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# FATIMA NEWSLETTER

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## Apparition of Spring 1916

*As recounted in Sister Lucia's Memoirs*



### ISSUE NO. 2

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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.

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*Featuring excerpts from  
Sister Lucia's Memoirs*

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### The Angel Appears

The dates I cannot set down with certainty, because, at that time, I did not know how to reckon the years, the months, or even the days of the week. But I think it must have been in the spring of 1916 that the Angel appeared to us for the first time in our Loca do Cabeço.

Around this time, Francisco and Jacinta sought and obtained permission from their parents to start taking care of their own flock. So I left my good companions [from the previous year], and I joined my cousins, Francisco and Jacinta, instead. To avoid going to the serra with all the other shepherds, we arranged to pasture our flocks on properties belonging to my uncle and aunt and my parents.

One fine day we set out with our sheep for some land that my parents owned which lay at the foot of the eastern slope of the hill that I have already mentioned. This property was called Chousa Velha. Soon after our arrival, about mid-morning, a fine drizzle began to fall, so fine that it seemed like mist. We went up the hillside, followed by our flocks, looking for an overhanging boulder where we could take shelter. Thus it was for the first time that we entered this blessed hollow among the rocks. It stood in the middle of an olive grove belonging to my godfather Anastácio. From there, you could see the little village where I was born, my parents' home, and the hamlets of Casa Velha and Eira da Pedra. The olive grove, owned by several people,

extended to within the confines of the hamlets themselves. We spent the day there among the rocks in spite of the fact that the rain was over and the sun was shining bright and clear. We ate our lunch and said our Rosary. I'm not sure whether we said it that day in the way I have already described, saying just the word Hail-Mary and Our-Father on each bead, so great was our eagerness to get to our play! Our prayer finished, we started to play "pebbles"!

We had enjoyed the game for a few moments only, when a strong wind began to shake the trees. We looked up, startled, to see what was happening, for the day was unusually calm. Then we saw coming towards us, above the olive trees, the figure I have already spoken about [who appeared in 1915]. Jacinta and Francisco had never seen it before, nor had I ever mentioned it to them. As it drew closer, we were able to distinguish its features. It was a young man, about fourteen or fifteen years old, whiter than snow, transparent as crystal when the sun shines through it, and of great beauty. We were surprised, absorbed, and struck dumb with amazement.

On reaching us, he said:



**"Do not be afraid! I am the Angel of Peace. Pray with me."**

Kneeling on the ground, he bowed down until his forehead touched the ground. Led by a supernatural impulse, we did the same, as he made us repeat these words three times:

**"My God, I believe, I adore, I hope and I love You! I ask pardon of You for those who do not believe, do not adore, do not hope and do not love You."**

Then, rising, he said: **"Pray thus. The Hearts of Jesus and Mary are attentive to the voice of your supplications."** Then he disappeared.

The supernatural atmosphere which enveloped us was so intense, that we were for a long time scarcely aware of our own existence, remaining in the same posture in which he had left us, and continually repeating the same prayer. The presence of God made itself felt so intimately and so intensely that we did not even venture to speak to one another. Next day, we were still immersed in this spiritual atmosphere, which only gradually began to disappear.

It did not occur to us to speak about this Apparition, nor did we think of recommending that it be kept secret. The very Apparition itself imposed secrecy. It was so intimate, that it was not easy to speak of it at all. The impression it made upon us was all the greater perhaps, in that it was the first such manifestation that we had experienced.

[The Angel's] words engraved themselves so deeply on our minds that we could never forget them. From then on, we used to spend long periods of time, prostrate like the Angel, repeating his words, until sometimes we fell, exhausted.

During the Apparition of the Angel, [Francisco had] prostrated like his sister and myself, carried away by the same supernatural force that moved us to do so; but he learned the prayer by hearing us repeat it, since, he told us, he heard nothing of what the Angel said.

Afterwards, when we prostrated to say that prayer, he was the first to feel the strain of such a posture; but he remained kneeling, or sitting, and still praying, until we had finished. Later he said: "I am not able to stay like that for a long time, like you. My back aches so much that I can't do it."