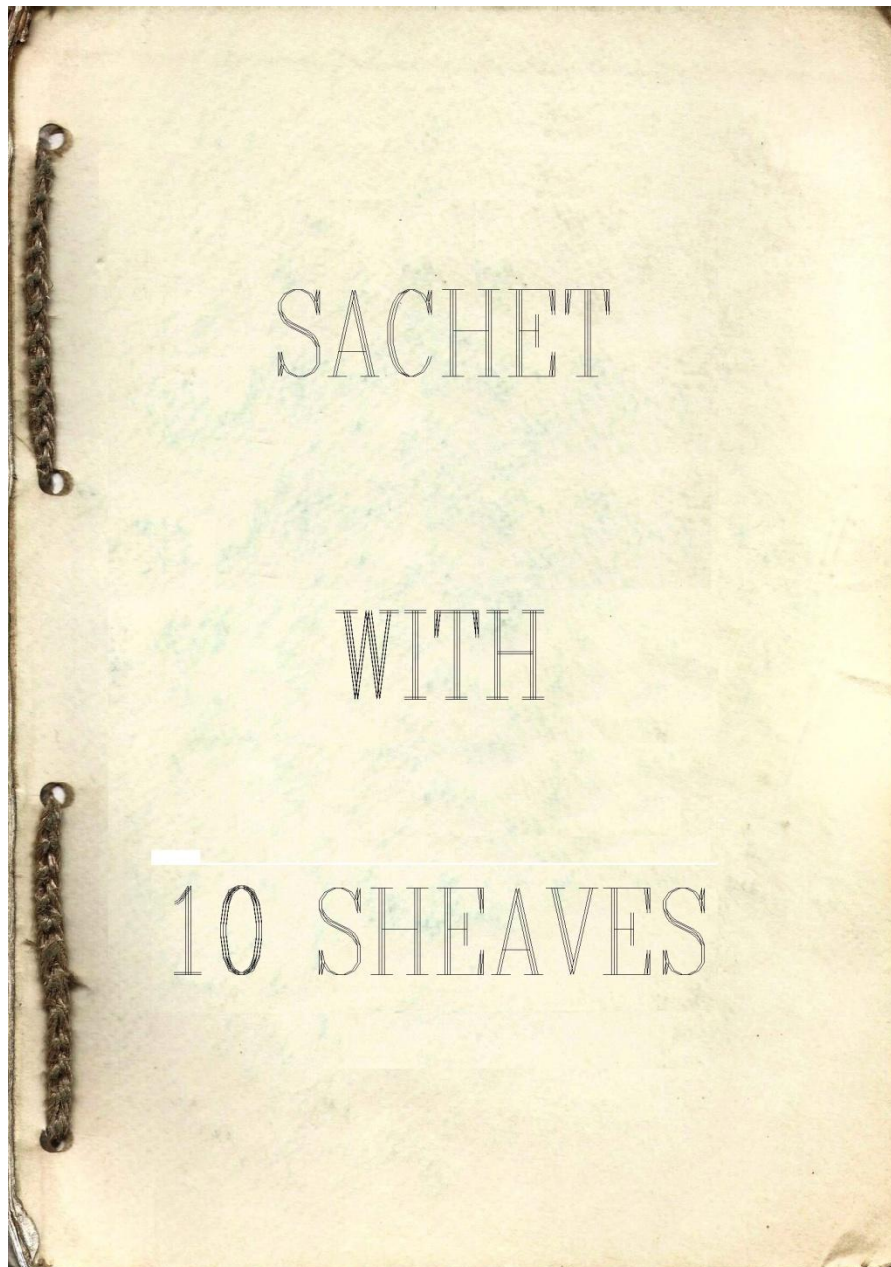


A work of God for the end times

*He that goes forth weeping, bearing the seed for sowing,
shall come home with shouts of joy, bringing his sheaves with him.*



