

Saint's Vision of Heaven

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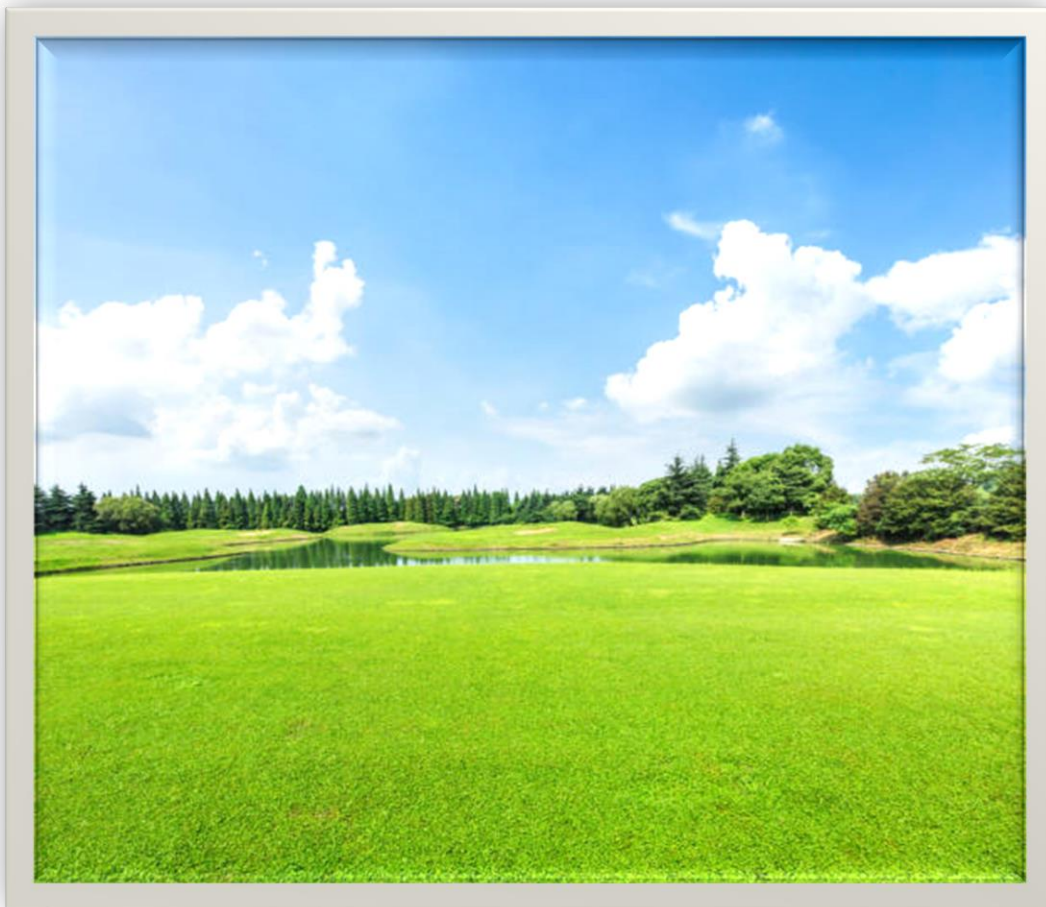
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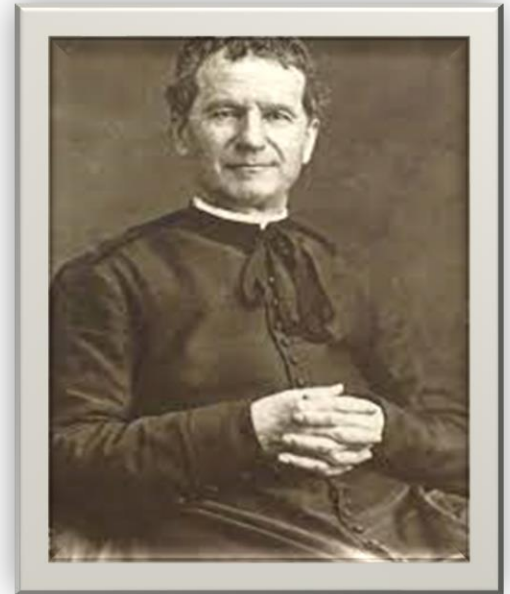


1. Saint John Bosco

Saint John Bosco had a vision of Heaven in the form of a dream, which he related to his boys during one of his famous “bedtime talks.”

