



MARIA VALTORTA READERS' GROUP

BULLETIN No.116 – DECEMBER 2024

'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)

'Publish this work as it is... whoever reads it will understand...' – Pope Pius XII



PRAYING WITH MARIA VALTORTA

'O Mary, most amiable Mother, Lily of the Holy Trinity, place in this house your smile and your perfume of grace, reunite our hearts to the shade of your purity, enclose it in the calyx of your maternal love, preserve us from hell and its cruel legions by holding us against yourself, on your virginal breast and on your Immaculate and pierced heart.'

(*Maria Valtorta Prayers*, p. 37)

MARIA VALTORTA'S MISSION

Jesus says: 'Do you know what you are doing by writing? My Will. The will for the mission I want you to perform. *Even if a single soul, one alone, were to find the way through this effort of yours willed by Me, the exertion, which to human sight seems inhuman, would be justified.*'

(*Notebooks 1943*, p. 229)

EDITORIAL

After many long hours and sleepless nights, Johnny Cantarella, our website administrator and stats provider, managed to migrate our website to the new domain for which we are very grateful. There are still a couple of issues so we appreciate your patience. So just a reminder to note the new email address below and website www.valtorta.com.au still named **Maria Valtorta Readers' Group** if you prefer that search.

Bulletin: So many wonderful and enriching contributions from Readers this quarter, so I hope you enjoy them. **Supplement:** During this time of Christmas when so many passages from the Work have already been exhausted on this season in past editions, what better way than to revisit the stables of Bethlehem through one of the 12 shepherds who later became Matthias the 12th apostle and through Mary's comment about the child, Jesus.

May you and all your family and friends enjoy the peace and blessings of Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

Growing in Faith,
Catherine

catherine@valtorta.com.au

MARIA VALTORTA'S WORK IN CONCERT

A Reader alerted me to a Franciscan priest who was prompted to read the Work of Maria Valtorta, and what he did with his love of those writings.

Father Armando Pierucci is a Franciscan friar and a well-known Italian musician, recognised especially for his contributions as an organist, composer and choir director. Born in Italy in 1935, Fr. Pierucci is a member of the Order of Friars Minor (Franciscans) and has dedicated much of his life to sacred music. In his own words which have been translated: "*In Italy in the 1970s, a kind elderly lady gifted me the 5th volume of The Poem of the Man-God by Maria Valtorta [Ed: there were 10 volumes in the Italian edition]. She had won it in a parish charity raffle. I randomly opened the book: "Jesus in Alexandroscene." (P3, Ch. 327; G5, Ch. 328). I had never heard of this place before. At that time, no one had conducted even preliminary investigations, let alone excavations, to confirm its existence. So, I thought to myself, "What are these stories about?" In reality, it was about geography, so I thanked her for the gift and placed it on the most remote shelf of my library. The moment came when Lady Curiosity urged me to open the book after which I acquired all ten volumes of the Poem! Since then, for 50 years, it has been my guidebook.*

In my desire to express my gratitude to the Lord and to Maria Valtorta, I musically composed these Tales for Saxophone and Organ. The 4 TALES BY MARIA VALTORTA are divided into four episodes: 1. Jesus Drives Out The Merchants From The Temple, 2. Jesus And The Children, 3. A Healed Blind Man Sees The Face Of Jesus, and 4. A Judgment Of Jesus.

I am convinced that these will spark someone's curiosity, encouraging them to read The Gospel as Revealed to Me (formerly The Poem of the Man God) by Maria Valtorta; and the simplicity of these pieces will delight the listener with the light that emanates from those pages."

Armando Pierucci, ofm, Pesaro, 8 June 2024
(Feast of the Immaculate Heart of Mary)

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[Ed: On 4 October 2024, The Maria Valtorta Heritage Foundation advertised a free musical recital in Pesaro where these **4 TALES** were performed. I have been unable to find any Youtube videos for a taste of these tales. I would be so very pleased if anyone could locate them or give us a report if they attended the concert.]

