is a new Samuel. And he will still be the innkeeper. But a holy one. Come, come with me, that I may pay you homage as a king, a god. Such as You are. Oh! blessed be the sun that brought You here today... »

### JESUS IS WITTY & JESUS LAUGHS

*It is the warmth and naturalness of Jesus as He interacts with people that hooked me on Valtorta's writings. I had anticipated the publication since my university days for over 20 years when it was finally available in a local Catholic bookstore. Unlike other accounts of visions and locutions, the reader is immersed in His genuine humanity. This is to know Him. I find His willingness to laugh and make people happy most touching. Here are a series of passages where **Jesus is witty** and where **Jesus laughs**.*

ED CHAVEZ, USA

#### Jesus and Peter

(P2, p.309; G4, Chapter 199.9)

(Jesus speaks to His Mother with regard to allowing Simon Peter to adopt Marjiam): «Let it be done as You wish.» Then Jesus stands up and calls out loud, «Simon of Jonah, come here. »

Peter starts and rushes down the steps. «What do You want, Master? »

«Come here, you usurper and corrupter! »

«Me? Why? What have I done, Lord? »

**«You have corrupted My Mother. That is why you wanted to be alone with Her. What shall I do with you?»**

But Jesus smiles and Peter recovers confidence.

«Oh » he says. «You really frightened me! But now you are laughing. . . . What do you want from me, Master? My life? I have but that because You have taken everything. But if you want, I will give it to You. »

«I do not want to take anything from you. I want to give you something. But do not take advantage of your victory and do not disclose the secret to the others, you most artful fellow who defeats the Master by means of the weapon of His Mother's word. You will have the boy, but ... » Jesus can say no more, because Peter, who was kneeling, bounces to his feet and kisses the Master with such delight that he makes the words die on His lips. «Thank Her, not Me. But remember that this must be of assistance to you, and not an impediment. . . »

#### Forgiveness

(P3, pp.61-2; G4, Chapter 285.8)

(Peter says,): «It is so lovely now that we are by ourselves without that . . . Curse my tongue! I have failed once again in my promise to the Master! . . . Master! Master! »

«What do you want, Simon? »

«I have spoken ill of Judas, and I had promised You that I would not do it anymore. Forgive me. »

«Yes, I do. But try not to do it again. »

«I still have 489 times to be forgiven by You. . . »

«What are you talking about, brother?» Andrew asks utterly amazed.

And Peter, whose placid countenance is humorously bright, twisting his neck under the weight of John of Endor's bag, exclaims, «Don't you remember that He said we have to forgive seventy times seven? So I am still to be forgiven 489 times and I must keep an accurate account of the. . . »

They all laugh; Jesus can't help smiling either. But He replies: «You had better keep count of all the times you are capable of being good, you big boy. »

#### Mary Magdalene Underestimates Jesus

(P3, p.531; G6, Chapter 365.11)

(Jesus is speaking to Mary and Martha who ask for a cure for their brother Lazarus who is ill:)

«I am full of mercy. But the time of miracle has not yet come for him. Let him be strong, and be strong with him. Help him to do the will of God.»

«Ah! Do you mean that he must die? » Martha asks, moaning and weeping.

And Mary, whose eyes are shining with tears and love, a double love, for Jesus and her brother, exclaims, «Oh, Master! But in this way you prevent me from following and serving You. And you prevent my brother from enjoying my resurrection. Don't You want Lazarus' house to rejoice because of a resurrection? »

Jesus looks at her smiling kindly and wittily and says, «Just for one [resurrection]? One only? Come on! You don't think much of Me if you think that I can only do one thing. Be good and strong. Let's go. And don't weep like that. You would dispirit him with grievous suspicion, » and He sets out ahead of them.

#### Setting Up Living Quarters

(P1, p.672; G2, Chapter 124.1)

(Jesus and the Apostles are setting up their living quarters at Clear Water:)

«And where are you going to find the slates? » Thomas asks.

«We will take them off the shed. » Peter replies. «If it rains there, it will not be a disaster. But in here. . . Are you sorry that your dishes will no longer be decorated with sooty drops? »

«Most certainly not! See what a sight I am. It rains on my head when I am near the fire. »

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«You look like an Egyptian monster.» says John laughing. Thomas, in fact, has queer black sooty commas on his chubby good-natured face. Always merry as he is, he is the first to laugh and also Jesus laughs, because just when he is speaking, another sooty drop falls on his nose, blackening its point.

### **Peter's Wife, Porphirea (P2, p.41; G2, Chapter 153.2-3)**

«Do not criticize Porphirea, Peter! She is an honest woman.» Jesus says.

«She is very shy. Her mother had them all under her thumb, both her daughter and her daughters-in-law.» Andrew says.

