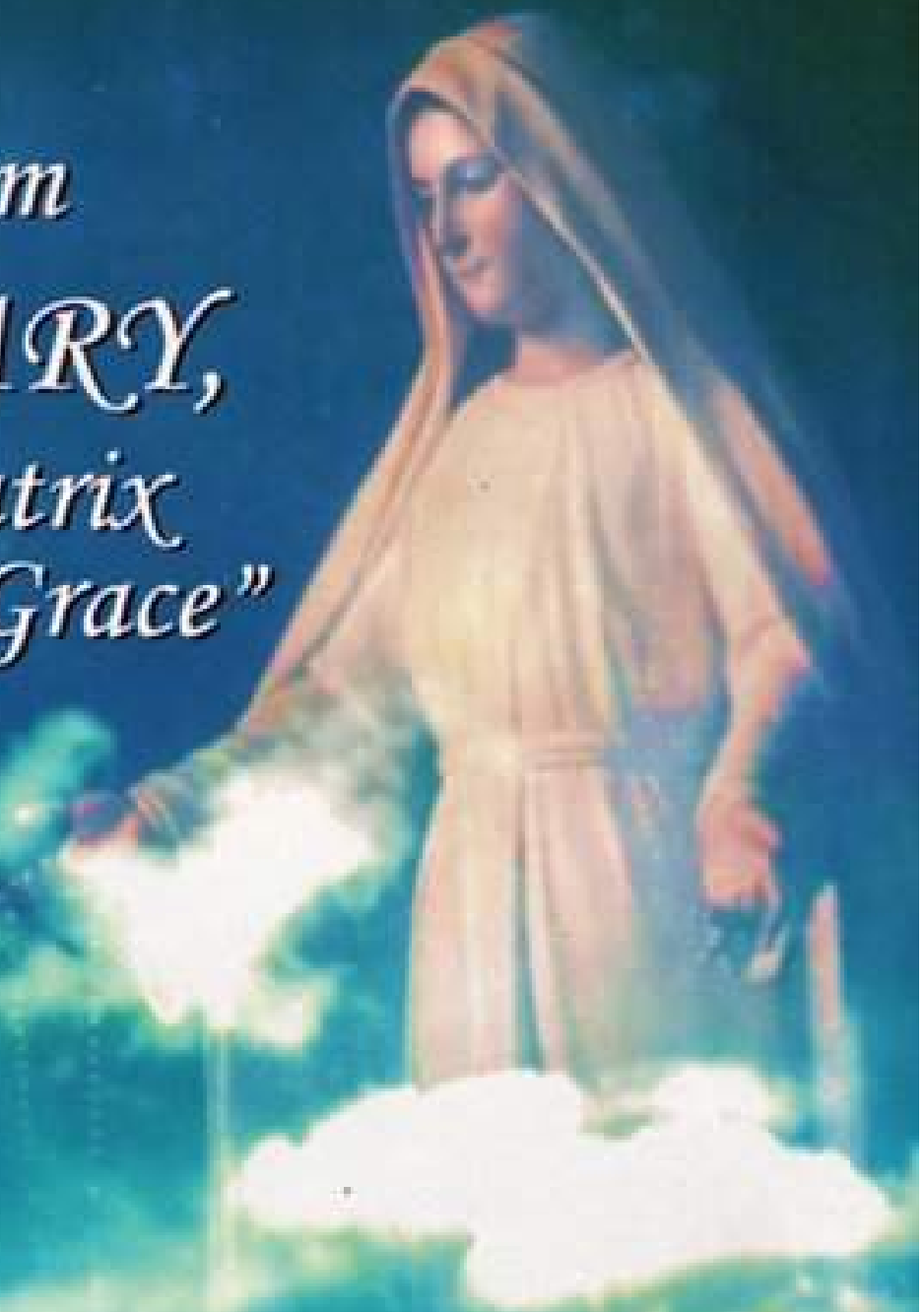


*"I am
MARY,
Mediatrix
of All Grace"*



*"I am
MARY,
Mediatix
of All Grace"*

Teresita L. Castillo

Nihil Obstat

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FOREWORD

It is said that in an apparition of the Blessed Virgin Mary in Necedah, Wisconsin, USA, the Holy Mother complained that She was not received well by ranking Church people of Lipa. For the privileged one of Mary, Lipa was surely a strange name and an unfamiliar place. The fact that she mentioned the name 'Lipa' is already a ground for belief that the Lipa phenomenon in 1948 was factual. Nevertheless there are always some who would think otherwise.

From the very start I never doubted the truth about Lipa's Marian events. As a child I frequented the place. As a young seminarian, then priest and bishop, I would come to Lipa Carmel and entrust to Mary, Mediatrix of All Grace, my concerns, my whole life and all activities, oblivious of the controversies that had surrounded the events from the very start and lingered thereafter. I have not known Sister Teresing Castillo until later as a bishop.

Learning that there were controversies about the so-called Lipa apparitions, I became more interested in the issue. I want to know more about the events and how Lipa has changed since 1948 and has gained the reputation of being Mary's privileged place. I have become in fact part of the controversy and on-going controversies have bothered me. In fact I sometimes feel guilty that I appear to avoid the issues while on the other hand planning to do something about the matter once and for all. I must confess that an easy way through the controversy is to believe that regardless of the truth or non-truth of the 1948 events, Mediatrix of All Grace remains a mystery tied up with and to a certain extent advanced by Lipa.

Judge whether Sister Teresing is credible or not, whether her experience is only subjective or it has something to bring to countless others. We must thank Sister Teresing for telling us the story of Mary in Lipa. This narrative will surely help many appreciate more fully the love of Mary for the people of today, most specifically for the well known 'PUEBLO AMANTE DE MARIA'.

Sister Teresing does not only tell us about her life so much touched by God and the Blessed Virgin Mary. The way she narrates the events invites us to pray even more, always under the tutelage of the Blessed Mother, Mediatrix of All Grace. Is this not why She had come? Is it not to teach us how to pray? And pray a lot? May this booklet of Sister Teresing inspire many, especially young people, to seek the Blessed Mother more zealously. For sure this short narrative will be the start of greater enthusiasm to heed the call of Mary, Mediatrix of All Grace.

+ Ramón C. Argüelles, DD, STL
Archbishop of Lipa

INTRODUCTION

I was born on July 4, 1927 at Batangas City of Modesto Q. Castillo and Amanda Lat Castillo. My mother hailed from Malvar, Batangas, while my father was a native of Tanauan, Batangas. I was the youngest of six children: four boys and two girls.

About two months after, I was baptized in the Cathedral of Batangas City and was given the name "Teresita" after St. Therese of the Child Jesus, God's little Flower, to whom my mother had a strong devotion.

At age six, my parents enrolled me at St. Scholastica's College in Manila for Kindergarten classes. I studied in this school till grade two. The following year, my parents transferred me to the Philippine Women's University, also in Manila, where I studied and finished grade seven of elementary schooling.

In 1942, I re-enrolled at St. Scholastica's College to study high school. But my schooling was interrupted when the Japanese invaded Manila in December of that year. My parents took me home to Tanauan, Batangas where we stayed from the duration of the war.

In 1945, after the war and the liberation of Manila from the Japanese, I resumed my studies, this time at St. Bridget's Academy in Batangas City until I graduated from high school in 1948.

In June 1948, my parents enrolled me once again at St. Scholastica's College because they wanted me to pursue my piano lessons in college. They were preparing for my piano recital in October 1948, and were ordering for a grand piano as a gift to me. But I knew I had no use for it, and I wanted to save them the expenses.

ENTRANCE TO LIPA CARMEL

On July 4, 1948, on my twenty-first birthday, I left home at 4:00 A.M. to escape from our house to enter the Carmelite Monastery in Lipa City. The jeep of Bishop Alfredo Obviar, then Auxiliary Bishop and Chaplain of Carmel, was to pick me up at the back of the ruined municipal building. I had a last glance of our house as we passed by on our way to Lipa. It was not easy for me to leave my good parents behind because being the youngest, I was the favorite. They were just waiting for the day of my graduation recital in piano before they buy a grand piano as their graduation gift for me. What made me worry was the fact that my parents were going to order the grand piano from Germany. My parents were always happy to see me play the piano for them, but most especially when an elder brother of mine, my only sister and myself played some six hands piano pieces, piece after piece. They showed us all the love and care they could. So, leaving them behind was not easy for me.

I heard my birthday Mass inside Carmel. My family started to look for me, and finding me in Carmel, my brothers tried to get me out of the convent to bring me back to our parents. My eldest brother Florencio pointed his gun at me through the grill to shoot me. He told me he preferred to see me dead rather than be a Carmelite.

Mother Prioress instructed me to rest early because of the tensions I went through. So, I slept early only to be awakened by my brother's voice shouting and yelling at me to go back to my parents. Mother Prioress ran to our cell. I begged her not to give me back to my family. Seeing that his shouts were of no avail, my brother turned his fury on the massive doors and started pounding on them with violence. The Out-Sisters called for the police, but God intervened. My furious brother left before the police arrived.

