

# Tanshui

Walking in the Sun

**Third Book**

MARIA

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Text written in 2012

John 1:1-18

In the beginning was the Word,  
and the Word was with God  
and the Word was God.



In a few moments a life  
changed history,  
but the story  
was never told  
because man  
So he had determined.

Time  
waited for the chaos  
And he did.

My name is Maria and this is my story.

That day the Master approached me. His silence only increased my anxiety about something unknown that deep within me I expected. Every trial, every breath, was nothing but a prelude to what would be my life from here on out.

Others were not allowed to participate: when the Master planned in his mind and heart an action of such delicate yet radical importance, everyone obeyed.

The purity He alluded to was not just of the body, but referred to what we harbor without the mind being able to see, hear and discern.

"Dear sister despite your efforts, there is still something that will not allow you to sit at my table. One among all is man, who judges you unworthy because of your wrapping and the robe you wear, the other, and it is the reason I am here now, is having opened your heart to those who, concealed by the veil of lies, used you to get at me.

You now suffer, but that suffering is the result of the work of evil that in your welcoming womb wanted to grow and through you spread its ramifications. Verily I tell you, what evil creates it is from good that it is drawn, so that good may

redeem it and in its turn, from greater good be delivered. The difference does not exist is a climb to the top of the same mountain, one from within, and the other from without in the sunlight."

"One is a pest, and the other is fearless, brave and willing.

The one who travels in the light of the sun is not afraid to be recognized, because he is traveling for the Light, and he knows that there on the mountain is the true Light for him and for all. For this reason he helps his weaker and more honest brothers and sisters to reach the summit with him.

The parasite, on the other hand, burrows inside, cannot see in the dark, and its only purpose is to save itself by sacrificing the victim to which it clings so tightly that in the long run it will eventually consume it and end its journey in excruciating suffering.

Now that you know who you are and what is the cause of your evil, I release you from evil because you have not sinned woman, except that of having wanted my Light so much. Of this he has noticed and caused to travel to thy burden."

The Master sent everyone away, lay down on the stone, took my right foot, placed it on His belly and commanded me to crush the evil He had taken for

me. The evil came out and went away. I was free and He closed His eyes and in a deep breath He awoke.

Simon came and said, "Master come! We have bread and grapes to share," "no Simon, I serve you every day and today you will serve me."

I was not hungry; I rejected three times, until the greenish liquid soiled my robe. I washed my hands, gave thanks and asked Master if I could contribute so that my work in the service, would help Him in His immense and burdensome task.

The Master said, "Mary, you will stand by me and give me the joy that I do not have here, even though there is a greater joy and gladness in my heart that is the same as my Father's."

He gave me a piece of bark engraved by Him and said:



"Every day claim your fragment of Bliss from God and you will see that He will satisfy you."

I rested that rudimentary jewelry on the center of my chest, and He smiled.

It was so rare to see him smile, and in response my eyes filled with tears. I never parted with that gift that became the most precious thing to me.

When He departed I fell back into the emptiness of my soul. I felt empty and useless; what joy could I give the Master?

His friends looked at me annoyed because I had secluded myself with Him, but my healing was proof of His work and I no longer wanted to hide my love. I loved Him more than them, because I had received more than anyone else: the deliverance of the soul from evil.

In my service I would have shown that.

Time passed and other women approached me to learn about what had happened. In some of them I recognized the symptoms of what had been placed on me by the dark and vile hand of man. A certain revulsion for male arrogance and bullying was also maturing in me.

One day it happened that a man insulted me and I could not restrain myself. I pushed him so hard that he fell to the ground beating his head, and



before he could even get up I was on top of him holding him tightly by the scalp. Four bystanders could not get me to let go of his hair, and it seemed as if the fire of rage leaked from my eyes.

From that day on, no man insulted me again; they feared even more that something might come out of my eyes than out of my mouth, and so they turned away.

When Master heard about the incident, He wanted to speak to me alone, "Dear Sister I give you My Grace and Blessings not so that you can use them to beat yourself by challenging men.

Each of them is a test for you so that you can develop patience and perseverance, even undergoing mortification if necessary; it is in this way that you will defeat your and their egos.

Instead, you want to make yours prevail over theirs, and that is not the way I am teaching.

When the scales hang at the same height the message will have reached me that you have understood my teachings. Your heart is pure and your soul very beautiful, but your rebellious nature is yet to be disciplined. The other brothers do not look kindly upon you; be more careful of your attitude; it is not I who ask, but My Father."

On that day, the Master was to go to a man's sister to whom a very difficult delivery was planned, and since she had already lost her child three times, it was thought that her heart was not strong enough to bear another traumatic event.

I went in tow and saw with my own eyes what the men could not see, because they were in the garden in prayer and recollection.

As soon as she saw the Master, she feared that His time had come. In fact, poor woman, no one had warned her of His coming, and I could read much fear in her eyes that were already in such pain.

The Master knelt at His bedside. Then, rising again, He raised His right hand and made His signs in the air and for a long time at such a speed that the fingers of His hand could no longer be seen. He was sweating a little, the air was sultry and the acrid smell of disinfectant rose from his nostrils to his head.

He approached her, placed a finger on her head and said, "What Father is saying is that you are now a mother in heart while before you were not, and out of love for your daughter you will strive to educate yourself and her in His faith and testimony so that other children will grow up loved and educated in goodness and devotion. If you make

your way in this world, then you will walk with her and she will be born free from all evil."

The mother wept with emotion, brought Master's hand to her breast and said, "Master, bless this breast so that doubt may go out and I may receive Father's words into my heart. Grace is Your gift, my faith and devotion Your reward."

The Master did not like flattery; he shunned it punctually at the stage when human beings felt the need to prostrate themselves to Him or on behalf of the God they believed in.

His words were:

"Don't thank me, thank yourself." We went to the kitchen and He refused hot tea. "Some water," He said, "as long as it is cool; I need to wet my face and wrists." At that moment, at dusk, in the most beautiful light of evening I saw Him surrounded by deep gold, and from His clear eyes the light was so bright and beautiful that I could not resist. I approached and kissed Him on the mouth. He drew back and said, "Mary, what are you doing? You know that between us there can be nothing."

"I have faith and feel that I without you and you without me are not what God wants."

With my response I pulled that sharp blade out of my chest, threw it to the ground and fled.

Under the olive tree in the house where I lived I sat and wept. I still wept accompanied by the sound of His words and clutched at my heart.

He could not be mine because He was everyone's, but I was the one who would accompany Him on the path, at His right hand I had seen myself seated, and in the delirium of my imagination I had believed that He loved me more than them. A pure heart cannot lie.

The flower has bloomed and  
will soon make up its mind of his fate.

I was afraid to see him again.

That evening I fasted, washed at the spring, and when I felt ready in my soul, I set out.

He sat contemplating the lake, which that day more than any other, shone with light and submerged immensity.

I approached using all my grace and moving gracefully I sat before Him.

He bent over me and took my hands and joined them together, breathed a breath into them, and then opened my palms as one opens a book, and on the left one he wrote a symbol with his finger. He placed my left hand in the center of my chest and gently laid his right hand on top of it. I breathed for

a long time, trying to calm my heart that I felt jolting inside my chest: I did not want him to notice my agitation or the turmoil that was taking place inside me.

Gradually the pulse slowed and my breathing also calmed down and I slowly sighed and opened my eyes.