«But she should have changed in all the years she has been with me!» replies Peter.

«Oh, Brother! You are not all that sweet tempered yourself, you know. If a person is shy, you are like a spoke in his wheel. My sister-in-law is very good and the best proof is that she has always tolerated her mother and her bad temper, and you and your overbearance.»

They all laugh at Andrew's outspoken conclusion and at Peter's astonished face when he hears of his overbearance. In addition, Jesus laughs heartily.

### **Small Benjamin at Magdala (P2, p.227; G2, Chapter 184.6-7)**

*(Jesus and the Apostles are at Benjamin's house and they are talking about becoming good:)*

The boy Benjamin is pensive. . . he then looks up and asks Matthew, «And what did you do to become good?»

«I loved Him.»

The boy becomes pensive again and then looking at the Twelve asks Jesus, «Are these ones all good?»

«Of course they are.»

«Are You sure? I sometimes behave as a good boy, but that is when. . . I am thinking of some big mischief.»

They all burst into laughter. Also the little fellow who is in a confessing humor. And, Jesus laughing, presses him to His heart and kisses him.

### **Peter Recounts A Meeting (P3, p.420; G5, Chapter 351.6)**

Peter comes in. «They were coming here and Eli, the Pharisee, is with them. I tried to be as kind as a young girl, and I called them saying: "Hey, messengers of the Fisc (Tax office)! Take this. That's four drachmas, isn't it? Two for the Master and two for me. We're now square, are we not? I'll be seeing you in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, especially you, my dear friend." They took offense at my mentioning the "Tax office" and grumbled, "We are of the Temple, not of the Fisc!" And I said, "You collect taxes like excisemen. Every tax collector, as far as I am concerned, is of the Fisc." And Eli said to me, "You insolent one! Are you wishing me to die?" "No, my friend," I apologized. "Never! I wish you a pleasant journey in the Valley of Jehoshaphat. You're going to Jerusalem for Passover, aren't you? So we can meet there, my dear friend." They got mad. "I do not wish and I do not want you to take the liberty of calling me your friend!" "In fact, it's too big an honour!" I replied. And I came away. The amusing side is that half the people of Capernaum were there and they saw I paid for You and for me. And that old snake will not be able to say anything now.»

The apostles can't help laughing on hearing the story and seeing Peter's miming. Jesus wants to be serious, but a

light smile slips from his lips as He says, «You are worse than mustard!»

### **Peter & the Spider (P3, p.796; G6, Chapter 411.4-5)**

«Would it not be better to destroy the spider?» asks Peter.

«It would be better. But the spider is doing its duty. It is true that it kills the poor, little butterflies which are so beautiful, but it exterminates a large number of filthy flies which carry diseases and infection from sick to healthy people, from corpses to living persons.»

«But in our case, what does the spider do?»

«What does it do, Simon? It does what your good will does. It destroys tepidity, apathy, vain conceit. It compels you to be vigilant. What makes you worthy of a prize? Struggle and victory. Can you win if you do not fight? The presence of Satan compels continuous vigilance. Love, then, Who loves you, makes His presence not necessarily harmful. If you keep close to Love, Satan will still tempt but he will be rendered unable to cause real damage.»

«Always?»

«Always. In great and little things. For instance, a little thing: he in vain advises you to take care of your health. A treacherous piece of advice to try to keep you away from Me. But Love holds you tightly, Simon, and your pains become of no importance even to your eyes.»

«Oh, Lord! You know!»

«Yes, I do. But don't lose heart! Cheer up! Love, Who is the first to smile at your human nature trembling because of your rheumatism, will give you so much courage. . . .» Jesus laughs at his embarrassed apostle and clasps him in His arms to comfort him. Even while laughing He is full of dignity. The others also laugh.

### **JESUS REPEATED OUR NAMES (P5, pp. 543-4; G10, Ch.603.7-8)**

*While I am not sure if there was any one particular passage that got me hooked on Maria's writing (it was more like those on the road to Emmaus - feeling my heart burning within while reading), I can tell you the one passage that I will never forget and will, throughout my life, pray fervently to have been one of the names that gave comfort to Jesus in the Garden. There is a popular song [...] called "Angel of the Agony" by Briege O'Hare. It prays that just as God sent an angel to comfort Jesus in the Garden, that God will give us an angel to comfort us in our time of suffering. This is a beautiful song, but I think **the notion that we actually could give comfort to Jesus across the ages in that night of his suffering resonates with me more.***

**JOHN G. ATA, USA**

**AND**

*Jesus paid the ultimate price and thought of **me and you.**  
That about says it all.*

**VIC LUND, CANADA**

(Jesus says:) That is why Satan came when the Father was retiring in Heaven. He had already come at the beginning of My mission, to tempt Me in order to divert Me from it. He was now coming back again. It was his hour. The hour of the satanic sabbath.[...]