FIRST ENCOUNTERS WITH MARY AND THE EVIL ONE

JULY 31, 1948

My first encounter with the Evil One occurred during the Great Silence when nobody may talk with anybody except for emergency reasons. I was in our cell praying when I heard three knocks. I did not see anyone come in. After a while, I heard a man's voice, very rough and guttural as though coming from a deep, hollow container. He gave me a vivid picture of how my family was. He said that my father, who was at that time the presiding judge of the Court of Industrial Relations, could not study his legal cases because he spent the time standing by the window waiting for my return. I was also told (and this was confirmed by others) that after each meal he would leave two spoonfuls of rice in the plate for me. This was indeed a very touching attitude of my poor father. I suddenly felt homesick so much so that I was on the verge of crying. Then I heard the voice again telling me that he would leave behind signs of his presence in our cell. With shaking knees and trembling hands, I somehow managed to grope for our little lamp, and sure enough there were two black footprints and their shape was so different from that of a human being.

I was shocked and could not move an inch. I was trembling. I did not know what to do. I thought I was praying, but was not. I thought I was thinking but was not. One thing I realized, I had my rosary in my hand. I ran to Mother Prioress crying, trembling, and upon reaching Mother's office my knees gave way. Having heard my story, Mother brought me back to our cell, and told me to say the rosary over and over again. I did what I was told and slept.

AUGUST 1, 1948

The same voice came back to me at around 3:00 A.M. He kept repeating the same story to me. I heard many footsteps running down below our cell. Mother Prioress gave me a crucifix and a small bottle of holy water. She instructed me on how to use them. This time I was really afraid, but my mind was distracted from what just happened. I was thinking that my eldest brother whom our former

town mayor Esteban Mayo knew very well, could have asked the latter's help to bring me home. If he could threaten to shoot me in the parlor the day I escaped, he could easily have hired some men to kidnap me. Or it could be the work of my father who was himself a very influential politician. My thoughts wavered: Was this a trick of my family to get me out, or was it really the devil tormenting me? But if it were the latter case, why would he pick on me?

The following days were peaceful and I asked my Guardian Angel to please take care of me. I kept myself busy, studying the rules of Carmel, memorizing some Latin prayers, and adjusting myself to a very different kind of life. Laundry work was the hardest. Not knowing how to wash clothes, both my hands soon had small holes in them. These reminded me of the little violets. They may be small, but when bunched together they become a very beautiful offering to Jesus. Painful, yes, but very pleasing to the Mother of God.

FIRST FRIDAY, AUGUST 6, 1948

Devotional cards were drawn by the Community in honor of the Sacred Heart. I got "Victim". I told myself: "What's next, Mr. Whoever-you-are?" I prayed hard because to be a victim was not at all easy. I was resigned.

AUGUST 7, 1948

It was a Saturday when I smelt a very sweet fragrance like that of white lilies while I was on my way to our cell. I thought, perhaps a close relative of mine died (an old belief), or something like that. When I reached our cell, I immediately heard a very sweet voice, a voice beyond description which said: "*My daughter, suffering will always be with you until the end of your life.*" I did not see anyone, and the words came as a shock to me. I was stunned, speechless and motionless, but not so afraid. I asked myself whose voice was that. It was very different from the previous one.

AUGUST 11, 1948

At about 3:00 A.M., I was awakened by the shaking of my bed which lasted one minute. Then I heard the hoarse voice. He told

me that I had an obligation to my parents, to take pity on them. If they died of loneliness, I would have to answer for that. He also told me that I was wrong in loving and respecting the Bishop and Mother Cecilia. Suddenly, he appeared before my eyes. I was terrified with unbearable fear. He was terribly ugly. He was short, about five feet tall. He was surrounded by fire. His glaring eyes were bloodshot which could not look straight at me but looked to the left side of our cell. His foul odor convinced me that he was something totally evil. Without warning, he hit me. By Divine Providence, I managed to get hold of the holy water. The devil disappeared after being sprinkled by me with the holy water as I had been told to do by Mother Prioress.

I ran to Mother Prioress. When she saw the marks in my wrist, she embraced me for the first time. I was crying. She put my head on her shoulder and patted my back. Mother Cecilia comforted me, and I saw tears in her eyes. That was the time I really missed my parents. I was almost ready to give up my vocation, when suddenly I realized that if I did so, the devil would be the winner and I, the loser. I was scared but my fear did not last long. With God's grace, I was determined to win the battle.

AUGUST 18, 1948

The fragrance of lilies was all over the place. When I reached our cell, a beautiful lady was inside. She was dressed in white, immaculately clean and her hair was long. The most beautiful part of her was her eyes. Then she spoke: *"Do not be afraid. My Son has sent me to bring you a message."* She told me that the trials I went through made her sad. At this point it dawned on me who she was - the Blessed Virgin Mary herself! I was consoled. She was really a mother. I could hardly believe or imagine that she was there, sitting on my bed!

Mama Mary encouraged me to love and trust Mother Prioress. She said that the enemy was jealous of her. Then She told me to wash Mother Prioress's feet, and to drink the water I used. I was also told that two holy pictures would be given to Mother Prioress. When I saw the pictures, I immediately recognized that they were mine. I was asked to analyze the lesson that the two pictures taught.

I told Mother Prioress about what happened. She was embarrassed and thought it might be some kind of trick. She refused to have her feet washed by me.

I could not see the lesson that the two pictures gave till the following morning during our meditation. The lesson was about simplicity, detachment and obedience. Moreover, the sign that Mother Prioress was waiting for, manifested itself as blood in my eyes. It was enough for Mother Prioress to allow me to wash her feet. During those days, all Carmelites walked barefoot. Anyone can guess the kind of water I was to drink. For every gulp I took, my stomach revolted. However, I was only too happy to do it for the love of Mama Mary. On the part of Mother Prioress, I saw that she was embarrassed. Right after our meal, I ran to the comfort room and threw up.

AUGUST 19, 1948

The Blessed Virgin Mary requested of me a kind of suffering I had to undergo for a priest. She was almost in tears so I accepted whatever suffering she wanted me to bear. Then She instructed me about conversion, simplicity, humility, generosity and the need for cooperation of all those who will understand the true meaning of penance and sacrifice. She said that if the world would continue sinning the way it was doing during those days, She would suffer most because She was a witness to the suffering of her Son.

In Carmel, the Sisters were periodically called one by one by the Prioress and asked how the Sisters were faring, whether they had problems, complaints, etc. When my turn came, I asked her only one question: "Mother, why was I chosen by the devil to be tormented and then why was I chosen by Mama Mary to be the instrument to impart her message? I am far from being good, because I am an obstinate child, stubborn and have a will of my own. I was spoiled being the youngest in the family." She told me that God had His own ways of converting people. Simplicity was very well explained to me. She gave me examples easy enough to be understood by a beginner.

FIRST BLINDNESS

August 20, 1948 was Red Letter Day for me. I was in our cell fixing bed, when I heard a sound similar to that of a bird flapping its wings. When I looked up, I noticed a strong sweet smell. Suddenly, I saw petals falling from nowhere. I was surprised because there was no hole in the ceiling. When the petals reached the floor, they formed into a cross. I said to myself "O, my Jesus, what is happening to me now?" I did not run this time, but simply walked towards the door of Mother's office. I asked her to go to our cell to see the petals. She asked me where I got those petals. I told her I did not get them, but only saw them falling from above. Both of us could not solve the mystery. Mother Prioress gathered the petals and brought them with her.

Fear did not creep into my soul. I felt that I was heading towards some consolations. I was not scared. On the contrary, I was happy because there was nothing ugly or unbecoming in what I saw. The sweet fragrance made me feel that heaven was so near Lipa Carmel. I remembered what Mama Mary told me about being simple, so I just trusted and believed in Mama Mary's love and care. I felt I was just a child who received a grand gift from a loving mother. Mama Mary thenceforth became the essence of my life. She made me feel loved.

AUGUST 22, 1948

At about 3:00 P.M. as I was going down to the refectory, an unseen force started pulling me down the stairs, and strangely I felt I had nothing on. Just then, Mother Prioress who was outside her cell saw me and immediately ran to me. She grabbed my hand to pull me up while the devil was pulling me down. I was already feeling so weak, and thought I was going to die from exhaustion. It was like a tug-of-war game. But with God's grace, Mother Prioress made a sudden and strong pull. The next thing I remembered was that the devil lost his grip and Mother won. She embraced me and brought me to her office, almost out of breath because of her asthma. Then I

asked Mother whether she saw me with no habit on. I was happy when she told me I had my habit on all the time during the struggle. The following day, Mother Prioress brought me to the parlor to see Bishop Obviar. Still confused, I asked His Excellency to kindly explain to me what had happened. He was so kind enough to tell me that the devil could play tricks of all kinds. "He can make you feel you have nothing on, but in truth you are wearing your postulant dress," said the Bishop. What a relief! Then, all of a sudden darkness surrounded me - I could not see anything. I was blind! Trouble started in the Community from this day on. That time I also felt that my whole body was being pricked by pins and needles. The pain was not so bad - most especially when I learned that it was for certain priests and nuns.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1948

I detected the presence of Mama Mary in our cell. I cried tears of joy. When I asked her who she was, she gave me three letters: B.V.M. meaning Blessed Virgin Mary. What more blessing could I ask for! She told me that our Mother Church would lose many vocations and that was why she was appealing for prayers, penance and sacrifices. I was so surprised at what I just heard because, before I entered Carmel, I was ignorant of what was happening around the world. My time was literally spent on the piano, three hours in the morning and another three hours in the afternoon, practicing for my grand recital.

