

**A Collection of Some
of Sister Lucia's
Writings**

The Angel of Peace

First Meeting

“Do not be afraid! I am the Angel of Peace. Pray with me.”

Kneeling on the ground, he bowed down until his forehead touched the ground, and made us repeat these words three times:

“My God, I believe, I adore, I hope and I love You! I ask pardon of You for those who do not believe, do not adore, do not hope and do not love You.”

Then, rising, he said: “Pray thus. The Hearts of Jesus and Mary are attentive to the voice of your supplications.”

Second Meeting

Suddenly, we saw beside us the same figure, or rather Angel, as it seemed to me.

“What are you doing?” he asked. “Pray, pray very much! The most holy Hearts of Jesus and Mary have designs of mercy on you. Offer prayers and sacrifices constantly to the Most High.”

“How are we to make sacrifices?” I asked.

“Make of everything you can a sacrifice and offer it to God as an act of reparation for the sins by which He is offended, and in supplication for the conversion of sinners. You will thus draw down peace upon your country. I am its Angel Guardian, the Angel of Portugal. Above all, accept and bear with submission the suffering which the Lord will send you.”

Third Meeting

A considerable time had elapsed, when one day ... [a]s soon as we arrived there, we knelt down, with our foreheads touching the ground, and began to repeat the prayer of the Angel:

“My God, I believe, I adore, I hope and I love You...” I don’t know how many times we had repeated this prayer, when an extraordinary light shone upon us. We sprang up to see what was happening, and beheld the Angel. He was holding a chalice in his left hand, with the Host suspended above it, from which some drops of blood fell into the chalice. Leaving the chalice suspended in the air, the Angel knelt down beside us and made us repeat three times:

“Most Holy Trinity, Father, Son and Holy Spirit, I offer You the most precious Body, Blood, Soul and Divinity of Jesus Christ, present in the tabernacles of the world, in reparation for

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the outrages, sacrileges and indifferences with which He Himself is offended. And, through the infinite merits of His most Sacred Heart, and the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I beg of You the conversion of poor sinners.”

Then, rising, he took the chalice and the Host in his hands. He gave the Sacred Host to me, and shared the Blood from the chalice between Jacinta and Francisco, saying as he did so:

“Take and drink the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ, horribly outraged by ungrateful men! Make reparation for their crimes and console your God.”

Once again, he prostrated on the ground and repeated with us, three times more, the same prayer “Most Holy Trinity...”, and then disappeared.

We remained a long time in this position, repeating the same words over and over again. When at last we stood up, we noticed that it was already dark, and therefore time to return home.

(Taken from Second Memoir, written by Sister Lucia between November 7 and November 21, 1937.)

From Lucia’s Fourth Memoir

Impelled by the power of the supernatural that enveloped us, we imitated all that the Angel had done, prostrating ourselves on the ground as he did and repeating the prayers that he said. The force of the presence of God was so intense that it absorbed us and almost completely annihilated us.

It seemed to deprive us even of the use of our bodily senses for a considerable length of time. During those days we performed all our exterior actions as though guided by that same supernatural being who was impelling us thereto. The peace and happiness which we felt were great, but wholly interior, for our souls were completely immersed in God. The physical exhaustion that came over us was also great.

I do not know why, but the Apparitions of Our Lady produced in us very different effects (from the Angelic Apparitions). We felt the same intimate joy, the same peace and happiness, but instead of physical prostration, an expansive ease of movement; instead of this annihilation in the Divine Presence, a joyful exultation; instead of the difficulty in speaking, we felt a certain communicative enthusiasm. Despite these feelings, however, we felt inspired to be silent, especially concerning certain things. *(Fourth Memoir, written by Sister Lucia between October 7 and December 8, 1941.)*

The Apparitions of Our Lady

May 13, 1917

Don't be afraid, I won't hurt you! (Where does Your Excellency come from?) I am of Heaven. (And what is it You want of me?) I have come to ask you to come here for six months in succession, on the thirteenth day at this same hour. Then I will tell you who I am and what I want. Afterwards, I will return here a seventh time. (And shall I go to Heaven too?) Yes, you will. (And Jacinta?) Also. (And Francisco?) Also, but he will have to say many Rosaries! (Is Maria das Neves now in Heaven?) Yes, she is. (And Amelia?) She will be in Purgatory until the end of the world. Do you wish to offer yourselves to God, to endure all the sufferings that He may be pleased to send you, as an act of reparation for the sins by which He is offended, and to ask for the conversion of sinners? (Yes we do.)

Then you will have much to suffer, but the grace of God will be your comfort . . . Say the Rosary every day to obtain peace for the world and the end of the war.

June 13, 1917

(What does Your Excellency want of me?) I want you to come here on the thirteenth day of the coming month, to recite the Rosary every day, and to learn to read. I will tell you later what I want. (I asked for the cure of a sick person) If he is converted he will be cured during the year. (I should like to ask You to take us to Heaven) Yes, Jacinta and Francisco I will take soon, but you will remain here for some time yet. Jesus wishes to make use of you to have Me acknowledged and loved. He wishes to establish in the world the devotion to My Immaculate Heart.

(Am I to stay here alone?) No, daughter. Do you suffer a great deal? Don't be discouraged, I will never forsake you. My Immaculate Heart will be your refuge and the way that will lead you to God.

July 13, 1917

(What do You want of me?) I want you to come here on the thirteenth day of the coming month, and to continue to say the Rosary every day in honor of Our Lady of the Rosary to obtain the peace of the world and the end of the war. For She alone will be able to help. (I wish to ask You to tell us who You are and to perform a miracle so that everyone will believe that You appeared to us!) Continue to come here every month. In

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October I will tell you who I am and what I wish, and I will perform a miracle for all to see and believe. (Our Lady said it was necessary to say the Rosary to obtain graces during the year.)

Sacrifice yourselves for sinners and say many times, especially when you make some sacrifice: Jesus, it is for Your love, for the conversion of sinners and in reparation for the sins committed against the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

(As Our Lady spoke these last words, She opened Her hands once more, as She had done during the two previous months. The rays of light seemed to penetrate the earth, and we saw as it were a sea of fire. Plunged in this fire were demons and souls in human form...¹)

You have seen hell, where the souls of poor sinners go. To save them God wishes to establish in the world devotion to My Immaculate Heart. If they do what I will tell you, many souls will be saved, and there will be peace. The war is going to end. But if they do not stop offending God, another even worse will begin in the reign of Pius XI. When you see a night illuminated by an unknown light, know that it is the great sign that God gives you that He is going to punish the world for its crimes by means of war, famine, and persecutions of the Church and of the Holy Father. To prevent this I will come to ask for the consecration of Russia to My Immaculate Heart and the Communion of reparation on the first Saturdays. If they heed My requests, Russia will be converted and there will be peace. If not, she will spread her errors throughout the world, promoting wars and persecutions of the Church. The good will be martyred. The Holy Father will have much to suffer. Various nations will be annihilated. In the end, My Immaculate Heart will triumph. The Holy Father will consecrate Russia to Me, and it will be converted and a certain period of peace will be granted to the world. In Portugal the dogma of the Faith will always be preserved etc. Tell this to no one. Francisco, yes, you may tell him. When you say the Rosary, say after each mystery, "O my Jesus, pardon us and deliver us from the fire of hell. Draw all souls to Heaven, especially those in most need." (Is there anything more that You want of me?) No, I do not want anything more of you today.

August 19, 1917

(What is it that You want of me?) I want you to continue to go to Cova da Iria on the thirteenth and to continue to recite the Rosary every day. In the last month I will perform the miracle so

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that all may believe. (What do You want me to do with the money that the crowd left in the Cova da Iria?) Let them make two litters. Carry one of them with Jacinta and two other girls dressed in white, and let Francisco carry the other one with three other boys. The money on the two litters is for the feast of the Lady of the Rosary, and that which is left over is for the support of the chapel which they are going to have built. (I want to ask You to cure some sick people.) Yes, I will cure some during this year. Pray, pray a great deal, and make sacrifices for sinners, for many souls go to hell because they have no one to sacrifice and pray for them.

September 13, 1917

Continue to say the Rosary to bring about the end of the war. In October Our Lord will come also, and Our Lady of Sorrows, and Our Lady of Carmel, and Saint Joseph with the Child Jesus, to bless the world. God is content with your sacrifices, but He does not wish you to sleep with the rope; wear it only during the day. (They have begged me to ask You many things: the cure of some sick persons, of a deaf mute.) Yes, some I will cure, others not. In October I will perform a miracle so that all may believe.

October 13, 1917

(What do You want of me?)

I want to tell you that a chapel is to be built here in My honor. I am the Lady of the Rosary. Continue always to pray the Rosary every day. The war is going to end, and the soldiers will soon return to their homes.

(I have many things to ask You: the cure of some sick persons, the conversion of sinners, and other things...)

Some yes, but not others. They must amend their lives and ask forgiveness for their sins.

(Looking very sad, Our Lady said:)

Do not offend the Lord our God any more, because He is already so much offended.

Notes

1. For a full description of the vision of hell, see pages 65-66 of this book.

The First Saturdays

A written memoir regarding the First Saturday devotion done at the request of Father José Aparicio da Silva, S.J., which order was given in December 1927. In response Sister Lucia asked permission to write this memoir in the third person. Father Aparicio agreed. Then Sister Lucia, in obedience, wrote as follows:

On December 17, 1927 she approached the Tabernacle and asked Jesus how she might fulfill what she was asked; "If the origin of the devotion to the Immaculate Heart of Mary was included in the secret that the Blessed Virgin had entrusted to her?" Jesus, in a distinct voice, made her hear these words:

"My daughter, write what you are asked for, and everything that the Blessed Virgin revealed to you in the apparition She spoke about this devotion, write it as well. As for all the other parts of the secret, keep silence."