He then showed Me the uselessness of My death, and the usefulness of living for My own sake, without worrying Myself about ungrateful men, but leading a rich happy life full of love. Living for My Mother, ensuring that She did not suffer. Living so that by means of a long apostolate, I

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could take back to God many men, who, if I had died, would forget Me [...].

He showed Me My abandonment by God. [...] I defeated despair and Satan, its creator, in order to serve God and you, by giving you the Life. But I became acquainted with Death. Not with the physical death of crucifixion - that was not so dreadful - but with the total conscious Death of the fighter who falls after triumphing, with a broken heart and blood pouring out of him in the trauma of an effort exceeding all endurance. And I sweated blood. I sweated blood to be faithful to God's will.

That is why the angel of My sorrow showed Me the hopes of all those who have been saved through My sacrifice, as a medicine for My dying.

Your names! Each name was a drop of medicine instilled into My veins to invigorate them and make them function. Each of them was for Me life coming back, light coming back, strength coming back. During the cruel tortures, to avoid shouting My grief of Man, and in order not to despair of God and say that He was too severe and unjust to His Victim, **I repeated your names to Myself, I saw you.** Since then, I blessed you. Since then, I have carried you in My heart. **And when the time came for you to be on the Earth, I leaned out of Heaven to accompany your coming,** rejoicing at the thought that a fresh flower of love was born in the world and would have lived for Me.

Oh! My blessed ones! The comfort of the dying Christ! My Mother, the Disciple, the pious Women were present at My death, **and you were there as well.** My dying eyes saw, with the tormented face of My Mother, also your loving ones, and they closed thus, happy to be closed because they had saved you, who deserve the Sacrifice of a God. »

### JUDAS' MOTHER

(P5, pp. 793-8; G10, Ch.632.4-8)

*When I first began to read the Work, I was already a mother so when I encountered Judas' mother, I wanted to know all about her, what she was like, her sufferings and if she was still alive to see her son betray Jesus. In this passage, Jesus appears to Judas' mother, Mary of Simon of Kerieth, after the resurrection where the culmination of her sorrow is evident.*

### CATHERINE LOFT, AUSTRALIA

Jesus appears to Mary of Simon at Kerieth (Judas' mother), with Anne, the mother of Johanna (Judas' ex-fiance who died of a broken heart). It is the house of Anne, the mother of Johanna. In this country house, [...] there is a room where a woman lying on a bed. A woman who is altered beyond recognition by mortal anguish. Her face is worn out. [...] Near the sick woman, who is no one else but Judas' mother, there is Anne, Johanna's mother. She wipes perspiration and tears, she waves a fan of palm, [...] Also Anne weeps, uttering words of comfort: « Don't, Mary! Don't! Enough! He... he has sinned. But you, you know how the Lord Jesus... »

« Be quiet! That Name... to me... said to me... is profaned... I am the mother... of the Cain... of God! Ah! » Her quiet weeping changes into exhausted heart-rending sobbing. She feels she is choking, she catches hold of the neck of her friend who assists her while she vomits some bile.

« Peace! Peace, Mary! Don't! Oh! what shall I tell you to convince you that He, the Lord, loves you? I repeat it to you! I swear it on the things which are most holy to me:

my Saviour and my child. He told me when you brought Him to me. He had for you words and providence of infinite love. You are innocent. He loves you. I am certain, certain that He would give Himself once again to give you peace, poor martyr mother. »

« Mother of the Cain of God! Can you hear it? That wind, out there... It says so... The voice goes all over the world and it says: "Mary of Simon, the mother of Judas, he who betrayed the Master and handed Him over to His executioners". Can you hear it? Everything says so... The stream out there... The doves... the sheep... The whole Earth shouts that I am... No, I do not want to recover my health. I want to die!... God is just and He will not punish me in the next life. But here, no. The world does not forgive... it does not distinguish... I am becoming mad because the world howls... : "You are Judas' mother. »

She is exhausted and collapses on the pillows. Anne recomposes her and goes out to take away the dirty linen cloths...

Mary, her eyes closed, deadly pale after the effort she made, moans: « The mother of Judas! But what is Judas? What did I give birth to? What is Judas? What have I... » Jesus is in the room. [...] He calls her gently: « Mary! Mary of Simon! »

[...] Two tears well up in the corners of Jesus' very mild eyes. I am surprised at them. I did not think that Jesus could weep also 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, [...] 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. » [...]

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. »

« 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. The horror is over. It no longer serves. Your sorrow serves. All sorrows join together to wash the world. [...] Poor Mary! » He lays her down gently, He crosses her hands and watches her as she calms down.