His words grazed my ears, and for a moment I thought it was the wind speaking and not His voice: "Dear Sister, your mind cannot open your heart, but your heart can open your mind," Immediately afterward He searched among the leaves for His stone: it was black, oval, shiny and engraved; I had seen it before and was not surprised that once again He handed it to me.

But now His direction was meant to be a practice and I had to pay more attention and shrewdness to the deeds He performed. Otherwise I would have risked not remembering what in my daily life I should have performed to purify my mind, and this would have prevented me from advancing along the path of knowledge.

How could I extend my hand to the Master if I was still smeared with the dirt I had collected on the journey? What did it matter whether it was mine or someone else's? Although it did not belong to me, I had collected it and now I had to let it go. So at that instant, in order that I might again be as I once was, clean and pure, I was tamed to the use of the stone, and the dirt was removed with the stone the gesture and the prayer. The prayer was recited by the Master and I could feel its effects so profound on my soul.



In the gesture I began to shed what I had picked up and what others had given me by muddying me.

And I prayed again, hiding the stone under my robe so that no one could see it and ask me or the Master the secret that the sign and the prayer can together contain.

In the heart the mind melted free from evil and the Light shone again.

So one day, when so much time had passed with the practice of the gesture and the stone, emanating its life energy, I went to Master again to show whether my heart was as clear as He wished it to be to insert the words of Light again.



He said to me, "Mary, you are blessed among women, for in you I plant the seed, and this seed you will one day, in the very distant future, plant on the earth among men; then you will fly on high where I will wait for you so that you may see what is good and evil on the earth, but with your soul finally at peace.

On that day I will give you Peace, because you yourself will have given it in turn."

I loved Him so much that it was impossible not to notice, plus I feared that because of this His friends would make fun of me. The men were ganging up around Him, preventing me from talking to Him. But they did not know that our eyes were always talking to each other and that is how He told me so many things. If others had known that He had opened in me the clear hearing they would have pushed me away even more. But I loved Him too much not to defend the grace of those talks. In spirit our hearts were one, and I knew that even though He was immensely closer to God than I was, He needed me to be on earth.

I made him happy with my simple way of living life, and he needed it.

One day for example, I cooked some vegetables that I had picked with my own hands; they were a

bit bitter, but I felt that Master was asking me for food to cleanse His body of the damage that human minds constantly do.

When I arrived He smiled at me and said, "Dear sister, the fragrance of your food came even before you came to me. This is how it must be, your radiance must anticipate your coming, so that I may always recognize you. Remember that the joy of going toward God smells as much as the food you prepared for me, and do you know why? Because while you were cooking it with your own hands you were thinking of me, and thus preparing yourself to serve my Father."

"If you feed His Son you make Him happy and it will not be only in this time that you will feed me. Our nourishments are different, but both are guided by the Father's hand and will lead us to Him again in the deeds we do. So dear sister, today I will feed on your food and tomorrow you will feed on mine, this I promise you, and the Father now confirms to me that it will be so."

There came a time when women, banned from Master's meetings, asked me to teach them the virtues of healing with their hands.

Master had trained me and made me proficient in placing my palms on the places where evil found a crevice to creep in.

My ability demonstrated to some of them, spread through them, and the women were thus feared because they were as capable as the man of affixing hands.

It was said that it was not advisable for a woman wife and mother to place her hand in healing, because the penalty could enter her and infect her offspring.

I then asked Master, in great secrecy, to give me the cure to purify our human form of the sins that we were taking away from others.

He thus spoke, "Mary, how much you want to know and how thirsty you are to know the secrets of My Father!

If your heart is detached from the sorrow of those whom you cure, then you will have nothing to fear, and if in purity you feel that the dark presence invades you and your soul then I give you the gift of the water that purifies your limbs, the same water that the Father gave to me when many, too many days I had to be with the evil that lives among you.

One water will purify your sorrow and another will bring back the fading Light.



Place in your pitcher this stone, the gray one purifies and the white one regenerates your limbs."

So in the evening I took both stones with engravings, filled two jugs and dipped them into him so that in one moon the water became a cure.



From that day I began to impart it to the sisters who, like me, found themselves helping those who were not well liked by the Light and the affliction now in the flesh had manifested.

Some even had fallen ill with leprosy, and those poor, lonely souls had nothing to feed or cover themselves with. So one day I took courage, took two other sisters with me, and there to the dismal shelter I went.

Those left behind disagreed and told me that I was sinning in presumption if I hoped to return healthy.

Master's voice now guided my every step, and I, freed from evil, wanted my faith to become strong and steadier than fear.

On my way to the sad appointment, a man on my way stopped me to ask if I knew the Master about whom he had heard so much from the people. Blind in one eye and limping, to the worn cane he clung. I do not know by what strange instinct I could not control, I placed my hands first on his temples, then on his head and finally on his eyes. I invoked, "Father, let him see with both eyes your beloved son. He has faith and even limping he wants to walk in the Light of the footsteps left by Him who came in peace."

My whole body grew cold and at the same time I began to sweat. I felt cold and then hot and currents running through me until I broke away exhausted.

I had so much bitterness in my mouth, I spat on the ground and then said, "Man, He is the one who found you first because He put me on the path that was once also His. Now open your eyes and see how the sun shines, for that is how the Master will appear to you. The most beautiful and living Light you have ever seen."

He opened his eyes and said, "Now my eyes see! They see well the sun and you woman who in His name have healed me."

This was the first miracle the Master performed through me, for that day I had made myself His word, His hand and His work. I had overcome even the fear of losing my health by sacrificing my body in His name.

Upon reaching the gates of the leper colony, the overseer asked us, "Do you have any relatives here?" "No," I replied. "Why then do you want to enter the place where no one would want to be?" I replied, "If no one wants to enter it does not mean that it is not allowed to visit those who have been abandoned by the people. God has not forgotten his children and sent us here."

The gate opened, but the two sisters accompanying me at the sight of all those disfigured souls and hearing their cries recoiled in fear. I grabbed the baskets with the food and the bag of clothes and without uttering a word went in determinedly.

The first person I met was a woman entirely covered by veils, saw me a little bewildered and said, "Who are you that with your beauty you come here. Do you want to offend us or mock us? Are you not

afraid that someone might infect you? Or are you perhaps mad enough to challenge the demon who keeps us all here in his hell?", "woman," I replied, "if from that demon you wish to free yourself, do not judge her who comes in peace in the name of the Master and let me in my eyes be able to look at you. There is the mirror of your soul there and mine would she recognize so that not the mind but our hearts may speak to each other."

My hand peeled the dark veil from her face, and the sight of the disfigurement caused no disturbance in me, to the extent that I thought my heart had hardened like the stones the Master had given me. The woman grasped my wrist tightly and squeezed it.

"More vigor woman!" I replied, "put more vigor and strength into attacking your evil, so that the two of us together can work the miracle of faith!", "how can you mock a woman who has not hoped for weeks now and asks the Lord of our Fathers to let her return to Him?"

"Woman, this is not faith, this is your anger and resignation speaking; instead, your heart still loves this body and this flesh and therefore we, together, will be the way for other women who no longer believe. Remember that evil cannot continue to



grow in a pure heart and mind. Now I will give you the water that the Master gave me and may God forgive me if I am disobeying, but I do this to honor His immense Glory and may you be a sign of what His power over man can do."