In 1876, his recently-deceased disciple Saint Dominic Savio appeared to him in a dream. Saint John Bosco told his pupils:

As you know, dreams come in one’s sleep. So during the night hours of December 6, while I was in my room – whether reading or pacing back and forth or resting in my bed, I am not sure – I began dreaming.



Marvelous Garden

It suddenly seemed to me that I was standing on a small mound or hillock, on the rim of a broad plain so far-reaching that the eye could not compass its boundaries lost in vastness. All was blue, blue as the calmest sea, though what I saw was not water. It resembled a highly polished, sparkling sea of glass. Stretching out beneath, behind and on either side of me was an expanse of what looked like seashore.

Broad, imposing avenues divided the plain into grand gardens of indescribable beauty, each broken up by thickets, lawns, and flower beds of varied shapes and colors.

“Each species and each single plant sparkled with a brilliance of its own.”

None of the plants we know could ever give you an idea of those flowers, although there was a resemblance of sorts. The very grass, the flowers, the trees, and the fruit – all were of singular and magnificent beauty. Leaves were of gold, trunks and boughs were of diamonds, and every tiny detail was in keeping with this wealth. The various kinds of plants were beyond counting.



Each species and each single plant sparkled with a brilliance of its own.

Scattered throughout those gardens and spread over the entire plain I

could see countless buildings whose architecture, magnificence, harmony, grandeur and size were so unique that one could say all the treasures of earth could not suffice to build a single one. If only my boys had one such house, I said to myself, how they would love it, how happy they would be, and how much they would enjoy being there! Thus ran my thoughts as I gazed upon the exterior of those buildings, but how much greater must their inner splendor have been!

An Enchanting Melody

As I stood there basking in the splendor of those gardens, I suddenly heard music most sweet – so delightful and enchanting a melody that I could never adequately describe it. A hundred thousand instruments played, each with its own sound, uniquely different from all others, and every possible sound set the air alive with its resonant waves.

“I suddenly heard music most sweet.”
Blended with them were the songs of
choristers.

In those gardens I looked upon a multitude of people enjoying themselves happily, some singing, others playing, but every note, had the effect of a thousand different instruments playing together. At one and the same time, if you can imagine such a thing, one could hear all the notes of the chromatic scale, from the deepest to the highest, yet all in perfect harmony. Ah yes, we have nothing on earth to compare with that symphony.



Deepest Pleasure

One could tell from the expression of those happy faces that the singers not only took the deepest pleasure in singing, but also received vast joy in listening to the others. The more they sang, the more pressing became their desire to sing. The more they listened the more vibrant became their yearning to hear more...

As I listened enthralled to that heavenly choir I saw an endless multitude of boys approaching me. Many I recognized as having been at the Oratory and in our other schools, but by far the majority of them were total strangers to me. Their endless ranks drew closer, headed by Dominic Savio, who was followed immediately by Father Alasonatti, Father Chiali, Father Guilitto and many other clerics and priests, each leading a squad of boys...

A Most Radiant Joy

Once that host of boys got some eight or ten paces from me, they halted. There was a flash of light far brighter than before, the music stopped, and a hushed silence fell over all. A most radiant joy encompassed all the boys and sparkled in their eyes, their countenances aglow with happiness. They looked and smiled at me very pleasantly, as though to speak, but no one said a word.

Dominic Savio stepped forward a pace or two, standing so close to me that, had I stretched out my hand, I would surely have touched him. He too was silent and gazed upon me with a smile...

At last Dominic Savio spoke. “Why do you stand there silent, as though you were almost devitalized?” he asked. “Aren’t you the one who once feared nothing, holding your ground against slander, persecution, hostility, hardships and dangers of all sorts? Where is courage? Say something!”