Visions, prophecies and mystical experiences of Marcello Ciai



IACA - Divulgation Area
www.iaca.it

"THE SACHET WITH 10 SHEAVES" IS A COLLECTION OF PROPHECIES, VISIONS AND MYSTICAL EXPERIENCES OF MARCELLO EZEKIEL CIAI INTERCALATED BY SOME HIS PRAYERS, AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOTES, EVENTS AND VICISSITUDES LIVED TOGETHER WITH THE COMMUNITY GATHERED AROUND HIM IN ASSISI IN 1980. THE TITLE OF THIS SCRIPT IS CONNECTED TO A PROPHECIC REVELATION THAT MARCELLO HAD IN 1995. TOGETHER WITH HIM AND THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE COMMUNITY IN A MOUNTAIN HERMITAGE DURING A LONG RETREAT OF PRAYER AND PENITENCE AFTER A RECENT SERIOUS ILLNESS FROM WHICH MARCELLO WAS RECOVERING. I ASKED HIM TO WRITE ABOUT HIS PRODIGIOUS CONVERSION AND SO MANY PRECIOUS REVELATIONS THAT LORD HAVE GRANTED TO HIM UP TO THE TIME, SO THAT THEY WOULDN'T GET LOST. SO THIS WRITING CAME TO LIGHT, PRODUCED IN FEW COPIES AND ONLY PARTIALLY SHARED. AFTER ABOUT 20 YEARS MARCELLO, IN HIS SUFFERED SENILITY, RECEIVED BY GOD A CLEAR INDICATION THAT "THE SACHET" MUST BE DIVULGATED IN HIS INTEGRAL COMPILATION, AS WELL AS TWO PROPHECIES - "FINESTRONI" - THAT HE RECEIVED IN THAT SAME PERIOD, ADDRESSED TO ROME AND TO THE VATICAN AND OF EXTREME ACTUALITY'. DEVELOPMENTS OF THIS PROPHECIC WORK THAT GOD HAS RAISED WITH HIS PROPHET OF ASSISI, IN THE YEARS ELAPSED FROM THAT 1995 UNTIL NOW, CAN BE FOLLOWED IN THE BOOK "FROM THE LAND OF ASSISI AND OF FRANCIS THE SPIRIT OF PROPHECY"

MASSIMO COPPO

INDEX

SHEAF 1

PRELUDE

SHEAF 2

TRILOGY

SHEAF 3

EZEKIEL

SHEAF 4

THE ROAD OF SAINT ERCOLANO

SHEAF 5

THE MANTEL

SHEAF 6

SAINT GREGORY THE GREAT

SHEAF 7

LA SPOSA AD ASSISI

SHEAF 8

THE SPOUSE AT ASSISI

SHEAF 9

THE EDICT

SHEAF 10

MONSIGNOR ANTONELLI

EPILOGUE

PRELUDE

IN THE YEAR 1967, IN THE ELEVENTH MONTH, ON THE 29TH DAY, WHILE HE WAS HUNTING IN THE MARSH OF THE TRASIMENO LAKE NEAR THE OLD AIRPORT OF CASTIGLIONE DEL LAGO, A MAN FROM THE LAND OF ASSISI, MARCELLO CIAI, HAD A VISION THAT LEFT A DEEP IMPRESSION IN HIS LIFE CONVERTING HIM TO GOD. BORN TO A FAMILY OF CLOTHES-TRADERS, THE MAN HAD LOST HIS YOUTHFUL FAITH, AND AS UNBELIEVER HE SOUGHT APPEASEMENT IN SUCCESS, THE PLEASURES OF THE WORLD AND ALSO IN THE ENJOYMENT OF NATURE. ONLY A LONG TIME AFTER THAT EXCEPTIONAL EVENT HAS HE FELT ABLE TO TELL ALL THAT HE HAD SEEN :

" I MOVED ALONG THE MARSH UNDER AN AUTUMN SKY UNIFORMLY COVERED BY A CLEAR CLOUDY MANTLE. I WAS CAPTURED IN THAT CREPUSCULAR TIME, BY THE CONCERT OF SONGS, LIGHTS, NOISES AND THE ODOURS OF THE MARSH, WITH ITS PARTICULAR VEGETATION AND ANIMALS.

