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VISIONS AND REVELATIONS OF THE VENERABLE

ANNE CATALINA EMMERICK

TOMO XIV

THE LIFE OF JESUS CHRIST AND HIS HOLY MOTHER

According to the revelations of the venerable Anna Catherine Emmerick

Recognition and Discernment of the Sacred Relics

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Índice

INTRODUCTION.....	3
DISCERNITION OF HOLY RELICS.....	3
How to recognize relics.....	3
Relics of saints buried in various places.....	3
Places of forgotten relics.....	5
A spiritual church where the greatest relics are gathered.....	5
General abandonment of relics in our times.....	6
Recognizes true relics and explains the relationship between the soul and the body of the saints.....	6
Relics of Saints Peter, Lazarus, Martha and Magdalene.....	7
Tests with fake relics. Queen Semiramis.....	7
Receive unknown relics again.....	8
She is tested again on the gift of recognizing relics.....	8
See several saints and martyrs.....	9
Presence of martyrdom in the Roman amphitheater.....	10
Curious checks in bone recognition.....	11
Vision of stolen relics.....	12
She announces that she will recognize many relics.....	12
Recognize various relics.....	13
Among the catacombs.....	13
Sensation when seeing the relics.....	13
Discover a relic of Saint Ignatius.....	14
Explains how to recognize relics.....	14
Tell her how she sees angels.....	15
Recognize the relics that the Pilgrim brought him.....	15
Story of a cross full of relics.....	16
Story of the child martyr of Sachsenhausen.....	19
Relics of the Münster Church.....	22
Recognize relics of Afra, Marta and Madalena.....	24
Relic of Saint Marcela.....	24
Scenes from the life of Saint Marcellus Pope.....	25
Plácido and Donato.....	26
Relics and episodes of various saints.....	26
A relic of Saint Luke.....	27
Maria's supposed hair.....	27
Blessed and consecrated things.....	28
A coin of Saint Benedict and other relics.....	28
RELICS OF JESUS CHRIST AND HIS HOLY MOTHER.....	29
Relics of the Blood of Christ and hair of the Blessed Virgin.....	29
Views on these sacred relics. The Princess of Crete.....	30
The most precious blood.....	32
News about Cardinal Giménez.....	33
The island of Crete. Saint Dátula and Pontiziano.....	33
Recognition of a relic.....	36
Another relic of the Precious Blood.....	36
The Holy Spear of the Lord.....	37
Effects of a relic of the Holy Cross.....	37
A dress of the Blessed Virgin.....	38
Other relics of Mary Most Holy.....	39
Stones on which the apostles celebrated.....	40
Constantine and his conversion (*).....	41
Encounter and triumph of the Holy Cross.....	42

INTRODUCTION

As we have already said, Ana Catalina had, to an excellent degree, the gift of discerning true relics from false ones. At the same time as he authenticated the bone of a saint, he saw her, in ecstasy, and her movements, words and main actions were instantly developed, as on a cinematic screen.

In this way he was able to relate, as it turned out, the biographies of numerous martyrs, virtuous men and holy virgins, with precious family details, about which hagiographies tell us nothing. The story continued about the value of the relics, the places where they were found and the negligent abandonment in which they were kept. Sometimes he managed to reconstruct the complete story of a heroic soul, which had all the charm of a moving novel, like the life of the boy from Sachsenhausen and that of that Swiss maiden who guarded a cross with relics in the solitude of the jungle.

It is also admirable what it reveals to us about the most precious blood of Christ, and the hair, the wedding ring and a letter from the Holy Mary.

DISCERNITION OF HOLY RELICS

How to recognize relics

“You have received, the Angel told me one day, the gift of seeing the light that comes from the relics of the saints through the disposition given to you for the benefit of the community of members of the body of the Church; but “Faith is the condition of all disposition to receive sacred influence and action.”

Being awake, I sometimes see a luminous body and a thousand rays of light rising from the earth and becoming one with that body. Often one of the light strands breaks and comes back; then, at that point, a shadow is born. (Image of the communion of believers through prayer and good works). It's hard for me to explain these things clearly. I see the blessing and the effects of blessed things as things that sanctify and save, as light that spreads light. I see evil, guilt and curses as dark and dark, producing effects of perdition. I see light and darkness as living things, producing light or darkness respectively.

I have known true relics for a long time and distinguished them from false ones; Fearing that the false ones would be venerated, I buried many of them.

My guide told me that it was a great abuse to make objects that were simply touched into real relics. Once, while preparing hosts in the convent, I felt a strong desire to approach a cupboard and as if I was impelled to do so. Then I erected a reliquary with relics and could not rest until they were honored again.

(July 19) I was told that no one ever had the gift of discerning relics to the extent that was bestowed on me; and the reason is because these things are now in deplorable decline and it is necessary to remedy this.

Relics of saints buried in various places

(1st Sunday of July 1819) I had to make a long journey. I was led by my guide to the places in our country where the bones of saints unknown to the living rest. I saw entire bodies of saints on which buildings were built and places where churches and convents had previously stood. There were entire rows of corpses and among them

some bodies of saints. Also there, in Dülmen, I saw sacred remains buried between the church and the school. The saints to whom they belonged approached me from the heavenly choirs, and each one said to me: "These are my bones."

I also saw that these treasures, although so little valued, nevertheless bring salvation to places that were therefore freed from serious calamities, and that other more recent cities have suffered many evils, because they do not have such treasures. I cannot tell you how many places, admirable and deserted, between walls, houses and corners, I have been, where magnificent treasures of relics lie hidden and despised. I honored them and asked the saints to deign not to deprive the people of their love and protection.

I went to the amphitheater in Rome and saw the great crowd of saints who suffered martyrdom there. My heavenly Husband was present in the form of a twelve-year-old boy. The saints, whose number is incalculable, were divided into choirs and at their head were those who instructed and gave them strength. They had a kind of miter on their heads, from which two ribbons came out that fell down their backs, and they wore long white cloaks decorated with crosses. I entered with them, into the underground vaults, where there were streets, rooms, circular spaces in the form of chapels, and where they met; In several of these spaces there was a column that supported the vault. There were rectangular cavities in the walls and often bones in them.

As the saints led me from place to place, they said to me, now one, now another, the one who served as guide in the different places: "Look, here we live in times of persecution; here we teach and celebrate the mysteries of redemption."

They also showed me long square stone altars projecting from the wall, and other round ones with beautiful carved symbols, where divine services were celebrated, and they said to me: "Then we lived in darkness, without external pomp; but the light and strength of faith were with us."

In this way, speaking to me a few words, albeit few, each of the guides disappeared with their respective choir from the places where they were carrying out their duty. Sometimes we went out into the light and visited others underground; but I couldn't understand how gardens and palaces existed in the place where we were without the inhabitants knowing anything, nor how those excavations had been carried out.

Finally, an elderly man and my young husband were left alone with me.

We entered a very large place, the shape of which I cannot determine, as I could not see it with my eyes. At the top there were sculptures of all kinds, and the vault rested on columns. Beautiful statues, larger than life size, lay on the ground. The space narrowed on one side, forming an angle, in which there was, separated from the wall, an altar and behind it, statues leaning against the wall. I also saw tombs carved into the walls and bones in them that did not shine. In the corners were stacks of parchment, the size of a cubit long and a little shorter, as thick as a roll of cloth. I thought they were books. Seeing all this so well maintained and that space so clean, I said to myself: "You would live here very happily, visiting these places and putting things in order". Above were walls, gardens and a large palace. Suddenly the idea occurred to me that perhaps that underground will be discovered one day as a result of some great destruction. If I were there, I think I would find it; You can get in without knocking anything over. Nothing was said to me there; I just had to see what was there, I don't know the cause. The old man disappeared. He had a miter similar to the previous ones and a very long beard. Afterwards, the young man took me home.

Places of forgotten relics

(1820) I was once again taken to countless places where hidden and buried relics lay, completely ignored. I have been inside caves, among dust and degradation, in the vaults of ancient churches, in sacristies and tombs, and I have honored the forgotten and scattered bodies of the saints. I saw that they were resplendent, fruitful in blessings, and that their forgetfulness increased as their decay increased. I saw the churches built upon them become deserted and darkened as they ceased to be honored; and that the cult of saints and relics decreased to the same extent that the cult of the Blessed Sacrament decreased. I saw how bad it is to receive the Blessed Sacrament just out of external habit. To atone for such forgetfulness and contempt I had to suffer serious penalties. In the spiritual Church I was shown the value and effects of the sacred relics that now lie despised on earth.

A spiritual church where the greatest relics are gathered

I saw an octangular church. There was no altar in it; but in the center, on a candelabrum with many arms, were gathered the treasures of this church, like bouquets of opening flowers. I saw that those sacred things were arranged and ordered by the same saints who gathered them, like precious ornaments that grew incessantly on the lampstand. The saints who brought some treasure took their place in the church premises and often their own remains were brought by another saint who arrived later. I saw the disciples carrying the head of Saint John the Baptist; and the Holy Virgin bringing vessels with the blood of Jesus. I saw these crystal glasses and in one of them the blood was still bright and clear. Everything was in beautiful reliquaries, similar to those in churches containing sacred relics. I saw holy men and women from the time of the Blessed Virgin leaving relics of this great Lady in precious vases; They were placed in a preferred location, on the right, in the center of the reliquary. Then I saw a cross, as I usually see, being carried into the church by a crowned woman and suspended in the center over the relics of Mary. The three nails and the board that supported the Lord's feet and the inscription were nailed into the cross. I saw around the cross all the instruments of passion very well arranged: the ladder, the spear, the sponge, the reed, the whips, the mace, the column, the ropes, the hammer and others. The crown of thorns hung from the center of the cross.

During the translation and exhibition of these sacred objects I constantly had visions, outside the church, of places near and far, where some of these instruments of passion existed and I knew with an inner certainty that some of the things I saw were well preserved and were revered. Much of the crown of thorns was preserved in several places. I saw that the spear particle I possess is truly from the sacred spear shaft. I saw in countless directions, on altars, in churches, in vaults, on ruined walls, above or below the earth, fragments of those sacred bones and relics that were exposed in the spiritual church. I also saw some chalices and ciboriums with consecrated and corporal hosts dipped in the most holy blood of Our Lord Jesus Christ brought to the church by the Bishops. All of this was placed on top of the cross.

Then came the bones of the first martyrs and the apostles, and were placed at the foot of the cross. Then the relics of armies of martyrs, priests, confessors, popes, virgins, hermits, monks, etc., which were displayed in beautiful vases, in very well decorated boxes, in tower-shaped reliquaries and in admirable jewelry adornments. Finally, a mountain of treasures formed at the foot of the cross and the cross rose as

the mountain grew, until it reached a kind of shining Calvary. The bearers of the relics were those who exalted and venerated them on earth and, most often, those whose remains would later be venerated. All those whose relics were present were seen arranged in choirs, according to their rank and status, and the church became increasingly filled with them. Above them the open sky shone and everything seemed full of glory, for it was the heavenly Jerusalem. The relics were surrounded by the colors of the glory of their respective saints. The saints also shone with these colors, and thus maintained a wonderful relationship with their bones and their bones with them.

General abandonment of relics in our times

Then I saw many splendidly dressed men approach that church and surround it, venerating it, from the outside. I saw these men dressed in costumes from all eras, from the most remote to our own. All justly honored the saints and their relics, as members of the body of Jesus Christ, sanctified vessels of divine grace, through Jesus and in Jesus. I saw how beneficially the saints worked on these men, spreading prosperity and blessings upon them, like dew from heaven.

I was happy because in recent times I saw in some places people, whom I partially know, who honor the holy relics with simplicity. Most of these people were farmers, who honored the relics in the church with childlike frankness. With great joy I saw, among them, my brother, who simply venerated the sacred relics of the saints, who sent blessings over his fields.

I also saw, under the symbol of a church in ruins, the current state of veneration of relics. I saw the relics abandoned, scattered, covered in dust, among mud and floods; but even so I saw that they spread light and blessing. I saw the same church in the same pitiful state of the relics. Many people entered, but they were surrounded by darkness; only one or two simple ones looked resplendent. The worst were many priests, who were surrounded by darkness, unable to take a step forward. It seemed that they would not even have found the door if, despite their indignity, some faint rays had not reached them, leaving the relics and penetrating the darkness.

I saw images of the history of the veneration of relics.

I saw altars erected over the relics, which due to the veneration given to them became chapels and churches, which later came to earth due to the contempt with which the relics themselves were held.

I saw that at a time when everything was darkness and gloom, relics were scattered and reliquaries of precious metals were melted down and converted into money. I saw that the dispersal of relics is a greater evil than the alienation of relics. The churches where the relics were scattered and did not receive due homage, I saw many of them decay and be destroyed. I have been to Rome, Cologne and Aachen and I have seen great treasures guarded with great veneration.

Recognizes true relics and explains the relationship between the soul and the body of the saints

Once, when some relics were presented to her, Ana Catalina declared:

I see what you give me. I can't describe the impression this makes on me. I see and not only see, but I feel a light like a will-o'-the-wisp, sometimes brighter, other times paler, and I feel that this light surrounds me like a flame that moves with the

impulse of the wind. I also see the relationship of this light with a luminous body, and of this body with a world of light that arises from a light.

Relics of Saints Peter, Lazarus, Martha and Magdalene

Sister Söntgen brought Ana Catalina a package containing relics. He took his hands and said:

This is a great treasure; Inside here are relics of Saint Peter, his stepdaughter Saint Petronila, Saint Lazarus, Martha and Magdalene. This treasure arrived a long time ago from Rome. This happens with relics that are no longer in the possession of the Church, but of private individuals. This reliquary was inherited, donated, thrown among old objects of little value, until by chance it came into the hands of Sister Söntgen. I have to be interested so that these relics are honored with dignity.

Regarding this matter, the seer narrated that a Hebrew woman had found a small reliquary among several pieces of clothing purchased. From that moment she was so worried that she decided to send it to Ana Catalina, who had seen everything that happened in vision, and smiled when the precious reliquary was brought to her.

Tests with fake relics. Queen Semiramis

A parish priest who was incredulous about the recognition of the relics sent three sealed envelopes containing bone fragments to Ana Catalina, through Cristiano Brentano. The seer took one of them and said the following:

I saw in the distance dark and deserted tombs, with black bones; I felt nothing sacred and holy. I saw the priest pick up fragments of those bones.

