

MARIA VALTORTA READERS GROUP

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The Assumption of Mary



Pope Pius XII

A Prophecy of the Assumption

(At the Last Supper, Jesus says:) 'Think of My Mother... Neither can She come where I am going. [...] And yet, no one loves Me as She does. And, notwithstanding all that, I will leave Her and go where She will come only after a long time. '

(Poem, Vol.5, p. 509; Gospel, Vol. 9, p. 498)

The Assumption of Our Lady

(Maria says:) How many days have gone by? It is difficult to ascertain [...] one must conclude that some days have by now gone by.

But Mary's body is exactly the same as it was when She breathed Her last. There is no trace of death on Her face or on Her little hands. There is no unpleasant smell in the room. On the contrary, an undefinable scent like that of the incense, of roses, of lilies of the valley, of mountain herbs, all mixed together, hangs in the air of the room.

John, who I wonder for how many days has been awake, has fallen asleep, overcome by tiredness, sitting on the stool. [...] All of a sudden, a strong light fills the room, a silvery light, shaded with blue, almost phosphoric, and it becomes more and more intense, making the light of dawn and of the lamp vanish. [...] Then in this paradisiac light, angelic creatures show themselves, a light even brighter in the already strong light that appeared first. [...] A dance of sparks of all shades bursts forth from their gently moved wings, which emit a harmonious murmur, as sweet as if it were played by a harp.

The angelic creatures place themselves around the little bed, they bend over it, they lift the immobile body, and flapping their wings more vigorously, which increases the sound existing previously, through a passage opened miraculously in the roof, [...] they go away, taking with them the body of their Queen, a Most Holy Body, it is true, but not yet glorified, and therefore still subject to the laws of matter, to which the Christ was not subject because He was already glorified when He rose from the

dead. The sound made by the angelic wings increases and it is now as powerful as the sound of an organ.

John [...] looks around, still half asleep, to realise what is happening. He notices that the bed is empty and that the roof is open. He understands that a wonderful event has taken place. He runs out on the terrace, and as if by spiritual instinct, or by a heavenly call, he raises his head, shading his eyes from the sun, in order to see, without being prevented from doing so by the rising sun.

And he sees. He sees the body of Mary, still deprived of life and completely identical to that of a person asleep, that ascends higher and higher, supported by the angelic group. As a last gesture of farewell, a hem of the mantle and of the veil are agitated, probably by the wind caused by the rapid assumption and by the movement of the angelic wings. Some flowers, the ones that John had placed and renewed round the body of Mary, that have certainly remained among the folds of the garments, rain on the terrace and on the ground of Gethsemane, while the mighty hosanna of the angelic group moves farther and farther away and thus becomes fainter.

John continues to stare at that body that rises towards Heaven and [...] he distinctly sees Mary, enveloped now in the beams of the sun that has risen. [She has] come out of the ecstasy that had separated Her soul from Her body, become alive, standing on Her feet, as She also now enjoys the gifts typical of bodies already glorified.

John looks and looks. The miracle granted to him by God enables him, against all natural laws, to see Mary as She is now, while She rapidly ascends towards Heaven, surrounded, but no longer helped to ascend, by the angels singing hosannas. And John is enraptured by that vision of beauty that no pen of man, or human word, or work of artist will be ever able to describe or reproduce, because it is of indescribable beauty. John, still leaning against the

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low wall of the terrace, continues to stare at that splendid shining form of God [...] while it ascends higher and higher. And the God-Love grants a last supreme prodigy to His perfect-loving disciple: to see the meeting of the Most Holy Mother with Her Most Holy Son, who splendid and shining as well, handsome with indescribable beauty, descends rapidly from Heaven, arrives at His Mother, presses Her to His heart, and together, more refulgent than two major planets, returns with Her whence He came.