INTENT UPON THE DIFFICULT HUNTING OF SNIPE, MY GAZE WAS ATTRACTED UPWARD UNEXPECTEDLY IRRESISTIBLY. I LOOKED UP TOWARD THE EAST AND THERE IT WAS ! AS IF THE SKY WAS OPENED AND SOMETHING AMAZING AND AWFUL WAS HAPPENING, IN AN INDESCRIBABLE APOCALYPTIC SCENE THAT MADE ME ASTOUNDED. I SAID: " HERE IS THE END! THIS IS THE JUDGEMENT! " I BENT MY HEAD AS IF TO RUN AWAY, LOOKING AT THAT MOMENT FOR SOMEONE WHO WAS NEARBY ME, BUT IN VAIN.

I WAS AFRAID THAT I SHOULD TREMBLE SO MUCH THAT I MIGHT SLIP INTO THE MARSH.

WHEN I LOOKED UP AGAIN, THE CLOUDY VAULT WAS RECLOSED, AND FROM UNDERNEATH, PLOUGHING THE SKY, A LONG, FANTASTIC, PERFECT FORMATION OF FIGURES LIKE BIG MAGNIFYING GLASSES CAME OUT OF THE VAULT.

THE FORMATION HAD THE GREY COLOUR OF SMOKE AND FIGURES PROCEEDED TWO BY TWO, GOING STRAIGHT AHEAD. SUDDENLY FOUR OF THESE OPALESCENT FORMS WERE DETACHED FROM THE OTHERS AND LOWERED THEMSELVES DOWN SLOWLY UNTIL THEY TOUCHED THE REEDS IN FRONT OF ME.

I HAD THE CLEAR PERCEPTION THAT THE FORMS WERE ANIMATED. STILL BEFORE I SUCCEEDED IN MOVING TOWARDS THEM, I SAW THEM LAUNCH UPWARD LIKE A FLASH, TO REJOIN THE OTHERS THAT WERE DISAPPEARING THROUGH THE CLOUDY VAULT."

AFTER THIS VISION, MARCELLO FELT ILL FOR THREE DAYS, AND REMAINED DEEPLY TROUBLED FOR A LONG TIME. BUT SINCE THEN HE STARTED LOOKING UP TO HEAVEN, TO OPEN HIMSELF TO THE HEAVENLY AND INVISIBLE REALITY AND TO SEARCH FOR THAT WHICH TRANSCENDS THE MIND AND HUMAN KNOWLEDGE, TO THINK OF THE SUPERNATURAL, OF GOD.

IN THAT VERY TIME, FOLLOWING THE ADVICE OF A FRIEND, EACH NIGHT BEFORE GOING TO BED HE TURNED TO THE EAST, SAYING IN A LOUD VOICE THESE WORDS: (PSALM 91)

HE WHO DWELLS IN THE SHELTER OF THE MOST HIGH WILL ABIDE IN THE SHADOW OF THE ALMIGHTY.

I WILL SAY TO THE LORD, " MY REFUGE AND MY FORTRESS, MY GOD, IN WHOM I TRUST ! "

FOR IT IS HE WHO DELIVERS YOU FROM THE SNARE OF THE TRAPPER, AND FROM THE DEADLY PESTILENCE.

HE WILL COVER YOU WITH HIS PINIONS, AND UNDER HIS WINGS YOU MAY SEEK REFUGE;

HIS FAITHFULNESS IS A SHIELD AND BULWARK.

YOU WILL NOT BE AFRAID OF THE TERROR BY NIGHT, OR OF THE ARROW THAT FLIES BY DAY;

OF THE PESTILENCE THAT STALKS IN DARKNESS,

OR OF THE DESTRUCTION THAT LAYS WASTE AT NOON.