Then I found myself in a dark chapel on a hill. All around was cold, fog and darkness. My guide left me there and I saw a very attractive and benevolent figure approaching me. At first I thought it was an angel; but I soon felt afraid and was overcome by a feeling of terror. I asked the shadow: "Who are you?..." The apparition answered me with two words in a foreign language. All morning I couldn't understand the meaning and I was amazed. Now I understand these words; They mean: Destroyer of Babylon, Seducer of Judas. That shadow also said to me: "I am that spirit that raised up Babylonian Semiramis and formed its empire; I am also the one who gave rise to your redemption, because I made Judas betray and ordered Ali to be arrested!..."

He did not name Christ. He told me both things as if to say that he had done extremely good deeds. I made the sign of the cross on my forehead with the trunk of the holy cross. Then his appearance became horrible, and with roars of rage he rebuked me for taking away a young girl whom he had won for himself. Finally he disappeared uttering terrible threats.

When he uttered those foreign words, I saw young Semiramis, like a girl in the shade of beautiful trees, and I saw that same spirit before her presenting to her all kinds of fruits. The girl looked boldly into his face. I saw something in her that disgusted me. It had a very beautiful appearance, but it seemed to me that its shape ended in claws and as if it were completely covered in thorns. I saw that he took care of the girl and gave her toys and little things. Around it was possible to see a beautiful region: shops, beautiful meadows, herds of elephants and other animals led by shepherds. I saw at a glance how furious Semiramis was against that pious race of people whom Melchizedek led out of his domain. I saw how many abominations Semiramis committed and how she was still worshiped as a goddess.

By the second word that spirit spoke, I saw Jesus on the Mount of Olives, the betrayal of Judas and the entire passion of Our Lord.

I could not understand how and why this spirit had appeared to me.

Perhaps these bones belong to some pagans and so the enemy had the power to approach me. I was severely forbidden by my celestial guide to touch even a fragment of those bones. "I command you, he told me, in the name of Jesus.

There is serious temptation and betrayal in this. You may suffer serious loss and damage due to this. Pearls should not be thrown to swine; that is, for those who do not believe. Pearls must be linked to gold. Continue to recognize the bones, but only those that are sent to you by the will of God."

Having received certain relics sent by a priest from Switzerland, Ana Catarina said:

I haven't seen any accurate images about these relics. I saw that the priest who sent them was good and pious; but I saw that in your community there were people who were inclined towards a false and non-Catholic pietism. He didn't know how to tell them apart and thought they were very good. I saw that these people spread darkness and darkness: they did not adhere to church customs and did not appreciate them. On the other hand, they still didn't reveal their feelings and everything still remained a secret in their hearts. At that moment I heard a voice close to me repeating: "You forget about us". It was a warning from the other bones. I was warned again not to receive bones from foreigners, but first to thoroughly examine my ancient relics and to avoid receiving relics for recognition, even when they were sent to me by holy priests, as great harm could come from doing so.

Receive unknown relics again

This severe prohibition was violated by the Pilgrim, who, to do a favor for a friend, passed into the hands of the seer the relics that she believed came from the reliquaries in her closet . The next day he narrated the following:

My guide severely reprimanded and punished me because, against his prohibition, I received and retained the relics. I completely forgot what I saw about it. He warned me again that now is not the time to recognize strange bones. This idea of receiving relics without reflection could easily confuse me: distinguishing and recognizing relics is not something you can do on a whim. It's a grace and the time will come when I will have to recognize other bones, in addition to the ones I already have.

He also told me that I should think about the story of the little package. He reminded me that I had seen about the priest... a picture in which the said priest said lightly that there was nothing true in everything that was said about me, as regards the gift of recognizing relics; that I should think about what happened because of your way of proceeding. He told me that I should, for the time being, refuse to receive and retain such bones, in addition to those that belonged to me.

She is tested again on the gift of recognizing relics

A friend of the Pilgrim wanted to try again, thinking that the gift of recognizing relics could be a phenomenon of magnetism. Ana Catalina said:

Your friend's judgment of me and the phenomena observed in me is false. For this reason I was absolutely forbidden by my guide to receive any sacred relic, since such a person has no other intention than to make attempts. I was told that because of these tests I could get into serious confusion, as he then talks about these things

with other people trying to demonstrate things that are completely foreign to reality. Things do not happen as he imagines them in relation to the gift and power of recognizing relics that have been granted to me. I see through his false opinion when he talks and that opinion is completely inaccurate regarding my stuff. About this I was informed and warned in vision a long time ago.

See several saints and martyrs

(December 31, 1818) The Pilgrim reports that the nun Neuhaus entered the room carrying a package which she placed on the table. Ana Catalina told him:

Ah, you take the treasure out of your room and leave the dust there. Here is Ludgário; It's here.

Then, addressing the Pilgrim, he added:

I saw around these relics an appearance of light, a splendor as candid as milk, brighter and much more intense than the light of day. As a small fragment fell to the floor, I saw a flash of light pass under the cabinet.

The Pilgrim explained: "I, poor blind man, looked for that particle and found it. The seer continued:

When the Pilgrim began to look at that relic, I felt swept away in ecstasy and a voice said to me: "This is a bone of Ludgário. I immediately saw the holy Bishop with his insignia and his pastoral staff in the midst of the community of saints. Then many saints were shown to me, one after another, and Saint Scholastica and many other nuns, for on the table there was a fragment of their bones.

I saw Afra among the nuns and below, a bone, near the Pilgrim. Another nun was shown to me among the others and I was told: "This is Emerência and below you have her bone". I was amazed, as I had never heard that name pronounced. Then I saw another nun with a crown of roses on her head, holding another crown of roses in front of her with both hands. They told me: "This is Rosalía, who did so much for the poor. She holds this wreath of flowers in her hands, just as in other times she had the alms she distributed, and there is a fragment of her bones." Then I saw another nun shining in the crowd and they told me: "This is Ludovica and there is her relic. See how she distributes alms. She had her apron full of bread, which she distributed to many poor people." I saw a bishop and was told that he lived in the time of Ludgário and that they acted accordingly and knew each other, although they were very far from each other. I saw a virgin who lived in the world, still very young, in clothes from the Middle Ages, although purely ærial and spiritual; I was in the midst of other blessed virgins. How wonderful! His body was found whole and incorrupt; His holiness was recognized and his bones and relics were placed with the other saints.

I saw an open tomb, which had once been walled up, and a little beyond, in the early days of Christianity, a delicate young man, and beside him six others with a woman. They told me the name of Felicidade and showed me an almost round square, with walls supported by arches, and they told me: There, in those caves, were the fierce beasts; and down there, in those prisons, on the other side, the martyrs were prisoners, tied with chains, to later be destroyed by wild beasts. I also saw people who came at night, dug and took the bones of the martyrs. I was told, "They do it secretly; They are friends of the martyrs, and that is why these sacred bones arrived in Rome and were then distributed.

Presence of martyrdom in the Roman amphitheater

A week later, the Pilgrim presented the relics that still remained in the box brought by young Neuhaus. Ana Catalina said:

I see Elizabeth of Thuringia with a crown in one hand and a basket in the other. Golden roses fall from the basket onto a poor man standing beneath it. Here's Barbara. I see her with a crown on her head and a chalice with the Sacrament in her hand. Looking at several relics, the visionary added: They are bones collected in Rome, where Christians were martyred.

Then she felt transported into ecstasy and described to the Pilgrim the places and torments of the martyrs; He named the parts of the bones, distributed them and gave them to the Pilgrim, and then classified them. At the end of these visions she asked her celestial guide how those relics had arrived. He replied:

They were unearthed long ago from the places of martyrdom and, passing from one place to another, ended up in Münster; but there they were detained due to some new events and in the end they were completely isolated. Ana Catalina continued:

Suddenly I found myself in a strange and wonderful city, on the high surface of a circular wall surrounding a round square. I was above the entrance, where internal stairs led to the right and left; On one side there were prisons, whose doors opened onto the square; On the other side, certain spaces where the beasts were imprisoned. Behind them were certain angles through which victims were dragged when they opened the doors to the beasts. In front of the entrance, next to the wall, a marble seat stood in the square, which was reached by two series of side steps.

There sat the wife of the wicked Emperor and beside her, two other women of tyrannical appearance. Behind this tribune, at the top, sat a man who seemed to have power and command; He waved from side to side giving orders. One of the beasts' dens was opened and a beast resembling a huge cat full of spots came out. The executioners stayed behind the doors and took shelter in the cavities; then they ran up the stairs and stood at the top of the amphitheater. The executioners took a virgin from the front prisons, removing her white clothes. She shone like all martyrs and was calm, with her eyes raised and her hands crossed over her chest, without the slightest concern, in the middle of the amphitheater. The beast did not hurt him; rather, she humbled herself before her; Then she stood up, throwing herself at the executioners, who with stones and screams tried to enrage her against the martyr.

As the beast did not want to attack the virgin, it was removed; I don't know how it happened, but the beast was locked. The maiden was then taken to another place designated for martyrs, surrounded only by palisades. There she was placed on a rock, tied to a post, with her hands behind her back, and decapitated. She stretched her arms behind her. Her hair was intertwined; She was extremely graceful and there was no sign of distress or fear in her.

Then a man was led into the amphitheater; They took off her cloak, leaving her only in a dress that reached her knees. The beasts did not harm him and he was also decapitated. He was, like that virgin, thrown from side to side with sharp iron rods. These martyrdoms were so disturbing and at the same time caused so much joy; they were so serious and yet moved and moved with such force that the spirit was saddened and regretted not being always present in such scenes. The executioners were sometimes so strongly moved by the magnificent behavior of the martyrs, that they ran to them and embraced them, loudly confessing Christ Jesus; and were often tormented along with the martyrs.

I saw a martyr in the amphitheater; A lioness fell on him, dragged him from side to side, and then tore him to pieces. I saw many burn to death inside another amphitheater and, with one of the martyrs, I saw the flames rush towards the executioners and burn many. I saw a priest martyred who secretly helped and consoled many martyrs; He was in the hands of two executioners who, starting at his feet, cut him limb from limb and, showing them, asked him if he wanted to recant. The martyr, although he was just a log, was full of joy and continued praising God until his head was cut off.

Curious checks in bone recognition

(May 9, 1820) Doctor Wesener had taken a skull fragment from a pagan sarcophagus and, through the Pilgrim's Progress, placed it on the bed of the patient, who was in ecstasy. She showed no sign of recognizing him. Changing places several times, she finally said: "What does that old Rebeca want with me?"

The Pilgrim brought the object closer to her hand and she took it away, saying that she was being chased by an old, dark and savage woman, who was circulating around her with naked children like tadpoles; that she felt horror when she looked at them, because they scared her; that she had seen similar people in Egypt, but didn't know what they wanted with her now. When they did not remove the object, she, always in ecstasy, took the box of her relics and, placing it on her chest with both hands, said: "Now that woman cannot hurt me". Then he continued with his head to the place where the Pilgrim placed the pagan bone. After expelling him, he said that she had hidden to avoid the visit of the saints. The confessor placed his consecrated fingers before her, and she followed them with the movement of her head. Asked: What is this? I answer: It's something bigger than you understand.

The Pilgrim then approached the bone of an animal that Dr. Wesener had found on the bank of the Lipa River. She immediately said, "This can be here without any inconvenience; it doesn't hurt; It is a good animal and has not committed any sin." Then, referring to the previous objective, she said to the Pilgrim: "Go with it"; Get rid of that old woman; be attentive to it; This can cause a lot of damage." He repeated this several times while in ecstasy.

The next day the conversation returned to the subject and she told the Pilgrim that it was very inconvenient to present her with pagan bones that aroused sinister impressions in her.

That pagan bone disgusted me, awakening my annoyance and aversion. I cannot say that this woman was convicted; but I felt in that dark bone, distance from God, a propagator of darkness, a generator of darkness, precisely everything that is opposite to the effect of the bones of the Saints, which are luminous, attractive and beneficial. I've seen that old woman look around in fear; It seemed to me that it was linked to dark powers and that it could cause a lot of damage. Everything was dark around him. The space looked like a forest or a meadow; but there everything was dark, not like the night, but as I see the spiritual darkness of bad doctrines, the absence and distancing of the light of the world due to the relationship with the area of darkness. I saw her alone with her children. Around them were wretched huts, of various shapes, dug into the ground, and covered with a sort of roof; some were round and had grass roofs; others, square, with woven reed roofs. I saw some houses a little higher, a few, clearly shaped, arranged in order. Between these cabins I saw communication routes, covered on the outside. This unpleasant action resulting from bad bones can cause harm to people if they use them as a profane and superstitious means; People who use them can participate, without knowing it,

in the emanations of these bones, as they give rise to a certain communication between them and the bones. Likewise, they demand participation in the blessings and effects of grace that emanate from everything that is redeemed and sanctified, through the veneration of the bones of the saints.

Vision of stolen relics

(December 16, 1820) I had wonderful clarity regarding the recognition of the relics. I saw all things as if they were around me. I saw many churches on the Rhine and a picture where a carriage was surprised by thieves, and a small box containing relics was thrown into a field and found by others. The owner, who passed by that place, did not find them. These relics remained in the country where they were found. In this little box I saw the bones that a friend brought along with others; but I dare not name them or say what relics they are. This friend (of the Pilgrim) must wait and, above all, change the way he proceeds. He is surprisingly long and tall; Faith is also like your nature, high and long, but often it must pass through a small opening, like that of a key. The friend, as far as my person and my destiny are concerned, is still stubbornly in error.

She announces that she will recognize many relics

(December 21, 1820) Ana Catalina announced that on Saint Thomas's day she would recognize many relics. The Pilgrim found her that day with the box of relics on her bed. In vision, during the night, he distributed those bones and covered the inner walls of the box with pieces of silk. He had specially commissioned the five relics of James the Lesser, Simon the Canaanite, Joseph of Arimathea, Dionysius the Areopagite, and a disciple of Saint John the Evangelist named Eliud.