What in 1917 was revealed concerning this matter is as follows: she asked to be taken to Heaven. The most Holy Virgin answered, "Yes, Jacinta and Francisco, I will take soon. But you are to remain here for some time more. Jesus wishes to make use of you to make Me known and loved. He wishes to establish in the world the devotion to My Immaculate Heart. To those who embrace it I promise salvation. And these souls will be beloved by God like flowers placed by Me to adorn His throne."

"Am I to stay here alone?" she asked with sadness.

"No, My daughter. I will never forsake you. My Immaculate Heart will be your refuge and the way that will lead you to God."

On December 10, 1925 there appeared to her the most Holy Virgin, and at Her side standing on a luminous cloud a Child. The most Holy Virgin put Her hand on her shoulder and at the same time She showed a heart encircled by thorns in the other hand. At the same time the Child said, "Have pity on the Heart of your most Holy Mother that is covered with thorns which the ungrateful men at every moment pierce without anyone to make an act of reparation to remove them."

Then the most Holy Virgin said, "Look, My daughter, at My Heart surrounded with the thorns with which ungrateful men at every moment pierce Me by their blasphemies and ingratitude. You, at least, try to console Me, and announce that I promise to assist at the hour of death with all the graces

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necessary for salvation, those souls who, on the first Saturdays of five consecutive months, confess, receive Holy Communion, recite the Rosary and keep Me company for 15 minutes meditating on the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary with the intention of removing (from My Heart) these thorns."

On February 15, 1926 the Child Jesus appeared to her again and asked if she had already promoted the devotion to His most Holy Mother.

She explained to Him the difficulties her confessor had. The Mother Superior was ready to promote it but the confessor had said that she alone could do nothing.

Jesus answered, "It is true that your Superior can do nothing by herself. But with My grace she can do everything."

She then presented the difficulty that some souls had in going to confession on Saturdays, and asked if it would be valid to confess within 8 days. Jesus answered, "Yes. It can even be within many more days, provided that when they receive Me, they are in the state of grace and have the intention of offering reparation to the Immaculate Heart of Mary."

She asked, "My Jesus, what about those who forget about conceiving such an intention?"

Jesus answered, "They can conceive it in the following confession, when they get the first opportunity of receiving the sacrament of penance." *(Here ends the memoir written at the request of Father Aparicio.)*

* * *

It seems that our good Lord deep in my heart, urges me to ask the Holy Father's approval for the devotion to the Immaculate Heart of Mary that God Himself and the Blessed Virgin asked for in 1925, so that through this little devotion, They would grant forgiveness to those souls who have offended the Immaculate Heart of Mary. The Blessed Virgin Herself promised to help the souls of those who practiced this devotion with all the graces needed for their salvation, in the hour of their death. (...) If I am not mistaken, the good Lord promises to end the persecution in Russia, if the Holy Father will himself make a solemn act of reparation and consecration of Russia (to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary), as well as ordering all the bishops of the Catholic world to do the same. The Holy Father must then promise that upon the ending of this persecution he will approve and recommend the practice of the reparatory

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devotion already described. (*Letter of Sister Lucia to Father José Bernardo Gonçalves, S.J., May 29, 1930.*)

(May 29-30, 1930) (The following was revealed to me [by Our Lord]): My daughter, the motive is simple: there are 5 ways in which people offend and blaspheme against the Immaculate Heart of Mary. 1st - The blasphemies against the Immaculate Conception. 2nd - Against Her Perpetual Virginity. 3rd - Against the Divine Maternity, refusing at the same time to accept Her as the Mother of all mankind. 4th - Those who try publicly to implant in the children's hearts, indifference, contempt and even hate against this Immaculate Mother. 5th - Those who insult Her directly in Her sacred images.

Here, My daughter, is the motive why the Immaculate Heart of Mary made Me ask for this little act of reparation and, due to it, move My mercy to forgive those souls who had the misfortune of offending Her. As for you, try incessantly with all your prayers and sacrifices to move Me into mercifulness toward those poor souls. (*Letter of Sister Lucia to Father José Bernardo Gonçalves, S.J., June 12, 1930.*)

Then, in a revelation She asked that the Communion of Reparation on the first Saturdays of 5 consecutive months be propagated throughout the world, with its conditions of doing the following with the same purpose: going to confession, meditating for a quarter of an hour on the mysteries of the Rosary and saying the Rosary with the aim of making reparation for the insults, sacrileges and indifferences committed against Her Immaculate Heart. Our good Heavenly Mother promises to assist the persons who will practice this devotion, in the hour of their death, with all the necessary graces for their salvation. (*Letter of Sister Lucia of October 24, 1940 addressed to the Holy Father, but not sent.*)

In 1917, in the portion of the apparitions that we have designated "the secret", the Blessed Virgin revealed the end of the war that was then afflicting Europe, and predicted another forthcoming, saying that to prevent it She would come and ask for the Consecration of Russia to Her Immaculate Heart as well as the Communion of Reparation on the first Saturdays. She promised peace and the conversion of that nation if Her request was attended to. She announced that otherwise this nation would spread her errors throughout the world, and there would be wars, persecutions of the Holy Church, martyrdom of many Christians, several persecutions and sufferings reserved for Your Holiness, and the annihilation of several nations.

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Most Holy Father, this remained a secret until 1926 according to the express will of Our Lady. Then, in a revelation She asked that the Communion of Reparation on the first Saturdays of five consecutive months be propagated throughout the world, with its conditions of doing the following with the same purpose: going to confession, meditating for a quarter of an hour on the mysteries of the Rosary and saying the Rosary with the aim of making reparation for the outrages, sacrileges and indifferences committed against Her Immaculate Heart. Our good Heavenly Mother promises to assist the persons who will practice this devotion, at the hour of their death, with all the graces necessary for their salvation. (*Letter of Sister Lucia to Pope Pius XII, December 2, 1940.*)

(March 1939, Our Lord said to me once more:) Ask, ask again insistently for the promulgation of the Communion of Reparation in honor of the Immaculate Heart of Mary on the First Saturdays. The time is coming when the rigor of My justice will punish the crimes of diverse nations. Some of them will be annihilated. At last the severity of My justice will fall severely on those who want to destroy My reign in souls. (*Documentos, p. 465.*)

* * *

Sister Lucia explains the reparatory devotion of the First Saturdays in a collection of letters noted by Frère Michel de la Sainte Trinité below. He wrote as follows:

Sister Lucia took this "lovable devotion" of the First Saturdays so much to heart that she constantly returns to it in her correspondence. Unquestionably there is nothing more capable of touching our hearts than this insistence of Our Lady's messenger. Here are some of these beautiful texts:

"I never feel so happy as when First Saturday arrives ..."

On November 1, 1927, she writes to her sponsor for confirmation, Dona Maria Filomena Morais de Miranda:

"(...) I don't know if you already know about the reparatory devotion of the five Saturdays to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. As it is still recent, I would like to inspire you to practice it, because it is requested by Our Dear Heavenly Mother and Jesus has manifested a desire that it be practiced. Also, it seems to me that you would be fortunate, dear godmother, not only to know it and to give Jesus the consolation of practicing it, but also to make it known and embraced by many other persons.

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“It consists in this: During five months on the first Saturday, to receive Jesus in Communion, recite a Rosary, keep Our Lady company for fifteen minutes while meditating on the mysteries of the Rosary,¹ and make a confession. This confession can be made a few days earlier, and if in this previous confession you have forgotten the (required) intention one can offer the following confession for this intention, provided that on the first Saturday one receives Holy Communion in the state of grace, with the intention of repairing for offenses against the Most Holy Virgin, and which afflict Her Immaculate Heart.²

“It seems to me, my dear godmother, that we are fortunate to be able to give Our Dear Heavenly Mother this proof of love, for we know that She desires it to be offered to Her. As for myself, I avow that I am never so happy as when first Saturday arrives. Isn’t it true that our greatest happiness is to belong entirely to Jesus and Mary and to love Them, and Them alone, without reserve? We see this so clearly in the lives of the saints ... They were happy because they loved, and we, my dear godmother, we must seek to love as they did, not only to enjoy Jesus, which is the least important — because if we do not enjoy Him here below, we will enjoy Him up above — but to give Jesus and Mary the consolation of being loved ... and that in exchange for this love They might be able to save many souls. Adieu, my dear godmother, I embrace you in the holy Hearts of Jesus and Mary.”³

On November 4, 1928, after several attempts to obtain an official approval from Bishop da Silva, she writes to Father Aparicio:

“I hope therefore that Our Good Lord will inspire His Excellency with a favorable response, and that among so many thorns I may pick this flower, seeing the maternal Heart of the Most Holy Virgin honored also on this earth. This is my desire now because it is also the will of Our Good Lord. The greatest joy that I experience is to see the Immaculate Heart of our most tender Mother known, loved and consoled by means of this devotion.”⁴

On March 31, 1929, Sister Lucia writes to Father Aparicio on the subject of Canon Formigao and Father Rodriguez, who desire to preach the reparatory devotion:

“I hope that Jesus will make them — according to the desire I have of spreading this lovable devotion — two ardent apostles of the reparatory devotion to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Your Reverence cannot imagine how great is my joy in thinking of the consolation which the Holy Hearts of Jesus (and Mary) will receive through this lovable devotion, and the great number of souls who will be saved through this lovable devotion. I say, ‘who

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will be saved', because not long ago, Our Good Lord in His infinite mercy asked me to seek to make Reparation through my prayers and sacrifices, and preferably to perform Reparation to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, and implore pardon and mercy in favor of souls who blaspheme against Her, because the Divine Mercy does not pardon these souls without reparation."⁵

"Here is my way of making the meditations"

In this devotion which is so simple and so easy, Sister Lucia writes to her mother, "it seems to me that the fifteen minutes of meditation are what might give you some difficulty. But it is quite easy." We have said that it is a question only "of keeping Our Lady company for fifteen minutes"; and it is not at all necessary to meditate on all fifteen mysteries of the Rosary, but one or two can be chosen. In a letter quoted by Father Martins, Sister Lucia writes:

"Here is my way of making the meditations on the mysteries of the Rosary on the first Saturdays: First mystery, the Annunciation of the Angel Gabriel to Our Lady. First prelude: to imagine myself seeing and hearing the Angel greet Our Lady with these words:

"'Hail Mary, full of grace.' Second prelude: I ask Our Lady to infuse into my soul a profound sentiment of humility.