A THOUSAND MAY FALL AT YOUR SIDE,

AND TEN THOUSAND AT YOUR RIGHT HAND;

BUT IT SHALL NOT APPROACH YOU.

YOU WILL ONLY LOOK ON WITH YOUR EYES,

AND SEE THE RECOMPENSE OF THE WICKED.

FOR YOU HAVE MADE THE LORD, MY REFUGE,

EVEN THE MOST HIGH, YOUR DWELLING PLACE.

NO EVIL WILL BEFALL YOU,

NOR WILL ANY PLAGUE COME NEAR YOUR TENT.

FOR HE WILL GIVE HIS ANGELS CHARGE CONCERNING YOU, TO GUARD YOU IN ALL YOUR WAYS.

THEY WILL BEAR YOU UP IN THEIR HANDS,

LEST YOU STRIKE YOUR FOOT AGAINST A STONE.

YOU WILL TREAD UPON THE LION AND COBRA,

THE YOUNG LION AND THE SERPENT YOU WILL TRAMPLE DOWN.

" BECAUSE HE HAS LOVED ME, THEREFORE I WILL DELIVER HIM;

I WILL SET HIM SECURELY ON HIGH, BECAUSE HE HAS KNOWN MY NAME....

TRILOGY

IN THE YEAR 1978 ON THE TWENTYFIFTH DAY OF THE SECOND MONTH, THE HAND OF THE LORD WAS UPON MARCELLO CIAI, WHO LIVED THEN IN A HOUSE ON THE SLOPES OF MOUNT SUBASIO AT VIOLE OF ASSISI.

I WAS TAKEN IN A VISION IN A PLACE WHICH TO ME SEEMED ANCIENT EGYPT, BECAUSE I SAW PHARAOH, THE PYRAMIDS AND ANCIENT TOMBS. THE SPIRIT LED ME TO AN UNDERGROUND CHAMBER, WHERE THERE WAS A ROW OF COFFINS PLACED ON THE GROUND, ALL IN LINE.

IN THE MIDDLE OF THESE ONE SHONE FULL OF LIGHT, AS IF IT WAS MADE OF LIGHT AND CONTAINED LIGHT.

I LOOKED ENRAPTURED, WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN A CLEAR WRITING, IN BIG CHARACTERS, APPEARED ON THE TOMB: EZEKIEL, WHILE THE VOICE, SONOROUSLY, ARTICULATED SLOWLY AND CLEARLY THIS NAME.

SOMEONE THAT I COULDN'T SEE, SAID TO ME: " THERE IS A SECRET THAT NOBODY KNOWS.

THE DESTINY OF EZEKIEL IS DIFFERENT FROM WHAT HISTORY HAS SUPPOSED."

THE SAME SOFT VOICE CONTINUED TELLING ME THAT THE SPIRIT OF EZEKIEL WAS UPON ME, AND THAT I HAD TO FOLLOW HIS REVELATIONS.

I WOKE UP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT ASTONISHED BY THE DREAM:

IT WAS INCOMPREHENSIBLE FOR ME, IN THAT I DIDN'T KNOW THAT NAME, AND KNEW NOTHING REGARDING THE PROPHET EZEKIEL. HOWEVER, I TRANSCRIBED EVERYTHING WITH CARE.

IN FACT I REALISED THAT I WAS LIVING A VERY PARTICULAR TIME AND I WANTED TO UNDERSTAND WELL WHAT WAS HAPPENING TO ME, TO DRAW THE BEST FOR MY LIFE.

SEVEN WEEKS PASSED, I HAD ANOTHER HEAVENLY VISION: I FOUND MYSELF NEAR WATERS, TOGETHER WITH A MULTITUDE OF PEOPLE. THERE APPEARED IN THE SKY, TWO FLYING CREATURES DRESSED IN WHITE AND SHINING LIKE SILVER. THEY LOOKED LIKE HUMANS, AND WERE WINGED, BEAUTIFUL, STRONG, GREAT AND AWESOME.

