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# FATIMA NEWSLETTER

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## Apparition of Fall 1916

*As recounted in Sister Lucia's Memoirs*



AUGUST 2018

A newsletter devoted to the full and complete message revealed by Our Lady of Fatima and the Guardian Angel of Portugal to three young shepherd children.

*Featuring excerpts from  
Sister Lucia's Memoirs*

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## The Angel's Final Apparition

It seems to me [Lucia] that the third Apparition [of the Angel] must have been in October, or towards the end of September, as we were no longer returning home for siesta.

One day we went to pasture our sheep on a property belonging to my parents, which lay on the slope of the hill I have mentioned, a little higher up than Valinhos. It is an olive grove called Pogueira. After our lunch, we decided to go and pray in the hollow among the rocks on the opposite side of the hill. To get there, we went around the slope, and had to climb over some rocks above the Pogueira. The sheep could only scramble over these rocks with great difficulty.

We said our Rosary there, and kneeling down, with our foreheads touching the ground, began to repeat the prayer the Angel had taught us at the first Apparition:

"My God, I believe, I adore, I hope and I love You...." I don't know how many times we had repeated this prayer, when an extraordinary light shone upon us. We sprang up to see what was happening, and beheld the Angel, who appeared to us for the third time. He was holding a chalice in his left hand, with the Host suspended above it, from which some drops of blood fell into the chalice. Leaving the chalice and the Host suspended in the air, the Angel prostrated on the ground beside us and made us repeat this prayer three times:

**“Most Holy Trinity Father, Son and Holy Spirit, I offer You the most precious Body, Blood, Soul and Divinity of Jesus Christ, present in all the tabernacles of the world, in reparation for the outrages, sacrileges and indifference with which He Himself is offended. And, through the infinite merits of His most Sacred Heart, and the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I beg of You the conversion of poor sinners.”**



During those days, we performed all our exterior actions as though guided by that same supernatural being who was impelling us thereto. The peace and happiness which we felt were great but wholly interior, for our souls were completely immersed in God. The physical exhaustion that came over us was also great.

Then rising, he once more took the chalice and the Host in his hands. He gave the Sacred Host to me, and shared the Blood from the chalice between Jacinta and Francisco, saying as he did so:

**“Take and drink the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ, horribly outraged by ungrateful men! Make reparation for their crimes and console your God.”**

Once again, he prostrated on the ground and repeated with us, three times more, the same prayer: “Most Holy Trinity...,” and then disappeared.

We remained a long time in this position, repeating the same words over and over again. When at last we stood up, we noticed that it was already dark, and therefore time to return home.

Impelled by the power of the supernatural that enveloped us, we imitated all that the Angel had done, prostrating ourselves on the ground as he did and repeating the prayers that he said. The force of the presence of God was so intense that it absorbed us and almost completely annihilated us. It seemed to deprive us even of the use of our bodily senses for a considerable length of time.

For several days even Francisco did not venture to speak. Later he said:

“I love to see the Angel, but the worst of it is that, afterwards, we are unable to do anything. I couldn’t even walk. I don’t know what was the matter with me.”

In spite of that, after the third Apparition of the Angel, it was he who noticed that it was getting dark, and who drew our attention to the fact, and thought we should take our flocks back home.

Once the first few days were over and we had returned to normal, Francisco asked:

“The Angel gave you Holy Communion, but what was it that he gave to Jacinta and me?”

“It was Holy Communion, too,” replied Jacinta, with inexpressible joy. “Didn’t you see that it was the Blood that fell from the Host?”

“I felt that God was within me, but I did not know how!”

Then, prostrating on the ground, he and his sister remained for a long time, saying over and over the prayer of the Angel: “Most Holy Trinity...”

Little by little, the atmosphere of the supernatural faded away, and by the 13th of May [1917], we were playing with almost as much enjoyment and freedom of spirit as we had done before.