"1st point: I will meditate on the manner in which Heaven proclaims that the Most Holy Virgin is full of grace, blessed among all women and destined to become the Mother of God.

"2nd point: The humility of Our Lady, recognizing Herself and declaring Herself to be the handmaid of the Lord.

"3rd point: How I must imitate Our Lady, in Her humility, what are the faults of pride and arrogance through which I most often displease the Lord, and the means I must employ to avoid them, etc.

"On the second month, I make the meditation on the second joyful mystery. The third month, I make it on the third joyful mystery and so on, following the same method of meditating. When I have finished the Five First Saturdays, I begin five others and meditate on the sorrowful mysteries, then the glorious ones, and when I have finished them I start over again with the joyful ones."⁶

Sister Lucia thus reveals to us that far from contenting herself with the Five First Saturdays, every month she practices "the lovable reparatory devotion" indicated by Our Lady. Since it is a question of "consoling Our Heavenly Mother" and interceding so efficaciously for the salvation of souls, why not follow her example and renew this pious practice often? We could then ask this good Mother, with the firm hope of being heard, to vouchsafe to grant particular assistance at the hour of death, "with all the

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graces necessary for salvation”, for such or such a soul whom we confide to Her⁷, as She has promised to us in return for this “little devotion” accomplished through love and a spirit of Reparation.

(This collection of letters and subsequent notes was taken from pages 817-821 of Frère Michel’s book *The Whole Truth About Fatima, Volume II* and was also published in *The Fatima Crusader, Issue 49*.)

Notes

1. Let us recall that according to the Blessed Virgin’s exact request, this quarter of an hour of meditation must be performed outside of the time when the Rosary is recited. Bishop da Silva’s interpretation, according to which it suffices to meditate during recitation of the Rosary, is a regrettable dilution of Our Lady’s true requirements (see *The Whole Truth About Fatima*, Vol. II, pages 719-721).
2. It is clear, according to this letter, that there is no need to express this intention to the confessor, but only to offer God this monthly confession, in the spirit of Reparation to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Let us also make it clear that the Mass of Saturday evening, even if it is an “anticipated Sunday Mass”, can be counted as Mass of the first Saturday of the month.
3. Quoted by Alonso, (*Ephemerides Mariologicae*, 1973, pages 41-42) and recently, by Father Martins (*Novus Documentos*, pages 118-119; and *Fatima e o Coração de Maria*, pages 22-23).
4. *Ephemerides Mariologicae*, 1973, page 54. Cf., in the same sense, the letter of December 20, 1928 (op. cit., page 55); cf. *Fatima e o Coração de Maria*, pages 25-27.
5. *Ephemerides Mariologicae*, 1973, page 57. *Fatima e o Coração de Maria*, pages 27-28.
6. *Cartas*, pages 19-20. Unfortunately, Father Martins does not indicate the date of this letter.
7. Although this promise does not explicitly figure in the seer’s writings, many texts guarantee for us that it is indeed in the spirit of Our Lady. Sister Lucy writes, for example, on May 27, 1943, on the subject of devotion to the Immaculate Heart of Mary: “The holy Hearts of Jesus and Mary love and desire this devotion, because They use it to draw souls to Them, and herein lie all Their desires: *To save souls, many souls, all souls, salvar almas, muitas almas, todas as almas.*” (*Fatima e o Coração de Maria*, pages 62-63; cf. *The Whole Truth About Fatima*, Volume III, page 222.)

The Consecration of Russia

The first set of quotations are from Sister Lucia's writings collected in the book Memórias e Cartas da Irma Lucia, published in Porto, 1973, by Father Antonio Maria Martins, S.J.

It seems that our good Lord, deep in my heart, urges me to ask the Holy Father's approval for the devotion to the Immaculate Heart of Mary that God Himself and the Blessed Virgin asked for in 1925, so that through this little devotion, They would grant forgiveness to those souls who have offended the Immaculate Heart of Mary. The Blessed Virgin Herself promised to help the souls of those who practiced this devotion with all the graces needed for their salvation, at the hour of their death ... If I am not mistaken, the good Lord promises to end the persecution in Russia, if the Holy Father will himself make a solemn act of reparation and consecration of Russia to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, as well as ordering all the bishops of the Catholic world to do the same. The Holy Father must then promise that upon the ending of this persecution he will approve and recommend the practice of the reparatory devotion already described. (*Letter of Sister Lucia to Father José Bernardo Gonçalves, May 29, 1930.*)

Regarding Russia. If I am not mistaken, our good Lord promises that the persecution in Russia will end, if the Holy Father will himself make a solemn public act of reparation and consecration of Russia to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary. His Holiness must also order all the bishops of the Catholic world to do the same, and promise that if this persecution ends he will approve and recommend the practice of the already mentioned reparatory devotion. (*Letter of Sister Lucia to Father José Bernardo Gonçalves, June 12, 1930.*)

About three years ago Our Lord was very displeased because His request had not been attended to... When I am speaking intimately with Him, it seems to me that He is ready to show His mercy toward Russia, as He promised 5 years ago, and whom He wishes so much to save. (*Letter of Sister Lucia to Father José Bernardo Gonçalves, January 21, 1935.*)

In 1917, in Fatima, in the portion of revelations designated by us with the name of "secret", the Blessed Virgin announced the end of the war that was then afflicting Europe, and predicted a future one that would begin in the reign of Pius XI. To prevent this She said, "I will come to ask for the Consecration

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of Russia to My Immaculate Heart and the Communion of Reparation on the first Saturdays. If they heed My requests, Russia will be converted and there will be peace. If not, she will spread her errors throughout the world, promoting wars and persecutions of the Church. The good will be martyred. The Holy Father will have much to suffer. Various nations will be annihilated. In the end, My Immaculate Heart will triumph. The Holy Father will consecrate Russia to Me, and it will be converted, and a certain period of peace will be granted to the world."

In 1929 through another apparition Our Lady told me, "The moment has arrived in which God asks the Holy Father to make in union with all the bishops of the world the Consecration of Russia to My Immaculate Heart, promising to save it by this means." ... Most Holy Father, our good Lord in several intimate communications has not stopped insisting on this request, promising lately to shorten the days of tribulation with which He was determined to punish the world for its crimes, through war, famine, and the persecution of the Church and Your Holiness, if you will consecrate the world to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, with a special mention of Russia. ... Our Lord promises a special protection to our little nation due to the consecration made by the Portuguese Prelates to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, as proof of the graces that would have been granted to other nations, had they also consecrated themselves to Her. (*Letter of Sister Lucia to Pope Pius XII, October 24, 1940.*)

It was at this time that Our Lady informed me that the moment had come for me to let Holy Church know Her desire for the Consecration of Russia and Her promise to convert it. The communication was made in this way: (June 13, 1929) I had asked and obtained permission from my Superiors and confessor to make the Holy Hour from 11 p.m. until midnight from Thursday to Friday. Being alone one night, I knelt down between the balustrade in the middle of the chapel to say the prayers of the Angel, lying prostrate. Feeling tired, I got up and knelt and continued to say them with my arms in the form of a cross. The only light came from the sanctuary lamp. Suddenly a supernatural light illuminated the whole chapel and on the altar appeared a cross of light which reached to the ceiling. In a brighter light could be seen, on the upper part of the cross, the face of a man and his body to the waist, with a dove of light on his breast and, nailed to the cross, the body of another man. A

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little below the waist, suspended in the air, was to be seen a Chalice and a big Host onto which fell some drops of blood from the face of the Crucified and from a wound in His breast. These drops ran down over the Host and fell into the Chalice. Under the right arm of the cross was Our Lady (Our Lady of Fatima with Her Immaculate Heart in Her left hand, without sword or roses, but with a crown of thorns and flames), with Her Immaculate Heart in Her hand... Under the left arm, some big letters, as it were of crystal-clear water running down over the altar, formed these words: "Grace and Mercy."

I understood that it was the mystery of the Most Holy Trinity that was shown to me and ... Then Our Lady said to me, "The moment has come in which God asks the Holy Father, in union with all the bishops of the world, to consecrate Russia to My Immaculate Heart, promising to save it by this means. There are so many souls that the Justice of God condemns for sins committed against Me, that I have come to ask for reparation: sacrifice yourself for this intention and pray. (. . .)