PROMOTING MARIA VALTORTA'S WORK IN JAPAN

In Bulletin #110, p. 2, there was article called **Maria Valtorta's Work in 30 Languages Explained**. In this article, the following was written:

*The Work also came out in **Japanese** because Fr. Allegra had a colleague there. These started as excerpts and not the complete volumes. However, there was a man who worked for a publishing business and he loved the writings of Don Bosco and Maria Valtorta so much that he resigned from that company and started his own publishing house so he could promote their work, which he is still doing.*

Well, a Reader who lives in Japan put me in touch with that publishing House! Here is his story.

I am Satoru Sugawara from Tokyo, Japan. I am very happy to have this opportunity to contact you.

This spring, I took over Maria Valtorta's Japanese book publishing business from my godfather. I established Tenshikan LLC and launched the following new website. <https://mariavaltorta.jp>

In Japan, the Christian population is very small, and even fewer people are interested in Valtorta's books. Also, many people don't read English or foreign languages. Therefore, promoting Valtorta's writings in Japan is a task that is much more difficult than one would imagine from Australia, America, or Europe.

My godfather spent 20 years translating and publishing the "Poem", and because there are so few people who read or understand it, it was a huge personal sacrifice, and it was almost impossible to cover the publishing costs with book sales. In fact, despite being translated, one third of all volumes of the 'poem' are currently out of print, and Japanese people cannot access the entire "Poem".

In fact, if I had not taken action, all of the translated volumes of "Poem" would have gone out of print and been lost forever. It was something I couldn't accept. From now on, I will gradually reprint all of the volumes and maintain them in a state where they are available, while also disseminating information about Valtorta through the above Japanese website. I don't know how many years it will take to reprint them, but I will at least try to keep the flame alive.

If anyone would like to help promote Valtorta in Japan, please contact me at: info@tenshikan.jp.

In Christ,

Satoru Sugawara

I certainly do hope we have Readers in Japan and others elsewhere in the world who are bi-lingual and can assist Satoru in any way to promote Valtorta's Work.

READER'S CHOICE 1

After reading about Mary as a precious and extraordinary child, I was so touched to hear Mary speak about her little Jesus. **KATIA ROMEO, ITALY**
Mary says:

"Luke, my evangelist, also writes that my Jesus, after having been circumcised and offered to the Lord, 'grew and was strengthened, full of wisdom, and the grace of the Lord was in Him'; and further on he repeats that, when He was a twelve-year-old boy, He remained subject to us and 'grew in wisdom, age, and grace before God and men'.

[...] Legend loves to make my Child a prodigious, unnatural being, who from his birth on acted like a man and was thus so anomalous as to become monstrous.

[...] But I want to speak to you about my Child just as He was when, without his Mother, He would not have been able to do anything: a tender, delicate, blond tot, slightly rose-colored and beautiful, beautiful like no other child of man and good, better than the angels whom His Father and ours had created. His growth was neither more nor less like that of a healthy child cared for by his mother.

My Child was intelligent. Very. As a perfect one can be. But his intelligence awakened day by day, following the rule common to all born of woman. It was as if the rising of a sun were opening a way for itself in his blond little head. The first glances, no longer indefinite, like those of the first days, began to rest upon things and especially on his Mother. The first smiles, uncertain and then increasingly certain when I would bend over his crib and take Him onto my lap to give Him milk, wash Him, dress Him, and kiss Him.

The first words, confused, and then clearer and clearer. What blessedness to be the Mother teaching the Son of God to say, 'Mother!' And the first time He pronounced this word correctly, which no one ever knew how to say with so much Love as He did and which He said to me until his final breath, what a celebration for me and Joseph and how many kisses on his little mouth, where the first small teeth were appearing!

And his first steps on his tender little feet, pink like the petal of a flesh-colored rose, those feet which I would caress and kiss with a mother's love and the adoration of the devout [...].