I took the pitcher and sprinkled it all over, and then made her drink.

"Now you shall change your garments with mine, and wash your wounds with the water that the Master has cleansed.

For three days you will mark your chest with this symbol and remember that I will come back again to see if you followed the directions properly. If you deceive me you will deceive yourself, and if you deceive yourself, you will also mock the Father of your Fathers.

Reflect well on your actions and pray, so that not only the Father but also the Son whom He sent to save us may save you, who now need you most of all."

I knelt down and kissed the wounds that disfigured her feet.

Meanwhile, the other intrigued women had gathered around us and were murmuring. I almost had the impression that it was they who were afraid of me and no longer I of them.

I had just won my test and now it was up to them to remove the distrust from their hearts. When I came out I was joyful and happy unlike my two companions who stood ten paces away from me.

I could read their minds.

They thought I was crazy or foolish.

"Lord forgive those who do not understand and those whose hearts are not full of your signs, perhaps one day very far away they will understand."

When I returned, the Nazarene stood barefoot with his head down and I took advantage of the absence of his companions and rushed to him and asked, "Master what is the matter with you? Why are you in such pain?"

He replied, "Beloved sister, you so far behind them in the way you should have been, and instead you were unknowingly teaching them a lesson today. Your love for My Father is true, and how true it is I feel it in my heart. Today you will get what you asked for, because not for you, but for the sister who most of all bears suffering upon herself you asked for Grace. You sought it and you found it. You have the power to find those whose hearts have been broken by darkness.

You will be able to lead the souls wandering in the fog toward the Light. I now give thanks for your will and faith.

Instead, today in the temple, the man who was too engrossed in the things of earth gave more importance to the wares than to my words, which then were those of My Father. For this reason I had the impetus of intolerance in my heart, not for me, but because they were giving offense to Him, and I was wrong."

At the sight of His sad look I knelt to Him and took His hands in mine and asked Him, "Master, please make me a man so that I may serve You and be near You as they do. I desire only to live in Your presence and to serve together with You the Father, who was so generous as to send You to us." .

Then He burst out laughing so loudly that I felt ashamed for making such a request to Him. "Mary, you have the ability to make me smile even when I am absorbed in the guilt of my thoughtless acts for the one who presented himself as the son of such a Father."

And just as her mouth had turned up the corners, along came Judas and John, her favorites. John was good and helpful, but Judas had bad feelings for me: the great love for the Master could

be nothing but hatred for her whom the Master loved.

"Maria! What more do you want from Master? Is it possible that you always have to bother Him with your womanly affairs?"

The Master stood up and scolded him:

"Why do you Judas always attack her? What harm did she do you? I think you should show more than respect and kindness for this creature who like you is my Father's daughter."

Then Judas answered:

"Forgive me Master, I have nothing against her, but I am concerned about the way she hears about you."

The Master reassured him, "Let the people murmur, they are only the minds of those who do not know, and I let them bask in their wickedness. Very soon they will regret what they are saying. And now apologize to Mary, because while you were worrying about the people's gossip, she went to wash the sorrows of the suffering. You follow me like sheep, but instead she is braver since she walks alone, although in spirit she never is; I am always together with her and she knows it.

It is one thing to follow my dictates and practice them and another to follow me to not live my teachings.

Now go woman and remember that I will always be here for each of you, for this is the Father's will and I like you am at his service."

I was aware that after those words the resentment of the Master's companions toward me would certainly increase.

But meanwhile in my heart the love for Him grew to the point that now when I thought of Him often suddenly tears would line my cheeks.

One morning Martha came to the spring where I was and said:

"Take Master Mary's garments, today you wash them; His Mother says He is not taking care of His person, He is thin, tired and with soiled garments He is not worthy to go among the people who hail His presence."

I took His robe from the basket and clutched it tightly to me; I thought it gave off a bad odor, but instead His fragrance had soaked even the cloth that had wrapped it.

I held her tightly to me and my head spun hard!

Had Father also heard my thoughts and my heart beating so fast?

I asked Him, "Father, do I sin to love Your son so much?"

Why does everyone hate me if I love so much instead?

Do I have a guilt or a curse on my shoulders to bear? And if so, can You deliver me?"

Lightning exploded in the sky and I saw the face of His Holy Son dripping with the blood of men. I understood as an answer that my sorrow was nothing compared to His.

"God, forgive me for asking for me. Never ever will I ask for me again, I am Your servant and I have no request except to love in the silence of my heart Your beloved Son. I feel that only in this way will I approach the Kingdom of Your Grace."

The vision disappeared and I continued to wash His robes. In the water I rinsed all my illusions, fears and faults.

The next day at dawn I went to the Master; I had baked the bread He liked so much, and His robe was neat and ready to be put on. It was already very hot, and I had not had time to adorn myself and gather my hair under the veil.

When I knocked on his door, the Master himself came to open the door: he was serene and smiled at me.

He greeted me saying, "Come in 'Maria, I have been waiting for you." I was astonished at his words and asked him, "Master but I did not warn you of my coming, how could you expect me?", "I called you this morning and you who hear my voice are now here, in my presence, with the bread I asked for."

A strange emotion ran through my whole body. How could He cross the threshold of my thoughts and I believe that that was my idea instead?

Although I was more adult than He was, He treated me as a young person without experience.

He came closer, stroked my face and then brushed my hair and said:

"How beautiful they are, never have I seen you with your hair down. You are the one whom God has chosen to keep His secret, and your heart is the casket that will guard it."

I did not understand his words:

"What secret are you talking about Master?"

"Not in this time dear sister, but in a time when the secret will no longer be a secret, it will be revealed."

"I don't understand Master, do you mean to tell me that this is something bad?"

"Now it would be, but it is not this time we have to worry about; it is not the weather that is our enemy, but the cloud that obscures vision to man.

Mary, always be cheerful, even when they want to steal your joy, fight and do it for the Father.

If you make Me rejoice, He will restore to you not joy but Bliss and so that you will live in His Glory and in His Spirit.

Now kneel down and pray with me."

I felt that we were like two drops of water melting in the same pitcher.

Father was the water and the world was the pitcher that contained us.

I suddenly had the desire to throw that pitcher to the ground so that our souls could be released and melt forever; but I understood that the mission had just begun and that pitcher became the prison in which millions more drops would claim His Spirit.

Suddenly I stood up and said, "Master I love You so much, please let me approach Your heart just once so that I may have a memory of You to contemplate besides Your beloved face."

"Dear sister, I love you more than you can imagine. What comes out of my eyes when I look at you is My Father's love that through me comes to



you. I am the intermediary between the Father and your soul, and you witness how much love it can receive."

My spirit was happy, but the woman was suffering instead.

His hands began to draw the air many times, my knees trembled, and I clung to the table; never would I have imagined that the divine waves that came from Him to me like thunder would make even the flesh vibrate. "Behold woman, now in you the seed is placed and you will keep the secret.

The Mystery of the Father is kept by you: as the casket cannot know what it contains, you will be the casket of His secret; in this way it is even more secure. No one possesses the key, nor will it be given to you.

Some very distant time I will come looking for you and with the key that the Father has given me I will open your heart."

I went home all trembling and had such a high fever that there was fear for my very life. I thought of the dark evil, but Master sent me word not to worry: and that after seven days I would be cured.

My fear was triggered by the wounds that had opened under the soles of my feet, but comforted by the Master's word I let nature take its course.