THE TWO ANGELS, FLYING PASSED IN THE SKY, LEFT BEHIND THEM TRACKS LIKE SHINING PEARLS, LIKE ICE-CRYSTALS.

THESE TRACKS COMPOSED THEMSELVES TWINING IN SPIRALS AND FORMING LIKE AN EXPANSE OF BRILLIANT GEMS FROM WHICH I SAW THEN, RAISING ITSELF IN WONDERFUL SPLENDOUR, A CITY WITH DOMES, BELLS AND COLOURS OF THE RAINBOW.

IN THAT INEFFABLE NIGHT VISION, I LOOKED AND SAW A GREAT CLOUD WITH A GLOBE OF FIRE WHICH RADIATED ALL AROUND ITS SPLENDOUR.

UNDERNEATH, LOWER, BEHIND ANOTHER CLOUD, THERE WAS A CLEARER LIGHT, BEHOLD IT WAS THE MOON.

FROM THE WHIRLING OF FIRE FROM THE CLOUD ABOVE, I SAW A FLAME GETTING LONGER, SPARKLING;

AND THEN IT COMPOSED ITSELF INTO THE FORM OF A NEWBORN BABY, BRILLIANT, RADIANT, THAT LIKE A SPARK FLEW TOWARDS THE SKY.

SEIZED BY DIVINE FERVOUR, I SHOUTED TO THE MANY PEOPLE THERE PRESENT, THAT THIS VISION OF GLORY WAS A MESSAGE OF GOD. I INVITED THEM TO KNEEL DOWN AND TURN THEMSELVES TO HEAVEN PRAYING, AS ONE COULD AND KNEW, GOD ALMIGHTY.

THERE AROSE A YELL OF SUPPLICATION AND GROANS, EXCLAMATIONS OF DISMAY AND FEAR, ACCENTS OF REPENTANCE AND PLEAS OF MERCY TO GOD, AMONG THE MOST DESPERATE INVOCATIONS.

I FELT IMPELLED TO GO AND HELP THE FRIGHT AND TERROR OF MANY, ENCOURAGING THEM TO TURN THEMSELVES TO GOD AS FATHER, WITH THE WORDS OF "OUR FATHER".

WE ALL RAISED THIS PRAYER TO THE LORD.

THREE DAYS AFTER, ON THE EIGHTEENTH OF THE FOURTH MONTH, WHILE I WAS SLEEPING, I WAS RAPTURED IN PARADISE.

IN THE PLACE WHERE I ARRIVED, SEATED AROUND A LONG TABLE, THERE WERE SOME MEN WHO WERE PRAYING, UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF HE WHOM THEY CALLED "MASTER" : A MAJESTIC FIGURE WHICH STOOD OUT AMONGST THEM, WITH A BEARD, LONG HAIR, AND AN INSCRUTABLE FACE.

FOR ME, THERE WASN'T A PLACE AROUND THE TABLE, HOWEVER, I SAW AN INVITING STONE ON THE GROUND AND THERE I SAT DOWN, RIGHT IN FRONT OF HE, WHO WAS THE LORD JESUS ! *1

EVERYONE BEGAN TO PRAY AND I ALSO PARTICIPATED IN THEIR PRAYERS.

*1 Marcello some time afterwards discovered that the face was surprisingly that of the Sacred Shroud. In a exhibition organized by Monsignor Mario Ceccobelli (actually Bishop of Gubbio, Umbria) in the seat of his Parrish of Ponte Felcino (Perugia).