And his falls when He started to move on his own. I would run to lift Him up again and kiss his bruises... Oh, I could do so then! [...]

And his first acts of attentiveness: a little flower picked in the small garden or along the road and brought to me, a little stool dragged to my feet so that I would be more comfortable, picking up of an object that I had dropped.

And his smile. The sun of our house! The wealth which covered the naked walls of my little house with silk and gold! Whoever has seen my Son's smile has seen Paradise on Earth. A smile that was serene as

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long as He was a child. An increasingly pensive smile to the point of being melancholy as He became an adult. But always a smile. For everyone. And it was one of the reasons for his divine charm, on account of which the crowds followed Him, enchanted.

His smile was already a word of love. When, moreover, the voice was joined to the smile, which was the most beautiful one in the world, even the sod and the stalks of grain trembled. It was the voice of God that was speaking, Maria. [...]

His intelligence, more and more open until reaching perfection, aroused my admiration and respect. But it was so tempered with goodness that it never humiliated anyone. My sweet Son, You that were gentle to all, and especially to your Mother!

When He had become a young man, I prohibited myself from kissing Him as when He was little. But I never lacked his kiss and his caress.

[...] Before the Last Supper, He came to draw comfort from his Mother. And He remained resting on my heart, as when He was a child. He wanted to fill Himself with a mother's love so as to be able to withstand the lovelessness of a whole world."

(Notebooks 1943, pp.550-1)

READER'S CHOICE 2

This was the first of the two *Miracle of the Loaves* scenes given in the bible and in Valtorta's Work. Few miracles in Maria Valtorta's visions describe so well how God, the creator of the universe and all the rules of nature, can amend or suspend the laws of physics, chemistry (Cana), or time at will. What struck me about the vision was how God can "bend or warp" time as we see it. As the various distributors of the loaves and fish are proceeding through the crowds, *none of them (including Maria Valtorta; her "presence" being a miracle in itself) saw with their own eyes loaves and fish multiplying (physics)*. Instead, they realized as they proceeded (to varying degrees according to their faith) that the loaves and fish, as they reached into their baskets, were **already there to begin with**. *And how many other miracles bend time, such as bilocations?*

According to the vision, Marjiam was the only one not surprised in the least by the amount of food distributed; so much so that *he wasn't even aware of the miracle*. He simply went off and played with his friends after he distributed to every child in the crowd. Not once did Marjiam (or John) stop to consider his basket "refilled" as he proceeded. The fact that the basket never emptied was secondary to what Jesus told them; His word, not our five senses, are the Truth.

This vision helped me to realize that God, angels, demons, the saints currently in heaven, are more real than the walls of the room I'm in right now.

JAIME CHAVEZ, USA

[...] The apostles point out the crowd to Jesus.

« [...] Dismiss the people so that they may go to Tarichea or other villages along the Jordan to buy food and find lodgings. »

« They need not go. Give them something to eat. They can sleep here as they did when waiting for Me. »

« Master, You know that there are only five loaves left and two fish. »

« Bring them to Me. »

« Andrew, go and look for the boy [Marjiam]. He is looking after the bag. A little while ago he was with the scribe's son and two more boys, intent on making garlands of flowers and playing at kings. »

[...] « Come, Marjiam. The Master wants you! »

[...] Philip takes a parcel out of the bag containing some loaves, which are wrapped together with two big fish: two kilograms of fish, or little more. They would not suffice for the seventeen people, nay eighteen, including Manaen, of Jesus' group. They take the food to the Master.