Loving Warmth

I forced myself to reply in a stammer, “I do not know what to say. Are you Dominic Savio?”

“Yes I am. Don’t you know me anymore?”

“How come you are here?” I asked still bewildered.

Savio spoke affectionately. “I came to talk with you. We spoke together so often on earth! Do you not recall how much you loved me, or how many tokens of friendship you gave me and how kind you were to me? And did I not return the warmth of your love? How much trust I placed in you! So why are you tongue-tied? Why are you shaking? Come ask me a question or two!”

Abode of Happiness

Summoning my courage, I replied, “I am shaking because I don’t know where I am.”

“You are in the abode of happiness,” Savio answered, “where one experiences every joy, every delight.”

“Is this the reward of the just?”

“Not at all! Here we do not enjoy supernatural happiness but only a natural one, though greatly magnified.”

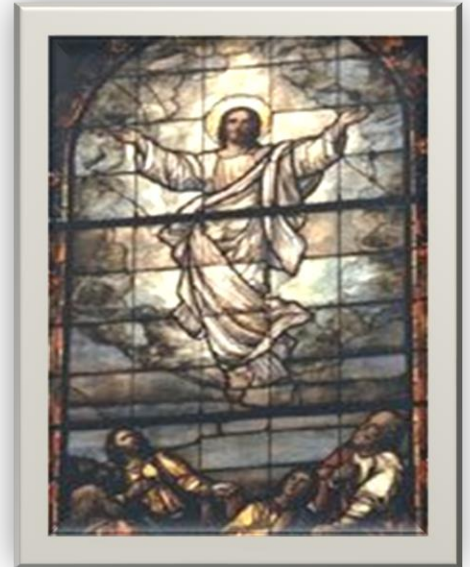
“Might I be allowed to see a little supernatural light?”

“No one can see it until he has come to see God as He is. The faintest ray of that light would instantly strike one dead, because the human senses are not sturdy enough to endure it.”

Beatific Vision: The Exceedingly Great Reward

Here ends the narrative of Saint John Bosco’s dream. In this vision, through symbols, the saint was only shown natural aspects of heavenly happiness. He was not able to contemplate the essence of heavenly happiness, which is the beatific vision. Even the most beautiful material things are only symbols of spiritual things; and the pleasure they procure us cannot compare with spiritual pleasures.

Saint Paul said that on earth we see God as in a mirror, however in heaven we will see Him face to face (1 Corinthians 13:12). Since “God is charity” (1 John 4:8) we cannot know Him in the degree and intensity of the beatific vision without loving Him to the greatest degree and capacity of our perfected nature. Participating in His essence, through this intuitive knowledge, we participate in the Love that is His very nature. God Himself promised Abraham that He would himself be his “reward exceedingly great” (Gen. 15:1).



The desire for Heaven orients our lives to attain this happiness that our souls long for. This is the reason why Holy Mother Church, in one of the rogations of the Litany of All Saints, has us beg for a desire of celestial things: “Raise our minds to desire the things of heaven, Lord, hear our prayer.”

2. St Faustina “Inconceivable beauties”

“Today I was in heaven, in spirit,” she wrote in her diary on November 27th, 1936, “and I saw its **inconceivable beauties and the happiness that awaits us after death.**”

As with all of her visions, what she saw constitutes “private revelation,” and is thus not binding on the Catholic faithful, as public revelation (Scripture and Tradition) is. Nonetheless, it can aid in building up one’s faith.

Here’s what she saw:

“I saw how all creatures give ceaseless praise and glory to God. I saw how great is happiness in God, which spreads to all creatures, making them happy; and then all the glory and praise which springs from this happiness returns to its source; and they enter into the depths of God, contemplating the inner life of God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, whom they will never comprehend or fathom.

“This source of happiness is unchanging in its essence, but it is always new, gushing forth happiness for all creatures. Now I understand Saint Paul, who said, ‘Eye has not seen, nor has ear heard, nor has it entered into the heart of man what God has prepared for those who love Him.’”