I had a brilliant night. I knew the names of all the relics found here and saw the journeys of the apostles and disciples whose relics I possess. As for Saint Thomas, I saw a festive and very solemn image. I also saw how these relics arrived here in Münster, how a foreign bishop gathered them and how they came into the hands of the bishop of this diocese. I've seen everything with their names and their times. I trust in the Lord that everything I saw will not be lost. I obtained permission to reveal to my confessor the names of the relics which the friend brought so that the confessor might declare them to him; but I'm not allowed to say those names. Oh! I thought I could tell you the names of all the relics! I already had them on the tip of my tongue to say it, when suddenly a candid and luminous hand came out from the right side of the closet, which is next to me, and closed my mouth, and didn't let me say the names. It happened so suddenly and surprisingly that I almost laughed.

A few days later, a similar scene was renewed:

I again had a great desire to name those saints in whose bones so much discontent had arisen. But when I was about to speak, I heard knocks at my closet, and it was impossible to pronounce them; I didn't know them yet. I cannot say them nor would I dare. I've had the word on the tip of my tongue several times; but I cannot pronounce it, and this impossibility is not in my will.

Both the confessor and his friend heard the knocking on the closet without knowing how to explain it. The confessor said: "I believe that the devil will not dare to make one of his own." Ana Catalina, taking a relic out of the closet, said: "It's that saint whose relic the Pilgrim's friend brought."

Recognize various relics

(January 18, 1821) The confessor presents Ana Catalina with a small package containing several objects.

Who is that little nun who finds herself in such a miserable state? The father confessor told me nothing about her. He should go to her because she is in a state more worthy of compassion than mine; It's as if you're in the middle of sharp thorns.

The patient had seen herself. It later emerged that the small package contained Anne Catherine's hair, which Abbot Lambert had collected to send to a friend in Paris. Once the relic of a holy Pope was recognized, the gifts of the name were forgotten. Presented again, she immediately said: It's from Pope Boniface.

Among the catacombs

I went down into the catacombs and saw before me a lit table, and many men and women, kneeling, praying. A priest prayed aloud, another got angry with a thurible. It seemed like everyone was offering something, placing the offering in a cup that was placed on the table. These prayers were preparatory to imminent martyrdom. Later I saw a noble woman displayed in the amphitheater with three daughters, aged sixteen to twenty. The presiding judge was not the same as before. Many wild beasts were loosed and thrown against the martyrs; but they did not hurt them; Instead, they amicably licked the youngest of the virgins. They were taken before the judge and taken to another smaller square. The oldest of the young women was first burned with black torches under her arms, on her breasts; Then the rest of the body was cut into pieces with tweezers and taken before the judge. She didn't even look at him, but looked at the sisters who were being tormented. After they had all been tormented in this way, they were beheaded as they sat, and lastly the mother, who had suffered horrible torments when she saw her daughters being martyred. I also saw a Holy Pontiff betrayed, taken from the catacombs and martyred. One of the Romans, the most furious of the persecutors, declared himself a supporter of the Christians and was also martyred. I felt such a vehement desire for food that I cried out aloud invoking it; but they told me: "Everyone has their own path. We only endure martyrdom once; you, on the other hand, will be martyred constantly. We had only one enemy; you have many."

Sensation when seeing the relics

Later, the Pilgrim presented her with several relics. Ana Catalina placed them, one after the other, in her heart; He separated some as inauthentic, and of the rest he said:

They are so magnificent! I can't tell you how beautiful they are!

Asked about her own feelings upon seeing the relics, she said:

I see and feel the light. It's like lightning, like an arrow that penetrates me and takes me with it; then I feel the dependence and correlation of this ray of light with that luminous body from which it derives, and before me are presented the images of the earthly life of that luminous body and its place in the choirs of the triumphant Church. There is a wonderful relationship between the body and the soul, a relationship that does not cease even with death, in such a way that the blessed spirits do not stop acting on the faithful through every particle of their body. On the

day of judgment it will be very easy for the angels to separate the good from the bad, for everything will be light and darkness.

Discover a relic of Saint Ignatius

(July 31, 1821) He had separated, in vision, from among hundreds of relics, one of Saint Ignatius of Loyola.

I feel an inner need to look at these relics; I had a burning desire, they attracted me. Recognizing and distinguishing them is easy; They spread different lights. I see small images, as if they were portraits of the faces of the different people to whom those relics belong; Threads of light emerge from the bone fragments and join these images. I can't express it, it's a wonderful thing; It's as if something is locked inside our individuality and wants to come out. All of this is very tiring and in the end you lose strength.

Explains how to recognize relics

Vicar Hilgenberg brought him two long strips of cloth, to which were attached several relics. Ana Catalina was moved and said:

I see many of these relics adorned with a halo of lights of different colors, emitting lights. I stop with my gaze. Inside each of them a small image appears, which grows, and I enter it. I then see the face, the form, the dress and the entire way of being and I see the life, the name and the history of the said saint. The name, if it is that of saints, I always see under my feet; In women I see it located on the right side. These names are not written entirely, but only the first syllables. The rest are pronounced or understood internally. The letters have the same color as the light of the relic and the halo of the saint to which they belong. It seems that these names are something essential, as if they had substance; There is a mystery to this. When I see the Saints, not in relation to the distinction of relics, but in general, I also see them distributed in orders and choirs, according to their merits and clothing, their degrees and conditions. These vestments are something essential with the vestments of the heavenly Church and not with those of the transitional time. Then I see all the bishops, the popes, the martyrs, the consecrated and anointed, the kings, the virgins and others wearing the clothes appropriate to the kingdom of heaven, always with the halo of glory. The sexes are not separate. Virgins have a very different mystical degree. I see the virgins who were virgins by desire and will; Among them are married women and martyrs, against whom violence was committed by the executioners.

I do not see Magdalene among the virgins, although she is in a very high degree. She was tall, beautiful and so energetic that if she had not converted to Jesus, she would have been an evil female monster. She achieved a great triumph over herself. Sometimes I see in saints nothing more than the head surrounded by brilliance; other times, up to the chest. The light they diffuse is a different color. In virgins and in those who lived peacefully, whose struggle consisted only of the patience necessary in daily tribulations and domestic sorrows, this radiance is white as snow. The same applies to young people, who I often see with lilies in their hands. I see those who have been martyred by secret and intimate sufferings for the love of Jesus Christ glowing pale red. Dazzling red is the light of the martyrs who carry a palm. I see the doctors and confessors surrounded by a splendid yellow and green light, carrying waving branches in their hands. I see the holy martyrs with a different

nature of glory, according to the degree of their torments. Among the relics found here, I see some that became martyrs through the internal martyrdom of the soul, without the shedding of blood.

Tell her how she sees angels

I see angels without a halo. I see them in human form, with faces and hair; but much more slender, noble and with finer and more intelligent faces than human creatures. I see them transparent, all light, with different degrees of each other. I see human beings who have achieved heavenly beatitude enveloped in a corporeal light, more candid than resplendent, and around them I see a luminous sphere, a glory, an appearance of holiness of different colors, which are in relation to the degree and type of their purifications. . I do not see that angels move their feet, nor do I see this in saints, outside of historical images, where I see them with human life or in their action among men. I see in all these apparitions, in their perfect state in heaven, that they never communicate through words: one addresses the other and penetrates each other intimately; This is how they read what they think in others.

She had two bone fragments of Saint Hildegard, one larger than the other. One day she seemed surprised, as if someone had approached her, and exclaimed:

Who approaches with a long and sincere robe? It's Hildegard. I have two of her bones; The bigger one never comes to me, the smaller one comes often. The larger bone shines less, as it is from a less noble part (*). (It was from a femur). The bones are diverse in their dignity. The dresses that belonged to Saint Magdalene before her conversion shine less. The limbs of a saint, lost before his conversion, are relics, as all humanity before the coming of Jesus Christ, was redeemed by Him. The bones that belonged to pure, modest and strong souls are always stronger and harder than than the bones of those who were abandoned to passions. The bones of ancient times are stronger and make a more pleasant impression than the bones of later times. What Ludwig Clarus wrote in his book *Briefe der H. Hildegard (1-24)* may refer to the other cases of recognition of relics by the seer: "Saint Hildegard's body is still found in Eibingen in its box. A similar body was possessed by Cristiano Brentano, who gave it to his brother Clemente, who at this time was in frequent contact with the nun Ana Catalina Emmerick, from Dúlmen (1824), listening to and writing down this visionary's visions. From a letter from Cristiano Brentano, from the beginning of 1851, which I have in view, written to a friend, I transcribe the following paragraphs: "The nun Emmerick received from me, given by Clemente, an insignis relic that I had received, removed of the body of Saint Hildegard. I didn't tell my brother Clemente or the nun who owned that relic. My brother, who had left the relic overnight with Ana Catalina, told me the next morning that the relic must be that of Saint Hildegard, as the seer had been in conversations and visions with this Saint throughout the night.

Recognize the relics that the Pilgrim brought him

Once the Pilgrim brought him a box with fifty fragments of mixed relics. As soon as he picked them up and looked at them, he began to separate them, realizing who they belonged to and what part of the body they belonged to:

These were in the fire; I see they looked for them in the ashes.

These were in the church of a town; I see that they have adorned and purified them. These others shine with a more vivid light. These shine less, and here is one that shines with a special golden light. Stop!

Saying this, the seer fell into ecstasy and said: I see an old man oppressed by rheumatism, lying on a stretcher in a public square. A bishop, with pastoral staff, leans over him and rests his head on his back. Men carrying torches are present.

Ana Catalina later said that the bone that glowed gold was that of the bishop, called Servulus. She also gave the name of Saint Quirino, as if his relic was there. When the Pilgrim presented her with a package of relics belonging to the ducal house of Dúlmen, Ana Catalina separated the pieces of cloth saying:

A saint used this; It's a fragment of a stole. This cloth is from a mass ornament that touched sacred things.

When asked how she recognized him, she replied that at the moment the package was found in her room she saw four saints beside her covered with those cloths, which were cut and distributed. Asked if she also saw Saint Thecla, whose relic was there, she said:

"Yes, I see her in an image as she spies and listens attentively to Saint Paul, locked up in prison. Sometimes I see her crawling along a wall; others, under an arch, as if looking for something with concern.

When the Pilgrim presented her with a small piece of trunk, she said: "This fragment is of the kind of trunk from which the cross was made and which Mary had with her in Ephesus; it is a cedar trunk. This fragment of silk belongs to a small cloak, with which a statue of Mary was dressed, is very old."

On November 6, 1821, he found among his relics a fragment of wood which he gave to the Pilgrim, saying:

"This was taken, long ago, by a hermit from Palestine.

It belongs to a tree planted in the garden of an ancient Essene.

"To this tree Jesus was led by the tempter at the end of his 40-day fast."

She gave the Pilgrim a small package: This is the land of Mount Sinai. I see him near that mountain. Then, taking another bone: This one belongs to a saint whose solemnity takes place in the month of July. His name begins with E. I've seen him trapped with two others who were sucking their bones out of hunger. Driven to martyrdom because of his wonderful speeches about God, they considered him crazy and wanted to free him. A soldier, however, said: "Let's see if he is able to call his God from heaven, because then he will be worthy of martyrdom like the others." This soldier was injured by lightning. Later I saw the saint celebrating a service in church and then I saw him martyred.

Story of a cross full of relics

(November 8, 1819) The Pilgrim gave him a very old cross, full of relics. As she approached Ana Catalina, she exclaimed:

Behold, a whole procession of saints is coming.

Opening the cross, he said:

Here you all are. Among them; a pure and sincere Old Man, like the hermit of Switzerland.

The Pilgrim left her the cross and she said the next day:

When this cross was brought near me, I saw in a row, just as the relics are arranged here, all these saints in the form of a cross in the air, and below them a wild region,

full of forests, a dense savanna, and some people, including a man similar to the old hermit from Switzerland.

Then I saw a vision of that cross. I saw in a small valley, near a forest located in a mountainous region, not far from the sea, a hermitage where six women lived isolated and dedicated themselves to a solitary life. They were all at an age where they could help each other. They were very controlled, silent and lived very poorly; They had no provisions and begged for alms. They had a superior and they recited the canonical hours.

They wore a dark, coarse robe with a hood. I saw them walking through the small garden, located near the cells, where each one could enter through their own entrance. The small gardens were very pretty, although small, and had orange trees. They cultivated them themselves. I saw them busy with work that I was unfamiliar with: they had a machine, similar to a loom, with several ropes, with which they wove rustic and varied rugs, made with great care.

I saw that with certain subtle white straws they wove a delicate intertwined work. Their beds were on the floor and consisted of a board with a bad straw mattress and a blanket. They didn't cook much there.

They ate in common, and on the high and deep table there were certain cavities that served as plates. To the right and left of these cavities were lids that were lowered over the cavities and covered them. I saw them all eating a dark herbal soup together. The greatest simplicity reigned in his chapel. All ornaments consisted of straw work. I thought to myself: "In here there is a golden prayer with straw utensils; It was like that back then, now we use straw prayers with golden utensils." The stone altar was covered with a beautiful woven and cut straw mat, hanging at the ends. In the middle there was a small tabernacle and, above it, that cross that the Pilgrim brought. To the right and left there were two wooden candelabras and two urns or cups, also made of wood, containing bouquets of flowers arranged in the form of a monstrance. This hermitage was a square stone building, with a wooden roof. The interior spaces were divided by interlocking poles, the length of a span, made of wood similar to that used to make boxes. The walls, made of interwoven wood, were of different heights; in the chapel, taller than a man, they did not reach the ceiling; in the cells, lower. The nuns could be seen from above. They were supported by stakes, planted and reinforced against the walls. The entrance from the sea side led to the kitchen, followed by the dining room with strange tables; behind was the chapel. To the right and left were the three cells and in front were the gardens. The doors leading to the garden were arched: they were low, small, and the window above the door was placed so that one could not look inside. In front of the windows there were small straw curtains that could be raised with poles like tents. The chairs were made of matting, without support, and had wooden handles. The floor of the chapel was covered with a thick, multicolored carpet that they made themselves.

Not every Sunday they had mass. A hermit came to celebrate mass and give them communion. However, they had the Blessed Sacrament in the chapel.

I saw them praying in their little chapel one afternoon, when they were surprised and attacked by pirates. These were armed with short and very broad swords; They wore turbans and spoke a strange language.

They stole men to make them slaves. They were fierce and beast-like.