« Very well. Now bring Me some baskets. Seventeen, as many as you are. Marjiam will hand the food to the children... » Jesus stares at the scribe who has always been near Him and asks: « Will you give food to the hungry people too? »

« I would like to. But I have none myself. »

« Give Mine. I will let you have it. »

« But... are You going to satisfy five thousand men, besides women and children, with those two fish and the five loaves? »

« Undoubtedly. Do not be incredulous. **Those who believe will see the miracle being accomplished.** »

« Oh! In that case I want to hand out the food, too! »

« Then get someone to give you a basket as well. »

The apostles come back with baskets and hand-baskets, some of which are low and wide, others are deep and narrow. The scribe comes back with a rather small one. Obviously his faith or his incredulity made him pick that one as the largest required.

« Good. Leave everything here. Now get the crowds to sit in an orderly way, in rows, as far as possible. »

And while they do that, **Jesus raises the loaves with the fish on top of them, offers them, prays and blesses them**. The scribe does not take his eyes off Him for a moment. Jesus breaks the five loaves into eighteen parts; He makes also eighteen parts of the two fish, and puts a bit of fish: a tiny bit indeed, into each basket. He then breaks each of the eighteen bits of bread into morsels: each bit into many morsels. Relatively many; about twenty, not more. He then puts each bit which He has broken into morsels, into a basket with the bit of fish.

« Now take them and hand the food out to satiety. Go. Marjiam, hand the food out to your companions. »

« Ah! How heavy it is! » says Marjiam lifting his basket. He goes at once towards his little friends, walking like one who carries a heavy weight.

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The apostles, disciples, and Manaen the scribe watch him go incredulously... They then pick up their baskets and shaking their heads they say to one another: « The boy is joking! They are the same weight as before. » And the scribe looks inside his basket, puts his hand into it searching for the bottom, because it is getting dark in the thicket where Jesus is, whereas farther away, in the glade, it is clear. However, notwithstanding their remarks, they go towards the people and begin to hand the food out. And they distribute... Now and again, they look back at Jesus thoroughly astonished, as they move farther and farther away, and the Master leaning against a tree with folded arms, smiles subtly at their astonishment.

The distribution takes a long time and is plentiful... the only one who shows no surprise is Marjiam, who smiles and is happy to be able to fill the laps of so many poor children with bread and fish. He is also the first to go back to Jesus saying: « I have dealt out so much, so much!... because I know what it is to be hungry... » and he raises his little face, which is no longer emaciated, but remembering, it blanches with wide open eyes... But Jesus caresses him and a bright smile appears on his face while he leans trustfully against Jesus, His Master and Protector.

The apostles and disciples come back slowly, dumbfounded with amazement. Last is the scribe who says nothing. But he makes a gesture that is more than a sermon. He kneels down and kisses the hem of Jesus' tunic.

« Take your share and give Me some. Let us eat the food of God. »

They eat, in fact, bread and fish, each according to his need...

« Master » asks the scribe, « why did the boy feel the weight at once, and we did not? I searched also inside. There were still the few morsels of bread and the only bit of fish. I began to feel the weight when I moved towards the crowd. But if it had weighed for what I gave out, it would have taken a pair of mules to carry it, not a basket, but a wagon packed with food. At the beginning, I was dealing it out sparingly... but later I gave and gave... and as I did not want to be unfair, I went back to the first ones and gave them more because I had given them little at first. And yet it was enough. »

« I also felt the basket was getting heavy when I set out, and I gave plenty at once because I realised that You had worked a miracle » says John.

« I, instead, stopped, I sat down and poured everything on my lap to see... And I saw loaves and loaves. I then went on » says Manaen.

« I even counted them, because I did not want to cut a bad figure (make a bad impression). There were fifty small loaves. So I said: I will give them to fifty people and then I will go back ». And I counted. But when I got to fifty, the weight was still the same. I looked inside. They were so many. I went on and I

handed out hundreds of them. They never diminished says Bartholomew.