She then writes about what God values most:

“And God has given me to understand that **there is but one thing that is of infinite value in His eyes, and that is love of God**; love, love and once again, love; and nothing can compare with a single act of pure love of God. Oh, with what inconceivable favors God gifts a soul that loves Him sincerely!

“**Oh, how happy is the soul who already here on earth enjoys His special favors!** And of such are the little and humble souls.”



She also reports that the sight of God in heaven didn't bring her fear, but joy:

“The sight of this great majesty of God, which I came to understand more profoundly and which is worshiped by the heavenly spirits according to their degree of grace and the hierarchies into which they are divided, did not cause my soul to be stricken with terror or fear; no, no, not at all!

“My soul was filled with peace and love, and **the more I come to know the greatness of God, the more joyful I become that He is as He is.** And I rejoice immensely in His greatness and am delighted that I am so little because, since I am little He carries me in His arms and holds me close to His Heart.”

She said the whole experience made her pity those who don't believe in heaven:

“**O my God, how I pity those people who do not believe in eternal life;** how I pray for them that a ray of mercy would envelop them too, and that God would clasp them to His fatherly bosom.

“O Love, O queen! Love knows no fear, It passes through all the choirs of angels that stand on guard before his throne. It will fear no one. It reaches God and is immersed in Him as in its sole treasure. The Cherubim who guards paradise with flaming sword, has no power over it. O pure love of God, how great and unequaled you are.

3. Anna Schäffer (Born February 18, 1882 – October 5, 1925)

She was a German woman who lived in Mindelstetten in Bavaria. She was canonized by Pope Benedict XVI on October 21, 2012.

Schäffer's father, a carpenter, died at the age of 40, leaving his family in great poverty. Anna dropped out of school and worked as a maid from the age of fourteen, hoping eventually to be able to enter a religious order. In 1898, she had a vision of Christ in which she was told that she was destined to endure long and painful suffering. On February 4, 1901, while working at a laundry, Schäffer slipped and fell while reattaching a stovepipe and boiled her legs in the washing machine. She was taken to hospital, but nothing could be done about the painful burns. More than thirty surgical operations followed, and the wounds had to be carefully dressed, which also caused much pain.



Thee Blessed Anna Schäffer had numerous mystical experiences, some of them having to do with paradise, as Wally Knoferl, a poor seamstress from Pforring, testified in front of the Archbishop Mons on July 11, 1951. Michele Buchberger: “In 1925 she often had the opportunity to visit dear Anna Schäffer. One time she told me about a marvelous dream that still moves me today when I remember it. “On that particular occasion Anna called me close to her in order to whisper to me. She said: ‘Wally, just think, I was in heaven for three days!’ I replied: ‘So, Anna, how did it happen?’ Anna told me: ‘While I was praying I was enraptured by the world. My life was hanging by a thread. The clouds opened up and a marvelous garden full of flowers appeared in which I could walk a long distance. At a certain point I came in contact with so many virgins and each one of them knelt before me. When I started to walk again I saw some very tall young men arriving and in the middle of them was a lady of indescribable beauty. She took my hand and she said to me: Anna, come, now the most difficult days will arrive. Be brave! My Divine Son will compensate you for everything!’ “I cannot describe the good fortune of whomever gets to see that. The sweet Mother of God led me further along into the square and she said: ‘Look, this will be your eternal home!’ I looked and I saw the Holy Father

in Rome who was giving me his blessing. “It was terrible, then, when I had to return to the world! “At this point Anna started to cry with such bitterness and she added: ‘Now Wally all I want is to die...’ Then I asked her to tell me a little bit more about paradise and how it was and she replied: ‘I cannot describe to you all of the marvels that our good God gives to those He loves’. Yet I asked her again: ‘Will we find the things we have here on Earth there in paradise?’ Knowing what I was trying to ask she answered: ‘Yes, there are also meadows and forests, rivers and mountains, homes and buildings, but everything is transparent and spiritualized, while here on Earth everything is tainted by the curse of sin!