Later on, by means of an interior communication, Our Lady complainingly said to me, "They didn't want to pay attention to My petition. Like the King of France, they will repent and do so, but it will be late. Russia will already have spread her errors throughout the world, causing wars and persecutions of the Church. The Holy Father will have much to suffer!" (*Document of Sister Lucia recopied by Father José Bernardo Gonçalves on April 24, 1941.*)

* * *

In 1946 Sister Lucia was interviewed by Father Jongen regarding the Consecration of Russia. Here is an excerpt, from Father John De Marchi, I.M.C., (*The Crusade of Fatima*, English translation, P.J. Kenedy & Sons, New York, 1948, pp. 168-171):

FJ: According to the text of the secret, Our Lady said: 'I shall come to ask for the Consecration of Russia to My Immaculate Heart and the Communion of Reparation on the First Saturdays.' Has She truly come to ask for the consecration?

SL: Yes.

FJ: Did Our Lady in Her apparition of 1925 speak of the Consecration of Russia to Her Immaculate Heart?

SL: No.

FJ: Then, when did that apparition take place?

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SL: In 1929.

FJ: Where did it happen?

SL: At Tuy, while in the chapel.

FJ: What did Our Lady ask?

SL: The Consecration of Russia to the Immaculate Heart of Mary by the Pope, in union with all the bishops of the world.

FJ: Did She ask for the consecration of the world?

SL: No.

FJ: Did you inform the Bishop of Leiria about Our Lady's desires?

SL: Yes, in 1929 I transmitted Our Lady's desire to my confessors, the Reverend Joseph Gonçalves and the Reverend Francisco Rodrigues. Father Rodrigues told me to write it, gave a full account of it to the Bishop of Leiria, and had it brought to the attention of the Holy Father, Pius XI.

In the letter which I wrote by order of my spiritual directors to the Holy Father in 1940 (Pius XII), I exposed the exact request of Our Lady. I also asked for the consecration of the world with a special mention of Russia. The exact request of Our Lady was that the Holy Father consecrate Russia to Her Immaculate Heart, ordering that this be made at the same time and in union with him by all the bishops of the Catholic world.

* * *

Here is an excerpt from an interview of Sister Lucia by American writer William Thomas Walsh (in *Our Lady of Fatima*, The Macmillan Company, New York, 1947, pp. 223-227).

"Lucia made it plain that Our Lady did not ask for the consecration of *the world* to Her Immaculate Heart. What She demanded specifically was the Consecration of *Russia*. She did not comment, of course, on the fact that Pope Pius XII had consecrated the world, not Russia, to the Immaculate Heart in 1942. But she said more than once, and with deliberate emphasis:

"What Our Lady wants is that the Pope and all the bishops in the world shall consecrate Russia to Her Immaculate Heart on one special day. If this is done, She will convert Russia, and there will be peace. If it is not done, the errors of Russia will spread through every country in the world."

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* * *

In an interview with American Father McGlynn, we have the following excerpts (from Thomas McGlynn, O.P., *Vision of Fatima*, Little, Brown and Company, Boston, 1949, pp. 78, 79, 80, 91):

In order to have this central passage of the Revelations of Fatima accurate I asked Father Gardiner to read, phrase by phrase, a printed text which I had, for her approval or correction.

When he read "In order to stop it I ask for the consecration of the world..." Lucia stopped him. He recalls, "Irma Dores (Lucia) was emphatic in making the correction about Russia. 'No!' she said, 'not the world! Russia! Russia!'" (pages 78, 79, 80)

"Our Lady commanded that the Holy Father consecrate Russia to Her Immaculate Heart and that he command all the bishops to do it also in union with him at the same time." (page 91)

* * *

In the book *Il Pellegrinaggio Della Meraviglie*, published under the auspices of the Italian Episcopate (Rome 1960, page 440) a little-known revelation of Our Lady of Fatima to Sister Lucia is recounted. The Virgin Mary appeared to Sister Lucia in May, 1952 and said: "Make it known to the Holy Father that I am always awaiting the Consecration of Russia to My Immaculate Heart. Without the Consecration, Russia will not be able to convert, nor will the world have peace."

* * *

Father Umberto Maria Pasquale, S.D.B., had known Sister Lucia since 1939. Up to 1982, he had received 157 letters from her. On May 12, 1982, Father Umberto wrote in *L'Osservatore Romano* (the Pope's own newspaper) that Our Lady of Fatima never asked for the consecration of the world but only of Russia.

On August 5, 1978, he asked her in person, "Has Our Lady ever spoken to you about the consecration of the world to Her Immaculate Heart? And Sister Lucia replied, "NO, Father Umberto, NEVER! At the Cova da Iria in 1917, Our Lady promised: 'I shall come to ask for the Consecration of Russia...'"

Father Umberto, wanting a written reply to his question, then wrote Sister Lucia a letter. On April 13, 1980, Sister Lucia

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wrote back: "In replying to your question, I will clarify: Our Lady of Fatima, in Her request, only referred to the Consecration of Russia..." A copy of the pertinent section of Sister Lucia's handwritten note is reproduced below.

J + M.
Bom. do Senhor F. Francisco
Respondendo à sua pergun-
ta esclareço:
Vossa Senhora, em Fátima, vir
seu pedido, só se refere a coisa
grava da Rússia.
...
vinte e treze 13 IV-1986
S. Lucia

Heaven

From “Calls” From the Message of Fatima, pp. 203-204.

When the little shepherd children asked the beautiful Lady where She was from, She replied, “*I am of Heaven.*” When they heard that She was a Lady who had come from Heaven, they remembered about a friend of theirs who had died a short time before and who, people said, had gone to Heaven, so they asked about her. The Lady replied, “*She is in Heaven.*”

In the prayer that the Lady taught them to say at the end of each decade of the Rosary, we ask God to “*bring all souls to Heaven.*”

And when the children asked if they, too, would go to Heaven, the Lady replied that they would. Hence, it is certain that Heaven exists. *Heaven does exist!*

The great concern of God and of Our Lady is that people should be saved and go to Heaven; and since Heaven is the dwelling place prepared by God for eternal life, unless we follow the road that leads to it, we shall never get there. As far as we know, there are already two people there in soul and body: Jesus Christ and Mary most holy, His Mother and ours; and there, too, go all the souls which have the good fortune to leave this world in the state of grace, that is, without mortal sin.

On the day of the resurrection from the dead, all souls will be reunited with their bodies so that they can together share in the eternal happiness or the eternal damnation that they have deserved during the time of their pilgrimage on earth. Jesus Christ Himself has told us this, He who will then be our Judge: “*For as the Father has life in Himself, so He has granted the Son also to have life in Himself, and has given Him authority to execute judgment, because He is the Son of man. Do not marvel at this; for the hour is coming when all who are in the tombs will hear His voice and come forth, those who have done good, to the resurrection of life, and those who have done evil, to the resurrection of judgment.*” (John 5: 26-29)

If God had created us merely in order to live out, on this earth, the few days that we spend here in the midst of toil, suffering and affliction that all of us, one way or another, have got to endure, then we could say that our life had no meaning, since it was destined to end in the dust of the earth from which we were made. But God, in His goodness, must have had greater purposes in mind, and His Love could not be content with this. We are the masterpiece of His Love, since He created

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us to share in the immensity of His Life.

From the moment of our conception, our life continues through time and goes on to eternity, where it will abide. As long as we live on this earth, we are pilgrims on the way to Heaven, if we keep to the way that God has marked out for us. This is the most important thing in our lives; that we should behave in such a way as to ensure that, when we depart from this world and at the end of time, we shall deserve to hear from the lips of Jesus Christ those consoling words: *“Come, O blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.”* (Matthew 25:34)

It is for this reason that the Message (of Fatima) speaks to us of Heaven and urges us to keep to the way that will lead us there.

Hell

From Lucia's First Memoir, pp. 30-31:

Jacinta remained sitting on her rock, looking very thoughtful, and asked:

"That Lady also said that many souls go to hell! What is hell, then?"

"It's like a big deep pit of wild beasts (Lucia said), with an enormous fire in it – that's how my mother used to explain it to me – and that's where people go who commit sins and don't confess them. They stay there and burn for ever!"

"And they never get out of there again?"

"No!"

"Not even after many, many years?"

"No. Hell never ends."

"And Heaven never ends either?"

"Whoever goes to Heaven, never leaves it again."

"And whoever goes to hell, never leaves it either?"

"They're eternal, don't you see? They never end."

That was how, for the first time, we made a meditation on hell and eternity. What made the biggest impression on Jacinta was the idea of eternity. Even in the middle of a game, she would stop and ask:

"But listen. Doesn't hell end after many, many years then?"

Or again:

"Those people burning in hell, don't they ever die? And don't they turn into ashes? And if people pray very much for sinners, won't Our Lord get them out of there? And if they make sacrifices as well? Poor sinners! We have to pray and make many sacrifices for them!"

Then she went on: "How good that Lady is! She has already promised to take us to Heaven!"