« I, I must admit it, I did not believe, and I took the morsels of bread and the bit of fish in my hand and I looked at them saying: "What's the use of them? Jesus must have been joking!... " and I looked at them over and over again, hiding behind a tree, hoping and despairing to see them grow. But they were always the same. I was about to come back, when Matthew passed by saying: "Have you noticed how beautiful they are?". "What?" I asked him. "The loaves and fish!"... "Are you mad? I can only see morsels of bread". "Go and hand them out with faith, and you will see". I threw back into the basket the few morsels and I went reluctantly... And then... Forgive me, Jesus, because I am a sinner! » says Thomas.

« No. You are a worldly spirit. You reason according to the world. »

« I as well, Lord. So much so that I was thinking of giving a coin with the bread and I said to myself: "They will eat somewhere else" » says the Iscariot. « I was hoping to help You cut a finer figure. So what am I? Like Thomas or more? »

« You are much more "worldly" than Thomas. »

« And yet I was thinking of giving alms to be "heavenly"! It was my own personal money... »

« Alms to yourself, to your pride. And alms to God. But the Latter does not need them and it is a sin to give alms to your pride, not a merit. »

Judas lowers his head and becomes silent.

« I, instead, thought that I had to crumble the morsel of fish and the morsel of bread, so that they would suffice. I did not doubt they would be sufficient, both with regard to numbers and nourishment. A drop of water given by You can be more nourishing than a banquet » says Simon Zealot.

« And what did you think? » Peter asks Jesus' cousins.

« We remembered Cana... and did not doubt » replies Judas [Thaddeus] gravely.

« And you, James, My dear brother, were you only thinking of that? »

« No, I thought it was **a sacrament**, as You told me... Is it so or am I wrong? »

Jesus smiles: « It is and it is not. Your thought of a remote figure is to be added to the truth concerning the power of nourishment in a drop of water, mentioned by Simon. But **it is not yet a sacrament.** »

The scribe is holding a crumb in his hand.

« What are you going to do with it? »

« A... souvenir. »

[...] « Stand up. Go round again with the baskets and collect the scraps remaining, select the poorest people and bring them here with the baskets. [...] »

The apostles obey... and they come back with twelve baskets full of remnants of food and followed by about thirty beggars or very poor people.

« Very well. You may go now. »

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The apostles and John's disciples say goodbye to Manaen and go away leaving Jesus rather reluctantly. But they obey.

(P2, p. 743ff; G4, Ch. 273.1-8)

THE HOUSE OF LAZARUS IN JERUSALEM & MARIA VALTORTA'S WORK

In Bulletin #112, p. 2, Readers were given two links and invited to watch two informative and detailed videos with diagrams and passages from Maria Valtorta's writings from vlogger, Catholic Reconquista on this topic. It seems that there are still people worldwide who continue to explore this Work themselves on an academic level and appreciate her extraordinary knowledge on the Palace of Lazarus. Here is an article written by a Frenchman, Fabrice-Marie Gagnant called: ***Discovery Of An Ancient Princely House In Jerusalem, Previously Revealed To A Mystic (D. 1961)***

"Between 1943 and 1954, the Italian Catholic mystic Maria Valtorta received more than six hundred visions of the life of Jesus in the Holy Land. It was not until the following decades that researchers were able to verify one by one, the thousands of factual details they contained, and note their extraordinary accuracy. We will give here the example of the princely house owned by Lazarus, the brother of Martha and Mary of Bethany and Jesus' friend. Lazarus is mentioned in the New Testament when Jesus brings him back to life after four days (cf. Jn 11:1-44). The location and description of Lazarus' palace in Jerusalem was revealed to Maria Valtorta years before it was unexpectedly discovered by archaeologists.

In fact, after Maria Valtorta's death, researchers from various countries began to go through the thousands of pages left by Maria Valtorta, line by line, to verify the details they contained.

Let's take one example: the Palace of Lazarus.