4. Mystic Valentina Papagnaic

This vision came to Valentina on January 26, 2022. This morning when I was praying, the angel appeared, and he said, “The Holy Family invites you to come to Heaven with me. ” We suddenly found ourselves in Heaven, and Saint Joseph and Blessed Mother were waiting for us, surrounded by many saints. Blessed Mother went to a side room and brought Baby Jesus in her arms. He looked so beautiful with slightly long curly blonde hair and dressed in a pale blue nightie. Blessed Mother came to me and said, “I know how much you love my Son Jesus as a little Infant; that is why He likes to come to you as a Baby so that you can love Him tenderly and console Him, for the world offends Him so much. ” Blessed Mother Mary Most Holy then sat little Baby Jesus down on the floor; He had not started to walk yet. I watched as He grasped His Mother’s dress with His little Hands and pulled Himself up to stand on His Feet. He was smiling. I kneeled and called Baby Jesus to come to me. He suddenly stood on His own Feet without holding onto His Mother’s gown. He then raised His right Hand and placed it on His Sacred Heart and said to me, almost in a whisper, “Ask Me to come to you from your heart. ” As He said this to me, with His right Hand, He made the Sign of the Cross on His Sacred Heart. I was so surprised how our



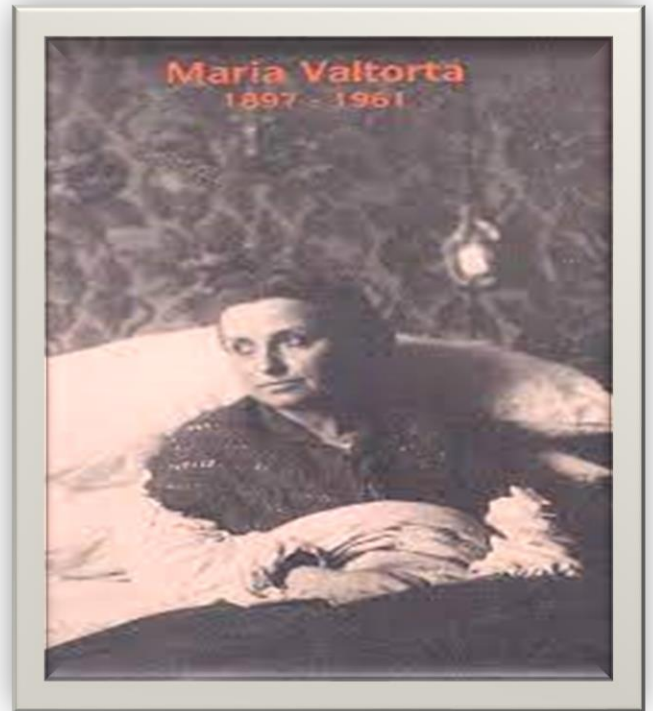
Lord spoke so clearly with a mature voice. With open arms, I said, “Come, my beautiful Holy Baby. Come to me.” All of a sudden, He just ran to me, into my arms, and I hugged Him. I was so happy.

When Blessed Mother saw Baby Jesus run to me, into my arms, she was overwhelmed with joy. Seeing Baby Jesus walk, she said and kept repeating, “This is a miracle! This is a miracle! He is not even one year old yet.” All the saintly people present were watching with immense joy. Although still a little shaky, Baby Jesus started walking amongst the saintly people. Everyone present was so happy, adoring Him and giving Him praise and glory. At that moment, I understood that everything we ask of our Lord must come from our heart because God speaks to a sincere heart, united to His Heart. Later that day, when I was praying the Divine Mercy Chaplet, the Holy Mother came and said to me, “More and more you discover who God really is.” That touched my heart so profoundly. People take our Lord for granted and have no idea who God really is. He is capable of doing everything. He is beyond our understanding. I said, “Thank you, my Lord and my Mother, for your holiness and the graces that you reveal to us. Thank you for this teaching.” We should love and respect our Lord more deeply and remind ourselves that we are nothing in His Holy Presence but a tiny granule of sand. God is pleased when we humble ourselves. Our Lord Jesus told me many times that He suffered in His Passion for our pride and vanity. He said, “I hate pride! I suffer so much for pride and vanity! If you do not humble yourselves on earth, then after you die and in the next life, you will have to suffer in Purgatory for a long time.” Thank you, Lord Jesus, Blessed Mother and Saint Joseph, for the beautiful grace of being in Your holy presence. Valentina Papagna migrated to Sydney, Australia in 1955 from Slovenia after experiencing difficult times in her early years. In 1988 two years after the sudden death of her husband, Valentina began to receive visions and messages from our Lord Jesus and Mary our Blessed Mother. From this time on her life changed from being an average Catholic to one more devout. Valentina is a Roman Catholic in good standing, who has the full support of her Spiritual director and parish priest, Franciscan Father Valerian Jenko. She wishes to share her experiences and messages only to help people come closer to God and to grow in holiness as Jesus and Mary desire.