On the fourth day when I had now suffered so much, Master came to see me.

"Sister dear, you asked in thought that to your bedside I turn, and now I am here. On you the sorrow of the sick woman you took, and now that she is healed you are sick."

"Master, how do you know that she had the grace of healing?" he replied, "woman, do you doubt my words? Did not word come to thee that in the light a sick soul thou didst bring?", "until today all have avoided me believing that the dark evil had also taken me in the flesh, but today Thou art here and perhaps a hot broth from some pious woman I will remedy."

"So am I worth a bowl of soup? If that satisfies you now and soothes your suffering then I am happy to let you have it."

The Master, too, in that circumstance so dark and sad for my soul brought joy to me and I found a smile again adorning my face hollowed out by fasting and suffering.

He said, "Lay your feet on me sister, that I may see your wounds."

"Master, what would the son of the Father say of you who touches the feet of a sinner?"

"It is not man who will judge man's deeds, but the Father Himself. More sin would I do if under His command I should not perform what I must."

I bowed my head and said, "May I be forgiven if I have of you Master doubted; do what you must and I assure you no one will ever know of what you accomplish in your Father's name."

The Master made marks on my feet then placed one on his chest and said, "Dear sister, now I will suck out the evil so that you will be healed already by this moon and before the sun can rise again. Close your eyes and pretend to sleep so that you will not feel the pain and will not worry about what you see."

By now in my bed for several days my strength was lacking and even my curiosity was more docile than usual. I closed my eyes and let Him heal me.

Excruciating pains ran through my legs, I felt sharp, icy blades coming out of my feet.

I clenched my nails in my fists until they tore flesh. I then felt the blood run down my wrists.

The Master, having finished the painful ritual, looked at me and said, "Mary, why do you hurt yourself in these ways?" He opened my hands and saw the blood on my palms; suddenly His face became very sad and serious.

"Mary, what you did to yourself men will do to me, but far more heinous will be my wounds than yours, for in the days to come they must be remembered."

"Master why would anyone ever hurt you?"

"For thus it is written; and even if I were to ask Father to change my destiny, it is not mine that should be changed, but that of a brother in the spirit close to me.

Truly I tell you, if he knew that human destiny can be changed, he would not waste his intelligence on such a vain action."

"Master please don't keep me on my toes! Tell me who is he who is so evil that he wants to harm you at any cost?"

"Dear sister, I know you so well that I think it would be wiser not to utter another word, for I am sure that even before I finish my confession, you would already be beating hands, and this time three of us would be the reckless ones and not just one."

"Master now you make me worry: I feel the weeping rising from my throat and I am ashamed to grieve in your face."

"Why are you weeping sister dear? There is nothing for you to grieve now, but on the contrary, rejoice for yourself since you are healed and do not

worry about a fault that is the whole world's but yours that you love me so much.

My life to you and the Father I could entrust, but it is written that the people will instead decide on the one who had declared himself king and will end up as an impostor."

I could take no more, "No more Master please, I forbid you to continue to denigrate yourself and your Father's righteous work.

Why do you want to deny what He did?"

"I do not deny the Father, but it is man who by striking me will deny Him."

"You came today to heal me and instead put suffering in me. Your words have shaken my soul and now I have lost the desire to set my feet on this earth where between the viper and the man there is no difference."

"Mary, you will walk in the path that the Father has established, and I like you will do the same, you are allowed to change your destiny, instead I have to accept the will of man and not of the Father, for I am now flesh in the ground where man lives and his law applies here. However, remember that where I go, My Father's law may both in heaven and on earth and on you all it acts, but not on me who am the Son, and that is how He has decided."

At those words rebellion grew in me and I did not understand at that date the true meaning of the confession, but thus the Master had spoken. In my heart opened by sorrow even more the love for Him increased.

I brushed his face bent over me and felt the tears.

Master, why are you crying?"

"Because I am human more than a man and divine more than an angel, always is my suffering greater than yours."

I lifted his head and said:

"You are my Lord, my light, you are the flame of my heart and in me it will always remain burning. Now am I Master to tell you that our destiny is fulfilled and without the fear and suffering.

No one will ever snatch you from the casket of my heart, and if ever your fate should be as nefarious as You painted it remember that where You go Your Father is waiting for You and Your sorrows, in the breath of an instant, will disappear in His Glory."

"Trust in design is the key to faith, and you, Mary, possess it: just now you proved it to me."

"Master, now go and do Thy work, and pay no heed to the dark presence that, like the raven around Thee, prowls.

You know the truth and are free, while he enslaved by his exaltation will be remembered not only in this but also by future generations as the one who devoid of conscience was.

So much you are loved and even more so in the times to come."

"Truly I tell you dear Sister, that you, on the other hand, will not have peace in your heart because of men who will insult you because I have loved you, and they, out of jealousy and envy, will not recognize you.

But you will be seated at my right hand at a time you do not yet see, and already from today that place is yours; in the purity of your heart the truth has been revealed.

You are my flower and your fragrance will distract me from the colossal disastrous event."

At that instant Peter's voice hailed him and knocked on the door. The Master answered:

"Peter now I come, what I had to do has been done; may I be brought back to the brothers and sisters who are waiting for me."

The Master went out, Peter came in and said:

"Do you, woman love him so much that you perhaps want to take him away from us?"

"Peter, how could I take the Master away from His task? Pure love is free, it is you who are instead adorning Him with your chains and day after day leading Him there where only death will save Him!"

"Maria, how dare you swear in these ways?"

"I feel much rebellion toward the enslavement of the soul and can recognize a tormentor! The Master is too good to disappoint your oppressive demands and grants you many favors, while I, on the other hand, am singled out as the thoughtless and the possessed one who once redeemed wants to steal his Savior from you all.

But remember Peter: the Savior has saved me three times, while you deny, betray and sell Him. Between you and me He will always choose me, and that is what you do not forgive Him."

"Your tongue is forked, and sooner or later even the Master will notice."

"You hope and believe this, and this perhaps for many will be fulfilled, but the flower has blossomed and cannot be plucked by unclean hands, only the Father will raise it in the heavens when the destiny is fulfilled.



Now go do you not see my tears? Where is pity for your neighbor? If in your heart you have envy and disdain?

That the Master surrounded himself with those who pretend to love, to bring them from darkness to Light and prove to the Father that love wins on earth?

Works for the son of so much Father cannot be common, and if we all are His test, well with me surely He has passed it, but with you dear brothers, He will fail badly."

"If you still speak I will report your words to the Master and you will finally stop feeling like the darling."

Peter left without the salute.

I continued to weep because I had never seen so much hatred come out of the heart of the one who was chosen to teach with the Chosen One the people everywhere.

Anna, the elder of my group, came in and said, "We heard that Master healed you and again now you are well. Why were your tones so heated with Peter?" I answered:

"He and the others, like sheep in a flock follow the Master, not because they love him, but because

they fear that the chastisement of the Father will fall on them."

"Don't say such things sister dear, otherwise condemnation will fall on you too: certain attitudes are punished and you too are taking advantage of their patience."

"Know that I am not afraid and am not prone to falsehood; I leave it to them to wear the masks of benevolence and for me to be the possessed and the rebel. One day far away my name will be 'the fortunate one,' for in the heart the Master and I will be one.

