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— INTRODUCTORY NOTE —

The following Dictations from Christ were recorded by the contemporary Italian mystic, Maria Valtorta [1897 – 1961†], on the dates indicated, and are conflated here and translated from the critical Italian edition of her *I Quaderni del 1944* [*"Notebooks for 1944"*].

As a victim united to the one Victim, Christ, Valtorta often suffered immensely and continuously both physically, mentally, and spiritually. But these Dictations of Christ to her were apparently occasioned by some quite unkind and acrimonious aspersions and doubts cast upon her sincerity and, consequently, upon the truth and validity of her many Visions and Revelations. Since she herself was often tormented by self-doubts of her own in these matters, and intensely feared that all might be a diabolical or mental delusion by which she was leading others astray -- despite Christ's repeated chidings of her doubts and His proofs given for their authenticity -- such accusations from others (possibly relatives or visitors) would understandably have aroused all her own fears anew in this regard. It was thus to console her intense suffering about this that Christ instructed her further on the victim's mission of suffering and showed her this vision of the stars, much as in Genesis He had called Abraham out of his tent to "look at the heavens and number the stars."<sup>2</sup>

-- Translator

[June 12, 1944]  
[June 20, 1944]

### JESUS :

"In order, Maria, to make you forget men who are always wild beasts ready to wound the least of men among them -- always wild beasts, even if not wicked in the true sense of the word, always biting the souls if not the flesh of those who, in order to be 'Mine,' are less apt to return bite for bite and claw for claw -- come, for I want to make you contemplate the stars.

I wanted to make you contemplate them yesterday evening. But you were so wounded that you could only weep and suffer upon My Heart, and I had held you there without imposing any other fatigue on you apart from that which was, not 'Mine,' but from cruel humanity.

Maria, I have said to you that in the life of victims, to live without any imbalance, it is necessary to put oneself resolutely on the spiritual level. To see, to think, to act in all as if one acts in the kingdom of the spirit. That is, **in an eternity which always says: 'Now.'**

Those of you who live by the spirit, what do you want to consider things according to the flesh for? What have you asked of God? To make of you spiritual creatures. And spiritual creatures who are like God: in what time do they live? --In God's Time. What kind of time is God's Time? An Eternal Present. An Eternal 'Now.' In Heaven, for your Eternal Father, there is no past, there is no future. There is the **Eternal Moment.**

God knows no birth and no death, no dawn and no sunset, no beginning and no end. The angels, spiritual like Him, know but 'One Day.' A Day which had its beginning from the moment in which they were created and which will know no end. The saints, from the moment when they are born into Heaven, become possessors of this unchangeable Time of Heaven which knows no running on. It is fixed in its splendor of a diamond ignited by God, and in the epochs of the world which rotate around this Time's unchangeable fixity, like the planets around the sun: some now prevailing and some now disintegrating, while this unchangeable Time is always there, and will always be. How long? Forever.

Think, Maria. If you could count all the grains of sand that are in the seas of the whole globe, on the bottoms and on the shores of the lakes, of the ponds, of the rivers, the streams, the creeks, and you said to Me: 'change them into that many days,' you would still have a limit to this number of days. Join to them all the drops of water that are in the seas, in the lakes, in the rivers, the streams, the brooks, those that tremble on the foliage bathed by the rain or the dew, and join also to them the water in the alpine snows, in the wandering clouds, in the glaciers which clothe with crystals the mountain peaks, and you would still have a limit to this number of days.

And join to them as well all the molecules which form the planets, the stars and the nebulae, all that flies through the firmament and fills it with the music that only the angels hear -- because while in its course, every astral body sings, like a shining harpist running his hands over harps of blue, it sings the praises of its Creator, and the firmament is full of this concert of an immense organ -- still, Maria, you would have a limited number of days.

Then join to them also the dust buried in the earth -- dust which is earth of men who with their matter have returned to nothing, and which for hundreds of centuries awaits the command to turn back into man and see the triumph of God -- and there are billions and billions of atoms of man-dust, belonging to billions of men who believed themselves to be so much, and now for centuries and centuries are nothing, and the world does not even know that they lived -- and still you would have a limited number of days.