5. Mystic Maria Valtorta “The “Pen” of Jesus”

Maria Valtorta (1897-1961) was an extraordinary Italian laywoman and mystic who was given an series of visions of the life of our Lord, beginning prior to His birth, and ending with the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary into heaven.

Asked by our Lord to write down these visions, she lovingly complied, even though at the time (and until the end of her life) she was completely bedridden due to a spine injury, and was suffering intensely due to a combination of at least two other serious illnesses. She began writing the visions into notebooks beginning in the year 1943 and continued (even during the war) until 1953. When completed, the visions, covering the entire life of our Lord, consisted of about ten thousand hand written pages, which were compiled and published into a monumental work entitled “*The Poem of the Man-God*”, 1989.



Along with the extraordinary work of *The Poem of the Man-God*, she was also given another five thousand pages of additional writings, which include commentaries on Biblical texts that her guardian Angel (named Azariah) gave to her, along with some extraordinary biographical information and histories of the first Christian martyrs (some of whose martyrdoms she saw in the visions that she was given), and some doctrinal lessons that she was given through a “interior voice” also known as an interior locution. Some of these other works have now been published under the title of “*Maria Valtorta –Notebooks*” which have been published in series, and also “*The Book of Azariah*” which contain the spiritual guidance and enlightening information that her guardian Angel gave her.

“I shall attempt to describe the inexpressible, ineffable, beatific vision in the late evening yesterday, the one which led me from the dream of the soul to that of the body in order to appear to me even clearer and more beautiful when I returned to my senses. And before undertaking this description, which will remain farther from reality than we are from the sun.

I have seen Paradise again. And I have understood what its Beauty, Nature, Light, and Song are made of. Everything, in short. Its Works, too, which, from such a height, inform, regulate, and provide for the whole created universe. As on the previous occasion, in the early days of this year, I believe, I have seen the Most Holy Trinity.

But let us proceed in orderly fashion. Even the eyes of the spirit -though much more capable of withstanding the Light than the poor eyes of the body, which cannot look fixedly at the sun, a star like the little flame of a smoking wick as compared to the Light which is God- need to accustom themselves by degrees to contemplation of this lofty Beauty.

God is so good that, though wanting to reveal Himself in his splendors, He does not forget that we are poor spirits still imprisoned in flesh and thus weakened by this imprisonment. Oh, how lovely, shining, and sparkling are the spirits God creates at every instant to be souls for new creatures! I have seen them, and I know. But we ... until we return to Him, cannot withstand all the Splendor at once. And He, in his goodness, draws us towards it by degrees.

First of all, then, last night I saw a sort of immense rose. I say "rose" to provide an idea of these circles of jubilant light which centered increasingly around a point of unbearable splendor. A boundless rose! Its light was that which it received from the Holy Spirit. The most radiant light of eternal Love. Topaz and liquid gold turned into a flame...

Oh, I don't know how to explain! He shone forth on high, on high and alone, set in the immaculate and most radiant sapphire of the Empyrean, and from Him the Light descended in unending waves. The Light which penetrated the rose of the blessed and the angelic choirs and rendered it luminous with its light, which is nothing but the product of the light of the Love penetrating it. But I did not distinguish saints or angels. I saw only the immeasurable festoons of the circles of the celestial flower.