My blindness gave a lot of time to pray more, to love more and to analyze the messages of Mama Mary. I thanked God for the grace He gave me to be able to understand my situation. Hurting words were said about Mother Prioress and myself but we would not blame our detractors because they knew nothing about what was happening. Jealousy and envy cropped up, followed by malicious accusations of familiarity and favoritism. I felt sorry for those whose peace of mind was disturbed. All these trials were part of the intense moral sufferings both Mother Prioress and I had to go through. Thanks be to God, we were sustained by His grace and all these did not dampen our faith and courage. But if left alone, we would not

have survived. It was truly a crucifixion of sorts for Mother Prioress and myself.

On one occasion, I thanked Mother Prioress for covering me with our blanket when the night was cold. She did this twice. She was surprised when I told her this because she had not done so. It must have been Mama Mary then. How could I now refuse her anything, no matter how hard and difficult the sufferings would be.

Almost everyday, I suffered pricks of pain like pins and needles. I offered all these for priests and nuns. During those days, we believed that priests and nuns were the representatives of Christ on earth. To me, they all seemed to be so holy. The Sisters in school sometimes showed impatience but they had sufficient reasons to be so. I once asked Mother Prioress why things happened this way. She told me that we all needed prayers, priests and nuns included.

On another occasion, one of the Sisters brought me to the garden for a walk. A little after, I was led back to our cell. I smelt a sweet fragrance again and immediately guessed that Mama Mary was in our cell. Yes, She was! She told me to gather all the petals on my bed. Even though I was blind, I did. Before She left the cell, I begged her on bended knees to please allow me to kiss her feet. Much to my surprise, She consented. I could hardly believe it, but it was really very true. I felt I could not do it, because it was such a big grace given to me, and I felt so unworthy. But I did it! My feeling was beyond description. I was about to kiss the other foot when I thought to myself, kissing one foot was more than enough for me. I did not want to abuse her generosity. I thought that if I kissed the other foot, I would die of joy. Some Sisters told me I was stupid ("tanga") because I did not grab the opportunity to kiss the other foot. Her foot bore a very sweet fragrance and her skin was very smooth. After this, she disappeared. If anyone could explain how I felt interiorly, God bless him through Mama Mary. Heaven must be so beautiful!

SEPTEMBER 4, 1948

I noticed that Mother Prioress was with me more than before. I really appreciated her charity very much. She told me stories of

people being blind, and how much they had to suffer. She told me that there was a difference between being blind from birth and blind due to some sickness or accidents. She asked me which of the two would bring greater hardship. I answered her: "Mother, for me perhaps being born blind would be easier to take, because one would not have any idea of the beauty of the world which God created for us, its nature, the peoples with their own cultures, the beauty of the sunrise and sunset which occur every day of the year, the beauty of the moon and the stars at night, etc. They get used to seeing nothing but darkness but there is one consolation to look forward to - HEAVEN. The very thought that heaven promises eternal happiness is enough incentive for the blind to do better to attain the goal that they desire so much to reach. On the other hand, when a person becomes blind through sickness or an accident, this would be so much harder to take because he had already seen what the world looks like, most especially the people close to his heart.

In Carmel, we were taught how to practice the spirit of holy indifference. I could have asked Mother Prioress if I would recover my sight, but I refrained myself from doing so because the Blessed Virgin Mary's call for penance was far more important than my curiosity. I hoped and prayed that I, with God's grace, would be able to contribute a little to this call of the Mother of God. Jesus must be so real to have His own Mother to come down on earth to tell men of His message of love. I think of her role as a Mother and an intercessor between God and His people. Perhaps this explains the title "Mediatrice of All Grace" of Mary, she who mediates between God and His people.

SEPTEMBER 5, 1948

I was prepared this day to undergo some physical pains, because Mama Mary asked me if I was ready to suffer in silence. She told me that this day's pains should be offered for several priests who were in danger of losing their vocation. Yes, the pain seemed to be as though I was lying on top of the bed full of pins and needles. My back was the most affected. The grace of God and the intention and reason for these pains gave me the courage to endure

them. I hoped and prayed that these consecrated souls would realize that they were called to fight and defend the true Church of Christ. And if these souls did not have the courage to do so, then they should turn to Mama Mary for help to win the battle for the love of her only Son. She would never abandon her spiritual children. She would always be at our side to lead us to total indifference towards worldly matters. She was given to us as our Mother on Calvary, and for this reason one lost soul would truly break her heart.

My little prayer to Mama Mary was a prayerful complaint. "Mama Mary," I said "please help me. I am just a little one, yet suffer like an adult. I feel I am going to die, and I will be happy to go, not that I do not want to suffer, but because I want to be with you, Mama Mary."

Separation is not known in the language of Heaven; on the contrary, unity and love reign in the kingdom of God. A holy soul told me that in Heaven, eternal happiness means seeing God eternally with Mama Mary.

SEPTEMBER 7, 1948

Mother Prioress was very happy because it was her birthday. After the Mass, Mother brought me to the parlor to see Bishop Obviar to get his blessing. I was happy to hear his voice again. After the blessing and greetings to Mother Cecilia, I felt fingers made the Sign of the Cross on both my eyes. I recovered my sight and I jumped with joy. I was happy to see both Bishop Obviar and Mother Cecilia very happy too.

I was so tempted to ask Mother Prioress who touched my eyes, but I refrained from doing so. Little hidden sacrifices were so valuable in our spiritual life, so I suppressed my curiosity and up to this time I have no idea as to who touched my eyes.

I was very happy to celebrate Mother's birthday with the whole community. One had to be blind to appreciate the value of seeing again. Thanks be to God!

SEPTEMBER 8, 1948

Today was our Mama Mary's birthday. I had nothing to give her but a private renewal of my love and trust in her. She had given me inspirations of great value with regards to the close tie between a mother and her child.

In most cases, a child is closer to the mother than to the father. It is due to the fact that a mother carries her child in her womb for nine months. The bigger the child becomes inside a mother's womb, the stronger the tie between them.

From the very first day of Mama Mary's conception, she understood what motherhood for her meant. She knew that faith and love would be her strength because these virtues were beautifully engraved in her heart. It was faith and love that gave her great desire to bring souls to Heaven.

It could be this day that I first experienced being in a trance, a dreamlike state but fully awake at the same time. I saw myself walking on a path covered with thistles and thorns accompanied by a priest. Both of us were very careful not to step on the thorns all sticking out along the path. Suddenly I saw the priest was in pain and as I looked at his foot. I saw a big thorn imbedded deep into his foot. I tried to remove the thorn, but was unable to do so. To whom else should I call but to Mama Mary for help. I was so happy she took pity on him because after a little while, the thorns became roses. A little angel bent over the foot of the priest, took a rose and gave it to Mama Mary, who was waiting at the end of this path with a beautiful smile. Her hands were extended as though waiting for us to reach her, but as we ran to her as fast as we could, she disappeared. When I came to, I thought that what I saw was just a dream. I told Mother Cecilia about this experience, but she had a different opinion. She told me it was definitely not a dream. Whatever it was, I was very happy because Mama Mary's love was clearly manifested again to us.

Later, I saw a blue bird in our garden and I noticed that it flew towards the jasmine vine, and picked one flower. I did not give much importance to this bird till I reached our cell. I was so surprised to see that bird fly out of the cell. Then I noticed that the room was so fragrant. I ran downstairs to look for this bird, but I did not succeed. So, I went back to our cell, determined to find out the mystery of this bird. Sure enough, one jasmine flower was nicely placed near a little statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Since we were not allowed to keep anything for ourselves during those days, I gave the flower to Mother Prioress. It was really a big sacrifice for me to give up the one small flower, knowing that there was a story behind it. How could one tiny flower give so much sweet fragrance to the room!

SEPTEMBER 9, 1948

I went to the garden, and saw the blue bird again. Suddenly, I fell into a trance and I saw myself brought to a spacious room. In the middle of the room stood Our Lady in plain white and long gown, and St. Cecilia, who was my patron for music was beside her. Mama Mary gave me a beautiful smile, but did not say anything. St. Therese stood at the right side of our Lady and spoke to me: "Love much for you are much loved."

In the afternoon, I fell again into a trance. I saw myself in a beautiful garden and Mama Mary was walking with me. The garden was so beautiful as it looked to me like it had all the kinds of flowers in the whole world. The thought of the greatness of God was inevitable. How God really loved us to create all those lovely flowers with different shapes, colors and perfumes for us to admire. Birds of different kinds and colors were flying over this beautiful garden. And the blue bird was flying over Mama Mary. The uniqueness of the sound this bird gave stood out above that of all the other birds flying over the big garden. My conviction was certain - that this blue bird had something to do with Mama Mary! As we walked, we reached a big fountain with the statue of the Sacred Heart. While I was admiring the beautiful face of Jesus, I saw blood coming out of His Heart and after a few seconds, I saw Mama Mary

beside Him. I saw the heart of Mama Mary pierced with seven swords. But from her heart, I saw not blood but water coming out from it. I was stunned because I was expecting to see blood from Mama Mary's heart. After both of them disappeared, I found myself unable to understand what happened. All of a sudden, I saw Mama Mary beside me. I was waiting for her to let me know about the water oozing from her heart. She did not say anything about it. She told me that her heart ached all the more when some nuns ridiculed her. Before we parted, I was determined to find out why she did not say anything to me when I saw her with St. Therese. "Mama Mary", I asked "why did you not speak to me when I was brought to the big room?" She beautifully answered: *"Because I had no permission to do so."* With great surprise, I asked her again: "You are the Mother of God, yet you have to ask permission to talk to others?" *"Yes, my child,"* was her answer. *"It is true that I am the Mother, but my Son is God, King and Lord of the universe; hence, I too must obey Him."* What a beautiful lesson for each one of us! No wonder she was chosen "Mother" of Jesus. No wonder she was brought to Heaven, body and soul. We will never get tired of meditating on Mama Mary's virtues. Let us think and ponder on Mama Mary's heroic faith, her boundless hope, her love of God for man. She is the one virgin worthy of all honors and worth dying for.