John's vision is over. He lowers his head. [...] He says: 'Thanks, my God! I wanted to be awake, in order not to lose any episode of Her Assumption. [...] Oh! [...] To see my Master and Lord again! To see Him near His Mother! He like a sun, She like a moon, both most splendid because they were glorious and happy to be reunited for ever! [...] Thanks for having made it possible for me to see... what is the lot of saints, what it will be after the last judgement; and the resurrection of the bodies, and their rejoining, their fusion with their spirits, that have ascended to Heaven at the moment of their death. [...] Not only the Christ became alive again by His own divine power, but that also His Mother, three days after Her death, if death it can be called, came to life again. And with Her flesh joined to Her soul, [She] took up Her eternal abode in Heaven, beside Her Son. [...] Another miracle! [...] Mary, the Most Holy Mother but a daughter of man, by means of angelic help, had the passage opened for Her assumption to Heaven and, always through angelic help, She ascended there. In the Christ, the spirit came back to animate His Body while it was still on the Earth because it had to be so, to silence His enemies and to confirm all His followers in their faith. In Mary, the spirit came back when Her most holy body was already at the threshold of Paradise because there was no other need for Her. Perfect power of the Infinite Wisdom of God!...'

(Poem, Vol.5, pp. 934-7; Gospel, Vol. 10, pp. 528-32)

The Assumption & Royalty of the Blessed Virgin

Mary says:

'Did I die? Yes, if you call death the separation of the choice part of the spirit from the body. No, if by death you understand the separation of the vivifying soul from the body, the corruption of the flesh no longer vivified by the soul, and before that, the lugubrious sepulchre, and before all these things, the pangs of death. How did I die, or better, how did I pass from the Earth to Heaven, first with My immortal part, then with the perishable one? It was fair for Her who did not become acquainted with the stain of sin. [...] The evening hour was full of peace. The Sabbath had abated all noises of human works. [...] That evening, [...] the measureless vitality of My spirit was joined

by a sweet languor, by a mysterious sensation that matter was moving away from what surrounded it, as if My tired body were falling asleep, whilst My intellect, even livelier in its reasoning, was sinking into the divine brightness.

John, the loving prudent witness of every action of Mine, [...] kindly convinced Me to rest on the little bed and he watched Me praying. The last sound I heard on the Earth was the murmur of the words of John, the virgin apostle. They were for Me like a lullaby of a mother near a cradle. And they accompanied My spirit in its last ecstasy, too sublime to be described. They accompanied Me as far as Heaven. John, the only witness of this sweet mystery, arranged Me by himself, enveloping Me in My white mantle, without changing My dress or veil, without any washing or embalming. The spirit of John [...] already knew that I would not decay, and it taught the Apostle what to do. [...]

But the decree of God was different. Good as always for the Favourite, just as usual for all the believers, He made the eyes of the former heavy with sleep, so that he might be spared the torture of seeing also My body abducted from him. He presented the believers with a further truth that would encourage them to believe in the resurrection of the flesh, in the reward of an eternal blissful life granted to the just, in the most mighty and pleasant truths of the New Testament: [...] that they might believe that in Heaven, there is My Heart of the Mother of all men, palpitating with anxious love for everybody, just people and sinners, eager to have you all with It in the blessed Fatherland for ever.

When I was taken out of the little house by the angels, had My spirit already come back to Me? No. My spirit was not to descend again on the Earth. It was, adoring before the Throne of God. But when the Earth, the exile, the time and the place of the separation from My One and True Lord were left for ever, My spirit came back to shine in the centre of My soul, drawing the flesh from its sleep. So it is just to say that I ascended to Heaven in body and soul, not through My own capability, [...] but through angelic help. I awoke from that mysterious and mystic sleep, I rose, I flew finally because by now My flesh had achieved the perfection of glorified bodies. And I loved. I loved My Son, whom I found again, and My Lord, One and True, I loved Him as is the destiny of all the eternal living beings.'

Jesus says:

'When Her last hour came, like a tired lily that, after exhaling all its scents, bends under the stars and closes its snow-white calyx, Mary, My Mother, lay on Her little bed and closed Her eyes on everything surrounding Her, to collect Her thoughts in a last serene contemplation of God. Bending over Her rest, the angel of Mary was anxiously waiting for the

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climax of the ecstasy to separate that spirit from the flesh, for the time decreed by God, and to separate it for ever from the Earth, while the sweet inviting command of God was already descending from Heaven.

John, an earthly angel, bent in his turn over that mysterious rest, was watching the Mother who was about to leave him. And when he saw that She had breathed Her last, he continued to watch Her, so that, not violated by profane curious eyes, She should remain, even beyond death, the Immaculate Spouse and Mother of God, so placid and beautiful in Her sleep.