His boat was large and anchored at some distance from the beach; They had disembarked on a boat. They devastated the hermitage and took those poor hermits with them. I didn't see them being abused. One of those virgins, young and strong, defended the relic on the altar and asked the Lord for help with all fervor.

Before the invaders reached the sea, they began to argue about the distribution of the loot. Meanwhile, that virgin managed to crawl with her hands and feet to the depths of the forest and vowed to serve the Lord, living a solitary life in the desert, if He would free her from danger. The pirates looked for her for a long time and she saw them set sail at dawn.

Then she thanked God on her knees before this cross. The virgin forest stretched far from any road, separated by a precipice located between glaciers. No man, no hunter entered there. He looked for a suitable place for a long time, until he found it in the deepest part of the forest.

It was a small, free and bright place, surrounded by trees and bushes, enough to build a small chapel there. Above it was almost covered with trees, and the ground was crossed by the roots of the trees themselves. She decided to serve God right there, completely isolated from men, without any ecclesiastical or profane help. She carried with her the cross that she planted on an altar that she built with stones, and behind it she arranged her bed. There was no fire; I just had this in your heart. For thirty years he didn't even see bread. In those surroundings I saw certain animals high up in the mountains, similar to goats, jumping from one rock to another; Around this hermitage I also saw white hares and birds the size of roosters. I have seen a hunter come to these places with his dogs. He was in the service of a nobleman, who had a castle on top of the mountain, a few kilometers away. Later I saw that castle destroyed, of which now only a fragment of the tower remained covered with ivy and wild plants. That hunter wore a very tight gray tunic and an ornate belt around his body.

He wore a small, round, pointed hat and under his arm was his bow. His dogs came barking into the bushes, and the hunter approached and saw something shiny, which was that cross. He approached and shouted loudly. The hermit had hidden herself and at first did not want to answer. Finally she screamed, telling the hunter not to be afraid of her if he didn't see her human face. Then he saw her and I also saw her in vision. I saw her surrounded by brilliance. It was tall, covered the body; long gray hair fell down his back and chest. His feet were rough and his arms were dark; She was bent over by the weight of age. Yet, despite this appearance, he had something stern and noble in his manner. At first she didn't want to say who she was; But when he realized that the hunter was a pious man, he said to him, "I see that you are a servant of God." And she told him how she got to that place.

She refused to leave there with him; and told the hunter to return within a year with a hermit priest. I saw how she received the Blessed Sacrament.

Afterwards she wanted to be alone for a while and when the two approached again, they found her dead. They wanted to take the body with them, but they were unable to move it. They buried her in the same place and the hunter secretly took the cross to commemorate the fact. Later, over his tomb, which was located in a thicket, a chapel was built in honor of the saint he venerated in a special way and to whom he gave his name. On several sides there were entrances that led to the interior of that chapel.

That virgin lived completely for God, in the greatest poverty.

Before the pirates attacked, she had a dream in which she saw, as if with violence, being transported across the sea. Also in a dream she made a vow to the Virgin of Einsiedeln that, if she were saved from danger, she would always fast in solitude. It seemed to him that he fell into a canal or stream, where he crawled for a long time until he came out and reached a solitude that he later learned was precisely the one where he was now, and seen in the vision.

Then they told her she should stay there. When he asked him what he should eat, many figs and chestnuts fell from the trees; and as she gathered the fruits, they were transformed into precious stones, similar to the fruits of penances and mortifications. She told the hunter about this vision of hers. When the hunter found her in that solitude, thirty years had already passed. He told him that he came from Switzerland and that he could obtain information there to convince himself. He named it as his birthplace, adding that he always had great devotion to the Virgin of Einsiedeln. From a young age, he heard a voice telling him that he should leave his homeland and serve God in solitude. She didn't pay much attention to that voice; But once it seemed to her that a young man was approaching her and saying: "Are you still here? Haven't you left yet?...". And saying this, he took her away. She thought she was dreaming, but when she woke up she found herself far from her home, in a strange country, until she arrived at the hermitage where she was welcomed.

The hunter had devotion to the cross for a long time; Finally, out of levity and disregard, he gave it to an inhabitant of a small town located at the foot of the mountain. He greatly revered her and always prayed before her, and in a storm that devastated the region, he and his house were preserved from the disaster. After his death, he passed the cross to one of his heirs, and so it passed from hand to hand until it reached a peasant, who sold it along with other objects. Because of this, he lost his home and his fields. Later I saw the cross relegated and despised among a thousand things of all kinds, in the possession of people who had no fear of God. An unbelieving foreigner bought it from these people, not out of devotion, but out of simple curiosity, without knowing the value of the treasure he possessed and, despite this, that cross was of immense benefit to him.

This last circumstance moved the Pilgrim; He bought the cross in Landshut from a poor worker and from then on felt spiritually and materially improved. The seer could not have known and the story was as true as the last episode of the cross.

As a result, the Pilgrim expressed concern and asked Ana Catalina: "If everything is seen again as it happened, the sins committed, of which he repented and confessed, will return to be seen?" She replied:

For these sins and failures the Lord satisfied. They no longer exist. I cannot see them, unless it is a case like that of the penitent David. Those sins that have not been atoned for, that man carries with him and hides, I see perfectly. Those who have been atoned for are like footprints imprinted in the sand, which are erased with the following steps of repentance and penance. Contrite confession of sin cancels guilt.

Story of the child martyr of Sachsenhausen

The Pilgrim gave her a relic that Ana Catalina declared belonged to an ancient hermit. Several days later he told the Pilgrim about the martyrdom of a child, a relative of the hermit.

She had the appearance of a child of about four years old, crowned with a red halo. His countenance was extremely funny. His words were very short and profound. I went on a long trip with him and I was very impressed to see him so intelligent, so serious and so wise. We passed through a city and the knowledge of its moral state quickly dawned on me. I felt within me that there were pious and sinful souls there. The boy took me to a bridge and pointed out the house where he was born. It was an old house of middle-class citizens, which still preserved something from ancient

times. Everything was silent and still; But as we approached, the present inhabitants thought of that child and a vague memory of his story remained with them. Then I realized that often the instantaneous memory of a deceased person is the effect of their proximity. The child indicated to me that just as the correlation of the soul with the body never ceases until their union in the final resurrection, in the same way the action of a holy soul never ceases on those who, by ties of blood or kinship, are found in the relationship with her. A blessed person continues to work, help and enjoy that family according to the degree of faith and fear of God they have to receive this help. He told me how he acted in favor of the eternal health of his family and how he reached through martyrdom that perfection that he would have achieved if his life had not been interrupted by the evil of others, and that the merits of actions he would have practiced throughout his life, if he had not been killed at the age of four, he could also have applied them, in a spiritual way, for the benefit of his people. All kinds of evil happen, not by God's will, but by God's simple permission. Furthermore, the fulfillment and perfection of the good done by an individual are not removed or ceased in consequence of the sin of others, but are only altered and modified, and crime and sin, in their effective consequences, hurt him essentially, the sinner himself, while for the innocent, offended and harmed, punishments and martyrdom serve as a means to faster perfection. Although the sin committed against others is something contrary to the will of God, this will of God is not impeded in its final plan, since everything that the dead person would have done in the world comes to be fulfilled and completed, in a spiritual way, through freedom of will.

Then I saw the story of the martyred child. His parents lived almost three centuries ago, in Sachsenhausen, near Frankfurt, and he was very pious. They had a close relative, who lived in Egypt, as a hermit, of whom they spoke often, remembering him with affection and veneration.

Many times, looking at their little son, they said to themselves that they would consider themselves happy if their son imitated that relative in such a happy way of life, serving God in solitude. The parents who wanted so much to have an only child, who was not yet a year old, must certainly have been very pious. This desire was often renewed in their minds. When the child was one year old, one of his parents died. The one who survived remarried and the conversation about the hermit and the desire for his son to also be a hermit was renewed over time in the new family.

The boy was often entertained and amused by these conversations.

The other parent died, so the child was left an orphan. The hermit tradition was rooted in the family, and the child, now four years old, had a strong desire to meet his hermit relative. He told me that something good would certainly have happened if he had stayed alive; perhaps he too had become a hermit. He told me, moreover, that he would have been a good and handsome child, though by no means so handsome as he was at present. His new parents, who saw him as the heir of the house, would be happy to be free from his presence, and they spoke of this when they spoke of the distant hermit. The child was not yet four years old when his relatives handed him over to certain foreign Hebrews, who would take him to Egypt along with the hermit. They did this to get rid of the child, and they talked about the trip to Egypt just to hide the betrayal from the child. Although the boy became a martyr for this cause, he never stopped showing love and charity towards his family and his hometown. He showed me a large house, not yet finished, in a modern style, where a party was taking place, apparently a wedding party, where such parties often took place. I saw several rooms lit up with lamps and many people well dressed and decorated, celebrating and dancing. "They do this, the child told me, on

the bones of an ancestor, who by his piety laid the first foundation of the present well-being of the family." He led me into a walled cellar, where, in a double coffin, lay, in perfect position, a well-preserved, white skeleton. The inner box was made of lead and the outer box looked to me like dark wood. The boy told me that the deceased had been the founder of the house and his relative; A very pious man, who had acquired great riches, always remaining a good Christian. When the church where he was buried was destroyed, his children took his body to the basement, completely forgetting about him and his corpse. I penetrated all departments of the house. I also saw in the city many bones of saints resting underground, under the foundations of destroyed churches and monasteries, on which houses and palaces had been built. The boy told me that the city would decline a lot, as it was at the height of its pride.

I had a great trip by sea to a warm, sandy region. The boy left me alone. I then passed to a deserted city, where the houses fell one upon the other in ruins, and there I found the child again, and I saw in a cave, under a hill, the place of his martyrdom, and I saw his own martyrdom.

It looked like a place intended for animal sacrifice. Iron hooks hung from the walls, on which the Jews held the child in the form of a crucified man, causing the blood of each of his limbs to distill.

Many luminous bones of previously martyred children buried there were scattered across the ground, and these bones snorted like sparks. This child's martyrdom was never discovered or punished by the secular arm. It seemed to me that there were no Christians there, except for some hermit who came to the city from the desert.

Later I was in the desert and I saw that boy again next to the tomb of the hermit, his relative, who was buried where he lived. He died before the child was taken from Frankfurt. His bones glowed. There were many other tombs in that desert. Fragments of broken containers could be seen in the white sand; many palm trees grew. There the child left me again and I was transported by sea to another region; It was on a hill, in the city where the great amphitheater (Rome) was located. On one side of the hill were houses and some vineyards growing. Below stretched a large cavern, supported by columns; The entrance was closed, full of rubble. No one suspected that there was a cave there. When I arrived, the boy introduced himself again and stood next to me. There I found a great treasure of sacred bones; The entire cave was glowing. There were whole bodies inside coffins placed on the walls and a large number of small bones enclosed in small sarcophagi. I emptied them and worked there opening those sarcophagi. I saw some bodies where the cloths at the points where they touched the bodies were still intact, while the rest was consumed or rotted. I saw that some stuffed bodies had turned a pleasant white color.

I also saw several images referring to the lives of these saints, most of them belonging to the first centuries of the Church. Many were martyred because they brought offerings to Christian priests. I have seen them walk around with small volatiles under their arms and it seemed to me that they were denounced by the pagans. I saw many who, through the vow of chastity, became members of a religious order, and I also saw husbands and wives who, for the love of God, lived in continence. I penetrated into all these sacred places and among these bones, until I reached a large quadrangular box, not deep, and made of subtle matter. I felt drawn to that box; It seemed to me that it belonged to me, because there were the saints of whom I have relics. I wanted to take her with me; but the boy told me that this was not appropriate and that I should leave her. The relics were there carefully arranged, placed on pillows. As I couldn't carry it, I covered it with a blue cloth. The boy told me that those bones had been hidden there since the earliest times of the

Church; that they should remain; but this would be discovered and recognized over time.

Relics of the Münster Church

Ana Catarina received small packages containing relics sent on several occasions by Dean Overberg: they were mixed; some had names, others did not. He had general visions about these relics and then particular visions of some saints.

When I received the relics sent by Rector Overberg I had a vision of the way in which these relics were brought from Rome to Münster by the work especially of the first bishops and the great reverence with which they were placed in closed reliquaries and distributed to the various churches. I saw pious ladies gathering to tidy and wrap them; In doing so, they were careful to remain pure and holy. I saw some priests who later distributed these relics with them.

They were attached to the reliquaries, decorated with borders and flowers and arranged in a pyramid. When they were first exposed to public veneration, there was great solemnity, and the whole country considered themselves favored. Many relics were attached to the altars of the Ueberwasser church. Some pious capitular canons, when they heard about a saint, tried to obtain some of their relics, which they then venerated as a great treasure. Later I saw that when the churches and altars were expanded and restored, the bones of saints from the most diverse eras were placed one on top of the other. Many sacred bodies were found, some limbs of which were removed and placed with the other relics. Thus the body of a virgin was found, of which I have a small bone. I have seen the great blessings that arose from such bones diminish and cease with the increasing carelessness with which the relics were kept. I also saw that, not without a design of Providence, these relics reached the hands of Dean Overberg, who, even without knowing them, assigned them a decent place to keep them.

Another time, when Ana Catalina held the box of relics in her hands, which she called her church, she saw Saint Thomas the Apostle and an image from his travels and mission in the Indies.

The apostle passed from one king to another and performed many miracles. He made many prophecies before his death. I saw him lift a large stone, very far from the sea, engrave some signs on it and say: "When the sea reaches here, another will come and spread the doctrine of Christ". He was referring to Saint Francis Xavier. Later I saw the apostle pierced by spears and buried; as well as when his body was disinterred and honored. I believe that among my relics are also those of Saints Matthias and Barsabbas, as I was shown a brief photograph of their election to the apostolate.

Matthias, although thin and weak, was preferred by God to Barsabbas, who was young and robust, for the greater strength of his spirit. I have seen many things in this regard. I also saw an image referring to Simeon, a relative of Jesus, who, after James became bishop of Jerusalem, was martyred there at the age of one hundred. There must be some relic of his among mine.

The next day I saw scenes of the Apostle Saint Thomas again and said: I saw an image of his travels, as if they were marked on a map.