Before the day ended, I suddenly felt being pricked again and since it was night time nobody knew about it. It was only this time I realized how hard it was to suffer pains without knowing the reason why.

Every time I was given the privilege to suffer, I was fully aware of death most especially when I found it difficult to breathe because the pains seemed to penetrate up to the marrow of my bones. The grace of God and my commitment to Mama Mary for the conversion of priests and nuns gave me the courage to endure the pains I had to suffer. My only fear at that time was to be deprived of the grace needed to endure the pain.

THE APPARITIONS FOR FIFTEEN CONSECUTIVE DAYS

SEPTEMBER 12, 1948

At around 5:00 in the afternoon, while walking over the stony surface and outline of a future garden, I began to pray the rosary. When I reached the third mystery, I noticed that a vine I was passing by shook to the extent that I could not help but look at it. Since there was no wind, I thought perhaps a big lizard or snake was passing through the vine because of the way the vine was shaking. Suddenly I heard a woman's voice that said: "*Fear not my child.*" Recognizing her voice, I immediately knelt down, turning my head from left to right, expecting to see someone. Then the voice continued: "*Kiss the ground and whatever I shall tell you to do, you must do. Eat some grass, my child.*" I picked up some grass and ate. "*I want you to come to visit me here in this spot for fifteen consecutive days.*" After a while, I stood up overcome with great surprise. I was so happy to hear her voice again. On the other hand, I was filled with doubt about myself receiving such a grace. I tried to continue saying my rosary, but was unable to do so. All that was in my mind was what the sweet, sweet voice told me and I could not help but ask myself, "Why me?" In obedience to Mother Prioress, I reported the incident to her. She told me to retire early and not to worry about anything. That evening as I knelt to say my night prayers, a peaceful feeling came over me. It was as though I was in the arms of Mama Mary like a child who was sure of a mother's love and care. Thus, I fell asleep, sound asleep.

SEPTEMBER 13, 1948

When I heard the clapper, I woke up immediately. But I could not see a thing. I felt for my eyes and thanked God they were still there. I could close and open them, but I could not see a thing. Again, I was blind! I then stayed in bed and prayed the rosary. After a while, I heard Mother Prioress asking me what happened, why I was still in bed. I was reprimanded for overstaying in bed, when I should be in the choir for mental prayer. So I asked her to kindly

look at my eyes, because I could not see anything. I was afraid something must have gone wrong with my eyes. She saw nothing and did not say anything. She helped me to change, so I could attend the Mass. When we left the cell, I suddenly could see again! My sight was back to normal. Mother was able to ask me whether I could see already and I nodded. We joined the community in the choir and thanked Jesus for giving me back my sight. The Sisters had no idea of what was happening to me. Our lips were sealed at that time.

At about 5:00 in the afternoon of the same day, I returned to the garden and while I was saying the rosary, the vine moved again and lo and behold, I saw a very beautiful lady with her hands clasped on her breast and a golden rosary hanging in her right hand. Her dress was pure white, so very simple and held at the waist by narrow belt. Her feet were bare, resting on a cloud which was about two feet above the ground. Her face of indescribable beauty was radiant. Her sweet smile did not have a trace of sadness and she spoke to me in English. I did not like to remove my eyes off her. I could have stayed there forever just looking at such a beautiful face. No words can ever describe her beauty. It was so heavenly and it was manifested by the beauty of her eyes. She gave me impressions of so much love, so much concern, and so much maternal instinct manifested from the way she looked at me. Then she spoke: *"My child, be faithful to come here rain or shine. Please pray for priests and nuns and help me by doing some penance for them. Pray for them as you have not prayed before. The Sacred Heart of my Son bleeds anew for every fallen priest or nun. To some, pride was the obstacle to go back to the true fold and shame hardened their hearts."* Then she said *"I give you now my blessing, little one."* "Beautiful lady, who are you?" I asked. *"I am your Mother."* Then she vanished. I could not understand why I received such grace, because I was fully aware of my many defects. I was puzzled and confused, doubting whether the Blessed Virgin Mary made a mistake in choosing me. One thing I remembered, peace and happiness enveloped my soul.

SEPTEMBER 14, 1948

I hurriedly went to the vine, because I was a little late. She was already there! She was waiting with extended arms, as though she wanted to embrace me. Before she could say something, I begged her to forgive my tardiness. Then I told her: "Siguro po naman you know where I was before coming here." She expressed the desire to have the place blessed the following day. That place she said will always remind us that she had been there. She asked me not to forget what would take place in that spot. After blessing, she disappeared.

SEPTEMBER 15, 1948

The blessing took place. I was told by the Bishop to kneel beside him. All of us were told to have our eyes cast down. His Excellency witnessed a very private shower of the petals. I did not know till later that the shower was in answer to Bishop Obviar's doubts. He was stricken dumb. For a time, he could not speak. We said the rosary together. The Sisters gathered the petals and we were wondering why some petals turned to ashes when some Sisters picked them up. I was then accused by some Sisters of throwing the petals myself. I took the accusation without saying a word in my defense. If I was the guilty one, where did I get the petals and how were they given to me? Who would have supplied me with all those petals? In Carmel, not even a fully professed Sister was allowed to go to the turn, which is the only access we have to speak to the Out-Sisters. We may not go to any room freely without sufficient reason and permission of the Mother Prioress. So, I just remained silent. Then I suddenly felt bad and gasping for breath that I felt I was going to die. Since Mother Prioress was kneeling next to me, I whispered to her not to worry because I was not afraid to face death. Should death come, I would have been very, very happy to go. Mama Mary gave me the message for the community: *"I ask you to please believe in me and to keep this a profound secret among you until I advise you otherwise. Love one another as true Sisters belonging to one family. Come frequently to visit me here in this place. Love your Mother Prioress very much. Please do not envy your little Sister, because she is suffering much. No one knows*

about this except your Mother Prioress. Make this spot sacred and venerate it because I want this monastery to be known as "Our Lady's Carmel".

"These messages are meant for each one of you in this Carmel. I bless you all."

SEPTEMBER 16, 1948

On the following day, for the first time, I saw Mama Mary descending so gracefully from above accompanied by little angels. I saw her white dress moving gracefully too as though being blown by a gentle breeze. She looked transparent to me and her hands were clasped together. The little angels had their hands clasped together too, but I could not tell whether they had wings. As Mama Mary descended, the little angels disappeared one by one. It was such a beautiful sight that one could have desired so much to die for. This was one experience I kept to myself. When she reached the vine, I immediately noticed her sad face. Have I done something wrong? She spoke and said *"Little one, two of my daughters refuse to believe me. They dislike you also."* Then I asked her: "What do you want me to do, my dearest Mama Mary?" *"Pray for them, and let not bitterness find a place in your heart. I want a statue of myself to be made so that my little ones can see me. Describe me to your Chaplain. I wish my statue to look as you see me and as big as that of Our Lady of Lourdes which stands inside the cloister. Tell your Mother Prioress that I ask the whole community to please pray here every afternoon during the remaining days. I bless you all."* Then she disappeared.

SEPTEMBER 17, 1948

Today, the message was for the whole community. She told me that there were some Sisters who would be giving me a lot of trials to bear because to them I was not worthy to be believed, and that I only wanted to be popular and loved by the people. Some of them followed what they were told to do out of curiosity and to find fault in me and Mother Cecilia. I felt sorry for them, more so later

when they would pout at me, glare at me, and snub me. On several occasions, the Blessed Virgin Mary said she would not force anyone to believe. The messages were so beautifully said even the hardest of hearts would have softened. They would believe if only they had heard or seen the words.

Mama Mary's message dealt on love--love for enemies, love of one's vocation, and most especially mentioned was love for the fallen souls who were consecrated to her Son. At the end, She said: *"My dear little ones, can you ask pardon from your Mother Prioress for the faults some of you have committed for entertaining ill feelings and wrong judgments about her? This community has a special place in my heart."* She continued talking to me and little secrets were revealed too. Some priests lost their way to Heaven. So, while there were still opportunities for them to choose the right path, they were given the chance to find their way back to Heaven.

Hard though the way, they could be consoled by the assurance of eternal happiness. After blessing me, She vanished.

SEPTEMBER 18, 1948

I did not see the Blessed Virgin Mary at the appointed place and time. I was very sad. "What had gone wrong?" I asked myself. Then I heard her voice. She said that she was very sad. "How can I console you, dearest Mama Mary?" *"Keep on praying and offer some sacrifices for those who do not believe."* I was told to be aware of the devil's presence, as he was very active, strong and determined to tempt us all. She wanted everyone of us to go to Heaven, to lose no soul, and to realize that eternal happiness has no end. She said *"Trust me. Love me. Believe all I say because I am your Mother, a loving Mother who cares for all of you. My Son has suffered for each one of you. Doubting His love for each soul in the world makes Him feel the pain in Calvary - all because He loves men so much. When His Heart bleeds, mine is bleeding too. Great was my suffering when our eyes met on His way to Calvary. Our hands were just an inch away from each other. I wanted to*

reach Him, to make Him feel that I was around and that I will be with Him and stand by Him up to His last breath. But God did not will it so. His arm was too weak to extend another inch to reach mine. Meditate on this, and see how much the Mother and Son worked and suffered together to save the world. Time will come when you can reveal all." Blessing me, She disappeared in the clouds above.