The Kingdom of God is eternal, as its King. And Eternity knows only one word: 'Now'. And you too, Maria, and all those made sacred as a holocaust, must know this sole word for measuring the time of suffering.

'Now'. For how long do I suffer? From Now. When will it cease? Now. The present. For spiritual creatures there is only that which is of God. Time also. Learn, before that moment comes, to calculate time as you will possess it in Paradise: Now. Oh! Blessed that time which is unchangeable contemplation of God Who is unchangeable Joy! 'Life is the blink of an eye, the time of earth has lasted but for a breath. But My Heaven is eternal.' Behold what should be the harmony that rules your song as martyred and blessed creatures.

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Now: look. And consider with Me. See how many astral bodies shine in the serene velvet of the nocturnal heavens? Millions. It seems their light speaks mysterious words. I, Man, in My solitary nights, lost Myself in contemplating the stars. With My gazing, and more with My soul, I immersed Myself among those flower-beds of light: passing from flower to flower, matching the grandeurs and colors of those stellar corollas, comparing the charms of their [varied] brilliance. And it pleased Me to think that, as the flowers in the fields and gardens, softly waving in the wind of morning or of evening, communicate to each other with words of perfume: so up there, from star to star go secret words of light; and that every interruption in their brilliance, every more vivid flash, every ceasing of their rays, were so many periods to a sentence, so many assents to a question, so many discourses of a most fiery orator -- and all said for the praise of God's magnificence.

The stars! So distant and so near! Millions and millions of miles distant, flying like birds of fire through the boundless fields of the heavens, and yet so visible to the eye of man, in order to say to him: 'Believe in God. We too are a proof of His existence.' You might say that with a little toil one could reach out and touch them, so near do they seem some evenings. And yet, a fool would be he who thinks he could do so, even by climbing the highest summits of the globe. Whether man contemplates them from the flattest plain, or raises his gaze to them from the tops of Asiatic mountains on which even the eagle lives with difficulty, so rarefied the air from the altitude; or again whether by raising himself aloft -- through one of those means which are proof of human intelligence, but which you men know not how to use except for barbarity, and you therefore pollute that intelligence with infernal hate -- man can never see them nearer, and so much the less reach them. The more he rises aloft, the more do they also plunge themselves deeper into space; and there, pulsating, throbbing, they say:

'We, sons of God, are not for you, because you contaminate us with your fallen humanity. We, creatures of God, are only a spark from the Ocean of Light which is the Kingdom of God. To reach the true Star, to know Its Light, you have but to strip yourselves of all your humanity. Thus will you know God, because He reveals Himself to one who loves Him and who, in that love, consumes his man-self and makes his soul-self reign. Then, after a short life, you will possess Him for Eternal Life. We, the billions of stars, we will know death. You will not know it, if you make yourselves sons of God.'

See how God loves each of you, how **He loves you**, Maria. Write it very clearly and underline it, so that you see it well. **How God Loves you**. No man, by any means, can reach even a little star nearest the earth, humblest in its fire. But God grants you, since He loves you and since you love Him, to reach Him, to know Him, to immerse yourself in His Fire. And think that there is less distance between the earth and the stars, than between the stars and the throne of God. They are the immense pavement of the Celestial City: its foundation even more than its pavement. Up, up, much

higher up, to inconceivable heights -- since they do not respond to human measures -- is that blessed Kingdom of which the Trinity is Lord and in which is prepared a place for one who loves. But since the loving haste of God knows no delay, He, anticipating that time, sucks each of you into Himself, with your spirit, gives Himself to you with His Fire.

And what does human meanness matter to you?<sup>1</sup> Leave it to humans. Come. You have God who loves you, Maria. All the rest is nothing. Nothing can serve to reach God -- the Eternal Star. Only love serves for this: higher than the highest summit, mightier than the mightiest means, love, with its power -- unlimited because spiritual -- joins each of you to God, **makes you know Him**. It is enough that your concern be to love completely. Make love the only effort of your life. Do not lose yourselves in other quests. Seek to possess love and to cultivate it, make it always grow by nourishing it without laziness and without fear. Make of it a pyre: the flame rises, the flame shines, the flame sings. Rise toward God. Shine in the love that ignites you. Sing your love. Return to God what He has put into your hearts to make you like unto Him: **The capacity to love**.