Maria Valtorta's transcriptions tell us that Lazarus was the son and heir of Theophilus, a Syrian proselyte, appointed governor of Syria by the Romans, and of Eucheria, a Judean woman descended from King David. This social position made him the richest man in Israel. In addition to his estate in Bethany, Lazarus owned several properties, including a palatial one in the centre of Jerusalem. Jesus visited this palace several times during his public life. On these occasions, Maria Valtorta gave a precise description of one building and its location (cf. P3, pp.586ff. &601ff.; G6, Ch. 372ff. & 375ff.).

'The Palace of Lazarus is certainly on one of the many hills that make the streets of Jerusalem a succession of ascents and descents, especially the less beautiful ones. It stands almost in the centre of the city, but slightly to the south-west. It stands on a beautiful road that leads to the Xystus, forming a T with it, and dominates the lower town. In front of it lies Bezeta, Mount Moriah and Ophel, and behind

them the chain of the Olive Grove; behind it, and already belonging to the spot where the Palace of Lazarus stands, rises Mount Zion, while on both sides, the view extends southwards towards the southern hills, and to the north Bezeta hides a large part of the panorama. But beyond the valley of the Gihôn, the bald, yellowish head of Golgotha emerges in the rosy light of dawn, always gloomy, even in this joyous light. [...] There are many rooms and chambers. We will be together following the rite. Accept, Lord! The palace has rooms that can hold at least two hundred people, divided into groups of twenty.'

(cf. P3, pp.586 & 590; G6, Ch. 372.2 & 372.6)

In 1975, the German engineer Hans J. Hopfen (1904-1997), who had set about reproducing the map of the Holy Land and Jerusalem on the basis of the mystic's descriptions, indicated on his map the place where it would have stood two thousand years earlier.

In 1983, a team of archaeologists from the Hebrew University of Jerusalem excavated the area not far from the western wall of the Temple, in the Jewish quarter of the Old City. There they discovered the remains of a "palatial residence" and numerous objects, dating from the time of Herod, just thirty metres from the spot indicated by Hopfen ten years earlier. The palace is located on the highest point of Mount Zion, at an elevation of 757m, the only place from which the panorama described by Maria Valtorta can be seen.

The 600m² building and its rooms (a square white marble atrium paved with mosaics, a 64m² paved courtyard with a central pool, an 11 x 6.5m ceremonial room with Greco-Roman frescoes, a panoramic terrace, etc.) correspond exactly to the visions Maria Valtorta received in 1946. Confirming Valtorta's visions, the archaeologists uncovered a single room in red marble. In vision 375, Maria Valtorta noted the singularity of one of the rooms with red walls:

'Thus, in the splendid and regal red room, whose vault is supported by two garnet porphyry columns between which the long table has been set up, are seated the peasants of Yokhanan, with Marziam, Isaac, and other disciples to reach the prescribed number.' (P3, p.603;G6, Ch. 375.3)

Moreover, the refined Greco-Roman style found on the site excludes the possibility that the owner of the palace was a Jew by birth: this fits the status of Lazarus, whose father was a proselyte. This archaeological site later became The Wohl Museum of Archeology.

Thank you to Frank Rega, a Valtorta Reader who contributed this article.

A FINAL WORD ON MARY'S AGE WHEN SHE DIED

According to Giovanna Busolini, a Reader from Italy and author of the free e-book *The Veil of the Virgin Mary* (available on our website:

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<https://www.valtorta.org.au/Books/The-Veil-of-the-Virgin-Mary-by-Giovanna-Busolini.pdf>), Our Lady herself tells us her age in the scene at the Holy Sepulchre. She says: « Arrived? So short the road that this morning seemed so long? This morning? Was it this morning? Not before? How many hours and how many ages have gone by since I came here yesterday evening and since I left it this morning? Is it really I, **the fifty-year-old Mother**, or a very aged woman, a woman of many years ago, laden with years on My bent shoulders and on My white hair? I seem to have lived all the sorrow of the world, and that it is all on My shoulders, which bend under its weight. » (P5, p.646; G10, ch. 611.13)

Giovanna also points out that Jesus tells us that Mary lived **another** 21 years after His Ascension which makes her 71 when she died.

