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 Pregueira. 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 Pregueira. 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:
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.

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.

“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.”