SEPTEMBER 19, 1948

This day Mama Mary showed herself. My joy was as great as though I saw her for the first time. *"I have been consoled by your tears and compassionate hearts, my beloved daughters."* For those who did not believe, her message was clear: *"I love you all and your salvation means so much to me and my Son. Pray for the grace you need to reach Heaven."* For those who believed, her message was: *"Temptations will bother you. Have courage to fight the enemy. You will suffer, you will be ridiculed, but fear not, because your faith will bring you to Heaven. Remember that love was His strength up to His death on Calvary."*

SEPTEMBER 20, 1948

We had a beautiful conversation. It was a treasure I could never forget because the message was for me. *"Little one,"* she said *"the word FLAT means a painful sacrifice. It could also mean a detachment from what we like and all that it requires. It is a dedication of one's whole life, it meant a loving and willing participation of whatever my Son wanted to do and that is Redemption. The simple words I spoke to the angel are of spiritual value for all mankind. 'Be it done unto me' is a complete surrender of myself also to what God wanted. It is a commitment to lovingly embrace and save the world. Thus my daughters in Lipa Carmel are asked to join this commitment by doing some penance, prayers and sacrifices for the salvation of the world. Little ones can only offer the most that they can do little, but when done with love, will be very pleasing to my Son."*

After blessing me, She disappeared.

SEPTEMBER 21, 1948

The message was for a soul consecrated to God. *"Pray, pray very much for a soul, my beloved daughters. Help me to touch her heart and win her back. She can be among those who trust me. I want to see her rejoice with my daughters who believe in me. I want to see her win the battle, rather than to lose. I want her hatred turn to love and trust. My little ones, I need your prayers because I love her salvation. My Son has given us a will that is free and a choice between eternal happiness or eternal damnation. Keep up your courage, little ones, and ask for strength to love those who hate you. Just remember that Heaven is so beautiful."* She reminded us of gratitude. Because Jesus loved us so much, that He gave up the last drop of His blood to redeem us. Mama Mary wanted to console her beloved Son by offering to Him our acts of gratitude.

SEPTEMBER 22, 1948

Mama Mary was there at 5:00 in the afternoon. She was not so sad anymore. *"Child, are you willing to offer something difficult for me today?"* she asked me. "Yes, my dearest Mama Mary, I will do anything for you. If you need my life, I will give it to you. But please, Mama Mary give me sufficient grace to do what you desire." We had a very nice conversation together, listening most intently to the message she was giving me.

After our talk, I asked her for the first time to please take care of my family's spiritual life. I was so happy to tell her that my dear father had retracted from Masonry. But my brothers would not approach the Sacraments. However, I told her I would never give up hope and I was pretty certain that in God's own time, they would be converted. After blessing me, She disappeared through the clouds.

SEPTEMBER 23, 1948

Today, we had another intimate conversation. She said: *"I have the permission of my Son to tell you something which will make you happy. All souls consecrated to God are nearest to HIS HEART."* "Mama Mary, does it mean that I am included amongst them although I am only a postulant?" I asked. "Yes," she answered. "Oh dearest Mama Mary, how can I ever thank you for such good news. Please tell Jesus that I am so grateful and I promise to be good." Mama Mary said that Jesus was asking for prayers for those who would give up their vocation. He was thirsting for them because His love was endless. His concern was great. Simple words would touch His Heart than very long prayers with distractions. *"I love you, my dear little ones and I will keep you safe under my mantle."*

SEPTEMBER 24, 1948

Mama Mary said: *"I want you to consecrate yourselves to me on the 7th of October and become my beloved slaves."* Then, She told me a very secret message for Mother Prioress. I cried and She understood my tears. She blessed me and said not to be sad but to offer up all the trials. I stopped crying and thanked God for everything. Everybody would be surprised to see several Carmelites of Lipa among the souls who would one day be elevated to sainthood along with His Excellency Bishop Obviar.

SEPTEMBER 25, 1948

How I wished the day was prolonged. She said: *"Little ones, I committed myself to the Lord, wholly, lovingly, generously, and sincerely. My commitment requires a lot of love and understanding of the will of God. It also meant that I would play an important role in man's salvation by becoming the Mother of Jesus, God made man. This is the mystery of God's love. The power that I possess is love, and it was that which made me present*

to you my Son from the day He was born. It was also love that gave us the courage to look for Him when he was lost. It was also love that made us endure and witness His suffering on His way to Calvary. Finally, it is the same love that gave me strength to accompany Him until His death. No mother can ever explain how I felt when He was nailed to the cross and gave up His soul to His Father. No amount of words can describe the pain he endured up to His last breath. I remained silent. My tears showed my inner thoughts. The world knew how much I had to bear. To help save souls was then my commitment. And this will remain forever. I bless you all, my little ones." Then She vanished.

SEPTEMBER 26, 1948

I was sad, very sad because this was the last day of her apparition here. Then she came with a sweet smile, her eyes were so beautiful, her lips seemed to be saying something, but I could not understand, because her beauty and maternal gestures, her radiance, her everything was an image of Heaven. I felt nothing but deep respect, love and awe. Then suddenly she bent forward as though she was calling my attention. I came to realize that I was not listening to what she was telling me - but she understood the reason why. Then I heard her words: *"Little one, tell your Sisters to love one another. It is very consoling to feel that all of you belong to one family - my Son's family. Be simple, humble and obedient to your Mother Prioress. Love much and remember that love is proved to be true in the act of giving generously without counting the cost. Love is a give and take procedure. The most precious gift to give is the gift of self - your everything without reserve. The beautiful prayer he taught us sums up all that we need, little ones. Be good, be simple, be humble and obedient. But remember that love is above all these virtues I mentioned."*

Then she continued: *"Do not forget that my Son is the "Way". If you lose your way. He will tell you: 'Come, my little ones, and I will lead you on the way to Heaven.' He says: 'I am the Truth.' Jesus reminds you that the Holy Spirit will help you to recall to your minds all He taught you and will help you apply His*

teachings to your everyday life. Then He says: 'I am your Life.' He makes all realize that sin alone will destroy the promised everlasting life, unless you take the thorny and narrow path, carry the cross, follow Him, for at the end of this path is HEAVEN."

She reminded us of the message she had imparted in her other apparitions in different parts of the world which, to her, remained unheeded. Mama Mary's mission was entrusted to her when her Son, nailed to the cross turned to her and said: "Woman, behold your son." Then he said to John: "Behold your Mother." Let us all realize that with these words of Jesus, Mama Mary was to be our Mother, and we were to be her children. And as our Mother, she did not hesitate to plead for our help. She wanted us to share joys and sorrows. She was almost begging the whole world to pray the Rosary everyday, and pray it with devotion. She was asking us to do some penance and sacrifices for the conversion of the world, especially ourselves, who were consecrated to God.

Let us accept all the sufferings with love, and gratitude and firm conviction that trials are given to us by Jesus for our sanctification and that of others. When we go to Mass, let us pause for a few moments so we can realize that Jesus is coming to us through the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist and faith tells us that this is a Divine Truth. Then we will be able to deny ourselves and take up the cross with Him - thus we are prepared to consecrate ourselves to the Immaculate Heart of Mama Mary. These are her messages to the whole world, young and old, rich and poor.

Lastly, she said: "*Be very good, my little ones. I AM MARY, MEDIATRIX OF ALL GRACE.*" Then She disappeared.

THE SECOND BLINDNESS

SEPTEMBER 30, 1948

On this day, Mama Mary made us all happy. There were petals in all cells of the Sisters.

OCTOBER 3, 1948

I noticed that every physical and moral suffering which could perhaps be considered as desolation, was compensated for by some consolation. Today was the feast of St. Therese of the Child Jesus. A big compensation was generously given to me. After Mass, we generally walked to our cell and on my way up, a very strong fragrance of roses was all over the corridor. And as I reached the staircase, all of a sudden I saw petals falling before me. My first impulse was to look up to find where those petals came from. I saw nobody, but petals kept falling on every step of the staircase. I saw a Sister climbing up the stairs a few steps behind me. When I reached the second floor of the convent, I looked back and to my amazement all the steps were thickly covered with petals. I went down carefully to call Mother Cecilia. When she saw the numerous petals on every step and also on the way to our cell, she was for some time speechless and motionless. I myself could hardly believe what I saw. Where could these thousands of petals have come from, I asked myself. I was then told by Mother Prioress to go to our cell to call the community. As I reached the cell, Mama Mary was waiting for me. What a pleasant surprise! I immediately knelt down before her and she stooped down to help me stand up. Then she said: "*Today is your feastday and I came to greet you and give you a very special blessing.*" She blessed me and then disappeared. I was overjoyed, so very full of consolations that I forgot about my feastday. How can I deny her anything?

In the afternoon of the same day, I was talking to Mother Prioress and I fell into a trance. I saw St. Therese of the Child Jesus,

my patron saint, with little angels all over the place. They all looked alike. They were all happy and they left one by one. When they all disappeared, St. Therese spoke to me. She told me that simplicity taught us to be humble and obedient, to remain as little as possible so that Jesus and the Blessed Virgin Mary would not refuse any grace needed. Since it was also her feastday, we greeted one another and threw "flying" kisses to each other. Before she disappeared, I begged her to kiss Jesus and Mama Mary for me. After this, I picked up one petal and looked at it very closely. It was red in color, and it looked like a velvet (pelus) and had the very strong smell of a rose. After this happy moment, I then recalled my own mother's story. It was the time when St. Therese was newly canonized that my mother asked her for another daughter because she had only one. Her favor was granted and this was the reason why I was named after St. Therese.