From Lucia's Fourth Memoir, p. 162:

"As Our Lady spoke these last words (Lucia said), She

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opened Her hands once more, as She had done during the two previous months. The rays of light seemed to penetrate the earth, and we saw as it were a sea of fire. Plunged in this fire were demons and souls in human form, like transparent burning embers, all blackened or burnished bronze, floating about in the conflagration, now raised into the air by the flames that issued from within themselves together with great clouds of smoke, now falling back on every side like sparks in huge fires, without weight or equilibrium, amid shrieks and groans of pain and despair, which horrified us and made us tremble with fear. The demons could be distinguished by their terrifying and repellent likeness to frightful and unknown animals, black and transparent like burning coals."

"Terrified and as if to plead for succour, we looked up at Our Lady, who said to us, so kindly and so sadly: 'You have seen hell where the souls of poor sinners go. To save them, God wishes to establish in the world devotion to My Immaculate Heart.'"

Lucia's Third Memoir, pp. 105-106

How is it that Jacinta, small as she was, let herself be possessed by such a spirit of mortification and penance, and understood it so well?

I think the reason is this: firstly, God willed to bestow on her a special grace, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary; and secondly, it was because she had looked upon hell, and had seen the ruin of souls who fall therein.

Some people, even the most devout, refuse to speak to children about hell, in case it would frighten them. Yet God did not hesitate to show hell to three children, one of whom was only six years old [Lucia was wrong, Jacinta was actually seven years old; she was born on March 11, 1910], knowing well that they would be horrified to the point of, I would almost dare to say, withering away with fear.

Jacinta

(From Lucia's First Memoir)

Before the happenings of 1917, apart from the ties of relationship that united us, no other particular affection led me to prefer the companionship of Jacinta ... On the contrary, I sometimes found Jacinta's company quite disagreeable, on account of her oversensitive temperament. The slightest quarrel which arose among the children when at play was enough to send her pouting into a corner — 'tethering the donkey' as we used to say.

Even the coaxing and caressing that children know so well how to give on such occasions, were still not enough to bring her back to play, she herself had to be allowed to choose the game, and her partner as well. Her heart, however, was well disposed. God had endowed her with a sweet and gentle character which made her at once lovable and attractive. I don't know why, but Jacinta and her brother Francisco had a special liking for me, and almost always came in search of me when they wanted to play. They did not enjoy the company of the other children, and they used to ask me to go with them to the well down at the bottom of the garden belonging to my parents.

Once we arrived there, Jacinta chose which games we were to play. The ones she liked best were usually 'pebbles' and 'buttons', which we played as we sat on the stone slabs covering the well, in the shade of an olive tree and two plum trees. Playing 'buttons' often left me in great distress, because when they called us in to meals, I used to find myself minus my buttons. More often than not, Jacinta had won them all, and this was enough to make my mother scold me. I had to sew them on again in a hurry. But how could I persuade Jacinta to give them back to me, since besides her pouty ways she had another little defect: she was possessive! She wanted to keep all the buttons for the next game, so as to avoid taking off her own! It was only by threatening never to play with her again that I succeeded in getting them back...

Her Love for the Crucified Saviour

In the evenings my mother used to tell stories. My father and my older sisters told us fairy stories about magic spells, princesses robed in gold and royal doves. Then along came my mother with stories of the Passion, St. John the Baptist, and so on. That is how I came to know the story of Our Lord's Passion.

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As it was enough for me to have heard a story once to be able to repeat it in all its details, I began to tell my companions, word for word, what I used to call Our Lord's Story. Just then, my sister passed by, and noticed that we had the crucifix in our hands. She took it and scolded us, saying that she did not want us to touch such holy things. Jacinta got up and approached my sister, saying:

'Maria, don't scold her! I did it. But I won't do it again.'

My sister caressed her, and told us to go and play outside because we left nothing in the house in its proper place. Off we went to continue our story down at the well ... When the little one heard me telling of the sufferings of Our Lord, she was moved to tears. From then on, she often asked me to tell it to her all over and over again. She would weep and grieve, saying: 'Our poor dear Lord! I'll never sin again! I don't want Our Lord to suffer any more!'

Her Delicate Sensibility

Jacinta also loved going out at nightfall to the threshing floor situated close to the house; there she watched the beautiful sunsets, and contemplated the starry skies. She was enraptured with the lovely moonlit nights. We vied with each other to see who could count the most stars. We called the stars Angel's lamps, the moon Our Lady's lamp and the sun Our Lord's. This led Jacinta to remark sometimes: "You know, I like Our Lady's lamp better, it doesn't burn us up or blind us, the way Our Lord's does."

In fact, the sun can be very strong there on summer days, and Jacinta, a delicate child, suffered greatly from the heat.

Jacinta the Little Shepherdess

... Jacinta loved to hear her voice echoing down in the valleys. For this reason, one of our favourite amusements was to climb to the top of the hills, sit down on the biggest rock we could find, and call out different names at the top of our voices. The name that echoed back most clearly was 'Maria.' Sometimes Jacinta used to say the whole Hail Mary this way, only calling out the following word when the preceding one had stopped re-echoing.

We loved to sing, too, interspersed among the popular songs — of which, alas! we knew quite a number — were Jacinta's favorite hymns: 'Salve Nobre Padroeira' (Hail Noble Patroness), 'Virgem Pura' (Virgin Pure), 'Anjos, Cantai Comigo' (Angels, sing with me). We were very fond of dancing, and any

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instrument we heard being played by the other shepherds was enough to set us off. Jacinta, tiny as she was, had a special aptitude for dancing.

We had been told to say the Rosary after our lunch, but as the whole day seemed too short for our play, we worked out a fine way of getting through it quickly. We simply passed the beads through our fingers, saying nothing but 'Hail Mary, Hail Mary, Hail Mary ...' At the end of each mystery, we paused awhile, then simply said 'Our Father', and so, in the twinkling of an eye, as they say, we had our Rosary finished!

Jacinta also loved to hold the little white lambs tightly in her arms, sitting with them on her lap, fondling them, kissing them, and carrying them home at night on her shoulders, so that they wouldn't get tired. One day on her way back, she walked along in the middle of the flock.

"Jacinta, what are you doing there," I asked her, "in the middle of the sheep?"

"I want to do the same as Our Lord in that holy picture they gave me. He's just like this, right in the middle of them all, and He's holding one of them in His arms."

Conversion of Sinners

Jacinta took this matter of making sacrifices for the conversion of sinners so much to heart, that she never let a single opportunity escape her ... "Let's give our lunch to those poor children, for the conversion of sinners."

And she ran to take it to them. That afternoon, she told me she was hungry. There were holm-oaks and oak trees nearby. The acorns were still quite green. However, I told her we could eat them. Francisco climbed up a holm-oak to fill his pockets, but Jacinta remembered that we could eat the ones on the oak trees instead, and thus make a sacrifice by eating the bitter kind. So it was there, that afternoon, that we enjoyed this delicious repast! Jacinta made this one of her usual sacrifices, and often picked the acorns off the oaks or the olives off the trees. One day I said to her: "Jacinta, don't eat that; it's too bitter!"

"But it's because it's bitter that I'm eating it, for the conversion of sinners."

... Jacinta's thirst for making sacrifices seemed insatiable. One day a neighbor offered my mother a good pasture for our sheep. Though it was quite far away and we were at the height of summer, my mother accepted the offer made so generously,

and sent me there ... On the way, we met our dear poor children, and Jacinta ran to give them our usual alms. It was a lovely day, but the sun was blazing, and in that arid, stony wasteland, it seemed as though it would burn everything up. We were parched with thirst, and there wasn't a single drop of water for us to drink. At first, we offered the sacrifice generously for the conversion of sinners, but after midday, we could hold out no longer.

As there was a house quite near, I suggested to my companions that I should go and ask for a little water. They agreed to this, so I went and knocked on the door. A little old woman gave me not only a pitcher of water, but also some bread, which I accepted gratefully. I ran to share it with my little companions, and then offered the pitcher to Francisco, and told him to take a drink.

"I don't want to," he replied.

"Why?"

"I want to suffer for the conversion of sinners."

"You have a drink, Jacinta."

"But I want to offer this sacrifice for sinners too."

Then I poured the water into a hollow in the rock, so that the sheep could drink it, and went to return the pitcher to its owner. The heat was getting more and more intense. The shrill singing of the crickets and grasshoppers coupled with the croaking of the frogs in the neighboring pond made an uproar that was almost unbearable. Jacinta, frail as she was, and weakened still more by the lack of food and drink, said to me with that simplicity which was natural to her:

"Tell the crickets and the frogs to keep quiet! I have such a terrible headache."

Then Francisco asked her: "Don't you want to suffer this for sinners?"

The poor child, clasping her head between her two little hands, replied, "Yes. I do. Let them sing!"

Love for the Holy Father

Two priests who had come to question us recommended that we pray for the Holy Father. Jacinta asked who the Holy Father was. The good priests explained who he was and how much he needed prayers. This gave Jacinta such love for the

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Holy Father that every time she offered her sacrifices to Jesus she added: 'and for the Holy Father.' At the end of the Rosary she always said three Hail Mary's for the Holy Father, and sometimes she would remark:

"How I'd love to see the Holy Father! So many people come here, but the Holy Father never does!" In her childish simplicity she supposed that the Holy Father could make this journey just like anybody else!

In Prison at Ourem

When, some time later, we were put in prison, what made Jacinta suffer most, was to feel that their parents had abandoned them. With tears streaming down her cheeks, she would say: "Neither your parents nor mine have come to see us. They don't bother about us any more!"

"Don't cry," said Francisco, "we can offer this to Jesus for sinners."