I was already entirely blissful and would have blessed God for his goodness when, instead of crystallizing that way, the vision opened into broader splendors, as if coming_ closer and closer to me, enabling me to observe it with my spiritual eyes, now accustomed to the first splendor and capable of withstanding a brighter one. And I saw God the Father: Radiance in the radiance of Paradise.

Lines of most radiant light, extremely white, incandescent. Just think: if I was able to distinguish Him in that sea of light, what must his Light have been like, which, though surrounded by so much additional light, annulled it, turning it into a kind of reflected shadow compared to its splendor? Spirit... Oh, how one

sees that it is spirit! It is All. So perfect that it is All. It is nothing because not even the touch of any other spirit in Paradise could touch God. A most perfect Spirit, even in his immateriality. Light, Light, nothing but Light.

In front of God the Father was God the Son. In the robe of his glorified Body, upon which there shone the royal garb covering his most holy Members without concealing his super indescribable beauty. Majesty and Goodness fused into this Beauty of his. The carbuncles of his five Wounds shot forth five swords of light over all of Paradise and increased its splendor and that of his glorified Person.

He had no halo or crown of any kind. But his whole Body emitted light, that special light of spiritualized bodies, which in Him and in the Mother is extremely intense and issues forth from his Flesh, which is flesh, but not opaque, like ours. Flesh which is light. This light condenses even more around his Head. Not into a halo, I repeat, but from his whole Head. His smile was light, and his gaze, light, light piercing from his most beautiful Brow, without wounds. But it seemed that, in the places where the thorns had once drawn blood and brought pain, there transuded brighter luminosity now.

Jesus was standing, holding his royal banner, as in the vision I had in January, I believe. A little below Him, very little, comparable to a step on an ordinary stairway, was the Most Blessed Virgin. As lovely as She is in Heaven—that is, with her perfect human beauty glorified into heavenly beauty.

She was standing between the Father and the Son, who were a few meters apart (just to use sensory comparisons). She was in the middle and with her hands crossed over her breast —her gentle, snow-white, small, very lovely hands— and her face slightly upraised —her tender, perfect, loving, very delicate face— was gazing at the Father and the Son in adoration. Filled with veneration, She was looking at the Father. She did not say a word.

But her whole gaze was a voice of adoration and prayer and song. She was not kneeling. But She was so worshipful that her gaze made Her more prostrate than in the deepest genuflection. She was saying, “Sanctus!” and “I adore You!” with her look alone.

Filled with love, She was gazing at her Jesus. She did not say a word. But her whole gaze was a caress; every caress of her soft eyes was saying, “I love You!” She was not seated. She did not touch her Son. But her gaze received Him as if He were on her lap, surrounded by her motherly arms, just as -and more than in his Childhood and Death. She was saying, “My Son!” and “My joy!” and “My love!” with her look alone.

She took delight in gazing at the Father and the Son. And from time to time She would uplift her face and gaze even more to seek out the Love that was shining high above Her, perpendicularly. And then its dazzling light, made of a pearl turned into light, became ignited as if a flame were assailing it to set it on fire and make it more beautiful.

She would receive the kiss of Love and reach out with all her humility and purity, with her charity, to respond with a caress to the Caress and say, "Here I am. I am your Bride and I love You and am yours. Yours for eternity." And the Spirit would flame forth more brightly when Mary's gaze would merge with his splendors.

And Mary would turn her glance back to the Father and the Son. It seemed that, having been made the repository of Love, She was distributing it. What a poor image I convey! I shall state it better. It seemed that the Spirit was choosing Her to be the one who, gathering all Love into Herself, would then bear it to the Father and the Son so that the Three would join and kiss one another, becoming One. Oh, the joy of comprehending this poem of love! And to see the mission of Mary, the Seat of Love!

But the Spirit did not concentrate his splendors on Mary alone. Our Mother is great. Second only to God. But can a basin, even if very large, contain the ocean? No. It is filled and overflows. But the ocean has water for the whole earth. Such is the Light of Love. And It was descending in a perpetual caress upon the Father and the Son, clasping Them in a ring of splendor. And it expanded further, after having been beatified by contact with the Father and the Son, who responded with love to Love, and extended over all of Paradise.