Blessed are those who will join Him because they will see the kingdom born of victory over the darkness of man. Into that kingdom you too will be brought, if you do not stand among those who will soon deny Him.

Call the other women now, for tomorrow we must pray for the Master." "What are you saying Mary, it is He who prays for us!"

"No dear sister, tomorrow we will pray for Him, because He is the one who needs us now, and those around Him do not feel how much He is suffering.

They only demand from Him, but to give they do not even think about it."

Then she replied:

"If you have so decided, tomorrow at dawn we will gather and pray in His name."

"Good dear sister, do what you must and call who you know to be from the heart."

I found myself very tired and eager to take a bath, but there was no water in the tub and I called Marta"

"Please sister, go to the well on my behalf, don't you see that I need to wash away from me the dirt that in the days of my evil I have accumulated?"

Marta obeyed and I began to take off my dress. As soon as the buckets were poured over my body, in there, cold, I had a vision.

The sky turned dark and the Lord was so angry with men that He wanted to electrocute us all. Instinctively I hid my face with my hands and for a moment feared the worst.

When I returned to myself again I saw that there was nothing to fear, finally more serene and refreshed, I went out and let the evening wind dry my hair, when at some point I heard myself called:

"Sister, sister come!"

"What's going on Marta?"

"I have heard that tonight the Master will be at the home of Joan's cousin. He has a lot of money and would like to make a collection for the Master's

cause. She says that we women will also be allowed to intervene. They are collecting offerings for the works that Master would like to do."

"What kind of works?"

"Feed the hungry and then provide medicines for the sick, clothing for the naked, and so on. You know how the Master is, He is not inclined to affluence, but He would like to see us all in the abundance of faith and the richness of His Heart. So get dressed that it is almost time!"

I had not yet completely freed myself from my illness and my feet prevented me from a stable gait, so I asked Father to lend us the mule.

He agreed and said:

"Don't come back too late, the bandits van go around when it's dark, and if no one accompanies you, you don't leave the house."

Then I turned to Marta:

"Go Martha, please ask John; he of all is the only one who does not want to harm me. He knows that to the Master I owe what I am now, and he will agree to lead us there where the Master's Grace will manifest again."

Then Martha went quickly to the circle of the Master's devotees, but not having found John there on her return I said to her:

"Tonight we will disobey our father, but it will be for a just cause, and you will see that by tomorrow he will have forgiven us by now."

I adorned myself with what I had as an inherited dowry and went with Martha to the house where the Master would come to bring the word, which I so much wanted from His lips to hear again.

There were all but one, and my gaze several times turned to the doorway to see if he was coming; from that moment it was clear to me that something was hiding.

The Master began to speak:

"Do you want the word of the Divine Spirit or the word of man that has nothing to do with the deceptions of power?"

In the gravest silence He took the water and said:

"Now wash yourselves from your sins, and only after purification will one of you speak of what is said by the nations; otherwise you had better keep silent because of what man is plotting behind my back, my ears do not want to hear."

"Master!" A voice rose. "Who is plotting behind your back?"

"Soon, very soon you will know, but until destiny is fulfilled you will not believe me; yet I have

given you many signs, perhaps too many, and I am not here to show off occult powers but only the new way that through my faith and love the Father now grants you.

All of you stand before a crossroads. Some will opt for the right, the right way; yet at the stroke of the hour of judgment the verdict will make many go to the left. But remember that my Father still gives you little time, and if at first the parallel road seems to you identical with the right one, it will turn you away from me, and then you will repent."

"Martha, I know what He is talking about, however, no one understands! From Him you only want proofs, but we don't want to do our own proofs!"

The Master continued:

"As long as I am leading you you walk, but when I am stopped, at that time you will fall, and what saddens me most now is that my name will be remembered in pain and guilt.

On the contrary, so much joy I could have given you if your hearts had opened to the words that through me the Father was bringing you.

New ways for good and new time to rejoice;

But it is still early for you to reap the fruits of this seed that I am now.

The soil is too barren and it is not your fault but the fault of the times, which fruitful yet are not, at the mercy of ignorance and the veil, which your minds still obscure.

Long will be this battle but I now, and here before all I promise you, that if in this time I have failed, I will wait for you in another time, where I will emerge victorious and not vanquished as I am now. Beloved brothers the time has come to break bread and feast; in this way, even harder the memory of the sad hour will become, compared to this day."

"Master, but don't we have to pray to your Father first?"

"What do you pray to do if meanwhile He does not listen? You waste the time you could spend in doing more good and righteous things."

Master, then teach us how to pray, if we are not yet able it means we need to be instructed," "it is not instruction that you lack, of that even too much you have, yet always and only that you ask. But now the scales all hang on one side and you do not understand it."

"Master how do you talk with your Father?"

"Brother in spirit, when I sit in absorption I do not speak, I listen. It is He who speaks. How else

could I perform His work if I did not listen to Him? That is the reason why I love not to speak but to do, so that His work may be accomplished; in speaking it often becomes stuck and becomes like the stone that is fixed and does not move. Then the day comes when even the stone must move forward and will be pushed by the current that will take it there where it was meant to go.

Now brother imagine that you are the stones, I am the water that washes away sin, the current is your faith, and My Father is the sea that awaits you."

"Master, but how do we have the faith that you have?"

"Dear brother from the way you ask it is understood that still you have no faith. If your heart were open to receive me, now you would already be like the wave that rises from the sea and breaks on the earth.

Instead, you still can't see with your own eye because it's only your ears you want to fill.

It is not what comes in through your ears that makes you a man before the Father, but what comes out of your heart. And from the heart only one thing can come out, and that I alone cannot teach you, despite the fact that I am the example of that.



But please now dear brothers let us go out, and remember now and always that the revolution you expect from me is in hearts and not in the land you occupy. There I will put my seed, but the task of watering it with love, faith and patience is yours and not mine, for soon, very soon, I will return from whence I came. Let us go out to feast and celebrate! Let gladness and not bitterness come to My Father, for this is not the way to give thanks to Him!"

We all went out into the courtyard where the tables were already adorned with the dishes, the lights and the many flowers. Judas also arrived, late as was often his custom, and that very evening it was his job to collect the money on behalf of the Master.

I hadn't been able to put much together, but I too was there to give my tribute so I approached him.

"Are you still here woman?"

I told Him, "I also want to make a gift to Master so that He can continue to spread His belief and help us miserable souls who do not listen to Him." What are you doing? Are you preaching now? Do you use Master's words to bewitch Him better?"

"Judas, all your knowledge then is of no use to you, if it was enough to be a woman to win the

Master's favor...yet know that He loves you as He loves me, for He loves all of us alike, it is we who love Him differently. Some ways come not from the heart but from the mind and those He shuns, but if in the heart you are ready to offer yourself without the attachment you now show, that love with His help will become purer and ready to reach His Father."

But he continued with his sarcasm, "Who are you, woman, that you dare to lecture me? Go home and cook, that your father is waiting for you!"

I threw my denarii on the ground and ran away crying. I did not turn around and never knew if He picked them up. I did not want my inner mortification to show there in front of everyone and especially before Him, from whom I no longer knew how to hide anything. I quickly walked away.

At the back of the house a path led to the field of vines; the moon and stars that evening shone as I had never seen them before, and I gave thanks for the beauty of the heavenly vault.

