

**MEDITATION: We Must Pray for Pope Francis and His Advisers –
Heaven Weeps for Those Who Fail In Their Duty To Love**

**FROM THE POEM OF THE MAN-GOD
Written by Servant of God, Maria Valtorta
(16th and 17th April 1947)**

After The Resurrection

628. Jesus Appears to Various People in Different Places.

II. To Mary of Simon at Kerioth, with Anne, the mother of Johanna, and old Ananias.

4 The house of Anne, the mother of Johanna. The country house where Jesus, in the company of Judas' mother, worked the miracle of curing Anne. Here also there is a room and a woman lying on a bed. A woman who is altered beyond recognition by mortal anguish. Her face is worn out. Fever devours it, inflaming her cheekbones, so sunken are her cheeks. Her eyes, black ringed, red with fever and tears, are half closed under her swollen eyelids. Where there is no reddening caused by fever, her complexion is yellowish, greenish, as if bile were spread in her blood. Her lean arms and thin hands are relaxed on the bedclothes, which are raised by her rapid panting.

Near the sick woman, who is no one else but Judas' mother, there is Anne, Johanna's mother. She wipes perspiration and tears, she waves a fan of palm, she changes the cloths, dipped in spicy vinegar, on the forehead and throat of the sick woman, she caresses her hands and loose hair, that in a short time has become more white than black, and is spread on the pillow, and, wet as it is with perspiration, adheres to her ears, which have become transparent. Also Anne weeps, uttering words of comfort:

«Don't, Mary! Don't! Enough! He... he has sinned. But you, you know how the Lord Jesus...»

«Be quiet! That Name... to me... said to me... is profaned... I am the mother... of the Cain... of God! Ah!» Her quiet weeping changes into exhausted heart-rending sobbing. She feels she is choking, she catches hold of the neck of her friend, who assists her while she vomits some bile.

«Peace! Peace, Mary! Don't! Oh! what shall I tell you to convince you that He, the Lord, loves you? I repeat it to you! I swear it on the things which are most holy to me: my Saviour and my child. He told me when you brought Him to me. He had for you words and providence of infinite love. You are innocent. He loves you. I am certain, certain that He would give Himself once again to give you peace, poor martyr mother.»

«Mother of the Cain of God! Can you hear it? That wind, out there... It says so... The voice goes all over the world... the voice of the wind, and it says: “Mary of Simon, the mother of Judas, he who betrayed the Master and handed Him over to His executioners.” Can you hear it? Everything says so... The stream out there... The doves... the sheep... The whole Earth shouts that I am... No, I do not want to recover my health. I want to die!... God is just and He will not punish me in the next life. But here, no. The world does not forgive... it does not distinguish... I am becoming mad, because the world howls...: “You are Judas' mother.”»

She is exhausted and collapses on the pillows. Anne recomposes her and goes out to take away the dirty linen cloths...

Mary, her eyes closed, deadly pale after the effort she made, moans: «The mother of Judas! of Judas! of Judas!» She pants, then resumes: «But what is Judas? What did I give birth to? What is Judas? What have I...»

5 Jesus is in the room, which is lit up by a trembling light, because daylight is still too faint to illuminate the large room, in which the bed is at the end, very far from the only window. He calls her gently: «Mary! Mary of Simon!»

The woman is almost delirious and does not attach importance to the voice. Her mind is far away, carried away by the vortex of her grief, and she repeats the ideas that haunt her brain, monotonously, like the tick-tack of a pendulum-clock: «The mother of Judas! What have I given birth to? The world shouts: “The mother of Judas”...»

Two tears well up in the corners of Jesus' very mild eyes. I am surprised at them. I did not think that Jesus could weep also after His resurrection...

He bends. The bed is so low for Him Who is so tall! He lays His hand on the feverish forehead, pushing aside the cloths damp with vinegar, and He says: «A poor wretch. That and nothing else. If the world shouts, God covers the shout of the world saying to you: “Have peace, because I love you.” Look at Me, poor mother! Gather your lost spirit and put it in My hands. I am Jesus!...»

