



A Dictation For The Priests

**As revealed by JESUS to Maria Valtorta
The Notebooks for 1944**

January 27, 1944

JESUS says:

This is a page which is painful to dictate, write, and read. But it is true and should be uttered. Write. It is for the priests.

The faithful are accused a great deal of being not very faithful and very lukewarm. Men are accused a great deal of being without charity, without purity, without detachment from wealth and without a spirit of faith. But since children, with rare exceptions, are the way they are trained by parents, not so much by repression as by example, in the same manner the faithful, excluding the exceptions that always arise, are as they are trained to be by priests, not so much by words, as by example.

The churches scattered in the midst of men's houses ought to be like a beacon and a purifier. From them, there ought to issue forth a gentle, powerful Light that penetrates and attracts and, in spite of all looks, as happens with daylight, enters into the depths of hearts.

Observe a lovely summer day. A glorious light flows from the sun and embraces the earth. So victorious and powerful that even in the most thoroughly closed room, darkness is never complete. It may be a beam as slender as the hair of a child, a tremulous point on a wall, or a mote of golden dust dancing in the atmosphere, but a little sign of light remains in that room to testify that outside there is the blazing sun of God.

Similarly, if, from the churches scattered among the houses, there issued forth a "Light"

as I have indicated it to you as your sign... O priests, whom I call the 'light of the world'--I called you that when I created you--a thread, a point, or a dust mote of light would penetrate into the most tightly closed hearts, just enough to recall that upon the world there is 'a Light', just enough to prompt a hunger for light, for 'that Light,' in hearts.

But how many churches are there from which emanates such a bright light that it forces open the closed doors of hearts and penetrates them and brings them to God, the God Who is Light?

How many souls in churches are there?

You, pastors and curates, priests and monks, all of you whom I have called to be bearers of Me to hearts, how many are so inflamed by Charity that you can overcome the frost in souls and bear into men's hearts, God's love and love for God, for the God Who is Charity?

Men in their sorrows (and I alone know how many there are in their sorrows) differ from yours. Or, at least, your sorrows ought to be different from theirs, for yours ought to be only afflictions, which come from your zeal concerning your Lord God not being sufficiently loved, the faithful who are lost, the sinners who are not converted...

These, these and no others ought to be your sorrows, for I, in calling you, did not show you a royal palace, a table, a purse, or a family, but a cross, My Cross, on which I died naked, on which I breathed My last alone. Onto which I rose after having detached Myself, stripped of everything, even of My poverty, which was wealth compared to My wretchedness as a condemned man for whom there remained only a scaffold made of a little wood and three nails and a handful of thorns woven into a crown.

And this serves to tell everyone, and you, in particular, that souls are saved through sacrifice, through generosity in sacrifice, which goes as far as total, absolute stripping of affections, comforts, necessities, and life.

Men, in their sorrows, ought to be able to see their church as a mother to whose lap one goes to weep and hears words of comfort, after having recounted one's cares, with the certainty of being listened to and understood.

Men, in their moments of obscurity prompted by so many factors--not always originating in their will, but imposed by the will of others, by a whole set of circumstances leading them to believe in error or doubt God--ought to encounter you, bearers of light, My Light.

You, merciful as the Samaritan. You, masters like your Master. You, fathers like your Father.

The earth, corrupted by so many things, ferments like a rotting body and contaminates souls with its stench. But if the churches scattered among the houses were incense burners where a priest lives, burning and burns himself by loving, the world's stench would be counterbalanced by the perfume of God issuing from the hearts of the priests living in total 'fusion' with God. Effaced in God to the point of being only like Me, Who Am in the Sacrament at man's disposal at all hours--I, God, Am there without weariness, without pride, without resistance--and men's hearts would be purified.

Such priests, perfect ones, are like the sun. They breathe souls into Heaven as if they were drops of water. Such priests purify souls in the atmosphere of Heaven and then are like clouds delicately dissolving into beneficent dew, during the night, in concealment, to bring refreshment to the parching thirst of souls, which are poor flowers wounded by so many things.