... After being separated for awhile, we were reunited in one of the other rooms of the prison. When they told us they were coming soon to take us away to be fried alive, Jacinta went aside and stood by a window overlooking the cattle market. I thought at first that she was trying to distract her thoughts with the view, but I soon realized that she was crying. I went over and drew her close to me, asking her why she was crying.

"Because we are going to die," she replied, "without ever seeing our parents again, not even our own mothers!" With tears running down her cheeks, she added: "I would like at least to see my mother."

"Don't you want, then, to offer this sacrifice for the conversion of sinners?"

"I do want to. I do!" With her face bathed in tears, she joined her hands, raised her eyes to Heaven and made her offering:

"O my Jesus! This is for love of You, for the conversion of sinners, for the Holy Father, and in reparation for the sins committed against the Immaculate Heart of Mary!"

The prisoners who were present at this scene sought to console us. "But all you have to do," they said, "is to tell the Administrator the Secret! What does it matter whether the Lady wants you to or not!"

"Never!" was Jacinta's vigorous reply, "I'd rather die."

The Rosary in Jail

Next we decided to say our Rosary. Jacinta took off a medal that she was wearing round her neck, and asked a prisoner to hang it up for her on a nail in the wall. Kneeling before this medal, we began to pray. The prisoners prayed with us, that is, if they knew how to pray, but at least they were down on their knees. Once the Rosary was over, Jacinta went over to the window and started crying again.

“Jacinta,” I asked, “don’t you want to offer this sacrifice to Our Lord?”

“Yes, I do, but I keep thinking about my mother, and I can’t help crying.”

As the Blessed Virgin had told us to offer our prayers and sacrifices also in reparation for the sins committed against the Immaculate Heart of Mary, we agreed that each of us would choose one of these intentions. One would offer for sinners, another for the Holy Father, and yet another in reparation for the sins against the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Having decided on this, I told Jacinta to choose whichever intention she preferred.

“I’m making the offering for all the intentions, because I love them all.”

And Finally ... the Dance

Among the prisoners, there was one who played the concertina. To divert our attention, he began to play and they all started singing. They asked us if we knew how to dance. We said we knew the fandango and the vira. Jacinta’s partner was a poor thief who, finding her so tiny, picked her up and went on dancing with her in his arms! We only hope that Our Lady has had pity on this soul and converted him.

... Jacinta dearly loved dancing, and had a special aptitude for it. I remember how she was crying one day about one of her brothers who had gone to the war and was reported killed in action. To distract her, I arranged a little dance with two of her brothers. There was the poor child dancing away as she dried the tears that ran down her cheeks. Her fondness for dancing was such that the sound of some shepherd playing his instrument was enough to set her dancing all by herself. In spite of this, when Carnival time of St. John’s Day festivities came round, she announced: “I’m not going to dance any more.”

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"And why not?"

"Because I want to offer this sacrifice to Our Lord."

Jacinta's Illness

The evening before she fell sick she said: "I've a terrible headache and I'm so thirsty! But I won't take a drink, because I want to suffer for sinners."

... On another occasion, her mother brought her a cup of milk and told her to take it. "I don't want it, mother," she answered, pushing the cup away with her little hand. My aunt insisted a little, and then left the room, saying, "I don't know how to make her take anything, she has no appetite." As soon as we were alone, I asked her: "How can you disobey your mother like that, and not offer this sacrifice to Our Lord?" When she heard this, she shed a few tears which I had the happiness of drying, and said, "I forgot this time." She called her mother, asked her forgiveness, and said she'd take whatever she wanted. Her mother brought back the cup of milk, and Jacinta drank it down without the slightest sign of repugnance. Later, she told me:

"If you only knew how hard it was to drink that."

Another time, she said to me: "It's becoming harder and harder for me to take milk and broth, but I don't say anything. I drink it all for love of Our Lord and of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, our dear heavenly Mother."

Again, I asked her: "Are you better?"

"You know I'm not getting better," she replied, and added: "I've such pains in my chest! But I don't say anything. I'm suffering for the conversion of sinners."

One day when I arrived, she asked, "Did you make many sacrifices today? I've made a lot. My mother went out, and I wanted to go and visit Francisco many times, and I didn't go."

Visit from the Blessed Virgin

"Our Lady came to see us," Jacinta said. "She told us She would come to take Francisco to Heaven very soon, and She asked me if I still wanted to convert more sinners. I said I did. She told me I would be going to a hospital where I would suffer a great deal, and that I am to suffer for the conversion of sinners, in reparation for the sins committed against the Immaculate Heart of Mary, and for love of Jesus. I asked if you would go with me. She said you wouldn't and

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that is what I find hardest. She said my mother would take me, and then I would have to stay there all alone”

When the moment arrived for her brother to go to Heaven, she confided to him these last messages: “Give all my love to Our Lord and Our Lady, and tell them that I’ll suffer as much as They want, for the conversion of sinners and in reparation to the Immaculate Heart of Mary.”

After this, she was thoughtful for awhile, and then added: “If only you could be with me. The hardest part is to go without you. Maybe the hospital is a big dark house, where you can’t see, and I’ll be there suffering all alone. But never mind! I’ll suffer for love of Our Lord, to make reparation to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, for the conversion of sinners and for the Holy Father.”

Jacinta suffered keenly when her brother died. She remained a long time buried in thought, and if anyone asked her what she was thinking about, she answered: “About Francisco. I’d give anything to see him again!”

Renewed Visits from the Blessed Virgin

Once again the Blessed Virgin deigned to visit Jacinta, to tell her of new crosses and sacrifices awaiting her. She gave me the news, saying:

“She told me that I am going to Lisbon to another hospital, that I will not see you again, nor my parents either, and after suffering a great deal, I shall die alone. But She said I must not be afraid, since She Herself is coming to take me to Heaven.” She hugged me and wept, “I will never see you again! You won’t be coming to visit me there. Oh please, pray hard for me, because I am going to die alone!”

Jacinta suffered terribly right up until the day of her departure for Lisbon. She kept clinging to me and sobbing: “I’ll never see you again! Nor my mother, nor my brothers, nor my father! I’ll never see anybody ever again! And then, I’ll die all alone!”

“Don’t think about it,” I advised her one day.

“Let me think about it,” she replied, “for the more I think the more I suffer, and I want to suffer for love of Our Lord and for sinners. Anyway, I don’t mind! Our Lady will come to me there and take me to Heaven.”

At times, she kissed and embraced a crucifix, exclaiming: “O

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my Jesus! I love You, and I want to suffer very much for love of You." How often did she say: "O Jesus! Now You can convert many sinners, because this is really a big sacrifice!"

From time to time, she asked me: "Am I going to die without receiving the Hidden Jesus? If only Our Lady would bring Him to me, when She comes to fetch me."

One day I asked her: "What are you going to do in Heaven?"

"I'm going to love Jesus very much, and the Immaculate Heart of Mary, too. I'm going to pray a lot for you, for sinners, for the Holy Father, for my parents and my brothers and sisters, and for all the people who have asked me to pray for them."

... On one occasion I found her clasping a picture of Our Lady to her heart, and saying, "O my dearest heavenly Mother, do I have to die all alone?" The poor child seemed so frightened at the thought of dying alone. I tried to comfort her, saying: "What does it matter if you die alone, so long as Our Lady is coming to fetch you?"

"It's true, it doesn't matter, really. I don't know why it is, but I sometimes forget Our Lady is coming to take me. I only remember that I'll die without having you near me."

The day came at last when she was to leave for Lisbon. It was a heartrending farewell. For a long time, she clung to me with her arms around my neck, and sobbed, "We shall never see each other again! Pray a lot for me, until I go to Heaven. Then I will pray a lot for you. Never tell the Secret to anyone, even if they kill you. Love Jesus and the Immaculate Heart of Mary very much, and make many sacrifices for sinners."

From Lisbon, she sent me word that Our Lady had come to see her there; She had told her the day and hour of her death. Finally Jacinta reminded me to be very good.

Francisco

From Lucia's Fourth Memoir, pp. 119-145.

The affection which bound me to Francisco was just one of kinship, and one which had its origin in the graces which Heaven deigned to grant us.

Apart from his features and his practice of virtue, Francisco did not seem at all to be Jacinta's brother. Unlike her, he was neither capricious nor vivacious. On the contrary, he was quiet and submissive by nature.

When we were at play and he won the game, if anyone made a point of denying him his rights as winner, he yielded without more ado and merely said: 'You think you won? That's alright! I don't mind!'

He showed no love for dancing, as Jacinta did; he much preferred playing the flute while the others danced.

In our games he was quite lively; but few of us liked to play with him as he nearly always lost. I must confess that I myself did not always feel too kindly disposed towards him, as his naturally calm temperament exasperated my own excessive vivacity. Sometimes, I caught him by the arm, made him sit down on the ground or on a stone, and told him to keep still; he obeyed me as if I had real authority over him. Afterwards, I felt sorry, and went and took him by the hand, and he would come along with me as good-humoredly as though nothing had happened. If one of the other children insisted on taking away something belonging to him, he said: 'Let them have it! What do I care!'

I recall how, one day, he came to my house and was delighted to show me a handkerchief with a picture of Our Lady of Nazare on it, which someone had brought him from the seaside. All the children gathered round him to admire it. The handkerchief was passed from hand to hand, and in a few minutes it disappeared. We looked for it, but it was nowhere to be found. A little later, I found it myself in another small boy's pocket. I wanted to take it away from him, but he insisted that it was his own, and that someone had brought him one from the beach as well. To put an end to the quarrel, Francisco then went up to him and said: 'Let him have it! What does a handkerchief matter to me!' My own opinion is that, if he had lived to manhood, his greatest defect would have been his attitude of 'never mind!'