OCTOBER 7, 1948

The much awaited day finally came. A Mass was celebrated at the hermitage by our beloved Msgr. Obviar. His Excellency approached me before the Mass and told me to ask Mama Mary to give him a sign that she was present during the Mass. As soon as the Mass was over, the whole community consecrated itself to Mama Mary following the devotion of St. Louise Grignon de Montfort. All of us were waiting for a shower of roses after our consecration. Mama Mary appeared and motioned to me to come closer. Immediately, I saw her hand touch my eyes as I remained standing and then told me: "*This my child, is the answer to your Chaplain's request.*" I was blind again and my left arm was paralyzed. Sr. Mary Anne who was our infirmarian took a needle and pricked my arm to find out if it was really paralyzed. I felt nothing although my skin bled a little.

I was tempted to think that the physical pains could be some sort of a punishment for my sins. Should this be true, I meditated on the mercy of God for several days. I was consoled by the fact that He assured us of His forgiveness. "Though your sins be like scarlet, they shall be made white as snow." This passage made me think of

the kind and loving forgiveness perhaps none of us can fully understand. But, there is something certain - it is only His Divine Love which makes Him forgive our sins. What else is wanting in His Divine Love for men" Then there is also a Mother who intercedes for us for her Son's forgiveness!

OCTOBER 13, 1948

Thanks be to God and the Blessed Virgin Mary for having restored my sight. Also, my left arm could move and feel. Sr. Mary Anne took a needle and pricked my skin. I felt the pain. My skin bled a little but not for long. Thanks be to God, I was a normal person again.

OCTOBER 15, 1948

Petals fell again on the floor of the hermitage and like before, the petals formed into a cross as they reached the floor. It was the feastday of our "grandmother", St. Teresa of Avila.

NOVEMBER 12, 1948

Mass was celebrated at the hermitage near the vine. The whole community was present. After the blessing, we left the place and as I was walking, I heard a sweet voice telling me that Mama Mary was waiting for me at the apparition site. I ran to the vine and I saw Mama Mary standing above the vine. She was radiant, and beautiful no human mind could ever describe her beauty. She was in her best, better than in all the other occasions she appeared to me. But her beauty was with a touch of sadness. Then she told me these words: *"Pray, my child. The people do not heed my words. Tell my daughters that there will be persecutions, unrest, and bloodshed in your country. The enemy of the Church will try to destroy the faith which Jesus established and died for. The Church will suffer much. Pray for the conversion of sinners throughout the world. Pray for those who rejected me, and those who do not believe my*

message in the different parts of the world. I am really sad, but consoled by those who believed and trust me. Spread the meaning of the rosary because this will be the instrument for peace throughout the world. Tell the people to pray the rosary with devotion. Propagate the devotion to my Immaculate Heart. Do a lot of penance for priests and nuns.” She said that all the messages with regards to priests and nuns were very important. Then she continued: *“But, be not afraid for the love of my Son will soften the hardest of hearts and my motherly love will be their strength to crush the enemies of God. What I ask here is the same as in Fatima.”* Some messages were given to me, but she asked me to keep them to myself. She gave so much importance and stress on the messages for priests and nuns. Finally, she said: *“I am blessing this Community with a very special blessing today. All these can be revealed now. I repeat to you that I am MARY, MEDIATRIX OF ALL GRACE. This is my last apparition here.”*

And blessing the Community, our Mama Mary slowly disappeared, I saw her go up to the clouds so gracefully. My feelings were mixed. I wept a little because I will not see her again here; on the other hand, I was happy because her messages could now be revealed and spread to the whole world. The longing to see her again made me desire greatly to do better day in and day out.

MAY 31, 1949

My clothing took place on this day and I was so happy to have reached the second “phase” of life in the novitiate.

Here, we lovingly say our sincere and loving “yes” to Jesus and the Blessed Virgin Mary, confident that they will pave a closer unity between us. Since vocation is the secret of our sanctification and the pillar of our spiritual life, we are given the grace to hang on to it and preserve it as much as we can. For this reason, we must believe with all our heart and soul what we openly declare when we say “yes”. Mama Mary’s role now is to help us believe that the will of God for us is to try the religious life and to be holy.

Once we join a certain religious congregation, we should realize that we will encounter a lot of temptations and certain doubts whether God really want us to be among the chosen. Religious life to me means embracing a life of prayer and sacrifice. It requires a lot of self-denial, forgetting our own self, striving to put our hearts and souls to acquire a better knowledge of God. This alone needs much prayers. And as we walk day by day in the way God wants, we will be more pleasing to Him and our love for Him will manifest itself through our interior disposition. Let us put our minds in peace, never to be disturbed by the enemy of God. He will try his best to snatch us from the loving hands of God.

We can never imitate our Lord and Mama Mary perfectly. But it will help us very much to pause when we are confused and try to see what Jesus will do if He were in our place. We can never achieve perfection which belongs to God alone. But when we try to be perfect, we are changed somehow to imitate Him step by step. I did realize too, in my quiet moments before the clothing, that we must not only accept God's will, but should have a great desire to do His will always, even if it will lead us to valleys of tears.

I also realized that prayer is by no means limited to words only. Our actions too are prayer provided they are in harmony with what God wants us. It would be a consolation for us to realize that our little good deeds could lead others to pray. There is a saying "Actions speak louder than words."

Let us be with God always. Let us strive to do nothing, say nothing, and think nothing that would be displeasing to Jesus and Mama Mary. Let us give them a free hand to mold us in the way they want.

In the evening, I fell into a trance and saw the Hearts of Jesus and Mama Mary burning. Between these two Hearts was a very small heart. I could not get the message immediately. The following day during our meditation, the closest interpretation I could see was the small heart was mine. It was definitely not burning at all. Perhaps I did not love God enough.

THE INVESTIGATION

The day came when Cardinal Santos went to Lipa Carmel and with him was Mother Mary of Christ who was at that time the Mother Prioress of Jaro Carmel. We were called to go to the Choir. His Eminence told us that Mother Mary of Christ was to be our Prioress because he was going to take Mother Cecilia with him. All of us were caught by surprise. No reason whatsoever was given to us and we were not told where she was to be taken. Mother Cecilia stood up from her place, walked out with dignity, and followed the Cardinal in silence. She was given only half an hour to pack her things.

This was the first blow in Carmel. The community suffered a lot, not because Mother Cecilia was taken away, but we were afraid that something like this would also happen to each and everyone of us. We were only human. Hearing of the possibility of being disbanded, we prayed hard for our vocation which we loved so much.

I went through some abdominal pains and so I was brought to UST Hospital by Cardinal Santos. I was accompanied by Sr. Stephanie, an Out-Sister. Two doctors observed me closely for several days. I went through a series of x-rays, medicines taken orally, and injections. When the doctors saw me with cold sweat, a nurse came in and gave me an injection which gave me relief. After five days of relief, I noticed that I was developing a low threshold for pain. Bearing in silence my pain became harder and harder to take. I saw myself weakening in my efforts to offer something for Mama Mary. I felt spiritually miserable, and was aware that there was definitely something wrong with me. I felt sick in body and soul.

One day, my brother who was a doctor, visited me in the hospital. Upon learning that the injection being given me was a pain killer, he talked to me in a very gentle manner about the bad effects of this drug. Knowing nothing about drugs during those days, I heard the first time the word "addiction" and its meaning. I made up my mind to suffer the pains rather than be addicted. My brother

warned be about stopping the drug drastically. The doctors also told me about this and they were so willing to help me withdraw little by little to avoid collapsing. Despite their warnings, I decided to stop receiving the injection completely. I clung to Mama Mary's loving hands and sought for her help. Thanks be to God, stopping the injections drastically did not have a bad effect on me. What helped me to take this step was my love and trust for Mama Mary, and my commitment to help save souls especially those who consecrated themselves to God. The pains continued, but with Mama Mary's help, I faced them in a very different way. Thanks be to God, I was back to my little self before. All these experiences made me more united with Mary. Without her, I would not be brave enough to face all these.

I was brought back to Carmel by Cardinal Santos to continue my recovery inside Carmel. I was happy knowing that I will have a very quiet life in Carmel.

Nearly all the investigations were held at the UST Hospital. The Cardinal brought me back there with Sr. Stephanie. After resting for two days, in the afternoon of the second day, the two of us suddenly saw the chair near my bed moving, jumping and swaying to and fro. We were at first amused to see the chair dancing without anyone holding it. Afterwards, we sensed that it could be the work of the devil. Sr. Stephanie took the holy water and sprinkled some on the chair. Surprisingly, the chair stopped moving and jumping.

An occasion occurred when I was on my way to the comfort room. Before I could reach the door of the comfort room, Sr. Stephanie started shouting after me. When I looked back, I saw Sister pointing at something at the floor where I was. I felt something hot near me and when I looked down, I saw that my tunic was starting to burn. Sr. Stephanie rushed to me and sprinkled holy water. The small fire was put out but my tunic was already partially burnt.