Mary of Simon opens her eyes, as if she were coming out of a nightmare and she sees the Lord, she feels His Hand on her forehead, she covers her face with her trembling hands and moans: «Do not curse me! If I had known what I was giving birth to, I would have torn my womb to prevent him from being born.»

«And you would have sinned. Mary! oh! Mary! Do not depart from your justice because of the sin of another person. The mothers who have fulfilled their duty must not consider

themselves responsible for the sins of their sons. You have done your duty, Mary. Give Me your poor hands. Be calm, poor mother.»

«I am Judas' mother. I am unclean like all the things that demon touched. The mother of a demon! Do not touch me.» She struggles to avoid the divine Hands that want to hold her.

The two tears of Jesus fall on her face burning once again with fever. «I have purified you, Mary. My tears of compassion are on you. I have not shed My tears on anybody since I consumed My sorrow. But I am weeping over you with all My loving pity.» He has succeeded in getting hold of her hands and He sits, yes, He really sits down on the edge of the little bed, holding her trembling hands in His.

The loving compassion of His bright eyes caresses, envelops and cures the poor wretch, who calms down weeping silently and whispering: «Have You no grudge against me?»

«I have love. That is why I have come. Have peace.»

«You forgive! But the world! Your Mother! She will hate me.»

«She thinks of you as of a sister. The world is cruel. That is true. But My Mother is the Mother of the Love, and She is good. You cannot go about in the world, but She will come to you when everything is at peace. Time pacifies...»

«Make me die, if You love me...»

«A little longer. Your son was not able to give Me anything. Give Me a period of time of your suffering. It will be a short one.»

«My son has given You too much... Infinite horror he has given You.»

«And you your infinite sorrow. The horror is over. It no longer serves. Your sorrow serves. It joins these wounds of Mine, and Your tears and My Blood wash the world. All sorrows join together to wash the world. Your tears are between My Blood and the tears of My Mother and around them there is all the sorrow of the saints who will suffer for the Christ and for men, for My sake and for the sake of men. Poor Mary!» He lays her down gently, He crosses her hands and watches her as she calms down...

6 Anne comes back in and stops dumbfounded on the threshold.

Jesus, Who is now standing, looks at her saying: «You have complied with My wish. There is peace for obedient people. Your soul has understood Me. Live in My peace.»

He lowers His eyes again on Mary of Simon, who looks at Him through a stream of tears which are now more calm, and He smiles at her again. And He says to her: «Lay your hope in the Lord. He will give you all His comfort.» He blesses her and is about to go away.

Mary of Simon utters a passionate cry: «They say that my son betrayed You with a kiss! Is it true, Lord? If it is so, allow me to wash it by kissing Your Hands. There is nothing else I can do! I cannot do anything else to cancel... to cancel...» She is struck with deeper grief.

Jesus, oh! Jesus does not give her His hands to kiss, those hands on which the wide sleeve of His snow-white tunic reaches down to half the metacarpus concealing the wounds, but He takes her head in His hands and He bends and with His divine lips He lightly touches the burning forehead of the most unhappy of all women, and standing up again He says to her: «My tears and My kiss! No one has ever had so much from Me. So be at peace, because there is nothing but love between you and Me.»

He blesses her and, after going across the room quickly, He goes out behind Anne, who did not dare to come forward, or to speak, but is weeping deeply moved.

7 But when they are in the corridor that leads to the main door, Anne dares to speak and to ask the question which she has at heart: «My Johanna?»

«For fifteen days she has rejoiced in Heaven. I did not mention it there, because too big is the contrast between your daughter and her son.»

«It is true! A great torture! I think she will die of it.»

«No. Not soon.»

«Now she will be more at peace. You have consoled her. You! You Who more than anybody...»

«I Who pity her more than anybody else. I am the Divine Pity. I am the Love. I tell you, woman: if Judas had only cast a glance of repentance at Me, I would have obtained God's forgiveness for him...» How sad is Jesus' face!