And Paradise was thus revealed in its details.... There were angels. Higher than the blessed, circles around the Hub of Heaven that is the Triune God, with the virginal Gem of Mary as its heart. They more vividly resemble God the Father. Perfect and eternal spirits, they are outlines of light, inferior only to that of God the Father, with an indescribable form of beauty.

They adore... They send forth harmonies. With what? I do not know. Perhaps with the heartbeat of their love. For there are not words; and the lines of their mouths do not shift their luminosity. They shine like motionless waters struck by bright sun. But their love is a song. And it is such a sublime harmony that only a grace of God can allow one to hear it without dying of joy.

Below are the blessed. These, in their spiritualized appearance, bear a closer resemblance to the Son and Mary. They are more compact, perceptible to the eye, I would say, and -I get the impression- to touch than the angels are. But they are still immaterial. Physical traits are, however, more marked in them and

distinguish them from each other. I therefore understand whether someone is an adult or a child, a man or a woman.

I do not see old people, in the sense of decrepitude. It seems that even when the spiritualized bodies belong to those who have died at an advanced age, the signs of the decay of our flesh cease up above. There is more grandeur in an elderly man than in a young person. But not that dreariness of wrinkles, baldness, toothless mouths, and curved backs proper to human beings. The maximum age seems to be forty or forty-five—that is, flourishing virility, even if the gaze and appearance possess patriarchal dignity.

Among the many—how large a people of saints... and how large a people of angels! The circles fade away, becoming a wake of light through the deep blue splendors of a boundless immensity! And from afar, from afar, from this celestial horizon there still comes the sound of the sublime alleluia, and the light flickers which is the love of this army of angels and the blessed.... Among the many I see an imposing spirit this time. Tall, severe, but good. With a long beard which flows half-way down his chest and with tablets in his hands.

The tablets look like the waxen ones the men of old used to write on. He is supporting himself on them with his left hand and holding them, in turn, against his left knee. I don't know who he is. I think of Moses or Isaiah. I don't know why. That's what I think. He looks at me and smiles with great dignity. Nothing else. But what eyes! Made precisely to dominate the throngs and penetrate the secrets of God. My spirit is becoming increasingly capable of seeing in the Light. And I see that with every fusion of the three Persons, a fusion which is repeated with a pressing, incessant rhythm, as if spurred by an insatiable hunger for love, the unceasing miracles which are God's works are produced.

I see that the Father, out of love for the Son, to whom He wants to give an ever greater number of followers, creates souls. Oh, how beautiful! They emerge like sparks, like petals of light, like globe-shaped gems in a way I am unable to describe, from the Father. It is an incessant issuing forth of new souls... Beautiful, joyous in descending to pervade a body out of obedience to their Author. How lovely they are when they emerge from God! I do not see—I cannot see while I am in Paradise—when original sin sullies them.

The Son, out of zeal for his Father, without pause receives and judges those who, when life is over, return to the Origin to be judged. I do not see these spirits. I understand whether they are judged with joy, mercy, or implacability from the changes in Jesus' expression.

What a radiant smile when a saint presents himself to Him! What a light of sad mercy when He must separate Himself from someone who has to be cleansed

before entering the Kingdom! What a flash of offended, painful indignation when He must repudiate a rebel forever!

It is here that I understand what Paradise is. And what its Beauty, Nature, Light, and Song are made of. It is made by Love. Paradise is Love. It is Love that creates everything therein. Love is the foundation on which everything rests. Love is the apex from which everything comes.

The Father works out of Love. The Son judges out of Love. Mary lives by Love. The angels sing out of Love. The Light exists because it is Love. The Song exists because it is Love. Life exists because it is Love. Oh, Love, Love, Love...! I annul myself in You. I rise again in You. I die as a human creature because You consume me. I am born as a spiritual creature because You create me.

Be blessed, blessed, blessed, Love, Third Person! Be blessed, blessed, blessed, Love, who are the love of the First Two! Be blessed, blessed, blessed, Love, who love the Two preceding you! Be blessed, You that love me. Be blessed by me, who love You because You allow me to love You and know You, O my Light.