The following day, two doctors came in to see me at different times. The first was a psychiatrist, whose name I have

forgotten. I was taken aback when the doctor immediately started shouting at me. All the time I thought that the Cardinal brought me to the hospital for a check-up. Then I noticed that Sr. Stephanie was not in the room. Not being prepared for an investigation, I was so afraid to answer in the beginning and this made the doctor even more angry. He asked questions regarding the events at Lipa, Carmel. He stayed with me for three hours without let-up. He asked the same questions over and over, and I repeated the same answers. When he left, I felt so exhausted that I was not able to take my lunch. I had to lie down in bed to recover my strength. I examined my conscience to find out whether I truthfully and honestly answered the doctor. When the doctor left, Sr. Stephanie came in and consoled me. She said that St. Bernadette experienced the same thing when she was investigated. "But, my dear Sister, Sr. Bernadette was a saint and I am not". Nonetheless, I was so grateful to Sr. Stephanie for consoling me.

By three o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, another doctor came to see me. This time the doctor was calm and showed no anger. How I thanked Mama Mary for this. His questions dealt more on my physical pains, etc. The investigation lasted for an hour, more or less.

I had two quiet and peaceful days. I had hardly overcome the trauma when Rev. Fr. Blas came to see me. He started his investigation by telling me that he was the devil's advocate. What is a devil's advocate, I asked myself. I was told to answer all his questions and that I should do whatever he wanted me to do. I did not have the slightest idea of the role Fr. Blas was to take. The mere mention of the word "devil" gave me the creeps. In the beginning of the investigation, he was kind and asked me questions about my family. Then in less than five minutes, more or less, Fr. Blas suddenly changed his attitude towards me. He looked fierce. Like a frightened child, I was really scared.

After questioning me strongly, he gave me a piece of paper and told me to sign. My hands were trembling while reading it. What was written on that paper dealt on three points: (1) The apparitions were not true because they were just pure imaginations;

(2) I invented the story so that I could win the affection of the whole community; and (3) I joined the Carmelite Order because of my family's feud with the Laurels. I firmly refused to sign. He shouted at me, banged the table, stood up and sat down again, walked to and fro, till finally he sat opposite me. I was afraid of him, even more afraid than when I saw the devil's face for the first time. He was with me for more than two hours more or less. Finally, he put up his hands and his eyes rolled as though he seemed to say that he could not do anything to convince me to sign. He seemed to be exhausted like myself when he left the room. Our eyes met as I was trying to tell him that I simply could not sign that paper. I remained very quiet and my tears rolled down my cheeks, then I took hold of my rosary.

Rev. Fr. Blas came back to me the following day. So afraid was I that I started to cry even before he could say anything to me. I stood firm with my conviction not to sign his paper. Fr. Blas was so angry that he took hold of a crystal ash tray on the table and hurled it at me. With God's grace I was able to duck so the ash tray hit the wall. He took the document he had prepared, crumpled it and threw it into the garbage can. Then he hurriedly left the room.

I was still in a state of shock when Sr. Stephanie came and saw me so pale that she wanted to send me to the Cardinal. I begged her not to, except to help me pray. We went to the chapel and managed somehow to kneel. We thanked Mama Mary for protecting me from harm.

Full of charity, Cardinal Santos visited me nearly everyday. He frequently brought us some food since I developed very poor appetite. He showed so much care and interest, and made sure that I was treated well. One day, Cardinal Santos asked me if I would like to see Mother Cecilia. I turned down the charitable offer, having heard that Mother Cecilia was brought to Jaro Carmel. I was then told by the Cardinal that Mother Cecilia was also confined in the hospital. I jumped with joy and accepted the offer. I was so surprised to find out that Mother's room was just next to mine. I saw her sitting on the side of her bed facing the wall of the room. The Cardinal approached her and told her that I was with him to pay her

a visit. She did not respond, but as I went near her, I saw tears flowing down her cheeks. In the presence of the Cardinal, I embraced her and asked whether she was sick. There was no response on her part. The Cardinal then told Mother that he would leave me with her for half an hour.

I did all I could to make her talk to me, but I did not succeed. I then told her that I would go back to my room since she seemed unhappy with my visit. Thanks be to God, she finally turned to me and embraced and said: "Sister, I have suffered so much and the most painful of all was my being ostracised by all." She told me that she was not allowed to join the Community in all the community acts. So she asked for more prayers for her. She asked me if I still considered her as my Mother Prioress. I said: "Yes, Mother." She then strongly forbade me to use any external instrument of penance on account of my health. I was made aware of the full responsibility of preserving my health while being investigated. I was asked whether I was prepared to suffer until my last breath. "Yes, Mother," was my answer to her question, "but please do pray for me. My desire was to be a silent sufferer for Mama Mary." She gave me her blessing in the Carmelite way. Mother and myself were both crying when the Cardinal came to pick me up. The Cardinal too was misty eyed. I left her still sitting on the edge of her bed. My heart was full of pity for Mother Cecilia. I did not have the strength to look back when we left the room. The Cardinal took me back to Lipa.

Perhaps the pitiful sight of Mother Cecilia made me feel that something big would happen to me. After a few weeks, the Church's decision came out disapproving the cause of Mama Mary. I took it as the Will of God. I felt sad, yet I was resigned. My family came to see me. My father asked me whether I was guilty of any kind of deception. "No, father," was my answer. "Please be assured that before the eyes of God, I can say that I did not deceive anybody and I in conscience can never make use of Mama Mary to make myself loved and popular". My family suffered a lot too and had to face the humiliations they experienced after the Church's disapproval. They wanted to take me home so we could console one another, but I refused. After the decision of the Church was made known, the

statue of Mama Mary remained hidden for forty two years. Everything connected with the apparitions was ordered burnt. Silence was ordered by Cardinal Santos and silent we were.

It did not take long after the disapproval when Ma Mere (The French Canadian Foundress of Lipa, Gilmore and Jaro Carmel) visited me. She pointed out to me that I was unable to stay within the walls of Carmel for one year, as required by Carmel. Poor Ma Mere was in tears when she told me that on account of my inability to spend one year in the Novitiate, I would have to leave Carmel. According to her, it would be better if I myself voluntarily left Carmel to recover my health than if they (the community) would be the ones to send me home, in which case the chance for me to go back to Carmel would be very slim. I spent the remaining few days in Carmel in tears night and day. Ma Mere was so motherly to me and went out of her way to see me as often as she could. She kept telling me that the interrupted novitiate was the sole reason why I had to leave Carmel.

My family gave me a warm welcome and they were happy to have me back. They helped me adjust to another kind of life. I did not want to see anyone and not long after I left Carmel, I decided to see the Nuncio to let him know that I voluntarily went back to my family and to ask for his blessing. Little did I know that His Excellency, Msgr. Vagnozzi, was so angry with me. Had I only known about it, I would not have gone to see him because I did not for a moment like to make him angry. I was praying while waiting for him to come out. As soon as he saw me, he shouted at me and drove me out saying: "Get out of my house, you little devil." I immediately stood up and knelt for his blessing before I left, but he refused. He headed for the big door and shouted again: "Get out, get out." He stood by the door, waiting for me to get out. My knees started to shake and felt so weak, that when I was about to pass before him, I stopped and looked at him with fear. He seemed to have sensed the message I wanted to tell him, because he gave me a little more space where I could pass beyond his reach. Out I went and I heard a loud slamming of the big door. I looked behind fearful that the massive door had fallen on him and hurt him. I was relieved when I saw the door safely shut. On my way home to Quezon City, I

started to think of the possible reason why the Nuncio was so mad at me. Was it wrong if Mama Mary appeared to me? Was it my fault? I did not invent the story. I did not even wish it, nor did I dream to see Mama Mary. Nothing of this sort entered my mind when I joined the Carmelite Order. When I reached home, my family was anxiously waiting for me. They no longer asked anything because my tears gave away what actually happened between Msgr. Vagnozzi and myself. I locked myself in our room so that my family could not see how much I suffered. I had the chance to pray more to keep the high regard I had for priests. It took me years and years before I was able to overcome my fear. Heaven knows how afraid I became to see a priest.

Silence in the midst of our trials and crosses taught me how to be brave. Little by little, I realized the true meaning of suffering which if accepted in the right spiritual way, could be of help to Mama Mary who needs it for conversion of sinners. There were no more tears for me to shed. I was so grateful to Mama Mary that she gave me the grace to see the light. My family respected my privacy and Carmel was never mentioned. Neither did they ask me about Mama Mary. For 42 years, I led a very silent life. What transpired between Mama Mary and my little self remained hidden, and deeply planted into our hearts.

LESSONS FROM THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

(Please forgive me for using my own words because I cannot remember the exact words used by the Blessed Virgin Mary. the details and the exact words She used were written in the diary I made in Carmel and the diary was burnt.)

Suffering was the very first message for me. During my blindness, Mama Mary in her maternal way, spoke to me several times in my cell. She said that sufferings require a lot of prayers, so much so that she asked me to pray, pray very much, and emphasized praying for priests and nuns. Prayers sometimes can be a burden on us most especially when we are experiencing dryness. To fight this, she said that we have to convince ourselves in a very simple way that prayer is a conversation with God. And in a conversation, someone has to talk and someone has to listen. Prayers therefore should give us a consolation that at least we know that Someone is listening and that is Jesus. She said that there is also a Mother who listens to our prayers. If we cannot reach her Son, we can always turn to Mama Mary and like the miracle in Cana, she will intercede for us in her own simple words: "There is no wine". Jesus did not for a moment hesitate to perform a miracle for the sake of His Mother. She also said that simple words from our heart will be very pleasing to Jesus because that is the language of children. When we pray with trust and confidence, we can be sure that Jesus and Mama Mary are listening to us.