I was shown the bones of Simeon and Judas Thaddeus. I saw that Santa Ana's entire family died before Jesus was born. On this occasion I thought of the prophetess Anna and saw her, as well as in the rooms of all the widows and prophetesses belonging to the temple in Jerusalem. Simon and Judas Thaddeus were brothers. Saint Anne's

first daughter was Mary, wife of Alfeo. This Mary, at the time of the birth of Mary Most Holy, already had an adult daughter, who later became Mary, wife of Cleophas, with whom she had four children: James the Lesser, Simon, Judas Thaddæus and Joseph Barsabás. I have with me relics of these last three saints. When I touched the bones of Judas Thaddeus, as well as those of his brothers, I felt that he was related to Jesus.

I saw in another image when he arrived at Abgar, king of Edessa. In his hand he carried a letter that Tomás had given him. When I entered, I saw the luminous figure and appearance of the Savior. The king, sick, bowed before that apparition and did not see the apostle. He laid hands on him and immediately he was healed of his illness. Then the apostle preached in that city and converted the entire city. I saw images related to various saints. I saw the martyrdom of Saint Evodius, who suffered in Sicily with Hermogenes, his brother and sister. I also saw many images relating to a holy nun dressed in white, the Cistercian Catherine of Parcum. I saw her, when she was still Hebrew, since she was born that way, read all the things related to Jesus in certain paper packages, and I was moved. I saw that certain Christian children told her things about the baby Jesus and Mary and the manger, and that, guided by them, she secretly went to see a manger; So because of that, she got to know Jesus better. I saw her secretly instructed and then, after an apparition of the Holy Mary, decided to take refuge in a monastery. I saw many moving things in her and her burning desire to be despised.

The relic of this saint was sewn in red cloth, and when the seer was preparing to wrap it and write the name, she was told internally that there were also some threads of cloth that had touched the sacred manger and some fragments of the trunk of the true cradle of the Lord; and a small piece of paper with something written on it. They told her that these things were what the said saint most venerated; who, as a child, was moved by the image of the manger and obtained the grace to carry the baby Jesus in his arms many times. Ana Catalina told this to Peregrino, who managed to discover some threads with a piece of wood and writing that said:

"De præsepie Christi". "This comes from the cradle of the Lord; this was venerated by the little nun."

The Pilgrim, moved, wanted to kiss Ana Catalina's hand, and she said to him: "Kiss the relic of Saint Clare; There is nothing earthly in it anymore. This (my hand) is still mixed with the earth." The Pilgrim felt more moved, because he had hidden a relic of Saint Clare in his chest, which he intended to show the seer later.

When Ana Catalina had her, she said, kissing her: "Behold, Clara stands before me." He later added:

I saw a small image related to Santa. A war was raging near her convent. She was very sick and yet she was taken to the door of the monastery and they also brought her the Blessed Sacrament. This was enclosed in a silver pyx covered with gold; Before him she fell on her knees and begged the Lord and felt an inner voice that consoled her.

Immediately he saw that the enemies were moving away from the city.

Recognize relics of Afra, Marta and Madalena

One day the Pilgrim approached with a relic, when the seer exclaimed:

Afra! Do we have this saint's relic?... I see her here tied by her hands and feet to a stick. Flames flare and rise around her, and she turns her head and looks around.

Saying these words, he took the relic and kissed it, paying homage to the saint with great devotion.

At dusk the Pilgrim opened a small package, discovering a fragment of bone and a piece of clothing with writing on it. Ana Catalina, who could not see the object due to the darkness, immediately exclaimed: "Don't miss this writing. The indication is true; this writing shines."

When he obtained the relic, he fell into ecstasy and told the Pilgrim the following:

I have traveled to many places, far from here, to Bethany, Jerusalem and France. The bone belongs to Marta. The dress is Madalena's and is blue, with yellow and some green flowers. It's a remnant of your vanity. She still wore this dress under a mourning robe in Bethany at the time of the resurrection of Lazarus. All these dresses remained in Lázaro's house when she went to France. Certain pious friends took them and preserved fragments for memory. Some pilgrims, who had gone to visit her tomb in France, wrapped the relic in these cloths, believing that both the bone and the fragments of the dresses were those of Magdalene; but only the dress is hers; The bone belongs to Marta.

When the Pilgrim was able to better examine the internal writing, he found the legend: Saint Mary Magdalene. He also recognized, among the relics sent by the rector, a bone of Pope Sixtus the eighth and a fragment of the third Pontiff, after Peter. He was pleased to have retained the Latin numbers; But the next day she said to him:

"When I saw the bone of that holy Pope again, I was told: "Not the third Pope, but the thirteenth and his name means Savior."

The Pilgrim verified that it was Saint Sotero, which means Savior in Greek.

Relic of Saint Marcela

The confessor handed him a package with the inscription of Saint Clement. Ana Catalina received the relic and the next day she said that it was not from Saint Clement, but from Saint Marcela the widow. When the confessor was not convinced, she declared:

I saw the life of Saint Marcela again. I saw her widow, retired in a vast Roman-style palace, similar to that of Saint Cecilia.

It had large courtyards, with fountains and waterfalls. I saw her with Saint Jerome, who unfolded parchments and read. I saw her distribute her wealth to the poor and prisoners; and at night go to the prisons, whose doors opened before her. Upon learning of Saint Anthony's way of life, she put on a veil and monastic clothing and induced other virgins to do the same. I saw that foreigners entered Rome and looted and stole.

Some of them entered Marcela's house and extorted her, threatening her with weapons to make her give them money. She distributed everything among the poor. This is what I remember seeing. When I first saw her, the saint consoled and

encouraged me regarding my views on the Holy Scriptures and told me something to my confessor, which I completely forgot.

Scenes from the life of Saint Marcellus Pope

She recognized a relic of Saint Marcellus the Pope and narrated the following:

I've seen images related to this saint. At night, with many others, he went in search of the bodies of the scattered holy martyrs and buried them, writing their names on their tombs. I saw him wrapped in his cloak, wandering from place to place, carrying many sacred bones. He also transported bones to the catacombs and placed labels with names and inscriptions in front of them and separated them from each other. Among these writings are records of the holy martyrs. I think that in a large underground, where I saw so many plaques preserved, there is a good part of those he transported.

On this occasion I saw that we possess the most precious part of the relics and that among them are many bodies that he recognized by writing their names. The pious widow Lucina begged him to bury two unfortunate people, who had starved to death in prison some time ago. They did so at night and transported the bodies of a man and a woman to the place where San Lourenço was buried. When they were about to place them, the bones of Saint Lawrence moved away, as if they didn't want to have those corpses nearby; That's why they were buried in another place.

I saw Marcelo being taken before the Emperor. Because he did not want to sacrifice to idols, they whipped him until he bled and then condemned him to serve as a slave in a large stable. This stable formed a circle around a courtyard, and there were not only pack animals but also wild animal confinements that were used against the martyrs. He had to care for and feed the animals, who were very gentle with him. Here he could be useful to the church secretly, as with Lucina's mediation and donations to the guards, he often managed to escape from prison to bury martyrs and console the faithful. I also saw that he received the Sacrament from other priests and that he himself distributed it to others at night. He was taken from the stable and taken to prison; but after he had cured the wife of an important person, he was released. He then lived in Lucina's house, which he secretly transformed into a church and continued his charitable works.

They were surprised again; The palace was used as a stable and he had to return to raising animals. While secretly carrying out his duties in that stable, he was torn apart in the most inhumane way, with blows, in a corner of the stable and his body was abandoned in that desolate place. Christians buried his sacred body.

I then saw images related to Ambrose, Liborius and the government of the Church under Saint Gregory. In particular, these images referred to the relationships of those saints with pious women, and because of this innocent and pious treatment they were greatly slandered. Gregory founded many monasteries for nuns, and in the days formerly devoted to pagan deities and bacchanals, he induced hundreds of these women to pray publicly in the habits of penitents, in order to atone and compensate the church for their many sins. committed at other times on the same days. I saw that by acting in this way he achieved a lot of good; these festivals of the devil and sin diminished in their time. He had to suffer a lot because of his zeal. Then I saw an image of Deacon Ciriaco, who suffered countless sufferings. It was hidden for a long time in a catacomb located not far from the place where St. Peter's Church now stands. There he was almost starving. He was martyred.

I remember that Saint Ciriacus was consecrated by Marcelo and that he, with two other Christians, Largo and Smaragdo, protected the Christians who had to work in

the excavations. He himself was condemned to this forced labor and there he freed a Christian's daughter from the devil.

Plácido and Donato

I recognized the bones of Plácido and Donato. I saw that Plácido was, in his ways, similar to Saint Francis de Sales, gentle and kind. He was killed in Sicily with his brothers. I saw many things related to his life. He was the youngest of two brothers and a sister and since childhood he was considered a saint.

I saw him, still a boy, in his mother's arms, taking written labels and placing his little fingers where the names of Jesus and Mary were, with signs of great joy. I saw him generally loved; Often an entire family would gather around the child, which the mother would carry on her knee. I saw him with his tutor in a garden, where he played drawing crosses and intertwining them with flowers and plants. The little birds were very familiar to him. Afterwards he was taken to another place to study and then to the monastery of São Bento, which still had few disciples. I saw him gentle and delicate; He grew up quickly, as is often the case with children of high lineage. Then I saw an image relating to another saint who was raised very humbly in a hut and became Pope. I saw an image relating to both of their lives. I spoke to Plácido and he promised he would help me. He told me I should call on him.

Relics and episodes of various saints

While talking to the Pilgrim, one day the seer said: "We have a relic of Saint Teresa and one of Saint Catherine of Siena. Here they join many other names of saints whose relics he possessed, always in the same order.

I see the names, partly under the feet and partly close to the body and I see the attributes of each of them. I see Ediltrudes with her crown deposed; I see Teresa, Radegund, Geneviève, Catherine, Phoca, Maria de Cleopas. She is taller than Holy Mary and is dressed in the same way; She is the daughter of María's older sister. I also see Ambrósio, Urbano and Silvano.

The Pilgrim asked him, "Where is Pelagia?" She replied: "Pelagia is no longer near me; It's there" (pointed to the Pilgrim's chest). In fact, the Pilgrim had removed that relic, placing it in a coat pocket, like an already recognized relic that he intended to place in a reliquary. Peregrino himself was about to take another one out of his pocket, when the seer exclaimed: "I see Enguelberto. Perhaps we have a relic of his?" The Pilgrim showed the relic and Ana Catalina said the following:

I recognized that bone as that of Enguelberto de Cologne and tonight I saw many things about his life. Enguelberto was an important man, busy with serious business in the empire. He lived with great severity and justice, but not like the other saints, because of his many external occupations. He had great devotion to the Holy Mary. I saw that he had work done on the Duomo and collected many precious relics, which are no longer known today, and collected them in sarcophagi, which he placed under the altars. This was not very convenient. I also saw his death. He had been greatly persecuted by a relative, whom he should have punished. He surprised him on a trip and mistreated him horribly.

I counted more than seventy wounds on his body. Enguelberto became a saint through serious preparation for death, as shortly before he had made a contrite confession of the sins of his entire life and endured his slow death with indescribable patience while praying for his murderers. I saw that the Mother of God appeared to

him during his martyrdom, consoled him and urged him to suffer and die with patience. His holy death was due to the help of the Virgin.

I also recognized the relic of Saint Cunibert of Cologne. I saw him, as a page, beside King Dagobert and sleeping in the king's chamber.

A relic of Saint Luke

(April 2, 1821) For some time now I have seen a beautiful white fragment of the skeleton of Saint Luke, at my side. I see it very clearly and yet I cannot believe it, even when I see it in vision, and now, by punishment, I forget it while I am awake. Last night I saw the story that refers to this relic. Saint Gregory the Great took with him from Constantinople to Rome the skeleton of Saint Luke and an arm of Saint Andrew, and obtained such a happy result that through these relics he did much good for the poor. They were placed in his monastery of Saint Andrew. Some fragments of the skull and arm arrived in Cologne. I saw the great joy of the bishop of that city when such a relic arrived to him. Afterwards, these sacred fragments passed to Mainz; then to Paderborn and finally to Münster. Now they are both here, in my locket. The relic of Saint Andrew is enclosed in a capsule. Saint Luke's bone should have been tilted, wrapped in a cloth; Now I don't remember the exact location.

Begged by the Pilgrim to look for the relic, the seer recognized a fragment of the saint's skull and told the following:

a holy bishop; then to Trier, to Mainz, to Paderborn, and to Munster; I believe they came here under the command of a bishop who belonged to the noble Furstenberg family.

Maria's supposed hair

Anna Catherine received a certain amount of hair preserved as relics in the monastery of Notteln; It was said that they were the Virgin's hair, brought by Saint Ludgário. When he took them in his hands, he saw the following vision:

On the right, at the foot of my bed, a virgin of extraordinary beauty appeared to me. She wore a white and luminous garment, with a yellow veil, which reached down to her eyes, and through it I saw her hair, a very delicate blonde. The entire space was bright, with a light very different from daytime: they looked more like rays of sunlight. Her appearance, her grace and her kindness reminded me of the Mother of God. As I thought about this, I heard words similar to these:

"Ah! I am very far from being Maria... I am, however, of her lineage, and I lived thirty or forty years after her. I was born near the place where she was born; but I did not know her, and I was not in the places consecrated by her presence and her pains, so as not to make it known that she was a Christian, because these were times of great persecution among my people, the memory of the Lord and his Holy Mother was preserved. with so much ardor and vivacity that I tried in every way to imitate his virtues: I followed the Lord's footsteps in my soul and in the place where I lived I meditated, as Christians did, walking through the Stations of the Cross I obtained the grace to experience the intimate pains and secrets of Mary, and this constituted my martyrdom.

A successor of the apostles, a priest, was my friend and guide." The apparition pronounced the name, which I no longer remember. an old and foreign name,

although I believe I have heard it other times “It was through this priest that she found out about me; otherwise it would have been completely unknown. He sent some of my hair to Rome. A bishop in his country obtained some and brought them along with many others. All of this was completely forgotten. Many relics and remains from my time were also taken to Rome, although they did not belong to martyrs.”

This is what I learned about apparition. The way this news is received is ineffable. Everything you say to someone is extremely brief: I understand more things from one word than from thirty other explanations. One discovers the idea and concept of the speaker and all this is not seen with the eyes, although everything seems clear and distinct, more than with the natural impressions of the senses. Such communications are received with extraordinary joy, like a gentle breeze on an intensely hot day.