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When I was seven and began to take our sheep out to pasture, he seemed to be quite indifferent. In the evenings, he waited for me in my parents' yard, with his little sister, but this was not out of affection for me, but rather to please her. As soon as Jacinta heard the tinkling of the sheep bells, she ran out to meet me; whereas Francisco waited for me, sitting on the stone steps leading up to our front door. Afterwards, he came with us to play on the old threshing floor, while we watched for Our Lady and the Angels to light their lamps. He eagerly counted the stars with us, but nothing enchanted him as much as the beauty of sunrise or sunset. As long as he could still glimpse one last ray of the setting sun, he made no attempt to watch for the first lamp to be lit in the sky.

'No lamp is as beautiful as Our Lord's,' he used to remark to Jacinta, who much preferred Our Lady's lamp because, as she explained, 'it doesn't hurt our eyes.' Enraptured, he watched the sun's rays glinting on the window panes of the homes in the neighboring villages, or glistening in the drops of water which spangled the trees and furze bushes of the serra, making them shine like so many stars; in his eyes these were a thousand times more beautiful than the Angels' lamps.

When he persisted in pleading with his mother to let him take care of the flock and therefore come along with me, it was more to please Jacinta than anything else, for she much preferred Francisco's company to that of her brother John. One day his mother, already quite annoyed, refused this permission, and he answered with his usual tranquility: 'Mother, it doesn't matter to me. It's Jacinta who wants me to go.' He confirmed this on another occasion. One of my companions came to my house to invite me to go with her, as she had a particularly good pasturage in view for that day. As the sky was overcast, I went to my aunt's house to enquire who was going out that day, Francisco and Jacinta, or their brother John; in case of the latter, I preferred the company of my former companion. My aunt had already decided that, as it looked like rain, John should go. But Francisco went to his mother again, and insisted on going himself. He received a curt and decided 'No', whereupon he exclaimed: 'It's all the same with me. It is Jacinta who feels badly about it.'

Natural Inclinations

What Francisco enjoyed most, when we were out on the mountains together, was to perch on the top of the highest rock and sing or play his flute. If his little sister came down to run

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races with me, he stayed up there entertaining himself with his music and song. The song he sang most often went like this:

*I love God in Heaven,
I love Him, too, on earth,
I love the flowers of the fields,
I love the sheep on the mountains.*

*I am a poor shepherd girl,
I always pray to Mary,
In the midst of my flock
I am like the sun at noon.*

*Together with my lambkins
I learn to skip and jump.
I am the joy of the serra
And the lily of the vale.*

He always took part in our games when we invited him, but he seldom waxed enthusiastic, remarking: 'I'll go, but I know I'll be the loser.' These were the games we knew and found most entertaining: pebbles, forfeits, pass the ring, buttons, hit the mark, quoits, and card games such as the bisca game, turning up the kings, queens and knaves, and so on. We had two packs of cards; I had one and they had the other. Francisco liked best to play cards, and the bisca was his favorite game.

Francisco, the Little Moralizer

Several of the girls came to ask me to help them organize our festa. At first, I refused. But finally, I gave in like a coward, especially after hearing the pleading of Jose Carreira's sons and daughter, for it was he who had placed his home in Casea Velha at our disposal. He and his wife insistently asked me to go there. I yielded then, and went with a crowd of youngsters to see the place. There was a fine large room, almost as big as a hall, which was well suited for the amusements, and a spacious yard for the supper! Everything was arranged, and I came home, outwardly in a most festive mood, but inwardly with my conscience protesting loudly. As soon as I met Jacinta and Francisco, I told them what had happened.

'Are you going back again to those parties and games?' Francisco asked me sternly. 'Have you already forgotten that we promised never to do that any more?'

...How could I so suddenly let down all those girls, who

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seemed not to know how to enjoy themselves without my company, and make them understand that I had to stop going to these gatherings once and for all? God inspired Francisco with the answer:

'Do you know how you could do it? Everybody knows that Our Lady has appeared to you. Therefore, you can say that you have promised Her not to dance any more, and for this reason you are not going! Then, on such days, we can run away and hide in the cave on the Cabeco. Up there nobody will find us!'

I accepted his proposal, and once I had made my decision, nobody else thought of organizing any such gathering. God's blessing was with us. Those friends of mine, who until then sought me out to have me join in their amusements, now followed my example, and came to my home on Sunday afternoons to ask me to go with them to pray the Rosary in the Cova da Iria.

Francisco, Lover of Solitude and Prayer

Francisco was a boy of few words. Whenever he prayed or offered sacrifices, he preferred to go apart and hide, even from Jacinta and myself. Quite often, we surprised him hidden behind a wall or a clump of blackberry bushes, whither he had ingeniously slipped away to kneel and pray, or 'think', as he said, 'of Our Lord, Who is sad on account of so many sins.'

If I asked him, 'Francisco, why don't you tell me to pray with you, and Jacinta too?' 'I prefer praying by myself,' he answered, 'so that I can think and console Our Lord, Who is so sad!'

I asked him one day, 'Francisco, which do you like better — to console Our Lord, or to convert sinners, so that no more souls will go to hell?'

'I would rather console Our Lord. Didn't you notice how sad Our Lady was that last month, when She said that people must not offend Our Lord any more, for He is already much offended? I would like to console Our Lord, and after that, convert sinners so that they won't offend Him any more.'

Sometimes, on our way to school, as soon as we reached Fatima, he would say to me: 'Listen! You go to school, and I'll stay here in the church, close to the Hidden Jesus. It's not worth my while learning to read, as I'll be going to Heaven very soon.'

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On your way home, come here and call me.'

The Blessed Sacrament was kept at that time near the entrance of the church, on the left side, as the church was undergoing repairs. Francisco went over there, between the baptismal font and the altar, and that was where I found him on my return.

Later, when he fell ill, he often told me, when I called in to see him on my way to school: 'Look! Go to the church and give my love to the Hidden Jesus. What hurts me most is that I cannot go there myself and stay awhile with the Hidden Jesus.'

When I arrived at his house one day, I said goodbye to a group of school children who had come with me, and I went in to pay a visit to him and his sister. As he had heard all the noise, he asked me: 'Did you come with all that crowd?'

'Yes, I did.'

'Don't go with them, because you might learn to commit sins. When you come out of school, go and stay for a little while near the Hidden Jesus, and afterwards come home by yourself.'

On one occasion, I asked him: 'Francisco, do you feel very sick?'

'I do, but I'm suffering to console Our Lord.'

When Jacinta and I went into his room one day, he said to us: 'Don't talk much today, as my head aches so badly.'

'Don't forget to make the offering for sinners,' Jacinta reminded him.

'Yes, but first I make it to console Our Lord and Our Lady, and then, afterwards, for sinners and for the Holy Father.'

On another occasion, I found him very happy when I arrived. 'Are you better?'

'No, I feel worse. It won't be long now till I go to Heaven. When I'm there, I'm going to console Our Lord and Our Lady very much. Jacinta is going to pray a lot for sinners, for the Holy Father and for you. You will stay here, because Our Lady wants it that way. Listen, you must do everything that She tells you.'

While Jacinta seemed to be solely concerned with the one thought of converting sinners and saving souls from going to hell, Francisco appeared to think only of consoling Our Lady,

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Who had seemed to him to be so sad.

Francisco's Illness

While he was ill, Francisco always appeared joyful and content. I asked him sometimes: 'Are you suffering a lot, Francisco?'

'Quite a lot, but never mind. I am suffering to console Our Lord, and afterwards, within a short time, I am going to Heaven!'

'Once you get there, don't forget to ask Our Lady to take me there soon as well.'

'That, I won't ask! You know very well that She doesn't want you there yet.'

The day before he died, he said to me: 'Look! I am very ill; it won't be long now before I go to Heaven.'

'Then Listen to this. When you're there, don't forget to pray a great deal for sinners, for the Holy Father, for me and for Jacinta.'

'Yes, I'll pray. But look, you'd better ask Jacinta to pray for these things instead, because I'm afraid I'll forget when I see Our Lord. And then, more than anything else I want to console Him.'

One day, early in the morning, his sister Teresa came looking for me. 'Come quickly to our house! Francisco is very bad, and says he wants to tell you something.'

I dressed as fast as I could and went over there. He asked his mother and brothers and sisters to leave the room, saying that he wanted to ask me a secret. They went out, and he said to me:

'I am going to confession so that I can receive Holy Communion, and then die. I want you to tell me if you have seen me commit any sin, and then go and ask Jacinta if she has seen me commit any.'

'You disobeyed your mother a few times,' I answered, 'when she told you to stay at home, and you ran off to be with me or to go and hide.'

'That's true. I remember that ... Now listen, you must also ask Our Lord to forgive me my sins.'

'I'll ask that, don't worry: if Our Lord had not forgiven them already, Our Lady would not have told Jacinta the other day

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that She was coming soon to take you to Heaven. Now, I'm going to Mass, and there I'll pray to the Hidden Jesus for you.'

'Then please ask Him to let the parish priest give me Holy Communion.'

'I certainly will.'

When I returned from the church, Jacinta had already gotten up and was sitting on his bed. As soon as Francisco saw me, he asked:

'Did you ask the Hidden Jesus that the parish priest would give me Holy Communion?'