AT A CERTAIN POINT, THE MASTER LOOKED AT ME, BOWED HIS HEAD TOWARDS THE TABLE BEFORE ME, HE OPENED SOMETHING THAT WAS SIMILAR TO A REGISTER, THEN HE WROTE THREE THINGS IN THREE DIFFERENT SPACES, RAISING EVERY TIME, HIS GAZE TOWARDS ME. THE MEN CLOSER TO HIM AND ALSO ALL THOSE WHO HAD THEIR BACKS TOWARDS ME, TURNED AROUND TOGETHER AND LOOKED AT ME RADIANTLY, FULL OF JOY, AND EXCLAIMING, THEY SAID TO ME : " HE HAS ACCEPTED YOU! HE HAS ACCEPTED YOU! HE HAS WRITTEN YOU IN ALL THE THREE SPACES OF THE REGISTER. " I WAS FULL OF JOY, HAPPY, EVEN THOUGH I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND PROFOUNDLY AND COMPLETELY THE MEANING OF ALL THAT WAS HAPPENING TO ME. THEN THE MASTER HANDED TO ME WITH HIS RIGHT HAND, A KIND OF WRITING-PAD AND SAID TO ME: " NOW YOU READ."

I UNDERSTOOD THAT I HAD TO READ, REALLY ME, BY MYSELF. I TOOK THE WRITING-PAD SHYLY, FEARING THAT I COULDN'T KNOW HOW TO SATISFY THE MASTER. IT WAS A HARD AND DIFFICULT MOMENT FOR ME. I BEGAN TO READ THE FIRST PAGE, BUT MY READING WASN'T FLUENT BECAUSE I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND WELL. THE MASTER INSISTED HOWEVER, UNTIL I READ BETTER, AND SO I RECOMMENCED FROM THE BEGINNING AND READ CORRECTLY.

ALL OF A SUDDEN I FOUND IN MY HAND, SOMETHING LIKE A SMALL BLUE-SHINING BOARD ON WHICH THERE WEREN'T WRITTEN WORDS, BUT SQUARE SIGNS IN RELIEF, UNKNOWN TO ME, LIKE ENGRAVED ON THE SURFACE ITSELF. THESE SIGNS I COULD SEE WITH MY OWN EYES AND FEEL WITH MY FINGER TIPS, BUT I COULDN'T DECIPHER THEM OR NONE THE LESS READ THEM.

THEREFORE I STOPPED NOT KNOWING HOW TO GO AHEAD; I FELT REGRET FOR NOT KNOWING HOW TO BRING ABOUT THE CONCLUSION THAT THE MASTER HAD ASKED OF ME. BUT, SOME OF THE FIRST MEN, TURNED TO ME AND SAID: " WE WILL HELP YOU, BE AT PEACE." IT WAS ONLY AFTER SEVEN MONTHS THAT, WITH AMAZEMENT, I SAW AGAIN THOSE CHARACTERS 𐤇𐤆 ON A TABLE OF ANCIENT ALPHABETS IN AN ENCYCLOPEADIA WHICH HAD RECENTLY BEEN ACQUIRED AT HOME : CHARACTERS CORRESPONDING, AS FROM THE DOCUMENT REPRODUCED HERE, TO THE LETTERS , AMONG THE SOUTHERN SEMITIC CHARACTERS : "HE" AND "HET" .

I DISCOVERED THEN, THANKS TO THE RESEARCH OF MY WIFE, THAT THEY SPECIFICALLY INDICATED TWO VERSES OF PSALM 119 (118), FROM THE HOLY BIBLE.

***THE ONLY PSALM OF ITS NATURE, IN WHICH, IN A CONSTANT TENSION OF LOVE AND FEAR, THE SERVANT OF THE LORD ASKS AND OBTAINS THAT GOD REVEALS HIS TEACHINGS TO HIM DIRECTLY, IN THE DEEPNESS OF HIS HEART.
THAT PSALM SO BECAME MY FERVENT AND CONSTANT PRAYER.***