Blessed and consecrated things

I never see a miraculous image shine. Instead, I see before her a sun of light, from which the image receives the rays of light that fall on those who pray before it. I have never seen Kœsfeld's Crucifix shine; but I see the true relic of the Cross shining when it was hidden on top of the Kœsfeld cross. I saw rays of light descend upon those who prayed kneeling before her. I believe that every image, representation of God or instrument of God can become miraculous, with the full triumph of faith over human weakness, through the strength of the common prayer, full of trust, of those who pray.

Once the Pilgrim placed an AGNUS DEI before his eyes. She took it in her hands and said:

It's going well. This is blessed; that is good; been in contact with the force; In these relics I discover that there is strength.

On the occasion of a blessed cross, he said: The blessing shines like a star. Hold her with great honor. But the priest's consecrated fingers (he added, turning to the confessor) are much better. This cross may lack the blessing; but the consecration of the fingers is indelible and eternal. Neither death nor hell itself can make it disappear. It will appear distinct and visible in the sky as well. This consecration comes from Jesus himself, who saved us.

To someone who brought her a small image of the Virgin, she said:

You are blessed. Keep it well and do not leave it among profane things. He who honors and venerates the Mother of God will be protected by Her before her Divine Son. It helps a lot to keep the blessed things in your heart during the attack of temptations. Keep it well.

They brought her a small image and she said, placing it on her chest.

Oh, the mighty Lady! This small image was in contact with a miraculous image.

A coin of Saint Benedict and other relics

The Pilgrim presented her with a crystal cup, in which there was a coin sewn into a soft cloth. She said:

The cloth is also blessed. This is a coin dedicated to São Bento. It is a consecration that Saint Benedict left to his religious order and is related to the miracle that

happened when those monks gave him poison, and he made the sign of the cross and the glass broke, the fragments falling to the floor.

This blessing protects against plagues, poisons, deceptions and attacks from the devil. The red cloth to which the coin is sewn was in the tomb of Saint Wilibaldo and Saint Walburga. It comes from that place where the tomb of Saint Walburga distills a miraculous oil.

I saw the ecclesiastics who went barefoot to touch him in that tomb, and cut him like this to place him under this coin, which was blessed in that monastery.

The Pilgrim placed in his hands an image of Saint Rita of Cascia, which had been touched with a drop of blood from the saint's stigmata. Ana Catalina said:

I see a small holy nun, who seems to have no bones or flesh. I can't touch her.

On another occasion he placed an open book in his hands, the page of which was bathed in the blood of his own stigmata. Smiling, he said:

What is this funny little flower, striped in red and white, that comes out of the book and reaches the middle of my hands?

Another day, when the Pilgrim presented her with the same page, asking her if she had touched something sacred, she replied:

Yes; He touched the wounds of Jesus Christ.

A lady from Paris sent him an image that had been in contact with the bones of Saint Bobadilla. She put it on her forehead. The saint appeared to him and helped him in his pain. She saw all his martyrdom.

The Pilgrim gave him a broken ring that had been in contact with the tomb of Saint Nicholas of Flüe. Ana Catalina immediately said:

I saw that Brother Nicolau separated himself from his family and how, because he was married, he didn't put anything there, but only the physical, the spiritual was reinforced and became more powerful. I saw the breaking of the carnal union, in a particular way, as the breaking of a covenant, and on this occasion I had a teaching about carnal and spiritual marriage. The blessed ring on Saint Nicholas' tomb was the reason I had this vision. The ring was blessed in honor of brother Nicholas.

RELICS OF JESUS CHRIST AND HIS HOLY MOTHER

Relics of the Blood of Christ and hair of the Blessed Virgin

The Pilgrim had received, in June 1822, a suitcase with the inscription: DE CUORE JESU CHRISTI. The reliquary came from a suppressed Carmelite convent in Cologne. Without saying anything to Ana Catalina, she hid it in the closet next to the bed. The next day he said:

I spent this night very restless and in an extraordinary state. She was taken in this direction (indicating the place where the suitcase was) by a sweet but strong impulse, as if from an insatiable hunger; It was an appetite, a desire that could not be calmed. It seemed to me that it should fly one way and from there to the other. I was very moved and saw many contemporary and successive images. Going in that

direction, I saw the whole scene of Jesus in the Garden of Olives. Kneeling on a rock, he sweated blood in the cave. I saw the disciples sleeping and saw a complete picture of Jesus' agony and how much the sins of men distressed him. I saw that stone sprinkled with the blood that came from the body of Jesus Christ. The drops were covered with sand or earth and seemed to be hidden there; but it seemed to me that that sand or earth was coming towards me and removing itself from the drops so that I could see them. It seemed to me that this happened a long time after real time.

I also saw an image of the Blessed Virgin, who at that same moment was in a courtyard of the house of Maria de Marcos, kneeling on a stone: the shape of her knees was imprinted on that stone. She also experienced the anguish of the Lord and felt faint, receiving help. I saw an image relating to Mary's hair: it was divided into three parts. The apostles, after his death, cut and divided his hair.

The Pilgrim showed her the suitcase that was in the closet, and Ana Catalina, after looking at it with devoted attention, said:

There's also Maria's hair here. I see them again. There is, indeed, the blood of Christ here. There are three very thin globules here. This relic works on me in a very different way than all other relics. It attracts me so wonderfully; Leaves a sweet and calm longing in my heart. The other relics shine, compared to this one, like a fire, and this one like the midday sun. This is the blood of Christ. I once saw a distillate from a consecrated host. Certainly the blood of Christ remained on earth, not as substantial blood, but as a color of it; I can't express it better. I saw the angels collect only what fell to the earth on the Way of the Cross and during his passion.

Views on these sacred relics. The Princess of Crete

I saw a holy princess, dressed as a pilgrim, arrive with a large retinue in Jerusalem. She came from the island of Crete and was not yet baptized, but she ardently desired it. I saw her in Rome when she was a pagan. It seemed that at that time there was a lull in the persecutions, because the Pope lived in a ruined building; There she was taught and the Christians gathered in silence. In the Holy Land things were calm, but a trip to Jerusalem was accompanied by many dangers. The city of Jerusalem had changed a lot: some heights were leveled and some deep valleys were covered with rubble and filled within the city. This is why certain roads now passed through sacred places. I believe that the Jews were also forced to take refuge and lock themselves in a certain part of the city. There were ruins of the old temple. The place of the holy sepulcher remained fixed and unchanging near Mount Calvary, outside the city, but it was not possible to get there because it was covered with rubble and earth and walled up around it. Nearby many holy men remained and lived in ruined caves or vaults, which venerated those places and appeared to be those which had been established by the first bishops since the time of the Apostles. They could not physically reach the Holy Sepulcher, but they often reached its vicinity in visions. It seems that Christians attracted little attention at that time: they could, without being disturbed, but with certain precautions, visit the holy places, carry out excavations and remove relics and sacred things. At that time, several bodies of holy martyrs from the first period were searched and found, and their relics were jealously guarded.

That princess who was on pilgrimage there, praying on the Mount of Olives, saw the precious Blood in a vision and pointed it out to a priest who guarded the holy Sepulchre. He, with five others, went to the designated place and dug the earth. He

found a red stone on which Jesus Christ sweated blood; It was covered with many drops of blood. As they were unable to separate the stone from the rock of which it was part, they separated a piece the size of five palms from one side. The pilgrim princess received a part of this stone. He also obtained other sacred relics and fragments of the clothing of Saint Lawrence and old Simeon, whose tomb was destroyed not far from the same temple. I remember that the name of that princess is sacred, but unknown among us. The stone fragment was triangular and full of veins of different colors. First it was placed inside an altar; later on the pedestal of a monstrance.

The father of that young princess came from the kings of Crete (then in Roman power). This prince still had many possessions and lived in a castle near a city located on the western side of the island, called Cydon or Canea. There I saw many yellow fruits grow, long and obtuse at the top (fruits of the Malun Cydonium tree).

Between the city and the castle there was a large arch through which one could see the city, which could be reached via a royal road. The father had five other children; The mother died when the girl was still small. She had already been to the Holy Land and Jerusalem. One of his ancestors had known that Lentulus who had so much affection for Jesus and so much friendship with Peter; through him he came to know the truths of Christianity. From this I knew that the girl's father was not an enemy of Christianity. While he was in Rome with the young man who would be his son-in-law, they talked about Christianity and the young man said that he passionately wanted to be a Christian. I think this time it was about the future marriage or at least they became friends.

The young woman's father and her husband were better instructed in the faith by a priest. The young husband, who had the rank of count, was of Roman origin, although born in Gaul.

The king moved further and further away from the worship of the gods and the way of life of the pagans; and the daughter and sons often heard praise for Christianity.

The king had rights to the Labyrinth of Crete; but he renounced them precisely because of his different way of thinking, ceding these rights to his brother-in-law. The Labyrinth of Crete and the temple had not so much horror as in former times, when human creatures were often led to be torn to pieces by fierce beasts; However, idol worship was celebrated and many visited because of its wonderful rarities. Inside, shameful and abominable acts were committed. From a distance it looked like a mountain covered in vegetation. When the young woman was in Rome to be instructed in the Christian faith, she would have been seventeen years old. When the following year she went on pilgrimage with others of the same age to Jerusalem, it seemed to me that her father had died and that she was free and in control of herself. She carried with her the precious Blood, inside a richly embroidered belt, in which many small openings were visible. Pilgrims used to wear these belts slung over their shoulders. When she returned to Crete, it wasn't long before her fiance came looking for her on an equipped ship. He spent some time in Crete and then took her to Rome, where they remained for a long time. There he was secretly baptized.

At this time Peter's chair remained vacant for some time: there was discord and confusion and many secret murders of Christians took place.

From Rome they boarded a ship, escorted by many soldiers, to Gaul. Since their marriage, they have spent about half a year between Crete and Rome. The Most Precious Blood was carried by the count during his journey in a belt around his body. The wife gave it to him as a guarantee of her fidelity. The stop was at the Rhône, not far from Avignon and Nimes, as it was only seven hours' journey; The castle was

located on an island. Tarcasus and the solitary retreat of Magdalene were not far from there. In Nîmes there were already some Christian preceptors, who lived secretly in communities.

The cloister of Santa Marta was located on a mountain between the River Rhône and a lake. The count's castle was on an island and not far away was a small village. This city of San Gabriel owes its origins to a miracle.

A man was saved from a storm that caught him on the lake.

There the count was often visited by a hermit, who was a holy priest.

The most precious blood

The most precious Blood I spoke of was initially preserved under an underground arch. It was a dark space that could only be reached by passing through many other arches and vaults; Under one of these vaults I saw plants, bushes and provisions; In winter, they took flowering trees there. The precious Blood was kept in a kind of chalice and rested on the altar before which a lamp burned, in a kind of tabernacle made of angles, with an opening inside, I saw those couples, often dedicated to prayer. Later I saw that they lived a hermit life, separated from each other at a certain distance from the castle and that they met only to perform their devotions before the most precious Blood. I understood that they heard a voice ordering them to build a chapel. In fact, they built one precisely where the dining room used to be. Thus I saw that devotion to the Precious Blood grew more and more, although always secretly. Later the Blood of the Lord was transmitted in inheritance, with duplicate documents, but with reservation and great caution.

I saw something of Saint Trophimus of Arles at that time; I only remember a few names. Long before the count got married, there were Christians who had arrived from Palestine, and the count always treated them well and protected them. There were Christian communities in those places, although they remained hidden. The young woman's father kept his way of thinking secret from his older children, who did not think like him; On the other hand, the younger brothers had their sister's faith and I believe there were martyrs among them.

On July 11th, Ana Catalina said again:

I was thinking about the Blood of the Lord and I looked at the altar in the countess's castle. I saw this person when she was a child, at her father's house, on the island of Crete, and later during her stay with the count in the city of Rome. Right there I saw Saint Moses, still a child, when he brought all kinds of comfort, food and help to the sick and Christian prisoners.

I saw the count and countess in Rome, in underground places with other Christians and with priests, reading manuscripts by lamplight; It seemed that they were secretly instructed in the faith. At that time, many illustrious people were baptized. There was no public persecution at that time; but whoever was caught as a Christian was lost.

Some time ago, some Christians came from Palestine and settled near the count, who maintained relations with them. In the beginning, they did not have mass and practiced prayer and reading the sacred books together. Later, a hermit came every six months; then a priest from Nîmes, who celebrated mass. This happened at that moment when they could take and keep the sacred Eucharist with them. When the count and countess separated to live as hermits, they already had adult children: two sons and a daughter. Their hermitages were half an hour's walk from each other and from the castle, always within the limits of their possessions. To get there, they

had to cross a bridge over a river. They had some kind of small building built with vaults. There were many Christians around who lived the same way. They helped each other and finally a convent was built there. They did not die there nor were they martyred, because when persecution arose they took refuge elsewhere.

On July 15th he indicated a relic belonging to Pope Anacletus. He said he was the fifth Pope, successor to Clement and a martyr. At the same time he referred again to the precious Blood giving the following news:

The priest who extracted the most precious Blood from the stone was the holy Bishop Narcissus. He was of the lineage of the Three Wise Men, with whom his ancestors came to Palestine. A great light appeared when, at night, he dug in the Garden of Olives. That virgin princess I spoke of earlier was present. Narcissus was dressed in the manner of the Apostles. Jerusalem was then almost unrecognizable; as a result of the destruction, the valleys were filled with rubble and some heights were destroyed. Christians still had a church near the pool of Bethesda, between Zion and the temple, where a church already existed in the time of the Apostles. It no longer existed. They lived in huts and although the locals were outside the city, they paid homage to be able to enter the church.

At the doors I saw a man and a woman to whom I had to pay homage.

They paid five small coins and this was valid for a certain time. The reservoir of Bethesda, with its colonnaded porticos, was no more; everything was full of rubble. There was a fountain covered in a building, whose waters were considered sacred, they used them to cure illnesses and venerated it as we do with holy water.

The name of that count was similar to that of Saint Augustine's friend; Pontiziano; the countess was called Tazia or Dacia; I can't express it better. The feast of this saint is celebrated at the end of May or beginning of June.