I turned my eyes to heaven and stretched out my arms as well, "Father, my Father take me now, let me rise in Your Grace, spare me the pain and suffering that I have already seen; my heart will not bear it and in me will grow the seed of hatred, not

toward You but toward the man who will deprive me of Your beloved son and my love.

They will besmirch My name, but they will elevate His, and this will be My sacrifice: I will be evil and He will be good, and because of their fault, evil will always want to trample on Me. But You, the Most High, know the truth, as You know that in my heart there is no greater love than that which I feel toward the Father and toward the Son and now You see it."

I fell to the ground and felt my body become as light as a feather. The moon turned into a great sun and I walked toward Him, toward the sun and His Light.

A comforting voice said, "Woman, your heart is big and so is your ability to love and see beyond, well that's what they lack, they want to steal what they don't have and if they don't get it they will denigrate you.

Remember that Light is like honey to dark bees, you will be so love it so that my son when he saves you, he will save the world from itself.

Now go, more steps you will have to take before you reach this sun, but remember that he who walks toward the sun is either a ray of it or a soul who by its constant Light is illuminated."

"Sister, sister!" It was Master's voice calling me.

"My Father said, go to Mary, and that is why I am here now. What happens to you?"

"Master, I had a bad thing, but then a good thing erased the bad and now you are here and everything is in balance."

He said, "Mary, if balance is what you seek then I will give you that."

The Master lay down on the ground and exhorted me:

"Now dear sister, draw near and fear not. Carefully lie down upon me and let the seven doors of your soul open upon mine, that the Father may cause the Light to enter you and you may be blessed by His signs which through me and by His hand I always accomplish."

With such disturbance, as if I were the desecrator of sacred ground, for never would I have thought of doing such a thing, I lay down on His holy body. My forehead, throat, heart, belly, and even my femininity and His masculine were now arranged as He asked, and it only took a minimum of time for the rite to be accomplished.

"Now you can stand up; what the soul asks of the soul will be granted, but remember to always ask from the heart, otherwise the request on high will

not come. That is why you sometimes need to suffer, so that the heart that had not opened, in this way learns to speak honestly and sincerely."

I asked him, "What has been done to me Master?"

He replied, "Your affliction has been taken away and the Father has joined you to His Light."

"In what way, did you do that?"

"Sister, I am the Light that illuminates the world and now you are joined to Me. But My Light when reflected on you all is too powerful and dazzling and would blind you. For this reason Father has divided it into the rays of the rainbow that after the storm on earth come. If you also had not had your storm now you would not have received your rainbow. As I have already and repeatedly said, the more you love and the more you open your heart, the more room you make for My Father, and the more wisdom He places in you. Wisdom, the real wisdom, the knowledge of the whole Universe is contained in that seed He has placed within your heart. If you open that, truth will begin to flow all the way to your minds. Dear sister now learn these signs that here in the sand I write to you and mark there in the places that I now point out to you.

Do this in memory of me, that your rainbow still you may shine for yourself and My Father. This He has asked of me and I, His humble son, have obeyed."



I was immensely grateful to him and replied, "Thank you, Master! Let me be able to do something to repay you for such an immense gift."

"Mary, one day your hand will reveal to those who want to know the truth, for when I now speak no one listens, or rather he listens with his ears but not with his heart, and very soon you will see where this leads.

A time will come when in the chaos that minds will have generated the truth will go unnoticed and nothing you have to fear."

"Thank you my Lord for believing in me and my love; many things I still do not understand, but one day perhaps I will understand more."

"We will see each other only a few more times, but remember that My Father will always give you what you ask for, so that you can use it in the help and rescue of lost souls."

"I accept what You Master now say, Thy will be done, and that will make me happy."

I kissed him again, but on his hands this time; when he moved them I was enchanted and only wished to give thanks to the hands of my Lord, those hands that were doing so many works.

On the way home I thought back to the kiss on the mouth, then on the hands and now I missed his

beloved feet; Once home I retreated to my room and when the vision occurred my whole soul was shaken to the core.

In bed I was stirring, my father was angry, and I felt strange forces opposing my sleep. A strong wind had risen, and when this thing happens everything resonates and turns into a great shaking.

After thinking about my Master for a long time, I fell asleep.

The sun still shone high in my dream and I danced with my bare feet in His Light: and the more I danced, the more I advanced toward Him, toward His Light, toward the sun. Suddenly a large black cloud, so large that I had never seen one like it obscured the sun and the whole sky.

I began to fall into the abyss, cold and frost pervaded me, and I was by the wind tossed to the earth. My snow-white dress was now gray, dirty and all torn. When my head lifted and I looked up, then I had the horrible vision.

I saw the Master's feet bleeding, for they were pierced by man's cruelty.

I shouted, "Master, Master what have they done to you?"

But the more I tried to move forward, the more I felt that someone was holding me back.



Soldiers were preventing me from going to my Master's feet.

It was no use shouting with all the breath in my throat.

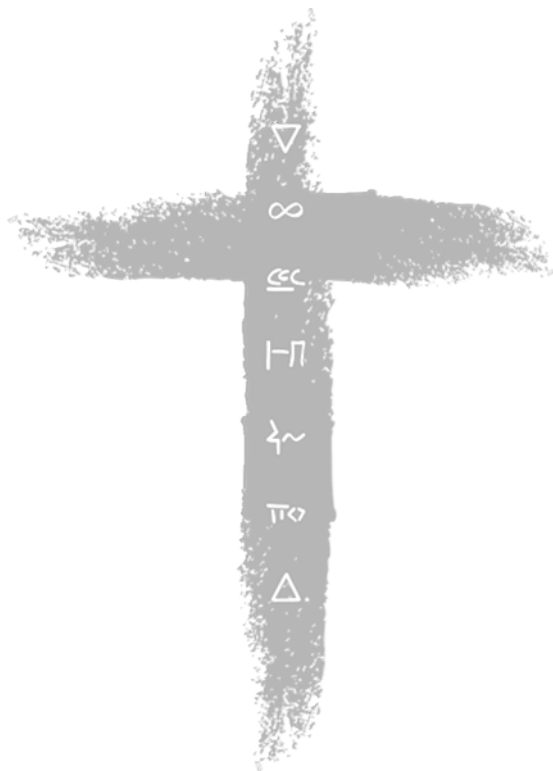
I lifted my head and saw Him dangling from a cross, dying alone.

But where had everyone gone?

Why was he alone?

I turned and saw the path where He had walked, in His footprints much of His blood still remained. So I ran there and on my knees began to wipe it away with my robe; I proceeded anxiously wanting to do what I was prevented from doing.

And I heard a voice coming to me from the empty cross but with these signs, "Good dear sister, follow my steps: by following my steps and relieving my suffering, one day you will come to my feet and finish your work."



I woke up drenched in sweat and with my heart beating so fast that I had to bring both hands to my chest to keep it from bursting.

After every gift here is the sad reward.

Thou hast given me the feeling and also the seeing, but I did not think it should be so painful to see Thy destiny.

"God what are you doing to Your Son? No! The question is a different one: what are we doing Him?"

I write as the Master ordered me in secret; I write for myself and not for others, so that one day I alone may remember.

When I awoke, I found that I lacked the strength that could at least get me off my bed.

My limbs were as tired as I had ever felt them. With much effort I went to the spring and dipped my feet there and then washed and washed hoping that the water would somehow relieve the anguish that all of me had taken.

What sacrifice can still be asked of a work if the work itself is to end up in the worst of fates?