"I finish teaching the doctors with the lesson to Mary, the Queen of doctors. And She has never forgotten it. The sun began to shine again in Her heart now that She had Me, humble and obedient, beside Her, but My words are deeply rooted in Her mind. There will be much sunshine and many clouds will gather in the sky during **the next twenty-one years I will still be on the earth** (from 12-years-old in the Temple to 33 years when Jesus dies). And great joys and many tears will alternate in Her heart during **the next (altri in Italian = another) twenty-one years** (from the Ascension to her death at 71-years-old). But never again will She ask: "My Son, why have You done this to us?" (P1, p.221; G1. Ch. 41.12)

So from the writings of Valtorta, both Fr. Roschini and Jean Aulagnier were accurate in their estimation. However, Giovanna Busolini, quoting from the original Italian, seems to have nailed the exact age of Mary's death. The mystery has been solved.

LETTERS

Great work indeed [regarding the website stats]. Thank you, Catherine and the entire secretariat team of Maria Valtorta newsletters. May God keep and safeguard you from all evil forces, so that our Maria Valtorta may continue to become known and loved more and more. Sincerely yours in Maria Valtorta.

A RELIGIOUS FROM ZAMBIA

I have been an avid reader of Maria Valtorta's *The Gospel as revealed to me* for a few years now, ever since Father Leon in Medjugorje began to pass on this wonderful Work to English-speaking pilgrims. Father Leon is a famous and very charismatic priest who is in charge of all the English-speaking priests and pilgrims who flock to hear him speak about the fruits of this apparition site and of his own personal encounters with Our Lady. For the past few years, Father Leon has been continually passing on Maria Valtorta's *The Gospel As Revealed To Me* to thousands of people each week. The reason that

Father Leon began to give the pilgrims this wonderful Work from Our Lord is that Our Lady had told the visionaries in Medjugorje: "**If you want to know about My life...read Maria Valtorta. This book is the truth.**" Our Lady is promoting Maria Valtorta's Work and She is guiding its distribution among thousands of pilgrims through Father Leon. Thanks be to God that many thousands of people are receiving this wonderful gift of *The Gospel As Revealed To Me*. I am interested in promoting this wonderful work as much as possible. Thank you very much for your website and for all the brilliant and comprehensive information and insights available there. You [and Stephen] are doing a great mission for Our Lord in promoting this precious gift from God, reserved for our times.

CAROLINE ELTON, UNITED KINGDOM

THE CURRENT POSITION OF THE CHURCH ON MARIA VALTORTA'S WORK

Repeated in every edition

In a letter dated 6 May 1992, Bishop Dionigi Tettamanzi from the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith (CDF) explicitly gave permission to Dr. Emilio Pisani at the Centro Editoriale Valtortiano (CEV) to continue publishing Maria Valtorta's Work for the "**true good of readers and in the spirit of the genuine service to the faith of the Church.**" Although the first edition, which did not carry Maria Valtorta's name on the cover, had been unduly placed on the *Index of Forbidden Books*, this was effectively nullified by those who approved the second and subsequent editions. Therefore, Valtorta's writings cannot be considered condemned or forbidden for contemporary Catholics. Even though private revelations do not need an Imprimatur, this action and permission also implicitly acknowledges that the Work is free from error in faith and morals (nihil obstat), and may be safely read by the faithful. This is the latest and currently judicially binding position of the Church.

† REST IN PEACE †

Please pray for the soul of

ANTHONY SIMPSON

Husband of Pauline, both avid Valtorta Readers

MARIA VALTORTA READERS' GROUP

This group is an online non-profit organisation, which retails publications of Maria Valtorta's writings and offers other supporting materials to its members and to other interested persons. Newsletters are sent every three months. [The material in this publication is not intended to represent the opinion of the Church. The editor affirms submission to the official judgment of the Church regarding the information contained herein.]