A tradition says that only flowers were found in the urn of Mary when it was opened by Thomas. It is a sheer legend. No sepulchre swallowed the corpse of Mary because there never was a corpse of Mary, according to human sense because Mary did not die as whoever lived dies.

By divine decree, She was only separated from Her spirit, and Her most holy flesh once again joined the spirit that had preceded it. By inverting the habitual laws, according to which an ecstasy ends when the rapture ceases, that is, when the spirit returns to its normal state, it was Mary's body that went to join the spirit, after a long rest on the funeral bed.

Everything is possible to God. I came out of the Sepulchre with no other help than My own power. Mary came to Me, to God, to Heaven, without experiencing the sepulchre with its horror of lugubrious rotteness. It is one of the most refulgent miracles of God. Not the only one, really, if we remember Enoch and Elijah who, being dear to the Lord, were abducted from the Earth, without experiencing death, and translated elsewhere, to a place known only to God and to the celestial inhabitants of Heaven. They were just, but always nothing as compared with My Mother, inferior, in holiness only to God.

That is why there are no relics of the body or of the sepulchre of Mary because Mary had no sepulchre, and Her body was brought to Heaven.'

Mary says:

'The conception of My Son was an ecstasy. A greater ecstasy to give birth to Him. The ecstasy of ecstasies - My passage from the Earth to Heaven. Only during the Passion, no ecstasy made My cruel suffering endurable.

The house, from which I was abducted to Heaven was one of the countless generousities of Lazarus, for Jesus and His Mother. The little house of Gethsemane, near the place of His Ascension. It is useless to look for its remains. In the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans, it was devastated, and its ruins were scattered in the course of ages.'

(Poem, Vol. 5, pp. 938-41; Gospel, Vol.10, pp. 533-7)

The Glorification of Mary

Mary says:

'The approach of Eternal Love bore the sign I was thinking of. Everything lost light and colour, voice and presence, under the Radiance and the Voice which, from the open Heavens, bent down over Me to gather in My soul.

It is said, "Mary would have rejoiced to be accompanied by Her Son" but My sweet Jesus was quite present with the Father when Love gave Me the third kiss of life. That kiss which was so divine that My soul expired in it, gathered up like a dewdrop drunk in by the sun from the centre of a lily. I ascended with my spirit singing hosannas into the midst of My Three, whom I adored and adore, like a pearl in a setting of fire, followed by the procession of the angelic spirits coming to My eternal birthday and awaited on the threshold of the Heavens by My earthly Husband, by the Kings and Patriarchs of My lineage, and by the first saints and the first martyrs. Heaven closed over the joy of possessing its Queen, whose flesh, the only flesh among all mortal flesh, experienced the blessedness of glorification.'

(Poem, Vol.5, pp.942-4; Gospel, Vol.10, pp. 538-9)

From Earthly to Heavenly Paradise

Mary says: 'My humility did not allow Me to think of so much glory reserved for Me in Heaven. In My thought was the certainty that My human flesh, made holy by having borne God, would not undergo corruption, for God is Life, and when He fills a being with Himself, He is like an aroma protecting from death. [...] But as a witness to his creative thought regarding man, God wanted Me in Heaven in soul and body. I am the certain witness to what God had conceived and willed for man: an innocent life unaware of sin, a placid passage from this life to the complete Life [...] from the sun of the earthly paradise to the Sun of the heavenly Paradise, increasing the perfection of the person, in flesh and in spirit, with the full Light which is in the Heavens.

Before the Patriarchs and the Saints, before the Angels and Martyrs, God set Me, when taken up into the glory of Heaven, and said, "This is the perfect work of the Creator; this is what I created in my image and likeness, the result of a divine, creative masterpiece, the wonder of the Universe, which sees enclosed in a single being the divine in the immortal spirit; like God, and, like Him, spiritual, intelligent, and virtuous, to which every other living being in the three realms of Creation bends. [...] She is the Mother of my Son and the Martyr of Forgiveness. For Her Heart which knew no stain, I open the treasures of Heaven, and for Her head which knew no pride, I make my Radiance into a crown and crown Her, for She is holy to Me, so that She will be your Queen".'

(Notebooks 1943, pp. 587-9)

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Body and Spirit

Jesus says:

'When her final sunset came, like a weary lily bending under the stars at night and closing her eyes of whiteness, Mary lay back on her couch and closed her eyes upon the world to recollect Herself in a final earthly contemplation of her God.