News about Cardinal Giménez

On the afternoon of July 18, Ana Catalina suddenly said: A cardinal was with me, who was Queen Elizabeth's confessor. He was a great spiritual director and told me that I should blame myself for neglected and unfulfilled good and that I should greatly atone for the sins of others. He pointed and showed me Saint Dátula, who had the relic of the precious Blood. She knew the immense value of her relic and, abandoning all her possessions, lived with her husband in solitude to mourn her sins. The cardinal who appeared to me is called Giménez. I had never heard that name before; He was not declared a saint.

The island of Crete. Saint Dátula and Pontiziano

One day seeing many things related to Santa Marta, he indicated the place where Santa Dátula and Pontiziano lived:

The island with the castle was on the coast, where an eastern branch of the Rhône flowed. It took about half an hour to travel around that island. Pontiziano had some soldiers under his command and his castle looked like a fortress surrounded by walls. Seven hours' journey away, up the Rhône, is the city of Arles, and about eight hours' journey further on, the convent of Santa Marta, at a height full of obstacles.

On July 24th he narrated, with extraordinary animation and childlike enthusiasm: Crete was a long, narrow and very deep island; In the center ran a line of mountains that divided it into two parts. The castle of Santa Dátula's father was a building of

marvelous beauty and was partially excavated between the marble rocks in the form of overlapping terraces. On these terraces there were porticos with columns and the courtyards were also surrounded by porticos, over which there were gardens. The young woman's father had built the terraces and pensels as defenses in front of his castle, and when he was initiated into Christianity, this served to separate him from his neighbors, from the proximity of the Labyrinth and the abominable temple of idols. He was a man very given to the visual arts. I always saw him among skilled artists and architects, gathered around him. His head was somewhat bald and hidden behind his back; Furthermore, he was well educated and very helpful and benevolent. He owned vast lands on the island and had some authority. The outer wall of the castle was made in the form of steps. The terraces had a flowery and careful appearance and served as an entrance to the interior rooms.

Today is the anniversary of the day that Pontiziano came to take Dátula from his brother's palace, to take her as his wife, since the young woman's father was not alive. During the night I saw the wonderful party that was held. I still preserve in my fantasy the faces of the people, servants and servants I saw. Two of Dátula's brothers lived in the palace; They both had many children, boys and girls, and there were many servants there. Each child had a guardian and a certain number of men and women to attend him. All the relatives were also there with their servants.

The road leading to the castle had triumphal arches and seats arranged on both sides for half an hour; The arches were decorated with flowers, statues and rich tapestries. A crowd of children played and sang, reaching out to the castle door, before which a platform had been erected for the wife. Pontiziano had arrived days before at a neighboring port in a boat full of soldiers, men and women, and gifts and donations; and he retired to another nearby castle to put the procession in order. Along with his wife, what moved him most was the joy of all his relatives and the slaves and servants.

They were all treated with great familiarity, with much charity and love, and received many gifts, and seemed very happy and cheerful. They were all close to the road that led to the castle; first the most humble, then the most exalted and, finally, in the chairs, the children of the families with their entourage. Pontiziano advanced with great pomp in procession. The servants preceded with badges and decorations of their rank and then the soldiers who surrounded them; They drove donkeys and horses, very fast, carrying baskets full of dresses and decorations, while others carried glasses full of all kinds of jellies. Pontiziano was sitting in a wide and spacious carriage, of marvelous beauty, which looked more like a throne.

At the front, illuminated axles shone, on bases that looked like glass, and on the hood of the same car there were similar lamps. Everything was decorated with beautiful carpets, with gold and silver. The beautiful car was pulled by a caged elephant. In the entourage there were a large number of ladies and maidens.

Everything was conducted with order and joy in that beautiful country. The roads were full of flowers, beautiful fruits and people with joy on their faces. Everywhere there was joy and joyful exclamations were heard, without tumult or debauchery. When the procession of the bride and groom arrived at the place where the first servants were, placed on the main road, those who preceded Pontiziano began to distribute dresses, decorations and cakes and jellies. Some cakes were decorated with flowers, branches and plants.

Thus the procession marched while distributions were made amid general joy. When the husband arrived where the family's children were, they spread carpets and silk fabrics, decorated with fringes, on the road, and the husband was greeted with songs and music from the children's choir. The husband got out of the carriage,

distributed gifts to the singers and the procession continued until it reached the wife's brothers and relatives. Finally, passing through a wide and ornate triumphal arch, they reached a bridge, where they stopped. Among the slender buildings, a theater built in the shape of a large niche with many steps and terraces, adorned with flowers, images and statues, appeared in the middle of the gardens.

The stands were covered with magnificent carpets and the perpendicular walls of the terraces were covered with carpets and beautiful images. They seemed transparent and translucent, and I remember seeing a whole hunting scene represented there with beasts, whose eyes glowed as if they were made of fire. The courtship scene took place in broad daylight; but this theater was placed in a deep cavity, and therefore everything around it was illuminated with artificial lights. There were also burning axes, similar to those in the groom's carriage.

Around that building there was a semicircle of small buildings from which, upon her husband's arrival, a melodious song would come out, accompanied by harmonious flutes.

The most attractive thing in that whole image was Dátula's wife, sitting on a high throne. Family, friends and maids occupied the stands, in two rows. They were all dressed in white; her hair braided with art, full of ornaments and jewels; They wore very long veils. Dátula had a bright white dress, which looked like silk, with long pleats; her hair braided with precious stones. I cannot tell you how happy and moved I was to see beneath their dresses, above their hearts, the embroidered waist that contained the relic of the precious Blood of Jesus Christ.

This splendor surpassed in brilliance all the magnificence I saw around the party. I also saw that Dátula's heart was immersed in sweet thoughts in the presence of that holy relic. She looked like a living monstrance.

When the husband appeared in the presence of Dátula, his servants, surrounding him in a semicircle, presented him, on a large silk cushion, with the bride's rich gifts and gifts. They were beautiful clothes, pearls and very rich decorations. All these gifts were covered with a magnificent veil and decorated with arabesques and stripes. They were then removed from there by the maids. Then Dátula descended from the throne with her entourage, covered herself with the veil and humbly bent her knees before Pontiziano, who, lifting her up, removed the veil and, leading her by the hand, led her through that part of the procession that it was on the right; then, turning, he turned to the left. He presented her in this way to the people of his court, as the future lady and sovereign of the house. It was truly moving to see how he carried the relic of the precious Blood among the pagans. I think the husband noticed, because I saw him very emotional and full of admiration. After all this, the couple retired with their entourage to the castle.

I need not say how much order and harmony reigned in that crowd, and how those happy people divided and distributed themselves in the rooms, in the courtyards, on the terrace, in the woods between the tents, and as they ate their food, they had fun and sang happily. I didn't see any dancing.

Then I saw a great banquet in a vast round room. The wife was sitting next to Pontiziano. The table was higher than was usual among Jews and the men appeared lying on the beds. The ladies were sitting cross-legged. At that table they presented admirable things. Large animals and figures could be seen carrying food on their backs, or on their sides, or in baskets, held between their jaws. The scenery was very attractive and the guests played when the animal figures appeared. The glasses that held the drinks shined and were transparent as if they were made of mother-of-pearl. All night long I contemplated this spectacle.

I didn't see the wedding ceremony, but I saw Dátula and Pontiziano leaving.

A lot of luggage was sent to the ship in advance; and amid tears and wishes of happiness the procession headed towards the port. In this procession I saw Dátula and Pontiziano sitting on a float with other people. The car had many wheels and was built in such a way that when the road curved, it folded in on itself, so that those on top formed a semicircle. It was pulled by small, vigorous horses. In all these parties I saw nothing inappropriate, not even the slightest nuisance. Although they were all pagans, there was nothing idolatrous; On the contrary, it seemed that all this pleased the Lord. The family already seemed very inclined towards Christianity. The men were bold and handsome, and I cannot forget the slenderness and beauty of the maidens and women of that place.

Dátula took many with him and also his nanny and housekeeper, who was very inclined towards Christianity. I did not witness the boarding.

Recognition of a relic

On February 11, 1821, while Ana Catarina was in ecstasy, the Pilgrim left an image of the Crucifix on the bed. The seer took it and said: This image must be venerated. It's beautiful; I was in touch: that's why it shines so much. (Placing the image on his chest, he added):

This image touched the cloak of Jesus Christ, and on this cloak there is a drop of the Blood of Christ, of which no one is aware. This bloodstain is on the upper part of the neck.

Another relic of the Precious Blood

(April 8, 1823) I had a great and difficult job with relics of ancient times. This happened in a country further away than the Holy Land. The ecclesiastics there were not like the Catholics. They were dressed in the manner of the ancient church and looked like those who lived on Mount Sinai. It seemed to me that I was in that region where I always saw the closest of the three wise men. The city where the ancient book of Prophecies carved in sheets of bronze was preserved was on the left (*). There I had a task with relics of the Blood of Christ and I had to show those priests a treasure of relics. I saw seven old priests digging inside an ancient ruined wall, in an underground cave. They first examined the place to make sure there was no threat of falling on them. The sacred relics were walled inside a very thick stone, which seemed to be formed from a single piece, but which was actually artfully joined together by three triangular parts. When they managed to open it, they found inside a thick, dark cloth woven with mane and hair and beneath it a true treasure of the most holy relics belonging to the Passion and the Holy Family. Everything was enclosed in triangular glasses, placed one next to the other. There was earth, which had been under the cross of the Lord, bathed and colored with the Blood of the Lord, and a small amphora full of water that came out of the wound in the side: this water was clear and shining and so tenacious that it did not spill out of the glass. There were also thorns from the crown, a piece of Ecce Homo's purple cloak, some fragments of the Virgin's robes, relics of Saint Anne and many others. There were seven priests who worked in that clandestinity and some deacons arrived. I think they put the Blessed Sacrament on top. I had a lot to do and I had to free many souls from Purgatory. The precious Blood helped me in this work. I believe that the Apostles once celebrated Mass in that place.

(*) *In another chapter she talks about the manuscripts and points to the city of Ctesiphon as the place where they are still buried.*

The Holy Spear of the Lord

(June 1820) The confessor received some nameless relics that belonged to a reliquary of the duchy of Dulmen. Taking these relics to Ana Catalina, as soon as she was in her presence, she exclaimed:

Sting, sting; this is the sign. I felt a very strong twinge.

In fact, the wound on his side started to bleed. He then had a vision about Longinus, which he reported as follows:

I saw the Lord dead on the cross. I saw everything: the places and positions, and I saw the people like on Good Friday. It was at the time when the legs of those crucified were broken. Longinus had a mule horse, as it was not like our horses; That one had a much thicker neck. He was outside the circle of those executed; He advanced on foot, within the circle, with his spear; He climbed the hill of Golgotha and struck the Lord on the right side. When he saw the blood and water gushing out, he was very moved; He came down from the mountain, mounted his horse, and quickly headed towards the city. He went to Pilate and told him that he had Jesus as the Son of God and that he no longer wanted to be a soldier. In fact, he left his spear and other weapons next to Pilate and left there. I believe that it was Nicodemus who he met on the way and to whom he narrated what happened and from that moment on he joined the disciples.

Pilate considered that spear unworthy and shameful, as an instrument of torture, and did not want to keep it with him. I believe this is how Nicodemus received it from Pilate himself. It seems to me that we have another relic of Nicodemus.

Having that relic in his closet, he once said:

Here are the soldiers with the sacred spear!... There is a small part of the Lord's spear there. It is Vitor who carries a small part of the spear inside his own spear. Only three know. (He later narrated): After noon I experienced the feeling as if the cross of the Lord was resting on me and as if his sacred Body were dead in my arms, in my right arm. Not far away was the sacred spear in two fragments: a thick one and a smaller one. Which one should I take for my comfort? . . . I took the Sacred Body and the spear disappeared from me. Since then I have been able to speak again. (On another occasion):

I looked at the sacred spear for a long time and it seemed to me that it was inserted into my right side and I felt it pass to the left, between my ribs. I placed my hand over the wound to guide the tip between one rib and the other.

Effects of a relic of the Holy Cross

Dr. Wesener's diary, dated October 16, 1816, contains this first account of the recognition of relics. Having placed a small box before her eyes, Ana Catalina said:

This little box contains something very precious: a small part of the real Cross. I also have it on my chest (a relic of the Cross). I also have a spear relic. The body was hanging on the cross, but the spear was in the body. Which of the two should I love more? The cross is the instrument of redemption; The spear opened a wide door to love. Ah, yesterday I went inside! (It was a Friday). The relic of the cross makes my

pains sweet; the spear relic drives them away. Many times, when the relic of the cross soothes my sorrows, I have said with confidence to the Lord: "O my Lord! If it was sweet for You to suffer on this cross, how could this little part of it not soothe my sorrows?"...

Having lost this relic in a change of address, she was distraught and begged Saint Anthony to find it for her.

On August 17 he said:

Next to me were Saint Joseph and Saint Anthony, and Saint Anthony placed in my hands the fragment of the cross that I had lost.

A dress of the Blessed Virgin

(July 20, 1820) I discovered again in that small package of relics that the confessor brought me, a small fragment of cloth, dark in color, that belonged to the Mother of God. For this reason I saw an image relating to the Virgin. After Jesus' death, she lived in isolation with a maid in a small, lonely house. In a vision of the wedding at Cana, I saw that Mary had worn this dress there, the relic of which I have; It was a typical dress for a ceremony. Mary lived alone in that little house, where the disciples, the apostles and Saint John visited her. No man was sheltering there. The maid went in search of what little they needed to eat. The surroundings were calm and peaceful, and the little house was not far from a forest.

I saw Mary, in this dress, visiting and walking slowly along a path that she herself had prepared near her room, in memory of the painful path that Jesus walked during his Passion. I saw that first she walked that path completely alone and measured the distance to all the stations, according to the number of steps on the path that Jesus walked, steps that Mary counted so many times after the Lord's death. According to this number of steps, at the points where something notable had happened to Jesus, Mary would place a sign, piling stones or pointing to a tree. This path ended in a small forest and Jesus' tomb was marked by a cave opened on a small hill. After the Virgin had indicated the entire path, she walked it with her maid, immersed in mute contemplation. When they arrived at a station, they sat down and meditated on the mystery in its innermost sense, prayed and ordered everything so that it would always be better. I saw that Maria, with a small chisel, carved into the stone the meaning of the station, the number of steps and other similar things. They cleaned the small tomb cave and made prayer more comfortable. I didn't see any images or crosses along the entire way; They were simple inscriptions that indicated the steps of the Passion. That place, arranged by Maria, became very beautiful and comfortable over time due to visits from people and repeated arrangements. After Mary's death, pious people walked that path, praying and kissing the earth. The house where Mary lived was internally separated by light movable walls, in the same way as the house in Nazareth.