*"OH MY LORD, YOU HAVE DEIGNED YOURSELF TO SPEAK TO THIS MISERABLE SINNER?!
WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
REVEAL TO ME, OH LORD, YOUR WILL FOR ME.
TELL ME LORD, WHAT YOU WANT ME TO DO?
HERE I AM LORD, TALK TO ME AGAIN, USE THIS HUMAN REFUSAL FOR YOUR GLORY. I BEG YOU, TALK TO ME LORD; WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?
YOU KNOW THAT I WANT TO SERVE YOU LORD,
THAT I FIND JOY, DELIGHT IN YOUR TESTIMONIALS.
I LOVE YOU LORD, YOU ARE EVERYTHING FOR ME.
I CAN NO MORE UNDERSTAND MY LIFE WITHOUT YOU.
I AM DISTRESSED LORD, I WAIT FOR YOUR WORD. HAVE MERCY ON ME,
HAVE MERCY ON ME '
"TEACH ME OH LORD THE WAY OF YOUR STATUTES
AND I WILL OBSERVE IT TO THE END.
TURN MY EYES FROM LOOKING AT VANITIES;
GIVE ME LIFE IN YOUR WAYS.
BE FAITHFUL TO YOUR USELESS SERVANT TO THE WORD YOU HAVE GIVEN TO ME SO THAT ONE WILL FEAR YOU.
OH LORD, MY SOUL IS ATTACHED TO THE DUST,
GIVE ME LIFE.
REVEAL TO ME LORD YOUR WILL FOR ME "*

EZEKIEL

Sheaf 3

IN THE YEAR 1980, AROUND MARCELLO CIAI AND HIS FAMILY, IN THEIR HOUSE AT VIOLE OF ASSISI, ON THE SLOPES OF MOUNT SUBASIO, BEGAN A SMALL PROPHETIC COMMUNITY.

IT WAS AN ANSWER TO PRAYERS THAT MARCELLO HAD DIRECTED TO GOD, TO FIND BROTHERS WITH WHOM TO LIVE TOGETHER TO SERVE.

ONE PRACTICED, IN POVERTY AND FERVOUR OF PRAYER, THE SHARING OF TANGIBLE GOODS AND SPIRITUAL GIFTS, TALENTS, JOY, PAIN, IN ORDER TO REALIZE THAT BEING "OF ONE HEART AND SOUL" THAT CHARACTERIZED THE FIRST 'CHRISTIAN COMMUNITIES *1

ONE NIGHT, IN THE SUMMER OF THAT YEAR, MARCELLO WAS IN PRAYER IN THE LIVING ROOM OF THE HOUSE TOGETHER WITH MASSIMO, THE FIRST BROTHER WHOM HE HAD MET AND NICKNAMED "MIMON."

HE WAS A TEACHER WAS A SON OF WRITER ALBERTO COPPO OF TERNI.

MARCELLO HAD A VISION THAT SHARED ALOUD TO MIMON AND THEN TRANSCRIBED IN THESE TERMS:

" I LOOKED, IN THE NIGHT-VISION, AND SAW AN AVENUE OF CYPRESSES, IN LINE LIKE SEPULCHERS, THERE WERE THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS. A ROAD OPENED UP IN THE MIDST, IT WIDENED AND RAN MORE AND MORE RAPIDLY AMONGST THE CYPRESSES WHICH BECAME THINNER, WHILE A LIGHT APPEARED IN THE MIDST OF THEM.

I FOLLOWED THE ROAD AND ARRIVED AT A STORM WRACKED SEA , THE WAVES WERE TERRIFYING. A LIGHT ROSE AT THE HORIZON, THE SEA CALMED ITSELF; THE SUN ROSE, BUT AS A GIGANTIC SPHERE OF RADIANT FIRE-COLOURED LIGHT. ABOVE THE WATERS, ALMOST CALM, I SAW A TRIANGLE OF LIGHT THAT SHONE, LIKE THE SPARKLING OF SHINING GOLD ON THE BACKGROUND OF FIRE OF THE LUMINOUS SPHERE. IN THE MIDST OF THE TRIANGLE AN OPEN BOOK.