God is love. Who has not love in himself, has no likeness with God."

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Man has always been intrigued and awed by the heavens with its numberless stars and the mysteries they hide. Not surprisingly then, the heavens and the stars have always played an important role in the symbolism of the Church's liturgical and Patristic tradition. And the preceding and following Visions of Valtorta suggest that this symbolism originates from Christ Himself.

The following excerpt, given to Valtorta on the date indicated, is appended here from the critical Italian edition of Valtorta's great Work, *Il Poema Dell'Uomo-Dio*<sup>2</sup> [*The Poem of the Man-God*]. It is part of a vision from that Work in which Christ is conversing with His apostle, Simon the Leper or Zealot, out under the stars on the Feast of the Dedication of the Temple,<sup>3</sup> today known as **Hanukkah**. According to a number of statements both by Christ and Mary throughout the *Poem*, this Feast of the Dedication or Renewal of the Temple at Jerusalem, occurring on the **25th of the Moon (month) Kislev (or Casleau) -- which included the last half of November and the first half of December of our calendar** -- was actually the true day of Christ's birth. Hence the Feast of Hanukkah, or Dedication/Renewal, is the actual anniversary of Christ's Birth.

-- Translator

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## JESUS :

"Look at the heavens, Simon. You see there stars and starlets, and planets of differing magnitude. All have life and splendor from God who made them and from the sun which illumines them, but not all are equally splendid and great.

In My Heaven, too, it will be so. All the redeemed will have life from Me and splendor from My Light. But not all will be equally splendid and great. Some will be simple star-dust, like that which causes Galathea [the Milky Way] to be milky, and these will be the countless ones who have had from Christ --or better: who have aspired only to that indispensable minimum, in order not to be damned; and only through the infinite mercy of God, after a long Purgatory, will they come to Heaven.

Others will be brighter and better formed: the just who have united their own will -- note: their will, not good will -- to what Christ wills, and have obeyed My words. Then there will be the planets, those of good will, Oh! the brightest ones: those with the light of a pure diamond, or with gem-like splendors of varied colors: ruby reds, violets of the amethyst, yellows of topaz, the whites of the pearl -- those enamored by love even unto death; those who are penitents out of love; those who worked out of love, those who are immaculate out of love.

And there will be some of them, these planets -- and they will be My glory as Redeemer -- who will have in themselves the brilliance of the ruby as well as of the amethyst, the topaz and the pearl, because **all** will be out of love. Heroes, for reaching the point of forgiving themselves for not having known how to love before; penitent, through saturating themselves with expiations as did Esther with her fragrances, before presenting herself to Ahasuerus;<sup>6</sup> untiring in doing in a little time -- the little that remains to them -- what they did not do in the years they wasted in sin; pure to the point of heroism in forgetting, even in their very bowels, besides in their soul and thoughts, that the senses even exist. It will be these who, by their manifold splendor, will attract the eyes of believers, of the pure, of penitents, of the martyrs, of heroes, of ascetics, of sinners. And for each of these categories, their splendor will be a word, an answer, an invitation, an assurance...."

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## N O T E S

1. Maria Valtorta, *I Quaderni del 1944* (Edizioni Pisani / Centro Editoriale Valtortiano srl, Via Po 95, I 03036 Isola del Liri Fr, Italia, 1985): 422-425; 451-453.
2. Genesis 15:5.
3. See Introduction.
4. Maria Valtorta, *Il Poema Dell'Uomo-Dio*, in ten volumes (Edizioni Pisani, / Centro Editoriale Valtortiano srl, Via Po 95, I 03036 Isola del Liri FR, Italia, 1975) II, Ch. 103: 648-649. [Note: The translation of this excerpt was made especially for this web presentation. --Trans.]
5. Cf. 1 Maccabees 4:36-59.
6. Esther 2:1-18.