The dress to which this relic belonged was the outer one that covered the back, lengthening in some pleats and reaching the feet. One of the upper parts fell over the back and chest, and reached the other side, where it was joined by a button, thus forming an opening at the neck. With the help of a belt it was fastened around the middle of the body; It thus covered both sides, starting from the armpits and reaching the feet. It covered the entire inside of the dress, or tunic, which was also dark in color. This outer dress opened on both sides, showing the inner lining. These linings had red and yellow stripes along and across. This relic fragment came from outside. It seems to me that it was a dress that was worn on solemnities and that it

was worn that way, according to the ancient customs of the Hebrews. Santa Ana used a similar one. The tunic, the front of the bust and the sleeves were covered with this dress. The tunic had narrow sleeves, somewhat rolled up at the elbows and wrists. She tied her hair inside a yellowish cap, which fell over her forehead, forming folds at the back of her neck. Over it she wore a black veil made of thin fabric that came down halfway down her body.

With this dress I saw the Virgin walk the Way of the Cross in recent times. I don't know if she wore it because it was a solemn dress or because at the time of the Savior's crucifixion she was wearing this mourning dress under the cloak that covered her. In that place I saw the Virgin, already very advanced in age, although no sign of age appeared in her features, other than an expression of a more ardent desire and aspiration for heaven, which contributed to divinely transfigure her. She always seemed indescribably serious and serene: I never saw her laugh. As she grew older, she seemed more sincere and transparent in her features. She was thin. I saw no wrinkles or signs of decomposition on his face. She seemed spiritual. Opening the relic, I saw that it was a fragment of striped fabric, the size of a finger.

Other relics of Mary Most Holy

(November 14, 1821) I made my usual trip to the Holy Land, precisely to some places where I saw relics of Mary and learned their history. I met Saint Paula in Rome and it seemed to me that it was the day of her departure for Palestine.

It seemed to me that we were going to visit those sacred places together. I don't know how to explain how I saw so many relics of the Blessed Virgin. I was in a place, I think it was called Chiusi, where Mary's ring was kept, which is now in Perugia. I saw that in Chiusi a white precious stone still appeared in a reliquary, which was not the ring. From the story of the ring, which I saw in full, I only remember that a young man, when being taken to be buried, got up from the coffin and declared that he would never be able to rest again if his mother, whose name was Judith, a woman of great vanity, did not returned to the church the ring he had, which was that of the Virgin. Having said this, he composed himself in the coffin.

I was in a place, but I don't know if it is the same place where the holy house of Loreto was first placed, or if the utensils that were shown to me came from there. I have not seen them in any Christian church; Those who went there looked like Turks. Clay dishes and cups were preserved, which were in Loreto's house when it was transported to Europe. I don't know if those utensils were the real ones or the imitations that Saint Helena had made. In Loreto there are many such relics. Saint Helena ordered that both the real ones and the imitations be enclosed in a well-protected glass urn so that they would last a long time. It seemed to me that the Loreto utensils were the real ones. When I saw them, they were very well kept under an altar.

I also saw, although I don't remember the place, in a Greek church in Asia, a fragment of Mary's veil in a pale yellow color. So many fragments of that veil, which was very extensive, had already been distributed that only a small piece remained. He had arrived at that church through Saint John the Evangelist. I saw an image where they showed me how people were discussing whether it was a real relic or not. A reckless man tried to get hold of that cloth and his hand became paralyzed, while his wife prayed fervently for him. Saint Luke was also present among these men and testified to the authenticity of the relic: taking the veil, he placed it on the man's injured hand and he was immediately healed. Luke gave those people a written statement of this relic, and there is no evidence that the writing still exists

there. He told them about his previous life and how he had dedicated himself to cultivating the fine arts and had dedicated himself to traveling to various places, having the opportunity to see Mary, when she went to Ephesus with Saint John. He also spoke about the images he painted.

I was in a place where an outer garment of Mary was preserved. I think it was in Syria, close to Palestine. It was one of those dresses that Maria gave to two women shortly before she died. These people were not Roman Catholics; I think they were schismatic Greeks. They had a pompous adoration for that relic and were proud to possess it. I believe that Saint Francis of Assisi went to these places and obtained a miracle, or at least confirmation of the authenticity of the relic.

I saw that where the declaration of authenticity written by Saint Luke was preserved, there is also a letter written by Mary's hand. It is very brief and is wonderfully preserved. I understood it perfectly and perhaps its contents will come back to me. John wanted Mary to write it for certain people who did not believe what he had preached about Jesus Christ.

I saw an image of Mary and the sashes and cloths of Jesus that were once kept in a magnificent church in Constantinople. The location where these relics are now located is not known. I also saw that a pilgrim who was carrying with him a quantity of relics of Mary's clothes and hair, upon returning from the Holy Land, was attacked by thieves and injured. The criminals threw the relics into the fire. The injured man managed to reach the fire, found the relics intact and suddenly regained his health.

Stones on which the apostles celebrated

In Ephesus, where Mary's house was located, there is still a stone on which the apostles Peter and John celebrated Holy Mass. Every time Peter and John arrived in Palestine, they visited the little house in Nazareth and celebrated mass there. An altar was erected where the house once stood. A small closet, used by Mary, was converted into a tabernacle. Ana's house was on the outskirts, half an hour's walk from Nazaré.

From there it was possible to reach Mary and Joseph's house in Nazareth, unnoticed, along lost roads, on a small hill. It wasn't built exactly on the hill, but at the back, separated by a narrow path, where there was a small window, since that part was very dark. The back of the house was triangular, like Mary's little house in Ephesus; In this triangle was Mary's room, where she received the Angel's announcement. This triangle was separated from the house by the fireplace wall, which consisted, as in Ephesus, of an excavation in the wall, in the center of which, above the place for the firewood, a chimney rose and ended in a pipe projecting from the ceiling. At the end of this chimney I later saw two suspended bells. To the right and left were two doors that led to Maria's rooms. In the wall of the house there were openings or niches where various utensils were stored.

The small bed where Maria rested was on the right side, behind a movable wall, a kind of screen. On the left side was a small closet. Behind the fireplace there was a straight beam of cedar wood, on which the wall rested, and from there another transverse beam came out, which extended to the end of the angle. Mary's oratory was on the left; She used to kneel on a stool. The window opened from the front, on the opposite side. The rustic walls were covered in long leaves and some wicker mats hung above them. The roof, at the top, was woven from tree bark and in the three corners there was a carving that looked like a star; The middle one was bigger. When Mary retired to Capernaum, the little house in Nazareth was decorated and considered a sanctuary. Mary often went from Capernaum to this place

consecrated by the Incarnation of Jesus Christ, to pray. Later, a multitude of stars were placed on the ceiling. I remember that the back of the house and the little window were taken to Europe. When I think about it, it seems like I saw the front of the house fall down. The roof was neither pointed nor high, and the edge was somewhat raised, so that one could walk around it.

The entire roof was flat. It didn't have any small tower, but just the chimney covered by a small roof, as is usual. In Loreto I saw many lamps lit in that sacred house. At the time of the Annunciation, Ana slept on her left side, separated by a partition, near the fireplace.

Constantine and his conversion (*)

Constantine had, through several apparitions, great confidence in the sign of the Holy Cross: he had it carried on a standard, before his army, with great veneration. But in this he was guided more by superstitious fear, as today we see people using amulets without true devotion. He believed that the Cross helped him, but he had the idea of Christ as a god like so many others in the Roman Empire. He did good things mixed with other bad things, and even persecuted some Christians, enthusiastic about others, although he venerated the Cross as a sign that would bring him luck in his endeavors. Pope Sylvester and other priests had to go into hiding; They were hiding in the caves of a mountain.

Things got to the point that God used punishment to improve them; He contracted leprosy and the idolatrous priests told him that he must bathe in the blood of a child. Upon hearing this, he had Pope Sylvester appear and instructed himself in the truths of faith. He spent seven days doing penance and I saw him being baptized by Pope Sylvester. The Emperor entered the water completely and came out of his leprosy. When he found himself clean and knew what it was to be a Christian, he sent a letter to his mother through a messenger, telling her that he had become a Christian, that he had been cured of his leprosy, and that she too should become a Christian. Mother Helena didn't know much about Christianity; he had veneration and desire for the Messiah; He had heard that the Son of God came into the world because of the Jews; That's why he considered the Jews a chosen people and interacted with the wise men of that race. When she told them that the Emperor had become a Christian, they caused a great commotion and were very frightened. She wrote to her son telling him that if he abandoned paganism he should therefore have embraced the religion of the Jews. When the emperor expressed this to Pope Sylvester, he told him to write to his mother, summoning her to Rome in the company of Jewish scholars for a public dispute.

Constantine wrote to his mother and she sought out the wisest among the Jews and left with two of them for Rome. Several other Jews were present in this dispute and several pagan philosophers, who would decide who would have the advantage. I saw that Sylvester responded to all the objections of the Jews, who converted, as did Helena, the Empress, who then went to Jerusalem in search of the true cross of Christ.

() Some historians say that Constantine was baptized only at the end of his life. Nikephoros calls this story *Figmentum arianorum*. Tradition and the Roman Breviary agree with what Ana Catarina saw. The Breviary says that he was freed by baptism from the leprosy of infidelity. The latter was an addition, as relatives complained that it was disclosed that he was stricken with leprosy.*

Encounter and triumph of the Holy Cross

After Christ's death, the Jews attempted to destroy all the places that Christians considered holy. They dug ditches on the road where Jesus had fallen. The beautiful, green places where Jesus had preached were made impassable and the gardens were fenced off. In some places, they even built hidden pits where pilgrims could fall. I saw that some of these perfidious Jews had fallen into the depths. They defaced and placed obstacles on the roads leading to Calvary, digging ditches in some spaces and surrounding others with fences. Many made pilgrimages to these places and great wonders were performed there. I saw that they dug and lowered the top of Mount Calvary and the earth they took from there was spread over the roads. The five heart-shaped places full of vegetation that existed there and leading to the crucifixion site were deformed. When they removed the earth from the top of Calvary, a bare, white stone was left, where a square hole, one cubit deep, where the cross had been was visible. I saw them in this place working painfully with levers and tree trunks to remove the stone, but it always went deeper. Then they covered the place with earth. The place of the holy sepulcher was owned by Nicodemus and was left as it was.

Later these places were desecrated again. The garden of the holy sepulcher was slightly inclined in relation to the height of the tomb.

I saw how they dug and lowered the height and covered the garden with earth and spread it and disguised the whole place. That night I saw the entire place of the tomb and Calvary completely changed and unrecognizable. Many roads were covered in debris and cut off other roads and trails. Mount Calvary, where there were other heights and vegetation in between, was lowered and leveled over a large area. The two Jews who came with Helena to look for the cross had to pretend to be Jews to find out from others the place of the cross.

When, through conversation with the Jews, they learned where the site of the tomb and Calvary were, Helena found above the holy sepulcher a temple to Venus with marble and pagan figures. On Mount Calvary was the idol of Adonis. The Jews did not want to say where the cross of Christ was and said it was just an ancient Jew.

I saw a woman of great stature and majesty, already old but still agile (Helena) with a veil that covered a small crown, going in and out of many huts and dark caves. on the city walls, searching for data.

I also saw the small, emaciated Jew, with a long beard, go into one hut and another, before the Lady came in to ask. I once saw that he gathered many Jews. Another time I saw Helena walking with that old Jew and two men carrying a long drill towards the place where the cross had been. The temple of idols had already been demolished. The old Jew didn't know for sure either, and they kept drilling closer and closer, until they saw a sign in the same hole, and I don't remember what it was. So they started digging there.

I saw the Empress, when she found the place, take off her crown and let down her hair. He took something off his neck and chest and took off his shoes, leaving everything on a clean white stone. They had to dig a very deep hole before they found anything. They first found a thief's cross; then, not far from there, the cross of Christ, and then the other. They found the cross of Christ dismantled; but the pieces were there in a certain order. The inscription plaque was a little further away; on it the parchment with the inscription. Underneath a piece of wood in the arm of the cross were the three nails in order: the foot nail was a foot and a half long; the others, a span. Helena sent the thickest nail to her son Constantine.

I cannot understand why it is said that they were unable to recognize the cross of Christ with those of others, when I have always seen them different from each other. Thieves' crosses were made of round wood, in which the crossbar was fixed with a wooden dowel and protruded from the top. The cross of Christ was made of square wood, a little wider than it was thick, well crafted, and the arms were tucked inside the main wood. It also had a small footrest, attached with a thick nail that looked to me like it was riveted. This footrest was found on the cross, turned upside down. I saw that Helena ordered the cross to be lifted and was hugging it.

They dismantled the other two crosses and left them aside, like pieces of worthless wood. I always thought, in my naivety, that I should have carried the good thief's cross. Many people came to the place. The soldiers had to intervene to maintain order.

I saw the Cross being carried in a large procession. They brought crippled, sick and paralyzed men, supported in the arms of others, and even in carts, while the procession passed, and all were cured just by touching the Cross. I believe that these wonders were performed to testify to the truth of the Holy Cross and not to distinguish it from others. The old Jew became a Christian and a fervent worshiper of the Holy Cross. He always wore the sign of the cross on the right side of his clothing. He later became bishop of Jerusalem. I saw that Helen herself was baptized in Jerusalem and ordered that the temple of the idol that was over the holy Sepulcher be demolished. At first, Jews did not want to work; But a terrible storm arose and swept away all the rubble there and also many of the Jewish houses built around it. Then a great fear seized the Jews and they began to work seriously. The original entrance to the Holy Sepulcher was no longer used or opened and a side entrance was made.

Helena was fifty years old at the time and I saw her building intensely busy (the Church of the Holy Sepulchre). The Christian church was still in Zion, where the holy Eucharist had been instituted.