They inhale; to breathe into oneself, it is necessary to possess great strength. Only very energetic love for the Lord and one's brothers and sisters can give it to you. Gazing steadily at God, on high, very high above the earth, you can, if you wish, attract souls to you. That is, to God, in Whom you live.

It is an operation requiring generosity and constancy. Even a blink of a eye must serve this end. All of your actions must have this as their goal. There are looks that can convert a heart when God shines forth in them.

Dissolve oneself, sacrifice, in all ways, in concealment, bearing parched souls heavenly refreshment that issues forth so sweetly that they do not know when it has flowed out, but they find themselves covered with dew. Just like the silent, demure dew acts, which descends while all is at rest--the men, animals, and flowers--and cleanses the air of the impurities of the day, quenching the thirst of the stems and fronds and covering them with beads.

Sacrifice, sacrifice, sacrifice, O priests. Prayer, prayer, prayer, O pastors.

I called you 'shepherds.' I did not call you 'solitaries' or 'captains.'

The solitary lives by himself.

The captain marches at the head of his men.

But the shepherd remains in the midst of his flock and watches over it. He does not

isolate himself, because the flock would be dispersed. He does not walk at the head because the absent-minded in the flock would be left behind along the way, prey to wolves and thieves.

The shepherd, if he is not a madman, lives in the midst of his flock.

He calls it and gathers it together. He tirelessly goes back and forth along its extent. He precedes it at difficult junctures and is the first to examine obstacles, leveling them as much as possible.

He makes rough ways safe by his efforts and then remains at the troublesome spot to oversee the passing of his sheep. If he observes that one of them is fearful or weak, he takes it on his shoulders and carries it beyond the point of danger.

And, if a wolf comes, he does not run away, but hurls himself against it, in front of his sheep, and defends them, even at the price of dying to save them. He immolates himself for them to satisfy the beast's hunger so that it will no longer feel the need to tear anyone to pieces.

How many beasts attacking souls there are!

The shepherd does not waste time on useless chatter with passers-by and does not get distracted with matters that are not his concern. He takes care of his flock, and that's all.

Now observe. Doesn't it seem we are reading the eighth chapter of Ezekiel?

The first idol: jealousy.

You should be charity, shouldn't you? Charity to lead others to charity.

What are you? Jealous of each other.

You get offended if a layman criticizes you. But don't you criticize each other, and often unjustly? The superior criticizes his inferiors. The inferior criticizes his superiors. You are jealous if one of you attracts attention, if one of you is more successful, if one of you becomes wealthier.

Furthermore, this aspect, wealth, which ought to cause you horror, is on the contrary, what you most covet. But was I, the eternal Priest, wealthy?

Be perfect, and you will be noted and praised, though the praise of your God should be

your only spur.

The second idol, rather, many idols: the different heresies that, in you, take the place of the worship you should possess.

Each of you, as well, like the seventy elders named by Ezekiel, is incensing the idol he prefers. And you do so in the darkness, hoping the eyes of men will not see you. But they see you. And you scandalize them. For the faithful, and men in general, are like the children who seem not to observe, but who never cease to keep their eyes and ears set upon who are their elders.

Why, don't you know that, even if man does not see, God sees you? And why, then, do you cast your incense before the power of gold or the power of man? From the height of My throne, don't I see too many of My priests devoting their time--the time I give them so they will spend it on their priestly mission--on human commerce aimed at increasing their well-being?

Yes, I see this. Don't I observe--and My heart turns--too many of My priests abjuring My Law to obey the law of wretched men, hoping to receive honor and gain from them? Yes, I see this.

Oh, the politician priests! The current members of the Synedrium! Let them remember, however, what the lot of the Synedrium was at the hands of those at whose feet they had prostrated their consciences and violated My Law. And I will say no more. This is for the affairs of men. The rest will come afterwards from the eternal, just Judge.

The third idol: sensuality.