The woman is struck by it. Words and silence struggle on her lips, but she is a woman, and curiosity is the winner. She asks: «Was it a... an... Yes, I mean: did that wretched man sin all of a sudden, or...»

«He had been sinning for months and no word of Mine, no act of Mine was able to stop him, so strong was his will to sin. But do not tell her that...»

«I will not!... Lord! Because now, when Ananias ran away from Jerusalem, the very night of the Preparation Day, without even completing the Passover, he came in here shouting: “Your son has betrayed the Master and has handed Him over to His enemies! He betrayed Him with a kiss. And I have seen the Master beaten, covered with spittle, scourged, crowned with thorns, laden with a cross, crucified and dead through the action of your son. And our name is shouted with obscene triumph by the enemies of the Master, and they relate the feats of your son, who, for less than the price that a lamb costs, has sold the Messiah and with the betrayal of a kiss has pointed Him out to the guards!”, Mary fell on the ground, and became black all of a sudden, and the doctor says that her liver has burst and the bile has flown out and all her blood is corrupted by it. And... the world is bad. She is right... I had to bring her here, because they came near her house in Kerioth to shout: “Your son is a deicide and a suicide! He has hanged himself! And Beelzebub has taken his soul, and Satan has come to take even his body.” Is that horrible wonder true?»

«No, woman. He was found dead, hanging from an olive-tree...»

«Ah! And they shouted: “Christ has risen and is God. Your son has betrayed God. You are the mother of the betrayer of God. You are the mother of Judas.” At night, with Ananias and a faithful servant, the only one left to me, because no one wanted to stay near her... I brought her here. But Mary hears those cries in the noises of the earth, in everything.»

«Poor mother! It is horrible, indeed.»

«But did that demon not think of all this, Lord?»

«It was one of the reasons I had recourse to, to hold him back. But to no avail. Judas went so far as to hate God, as he had never loved his father and mother or any other neighbour with true love.»

«That is true.»

«Goodbye, woman. May My blessing comfort you to bear the mockery of the world because of your compassion for Mary. Kiss My hand. I can show it to you. It would have done too much harm to her to see this.» He throws the sleeve back, uncovering the pierced wrist.

Anne utters a groan as with her lips she lightly touches the tips of His fingers.

8 The noise of a door that is opened and a stifled cry: «The Lord!», A rather old man prostrates himself and remains so.

«Ananias, the Lord is good. He has come to comfort your relative and to comfort us as well» says Anne to console also the elderly man, who is too deeply moved.

But the man dare not move. He weeps saying: «We are of horrible blood. I cannot look at the Lord.»

Jesus goes to him. He touches his head, repeating the same words as He said to Mary of Simon: «Relatives who have done their duty must not consider themselves responsible for the sin of a relative. Take heart, man! God is just. Peace to you and to this house. I have come and you will go where I send you. For the supplementary Passover the disciples will be at Bethany. You will go to them and you will tell them that on the twelfth day from His death, you saw the Lord at Kerioth, alive and true, in Body and Soul and Divinity. They will believe you, because I have already been with them quite a lot. But it will confirm them in their faith on My Divine Nature to know that I am everywhere on the same day. And before that, this very day, you will go to Kerioth to ask the leader of the synagogue to gather the people together, and in the presence of everybody you will say that I came here, and that they are to remember My words of the farewell. They will certainly say to you: “Why did He not come to us?” You will reply so: “The Lord told me to say to you that, if you had done what He told you to do to the innocent mother, He would have shown Himself. You failed in your duty of love, and that is why the Lord has not shown Himself.” Will you do that?»

«That is difficult, Lord! It is difficult to do that! They consider us all as heart lepers...The leader of the synagogue will not listen to me, and he will not let me speak to the people. He may beat me... However, I will do it, because You want it.» The elderly man does not raise his head. He speaks bent in deep prostration.

«Look at Me, Ananias!» The man looks up trembling with veneration. Jesus is as bright and handsome as He was on Mount Tabor... The light envelops Him, concealing His features and His smile... And the corridor is left without Him, without any door being moved to let Him pass.

The two worship and worship, as they have become all adoration through the divine manifestation.