I was very confused about the way forward. Still that anger and rebellion assailed me, but now even stronger and more irrepressible than before my emotions seemed to be.

In a cage I felt and closed, locked and even in myself I sank, no one could ever at that time have alleviated my pain. No one and then no one and not even the God I loved above all else would have erased a state that more than Grace I could have called a great and unspeakable misfortune.

"Mary!" I heard a woman's voice calling, "It's getting late, prayer! Don't you remember? The women are waiting. What do we want to do?"

"I'm coming, just one more moment, please give me just one moment so that I may return to this world that is now as dark to me as I had ever seen it."

I dragged myself to the house in front of which about ten companions, the most devoted and faithful to the Master's words, were waiting for me. "Women, do not mind me and my garments, but gather in silence, for something very horrible soon, very soon, all of us awaits.

The Master also speaks of this, and nothing we can do but support Him with love, devotion and prayer, but let it be done from the heart, otherwise it cannot reach Him, and our time will be for naught. First of all join your hands in front of your chest as I show you and then let me bless you with the signs that the Master has given me."

Step by step I did what Master had shown me and heard many whispered comments. I marked them in the sand and said, "Beloved sisters, what you hear is His Grace, it is not I who am operating, but He whom my hand is guiding."

Learn His signs, and do them in memory of Him.

At that time I saw a woman coming who from a distance I did not recognize.

When she was near then her face was uncovered and I saw sores on her face. She was the sick woman to whom the Master's water I had given.

Throwing herself on my knees she said, "Mary, blessed be you for what you did to me. Three days I waited, again and again, and at the sight of my changed fate I came out of the place of punishment and to my brothers at the door of the house I presented myself. At first they would not let me in, then they saw me and cried out for a miracle. To you one of them came, but your father answered that you were sick and also seriously ill. My guilt was corroding me, and when I heard that here was the place of prayer for the Master then I could no longer hold back and came."

"Sister get up and sit with the others. Now you will be the promise that if they too like you have faith, they will heal and not only the body from the pains, but also from those that the dark demon of bad acting and thinking places in us.

We are the Creator's energy on par with men and can in His name create more than them. May your

womb be fruitful and a bearer of peace, love and devotion to the God who through us the miracle of birth He works. God to man has not given the same grace dear sisters, He fears us and wants to keep us all under His shoes. But remember that it is only his strength and not his superiority that keeps us in the lace. And it is the only way he has to control what he fears and, at the same time, so desires. God the Father now loves us more than they do, for he knows that much is the evil we will all have to endure.

Therefore we, the only ones who understand the suffering of abuse, are much closer to His Son.

These signs and prayers He gave me in secret: please, therefore, recite them in His name and then in your heart, always and forever."

I put my hands together and recited together with them, and like music our prayers in heaven rose. And when the heart was more and more open, I heard His call:

"Mary go to Him, He wants you."

Then I said:

"Sisters, be quiet; I must absent myself, but you continue what you are doing so that He may hear."

I set out and my step quickly took the direction that led to Him, even though I did not know it. I came to Him and saw that He was waiting for me.

An immense light enveloped him: certain things, once seen, the soul can never, ever forget.

I prayed to God within myself:

"Father, Father, You be praised for so much love that You are showing me. Now I am not worthy yet, but today I promise You that I will devote all my time to complete His work in Your name."

"Here I am Master!

I heard myself by the voice of your Father called, and behold now I am here, that you may do the work that I feel is so heavy and burdensome from which no one can relieve you.

My hands are empty but my heart is full of that substance which like fruitful nectar, other flowers will awaken; make me your beloved disciple, your heart is too clear for me not to read in it."

He wrote his signs in the sand and thus spoke:

"Mary, your acumen is both in the heart and in the mind, and you grasped where my companions still beams in their eyes.

Father speaks with these signs. This one means joy, this one sharing and this one attunement and

communion. You see me do many but it is He who acts and moves my hand.



This is for you. Mark it in front like I do with my whole hand three times, it will protect you.





And if your legs or feet still ache, place them on this cloth. If you wish, give it to the other sisters as well, but know that my signs will always be more powerful than yours, for they come from my Father.

Then he handed me a roll of parchment and asked me to hide it and not mention it to anyone.

He would draw sand and instruct me.

"Dear sister, I think how onerous this will be for you to pay in the future. But this is not your will, but a desire to restore a balance where My Father, from the beginning, made a mistake: that is why in His name I have come.

I came to earth to give you the signs of the Father and to repair a harm.

Small it seemed, imperceptible, but verily I tell you, that woman and man were not given the same grace to do His will. For the right work to be done even the right balance must reside in those who do it.

We are all in His image and in His design, but remember that to all evils there is always a remedy.

Now His work is changing, and tomorrow it will change again, and in the same change, much of the good and the bad will fight.

One will say, "I Father am better, and the other will repeat it as well, until wars everywhere in His name are waged, and even within man the two forces will fight, once one prevails and the other succumbs and vice versa.

I am the way and the balance and I show you how in the heart your peace is fulfilled because that is where I live.

When you bring your hands to your breast, there I awaken and of my peace I give you a gift. The mystery of faith is made simple for you woman who to all things consent, but not for men who in contention and struggle wish thus to resolve.

They will say that you are evil, but in you I place good, and you will defend it, for the Father has endowed you with weapons that man does not see.

Be careful how you speak, for they will cling to that, but never lie to your heart, there where I rest, or else they will turn us away."

"Master how can I lie to you?"

"If you lie to yourself it is to me that you will lie; your throat will feel tight and you will know that something in you is happening.

And do not always desire that Light otherwise too much you will be distracted by the things of earth and your frailty will increase, while the stronger you will have to be to defend what is holy and pure in you lives."

"Thank you, my Lord, for thinking of my salvation while yours is now lost."

"Nothing is lost. The seed is laid and when part of the work is done, let its destiny be fulfilled, that it will be man in conscience, who will direct the fortunes. Now I offer myself, and let the will of man

be quickly accomplished, for this punishment is hard." "What can I do, humble soul, that greatness still does not comprehend of thy Father's work?"

"You in your heart are close to me while no one thinks of the man who needs the comfort; everyone asks, but you Mary know how to give and their lack you make up for."

"Master, I see in you my sorrow and joy I would like to bring so that in your path not only sorrow and glory, but also consolation and pity for the one who blamelessly suffers in our place."

He took my hands saying, "Now give me your hands that so many souls will console; let me give you the Grace that is also a little bit mine to sanctify the Father. Conjoin them on your chest and breathe deeply, put your fingers in the same way and then place them from heaven to earth and think of Me when you make these two gestures."

"Master, an intense fragrance pervades my soul and I feel enveloped by you."

"Teach the sisters who are now praying for me how the balance will be restored; they too will feel: this is my gift to you and to those who have faith.

Dark times, long they will be, but in the eternity of Consciousness nothing is lost, even if in your eyes now it seems so."

I gave the Master a red rose that thinking of Him I had picked.

"Behold Master the rose that from my heart comes; each petal is a caress to Thy heart. I am the Rose, You are its fragrance; the red is the blood that will bathe it, and the thorns the evil that from man comes."

"Thank you dear sister, we here on this mountain will plant it, because this is where my path will end."

I burst out crying loudly and at his feet I threw myself saying, "Then I here want to kiss them! Because that day I will not be allowed. If pain is the only thing I will be able to share with you then I want it all on me, because I love you too much more than my own life."