Yes, there is this, too. And I will say no more out of respect for My 'spokesman' (Maria Valtorta). But let each examine himself to see if in the place where the only female creatures to be remembered licitly with love by a priest are My Mother and their mothers there is not a pagan goddess. Consider that you touch Me and receive Me. And that's all. Do not place the Most Pure One in contact with flesh stained by lust.

The fourth idol: the adoration of the east.

Sects. Yes, this, too. And shouldn't I gaze at many of you with disdain and use the same apostrophes for many as I used for the Pharisees and doctors in My time? And shouldn't I raise up 'light' among the lay people who love Me as many of you do not love Me, out of mercy on the souls you leave in the cold, in the dark, and in impurity, for the sake of the souls for whom you are not a way to God, but a path leading downwards? And how do you dare to repeat My Word and preach My Law when Word and Law are a

condemnation for you? Let whoever is clean become cleaner and whoever is unclean be cleansed.

Mankind stands at a major fork. Two roads branch off therefrom: one leads upwards to God: the other leads downwards to Satan. At the fork in the road there is a rock. It is you. If you act as a bulwark and spur towards the first road, Satan will not burst forth and souls will be propelled towards God. But if you are the first to roll towards Satan's slope, you will drag mankind towards the horrors of the Antichrist ahead of time.

And if he must come, woe to those who hasten his coming and prolong it, for he will cease to be at the eternally pre-established hour, and the longer he remains, the more souls will be lost. Not one of them shall go unavenged--remember this. For, if your God sees the dying sparrow, how can He fail to see a dying soul? I will call those who slay it--whoever they are--to account and pronounce My sentence.

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Sacred Scripture
Book of Prophet Ezekiel
Chapter 8

In the sixth year, on the fifth day of the sixth month, as I was sitting in my house, with the elders of Judah sitting before me, the hand of the Lord GOD fell upon me there. I looked up and there was a figure that looked like a man. Downward from what looked like his waist, there was fire; from his waist upward, like the brilliance of polished bronze.

Vision of Abominations in the Temple

He stretched out the form of a hand and seized me by the hair of my head. The spirit lifted me up between earth and heaven and brought me in divine vision to Jerusalem to the entrance of the inner gate facing north where the statue of jealousy that provokes jealousy stood. There I saw the glory of the God of Israel, like the vision I had seen in the plain. He said to me: Son of man, lift your eyes to the north! I looked to the north and there in the entry north of the altar gate was this statue of jealousy. He asked, Son of man, do you see what they are doing? Do you see the great abominations that the house of Israel is practicing here, so that I must depart from my sanctuary? You shall see even greater abominations!

Then he brought me to the entrance of the courtyard, and there I saw a hole in the wall. Son of man, he ordered, dig through the wall. I dug through the wall—there was a doorway. Go in, he said to me, and see the evil abominations they are doing here. I went

in and looked—figures of all kinds of creeping things and loathsome beasts, all the idols of the house of Israel, pictured around the wall. Before them stood seventy of the elders of the house of Israel. Among them stood Jaazaniah, son of Shaphan, each with censer in hand; a cloud of incense drifted upward. Then he said to me: Do you see, son of man, what the elders of the house of Israel are doing in the dark, each in his idol chamber? They think: “The LORD cannot see us; the LORD has forsaken the land.” He said: You will see them practicing even greater abominations.

Then he brought me to the entrance of the north gate of the house of the LORD. There women sat and wept for Tammuz. He said to me: Do you see this, son of man? You will see other abominations, greater than these!

Then he brought me into the inner court of the house of the LORD. There at the door of the LORD’s temple, between the porch and the altar, were about twenty-five men with their backs to the LORD’s temple and their faces toward the east; they were bowing eastward to the sun. He said: Do you see, son of man? Are the abominable things the house of Judah has done here so slight that they should also fill the land with violence, provoking me again and again? Now they are putting the branch to my nose! Therefore I in turn will act furiously: my eye will not spare, nor will I take pity. Even if they cry out in a loud voice for me to hear, I shall not listen to them.