
FATIMA NEWSLETTER

Apparition of October 13, 1917

As recounted in Sister Lucia's Memoirs



ISSUE NO. 10

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*

The Final Apparition

The rumour had spread that the authorities intended to explode a bomb quite close to us, at the very moment of the Apparition. This did not frighten me [Lucia] in the least. I spoke of it to my cousins [Francisco and Jacinta]. "How wonderful!" we exclaimed, "if we were granted the grace of going up to Heaven from there, together with Our Lady!" My parents, however, were very much afraid, and for the first time they wished to accompany me, saying that if their daughter was going to die, they wanted to die by her side. My father then took me by the hand to the place of the Apparitions. But from the moment of the Apparition itself, I did not set eyes on him again until I was back home with the family that night.

We left home quite early, expecting that we would be delayed along the way. Masses of

people thronged the roads. The rain fell in torrents.

On the way, the scenes of the previous month, still more numerous and moving, were repeated. Not even the muddy roads could prevent these people from kneeling in the most humble and suppliant of attitudes. We reached the holmoak in the Cova da Iria. Once there, moved by an interior impulse, I asked the people to shut their umbrellas and say the Rosary. A little later, we saw the flash of light and then Our Lady appeared on the holmoak.

"What do you want of me?"

"I want to tell you that a chapel is to be built here in my honour. I am the Lady of the Rosary. Continue always to pray the Rosary every day. The war is going to end, and the soldiers will soon return to their homes."

"I have many things to ask you: the cure of some sick persons, the conversion of sinners, and other things...."

"Some yes, but not others. They must amend their lives and ask forgiveness for their sins."

Looking very sad, Our Lady said:

"Do not offend the Lord our God any more, because He is already so much offended."

Then opening Her hands, She made them reflect on the sun, and as She ascended, the reflection of Her own light continued to be projected on the sun itself.

Here is the reason why I cried out to the people to look at the sun. My aim was not to call their attention to the sun, because I was not even aware of their presence. I was moved to do so under the guidance of an interior impulse.

After Our Lady had disappeared into the immense distance of the firmament, we beheld St. Joseph with the Child Jesus, and Our Lady robed in white with a blue mantle, beside the sun. St. Joseph and the Child Jesus appeared to bless the world, for they traced the Sign of the

Cross with their hands. When, a little later, this apparition disappeared, I saw Our Lord and Our Lady; it seemed to me that it was Our Lady of Dolours. Our Lord appeared to bless the world in the same manner as St. Joseph had done. This apparition also vanished, and I saw Our Lady once more, this time resembling Our Lady of Carmel.

I spent the afternoon of that day with my cousins. We were like some curious creature that the multitudes wanted to see and observe. By night time I was really exhausted after so many questions and interrogations. These did not even end with nightfall. Several people, who had been unable to question me, remained over till the following day, awaiting their turn. Some of them even tried to talk to me that night, but overcome by weariness, I just dropped down and fell asleep on the floor. Thank God, human respect and self-love were, at that time, still unknown to me. For that reason, I was as much at ease with any person at all, as I was with my parents.

Of all the words spoken at the Apparition, the ones most deeply engraved upon my heart were those of the request made by our heavenly Mother:

"Do not offend Our Lord and God any more, because He is already so much offended!"

How loving a complaint, how tender a request! Who will grant me to make it echo through the whole world, so that all the children of our Mother in Heaven may hear the sound of Her voice!