"Mary, everyone has his own path; the Father's will is also yours and there is nothing I can do to change what you wrote."

"I feel joy and sorrow in me and my hands are clasping. They have decided to make this journey together and it is tremendous how much joy and love I feel now and at the same time also despair, anger and helplessness."

"Little time is left, let me speak to John, that he may protect you from those wolves who like sheep

follow Me. Some good in heart and soul are, but others by My works and signs have been taken and not by Me or My Father's love.

Mary, envy and sloth will always be around you.

Take refuge, for you will take risks after the forces of evil have done what they must.

But remember that the battle which they think won, is but one of many: verily I say unto you that one day very far off My Father will break out the real war. Now return home since still some mission is asked of Me.

Calm your mind and be quiet: if peace you have in your heart I will feel it.

Your word is guided by mine, but it is too true for it to be liked.

To all of them the flattery of the fool is more welcome, so their inner empire increases and the more beautiful and important in human eyes they will make themselves.

We, humble servants will seem in their eyes to be seekers of punishment and on the contrary they will give punishment.

Verily he who brings sorrow and harm, with the evil one does the work; he who in spite of himself receives it, returns it to the Father, and He, who is not blind, returns it to him who brought it. This is

part of My Father's law: if you well from your heart and not from your mind honor your neighbor then the Father will honor you with many privileges."

With regret I left there the Lord of Light, the immense and true one, the one I never saw again.

I came home and my father said, "Mary, Martha and Sarah were looking for you, yours was the task of preparing the table. Now it's late, what can we do?"

I answered him, "Father, you want a full stomach, but it is the soul you should feed; the food you need is not of this earth and you should hurry to receive it because soon it will vanish!"

"What food are you talking about?"

"Father, the Son of God was here to feed us, but we prefer a bowl of soup seasoned with His blood instead of the Grace He can still give to all of us."

"Maria, you talk like a rambling woman, are you perhaps ill? Do you have a fever?"

"No father, I am healthy in body and mind; the sick are those who will deny him, and for that evil I would not like in their place to bear the cure that from the chastisement of the Father to all of us will come."

"Maria go and cook otherwise with an empty belly you will have little or no strength to talk any more."

As soon as I was in the house I saw that the pot was on the stove and wondered what Marta or Sara had done. When they came to me, I confided.

"Mary, how can the Master say such things to a woman?"

"The Master does not see that man and woman are different, He sees our heart, and if it is open the righteous, He speaks to it and in so doing even more He opens it. You Sara, you are a beautiful flower, but you also give yourself to the shepherd who nothing of you understands; you must not offer your fragrance to those who only want to humiliate you. The flower is delicate and must be protected.

We have only been taught to obey. But the only one to whom we shall be accountable is our heart and the love that dwells in it."

We occupied a seat at the table and both of them sat with me. Marta on the right and Sara on the left.

I said to them, "Dear sisters, your hearts a thousand petals of good have in them: you Martha, to find good you will find evil, and you Sara, from evil you will be found, but good will save you. Both



of you have a task and this you will do. The thread that binds us now, in another time yet will bind us, but it will be love for Him who in Peace came that will remind us. You are like my right hand and my left hand: you did not know how to cook and yet today, together, you have prepared good soup and I am grateful for that."

After the banquet I retired to my room, asked God to reveal to me what plan He was manifesting on the earth, which barren as the desert this seed did not want to receive.

Thus, my visions began and much, much I knew of the divine work, but of this I do not wish to reveal.

My prayer rose up so high that tears like pearls slid down my chest burning with love for the Father and the Son.

The truth is sometimes so raw and painful, while in contrast it is sweet and cheerful the lie that can delude and confuse the mind.

It is easier to give our soul to the demon of corruption because the Father of our heart already possesses it.

And every time we women, still sold as slaves, are the most fragile victims along with the weak of the earth.

Overwhelmed by the visions, I no longer knew what to do; I also saw my fate and felt I lacked the strength to face it.

Then I asked Father to give me what I needed to help me and the others.

More days passed when I met Him again.

The Master appeared in the courtyard of my house, and from the window I saw him.

Marta approached and led him behind, where there was the well and much more shade.

I approached and heard the Master's words, "You, Martha, are like this well; your water is clear if we bring it up, yet if you look at it closely, it is dark and deep as the abyss. You are one and you are the other, depending on who is watching you; so much work would be needed to bring you to the surface since so much will always remain underneath."

I came closer and heard these words, "I could save you, but who will save you from yourself?"

Martha asked Him, "Master, what should I do?" And He answered, "Open the mind to the heart and not vice versa."

Master!" I called to him:

"Why are you here?"

I carefully scanned His face and did not recognize Him. He was not in Him, and in His eyes so many things I read.

"Master, you have changed, what is happening to you?"

Almost transfigured and unrecognizable, I now saw evil and not good.

"Mary, I am the Lamb of God who takes away your sins, look at how I am reduced, all of you in me is passing away and then up there to the Father, where I will go, I will release your sins."

"Master," said Marta, "Come inside, come with me, I can make you better!"

Marta also seemed strange to me, and I equally read evil in her eyes. He set off, accepting the invitation, and I parried myself in front of the doorway.

"Master what are you doing? You are not what You are, please come back to You, who owns You?"

Take my hand and I will heal you with the strength of my pure love, as you did with me."

He looked at me but without seeing me, while Marta smiled, and I stood in the midst of the crazy plan concocted by the darkness.

Then I ran toward the well and said, "If you go into the house, I will jump where no one can save me!"

But He, even to this threat seemed indifferent. So I climbed to the edge and made to jump.

He shouted, "Stop!" But I, in desperation, closed my eyes and made the gesture of letting go.

Then He cried out again, but this time everything began to shake and He fainted. I ran to Him and called Him many and many times, but He here on earth did not want to return, so I pleaded:

"Master give me some of your evil! You saved all, but now you cannot save yourself. Come back here please that the work is not yet done and so you will not perish, fleeing from what fate in its book has already drawn up."

He opened his eyes and said, "Mary, I have heard everything, let the will of man be done for thus it is written." I helped him up as John arrived.

The Master said to him, "John, this woman I entrust to you; protect her from those who would want to harm her, her soul is pure but she is not as strong as she appears. She is for me, but not for herself. When I to my Father shall return, alone she shall never be."

And John reassured him, "All right Master, I promise you that now and always I will watch over her."

The Master embraced me tightly, but already He was no longer here, His soul was elsewhere; perhaps He was preparing for agony, and I, who my life for Him I would have given, now in desperate weeping melted away.

"Marta go away, you are weak and you made him weak when he needed strength instead!

And that is why we all must offer to Him what we hold most dear. I give my heart to Him, that He may reach the Father and keep it together with His, until the time that I return to Him."

This was the last time Master spoke to me, although His vision I had, but I was not believed;

Yet He so much spoke to me still....

From the gospel of John.

"Master, this woman was caught in flagrant adultery. Now Moses, in the Law, commanded us to stone women like this one. How about you?"

This they said to test him and to have something to charge him with. But Jesus, bowing down,

**he began to write with his finger on the ground.**

And because they insisted on questioning him, raised his head and said to them:

"Let him who is without sin among you cast the stone at her first."

**And bending down, again he wrote on the floor.**

But those, hearing this, left one by one, beginning with the eldest to the last.

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