'I did.'

'Then in Heaven, I'll pray for you.'

'You will? The other day you said you wouldn't.'

'That was about taking you there very soon. But if you want me to pray for that, I will, and then let Our Lady do as She wishes.'

'Yes, do. You pray.'

'Alright. Don't worry, I'll pray.'

Then I left them, and went off to my usual daily tasks of lessons and work. When I came home at night, I found him radiant with joy. He had made his confession, and the parish priest had promised to bring him Holy Communion the next day.

On the following day, after receiving Holy Communion, he said to his sister: 'I am happier than you are, because I have the Hidden Jesus within my heart. I'm going to Heaven, but I'm going to pray very much to Our Lord and Our Lady for Them to take you both there soon.'

Jacinta and I spent almost the whole of that day at his bedside. As he was already unable to pray, he asked us to pray the Rosary for him. Then he said to me: 'I am sure I shall miss you terribly in Heaven. If only Our Lady would bring you there soon, also!'

'You won't miss me! Just imagine! And you right there with Our Lord and Our Lady! They are so good!'

'That's true! Perhaps I won't remember!'

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Then I added: 'Perhaps you'll forget. But never mind!'

Francisco's Holy Death

That night I said goodbye to him.

'Goodbye, Francisco! If you go to Heaven tonight, don't forget me when you get there, do you hear me?'

'No, I won't forget. Be sure of that.' Then, seizing my right hand, he held it tightly for a long time, looking at me with tears in his eyes.

'Do you want anything more?' I asked him, with tears running down my cheeks too.

'No!' he answered in a low voice, quite overcome.

As the scene was becoming so moving, my aunt told me to leave the room.

'Goodbye then, Francisco! Till we meet in Heaven, goodbye!...'

Heaven was drawing near. He took his flight to Heaven the following day in the arms of his heavenly Mother. I could never describe how much I missed him. This grief was a thorn that pierced my heart for years to come. It is a memory of the past that echoes forever unto eternity.

The Eucharist

Lucia's First Communion (Second Memoir, p. 57)

Once the Missa Cantata began and the great moment drew near, my heart beat faster and faster, in expectation of the visit of the great God who was about to descend from Heaven to unite Himself to my poor soul. The parish priest came down and passed among the rows of children, distributing the Bread of Angels. I had the good fortune to be the first one to receive. As the priest was coming down the altar steps, I felt as though my heart would leap from my breast. But he had no sooner placed the divine Host on my tongue than I felt an unalterable serenity and peace. I felt myself bathed in such a supernatural atmosphere that the presence of our dear Lord became as clearly perceptible to me as if I had seen and heard Him with my bodily senses. I then addressed my prayer to Him:

“O Lord, make me a saint. Keep my heart always pure, for You alone.

“Then it seemed that in the depths of my heart, our dear Lord distinctly spoke these words to me: ‘The grace granted to you this day will remain living in your soul, producing fruits of eternal life.’ I felt as though transformed in God.

“It was almost one o'clock before the ceremonies were over, on account of the late arrival of priests coming from a distance, the sermon, and the renewal of baptismal promises. My mother came looking for me, quite distressed, thinking I might faint from weakness (Lucia had not yet eaten). But I, filled to overflowing with the Bread of Angels, found it impossible to take any food whatsoever. After this, I lost the taste and attraction for the things of the world, and only felt at home in some solitary place, where all alone, I could recall the delights of my First Communion.

“Calls” From the Message of Fatima, Chapter 10

“Take and drink the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ, horribly outraged by ungrateful men. Make reparation for their crimes and console your God.”

When Jesus Christ revealed His intention of remaining with us in the Eucharist in order to be our spiritual food, our strength and our life, the Pharisees were scandalized and did not believe. But Our Lord insisted:

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"I am the bread of life ... if anyone eats of this bread, he will live for ever, and the bread which I shall give for the life of the world is My flesh ... unless you eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink His blood, you have no life in you. (John 6:48, 52, 54)."

It is clear from these words that if we do not receive the food of Holy Communion, we shall not have within us the life of grace, the supernatural life that depends on our union with Christ through receiving His Body and Blood in Communion. It was for this that He remained in the Eucharist, in order to be our spiritual food, our daily bread which sustains the supernatural life within us.

But in order to be able to receive this Bread, we have to be in the grace of God, as St. Paul warns us:

"For I myself have received from the Lord (what I also delivered to you), that the Lord Jesus, on the night in which He was betrayed, took bread, and giving thanks broke, and said, 'This is My body which shall be given up for you; do this in remembrance of Me.' In like manner also the chalice, after He had supped, saying, 'This chalice is the new covenant in My blood; do this as often as you drink it, in remembrance of Me. For as often as you shall eat this bread and drink the chalice, you proclaim the death of the Lord, until He comes.' Therefore whoever eats this bread or drinks the chalice of the Lord unworthily, will be guilty of the body and the blood of the Lord. But let a man examine himself first, and so let him eat of that bread and drink of the chalice; for he who eats and drinks unworthily, without distinguishing the body, eats and drinks judgement to himself (1 Cor. 11, 23-29)."

... This is how St. Matthew describes the way in which Jesus entrusted Himself to us with His own hands: *"And whilst they were at supper, Jesus took bread, and blessed, and broke: and gave to His disciples, and said: Take ye, and eat. This is My body. And taking the chalice, He gave thanks, and gave to them, saying: Drink ye all of this. For this is My blood of the new testament, which shall be shed for many unto remission of sins (Mt. 26:26-28)."*

... Christ truly shed His Blood for the whole of humanity, for all, without excluding anyone. But it is also true that not everyone is interested, or makes the effort to welcome into their lives Jesus Christ, the price of their ransom, thereby excluding themselves from the Redemption. How can we not think of the very many who do not know, or who do not wish to be nourished by His Body and Blood? What will happen to them? *"Truly, truly, I say to you, unless you eat the flesh of the Son of man*

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and drink His blood, you have no life in you (John 6: 53)." This is the reply that Jesus gave us in connection with those who do not wish to avail themselves worthily of the gift that He offers us, namely, the gift of His Body and Blood, really and truly present in the Sacrament of the Eucharist.

... But Christ present on our altars is not only the food of life, He is also the expiatory victim, offering Himself there to the Father for our sins. In fact, the Mass is the unbloody renewal of the sacrifice of the Cross; it is Christ offered as a victim for our sins, under the species of bread and wine. The Cross, on which He gave His life for us, is the greatest proof of His love; and He chose to give us with His own hands the living memorial of this manifestation of His love, by instituting the Eucharist during the Last Supper that He shared with His Apostles ...

Enclosed within our tabernacles, offered on our altars, our Saviour continues to offer Himself to the Father as a victim for the remission of the sins of all human beings, in the hope that many generous people will wish to be united to Him, to become one with Him by sharing in the same sacrifice, so that with Him they can offer themselves to the Father as victims in expiation for the sins of the world. In this way, Christ offers Himself as a victim, in Himself but also in the members of His Mystical Body which is the Church.

It is the call of the (Fatima) Message: offer to the Most Holy Trinity the merits of Christ the Victim in reparation for the sins with which He Himself is offended, as the Angel taught the three children to pray:

"Most Holy Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, I adore You profoundly, and I offer You the most precious Body, Blood, Soul, and Divinity of Jesus Christ, present in the tabernacles of the world, in reparation for the insults, sacrileges and indifference with which He Himself is offended. And, through the infinite merits of His most Sacred Heart and the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I beg of You the conversion of poor sinners."

The Rosary

(From Sister Lucia's letters concerning the Rosary and prayer, from *A Little Treatise on the Nature and Recitation of the Rosary*.)

"I wish you to ... pray the Rosary every day." (June 13, 1917)

"We should pray the Rosary every day because all of us have the necessity and obligation to pray.

"If we do not save ourselves by innocence, we need to save ourselves by Penance. Therefore, the little daily sacrifice that we offer to God to pray our Rosary is united to this prayer in which we implore: 'Our Father, who art in Heaven ... Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.' – 'Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death.'

* * *

"I want you to ... continue praying the Rosary every day." (July 13, 1917)

"Our Lady insisted, begging us to have perseverance in prayer."

It is not sufficient to pray one day; it is necessary to pray always, every day, with faith, with confidence, because every day we fail and every day we need to have recourse to God, begging His pardon and His help.

* * *

"I want you to continue praying the Rosary every day." (August 19, 1917)

Our Lady insists, because She knows our lack of scrupulousness in doing good, our frailty and our necessity, and as a Mother, She comes to meet us to give us a hand and sustain our weakness on the path that we must follow to save ourselves: the path of prayer which is the path of our meeting with God. So She was sent to ask us to pray at the end of each decade: 'O my Jesus, forgive us our sins, save us from the fires of hell. Lead all souls to Heaven, especially those most in need.'" – (This is understood: those who find themselves in danger of damnation).

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* * *

*“Continue to say the Rosary to obtain the end of the war.”
(September 13, 1917)*

In this insistence, Our Lady indicates to us the great necessity that we have to pray to obtain the grace of peace between nations, among peoples, among families, in the homes, in consciences, between God and souls.

Only the light, strength and grace of God penetrating into souls and into hearts can bring us to a true and mutual comprehension, pardon and succor, the one means whereby a true and just peace can be attained. But to obtain it, it is necessary – to pray!

* * *

For other passages of Sister Lucia on the Rosary, read Chapter 36 of this book.