Prayers also give us a chance to praise God, to give Him homage and glory and a very good chance to thank Him for all the graces bestowed on us. She said that many people do not thank God for the many favors and blessings that have been granted to us, and this hurts them so much.

Prayer is a means to manifest our love for Jesus and Mama Mary, even if we are too distracted when we pray. Mama Mary explained that the distractions could also be turned into prayer by offering them to Jesus who gave us good examples on how to pray.

He prayed for forty days and forty nights. He taught us the Our Father which covers our spiritual and corporal needs; He prayed in Gethsemane where He showed how human He was; He prayed when He was nailed to the cross up to His last breath, and he proved His great love for men with a prayer: "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." She said that all we do think and say could become prayers provided they are in accordance to God's will. We can pause for some moments and listen to what Jesus has to say. These moments then become silent prayers. We can say: "I love you, Jesus." Another four words which are very simple but contain a lot of value and meaning in the spiritual life. She said we have to be honest when we say: "I love you, Jesus", because this love connotes suffering, a lot of sufferings.

ROSARY

What better link could we have to Jesus and Mama Mary than the prayer which was asked in nearly all the apparitions of Our Blessed Mother, the ROSARY. Why? Because she said that the Rosary depicts the life of her Son, Jesus from the Annunciation to His death on Calvary. The Rosary is the prayer already well known and recited all over the world. She said that in value and importance, the Rosary comes next to the Mass and the Sacraments. She explained in simple words that the Our Father was taught to us by Jesus Himself and that it covers all our spiritual and corporal needs. The first part of the Hail Mary was made known to us through the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. The second half was composed by the Church inspired by Mama Mary's role as the Mother of God. The Glory be to the Father is a prayer of praise to the Holy Trinity. The prayer "O my Jesus, forgive us our sins, save us from the fires of hell, and lead all souls to heaven especially those who most need your mercy," is a prayer that our Lady of Fatima has asked us to pray. The Rosary is now a universal prayer, a national prayer, a family prayer and the prayer recommended by the Blessed Virgin Mary for the conversion of Russia, China and all countries dominated by Communism and Paganism. She also said that it is a prayer for the poor and the rich, for the learned and the ignorant.

Because she has an understanding heart, She said that if we be loaded with distractions while saying the rosary, the mere fact that we take hold of a rosary and run our fingers through the beads will be enough proof that we love God and Mama Mary. She wants the world to be converted, especially those priests and nuns who need conversion, and at the end, return to the true fold of her Son Jesus. Then at the end Mama Mary will really triumph.

The daily recitation of the Rosary will also obtain for us peace which is much needed these days. Just as Jesus asked His disciples to stay with Him for an hour, the Blessed Virgin Mary is also asking the whole world to keep her company for only twenty minutes everyday. She will be consoled to know that we, although sinners, still remember God and love God through the daily recitation of the Rosary.

The conversations and the lessons I received from Blessed Virgin Mary were interrupted and stopped when the investigation started.

Very truly yours,

Teresita L. Castillo

TERESITA L. CASTILLO

SECRET MESSAGE – Told to me last Oct. 17, 1949 by the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mediatrix of All Grace.

“Pray hard for China’s dream to invade the whole world. The Philippines is one of its favorites. Money is the evil force that will lead the people of the world to destruction.

Prayers, sacrifices, self-denials and the daily recitation of rosary will soften the heart of my Son as I said before.”

MESSAGES 43 years after – GLOBE OF LIGHT AND VOICE ONLY

May 25, 1991

“My heart is weary, my little one and my eyes shed tears for the lost souls of my sons and daughters consecrated to my Son.”

“The days are counted and judgment will come.”

“Abortion is the only crime which causes so much tears, so much pain, no other crime has grieved my Son and I, your mother. Parents and abortionists, this is a very serious warning from God who is the giver of life. These little souls do not ask to be born.”

PARENTS

“How parents live their faith leaves an indelible impression on their children. It is their example that they see constantly, it is their lives that children want to emulate.”

“Make Jesus present in your homes through prayer.”

“Aspire then, dear parents and children to live a well disciplined life, supported by daily Mass if possible, praying the rosary is possible as one family, and receiving the Holy Eucharist as often as possible.”

FAMILY

“Each member of your family should be aware of the fact that God has given you a soul to save, an intellect to understand His mission which is your salvation, and a will so free to choose what plan to

follow – a plan to build your soul for heaven or a plan drawn up by the enemy of God towards eternal damnation.”

“My dearest children, the language in your home should be love. Make each member feel that they are surrounded by those who love them deeply.”

Oct. 23, 1993

“You do the praying and I will do the pleading, pleading for more time and compassion for the children of God.”

“Just as you believe that there is one God, so too should you believe that death is coming to each one of you. But let this not be a threat to you, rather it is a loving warning from a Mother who loves you.”

Oct. 25, 1993

“God’s wrath is still held by my pleading hands. I am asking the world to repent and be converted. I, as your Mother who loves God’s people would not like to be witness to His plan of punishment.”

“Please pray, please heed my messages so that many souls will go back to my only Son. This will make Him very, very happy.”

March 24 1994

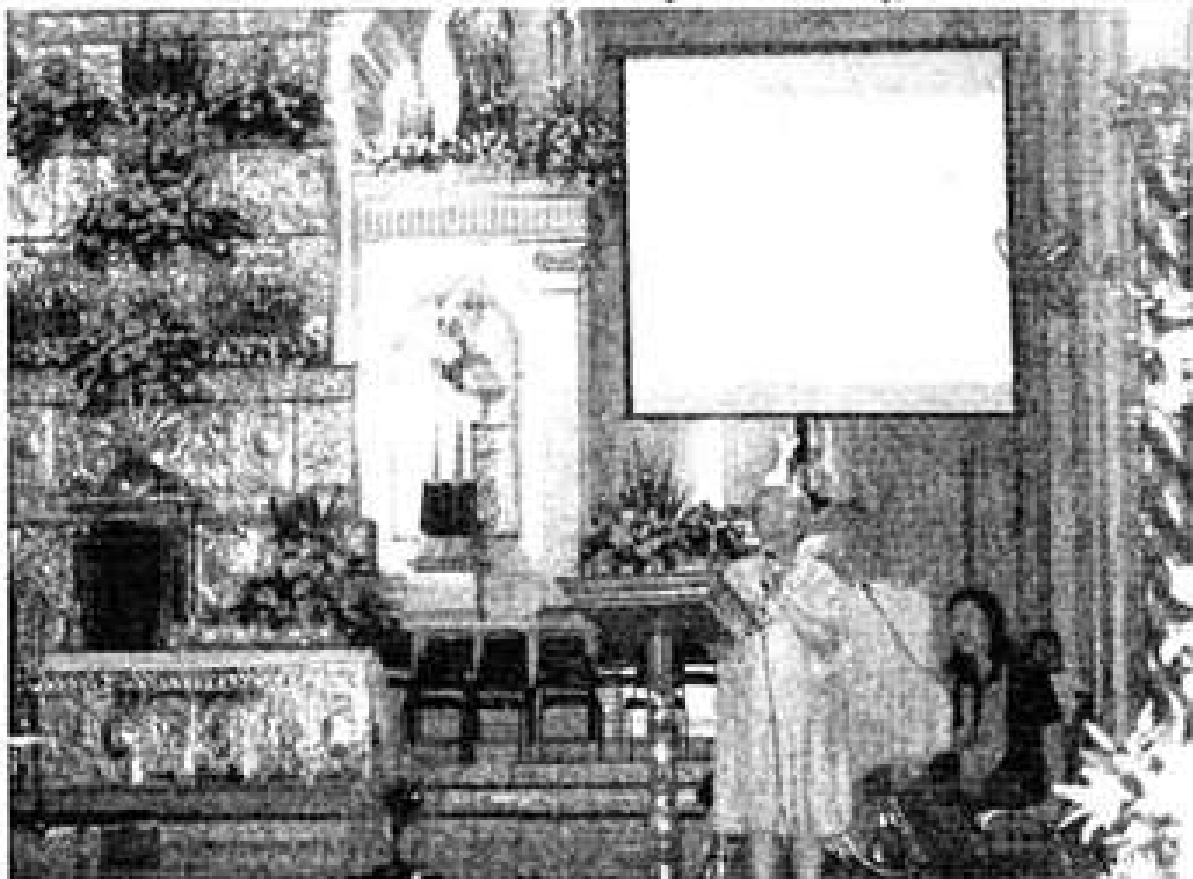
“Little ones, calamities throughout the world will not mark the end, but it is merely an awakening of the bitter truth of what is coming.”

March 25, 1994

“Once again, I repeat to my beloved Philippines that I am the Mother of love and tenderness. I come here to save souls. I love the Filipinos because in all the countries throughout the world, you come to me when you suffer, and ask for my help. Most of you love me and have a great devotion to me, your Mother. You recognize me as the Mother of Jesus. You defend this truth openly without fear of being ridiculed by other sects who attack me greatly. So it is to you that I come to ask for prayers, do little sacrifices and receive the

Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist frequently. It is you that I ask to say the Family Rosary daily. I wish to remind you that the recitation of the rosary is not only a devotion which will bring you closer to my Son, but it also serves as an occasion to offer the sacrifice of driving away distractions while saying it. The enemy of God is always there where my children pray to me. This country was created by God for something great."

San Sebastian Cathedral, Lipa City, Batangas, Philippines
(Sept. 11, 2007). Teresita Castillo relating her wonderful
experience with Mary, Mediatrix Of All Grace.



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