Bending over her rest, Mary's angel anxiously waited for the impetus of ecstasy to separate that spirit from the earth forever, while from the Heavens there descended the gentle command of God: "Come, O All-Beautiful One," and that angelical light shone more brightly in her holy rejoicing, calling from Heaven other cohorts of lights to the hosanna for the Victorious Woman who was ascending to her triumph [...] like that of a lily opening on an April dawn. On her dawn in Heaven.

Your legend states that in Mary's tomb, reopened for Thomas, there were only flowers. Mary's tomb did not swallow up her body. Mary's body was not there. Mary did not die. She was joined with her body to the spirit which had preceded her. Reversing the usual laws whereby ecstasy ends when the spirit returns to the body, it was Mary's body that returned to the spirit after a pause on the deathbed. [...] You have no relics of the body and tomb of Mary because Mary had no tomb. Her Body was taken up into Heaven. She awaits you there, praying to her Son for you.'

(Notebooks 1944, pp.29-30)

The Foretelling of the Assumption Doctrine

Jesus says:

'[...] the Holy Year that will come must be marked by a special character: *the Marian character*.

'The extraordinary Holy Year was celebrated for the nineteenth centennial of my Passion. *Infinite Wisdom would love there to be a celebration of this other centennial as well - of the glorious Assumption of my Mother into Heaven - and to have this celebration give a special character to the next Holy Year. Infinite Wisdom would love to have this duty, this need and this far-sightedness be felt as regards providing a note of Marian triumph and thus, a stimulus for devotion to Mary [who is] your Salvation in this terrible conclusion to this terrible century in which the complete opening of the seven seals may take place, as God's punishment - in the next Holy Year. For too many centuries now, Christendom has been awaiting this triumphal proclamation of the Virgin Mother, taken up into Heaven by God to be a joy for God, whose living Temple on earth she was, and the Queen of the heavenly choirs and the people of the Saints.'*

(Notebooks 1945-50, pp. 428-9)

Reparation to Mary

Jesus says: 'Make reparation for *the sorrow of Mary,*

taken into consideration too little. [...] I ask you for this: for you to make reparation for the superficiality with which too many observe the passion of my Mother. I ask you today - today, the feast of the Assumption. A day of Marian joy. But to have that joy, Mary had to drink a chalice as bitter as mine... Mary, before being the Queen of Heaven, was a sea of sorrow.'

(Notebooks 1945-50, p. 530)

Mary did not putrefy and return to dust

(Jesus says:) 'The Mother of God, too, did not return to the dust, since She was exempt, being sinless, from the common condemnation and because it was not appropriate for her flesh, which had been the ark and terrain to contain the Word and to give the Divine Seed all the elements needed for it to become the God-Man. But the Mother passed from the earth to Heaven many years after her Son.'

(Notebooks 1945-50, p. 560)

An Ocean of Love in Heaven

Jesus says: 'There is difference between the separation of the soul from the body, through real death, and the temporary separation of the spirit from the body and from the vivifying soul, through ecstasy or contemplative rapture. While the separation of the soul from the body brings about death, the ecstatic contemplation, that is, the temporary flight of the spirit outside the barriers of senses and matter, does not bring about death. And that is because the soul [...] plunges into the fire of contemplation.

All men, as long as they live, have a soul within themselves [...] but only the deep loving souls of God arrive at real contemplation.

This proves that it is the soul that keeps the body alive while it is united to it. [...] In those who cease to love God and His Law, even if only through their tepidness and venial sins, it becomes weak, depriving the person of the capability to contemplate and know God and His eternal truths, as far as a human creature can do so, according to the degree of perfection achieved. The more a creature loves and serves God with all its strength and power, the more the nobler part of its spirit increases its capacity to know, to contemplate and penetrate the eternal truths. Mary, after the Christ, was the most holy of all creatures, She was a capacity so full of God, of His graces, charity and mercy, as to overflow on the brothers in Christ of all ages and until the end of time. She passed away submerged by the waves of love.

Now, in Heaven, where She has become an ocean of love, She overflows Her waves of charity on Her sons faithful to Her and also on Her prodigal ones, for their universal salvation, as She is the universal Mother of all men.'

(Poem, Vol 5, p.943; Gospel, Vol.10, pp.540-1)