I HEARD A SCREAM OF EXULTATION: "HALLELUJAH !" COMING OUT OF THE BOOK AND RISING UP SOFTLY: FRUITS, MUSICAL NOTES AND WHITE LILIES, OPENED AND CLOSED THEMSELVES IN A RHYTHMIC AND SOFT PULSATION, LIKE WHITE PETALS GLIDING IN THE AIR. AT THE RIGHT APPEARED A HEART OF FLESH, AS BIG AS A MOUNTAIN;

***1 Acts of Apostols 4,32**

***IN FRONT OF IT A MULTITUDE OF HUMAN FIGURES IN LIGHT-COLOURED CLOTHES PROSTRATED IN ADORATION, TRANSGURING THEMSELVES LIKE THE CORNERS OF WHITE STONES. ABOVE THE MULTITUDE LIKE A DANCE OF WHITE BIRDS, I HEARD A CHORUS SINGING WITH DISTINCTION:
WE PRAISE YOU ! WE LOVE YOU ! AMEN.***

A YEAR LATER, THE COMMUNITY MOVED ABOVE THE VILLAGE OF ROCCA SANT'ANGELO. *2

THE LORD HAD SHOWN TO MARCELLO IN A DREAM *3

THE PERSON OF THE PARISH OF ROCCA SANT'ANGELO - WHO HAS ASKED NOT TO MENTION HIS NAME, AS AN INDICATION THAT HE WOULD HAVE AN INITIAL ROLE IN THE WORK THAT GOD HAD STARTED.

SO ACTUALLY HAPPENED THE PARISH, WHO WAS ALSO PROFESSOR OF HOLY SCRIPTURES AND PATRISTICS AT THE THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF ASSISI, RECOGNIZED THE AUTHENTICITY OF MARCELLO'S VOCATION. HE ALSO CELEBRATED A MASS AND GAVE THE EUCHARIST AND A SPECIAL A BLESSING TO MARCELLO WHEN HE FELT TO CONSECRATE HIMSELF TO A LENT OF MORTIFICATION, FASTING AND PRAYER, FOR THE LOVE OF GOD'S PEOPLE.

IT WAS FIFTEENTH DAY OF THE EIGHTH MONTH OF THE YEAR THOUSANDNINEHUNDREDEIGHTYONE, FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN MARY. A FEW DAYS AFTER THE BEGINNING OF HIS RETREAT, MARCELLO FELT 'STRONGLY THE HAND OF GOD UPON HIMSELF AND THE WORD OF GOD WAS ADDRESSED TO HIM IN THESE TERMS:

THE SPIRIT EXPECTEDLY SAYS: "YOUR NAME WILL NOT BE 'MARCELLO ANYMORE, BUT EZEKIEL, BECAUSE YOU SHALL BE A PROPHET IN THE MIDDLE OF MY PEOPLE.

DO YOU REMEMBER, I MADE YOU SEEING A GREAT, TALL WOMAN, DRESSED IN A LONG VIOLACEOUS,CLOTH WHO WAS SHOWING HER SHAMES? SHE IS 'MY BRIDE!

I SHOWED YOU THAT KIND OF MEN AROUND HER, WITH A ROUND FACE A ROUND OPEN MOUTH MAKING SLIME AND OF VAMPIRE'S LIKE TEETH, WHO ARE LOOKING THE WOMAN WITH LUST.

SHE KNOWS WHO ARE THEY, ASK HER LET HER GUESS WHO IS THAT KIND OF BIG ANIMAL WITH AN EQUINE BODY, THE FEET OF THE EAGLE, THE FACE AS MAN AND SEAL AND THE APPEARANCE OF THE FORMER BEINGS.

* 2 small hill town at the northern edge of the territory of Assisi

* 3 See Sheaf 4, "The Way of Sant'Ercolano"

**SHE SUDDENLY ARRIVES FROM THE LEFT.
ESCAPE! ESCAPE! UNTIL YOU ARE IN TIME!
FRIARS AND PRIEST TRY TO STOP YOU; FREE YOURSELF AND RUN
AWAY!**

**JEALOUSY AND WRATH ARE CARRIED OUT! YOU EZEKIEL, TAKE YOUR,
BANDY, BROKEN, DIRTY , FULL OF WOODWORM ROD, IT'S A SYMBOL
FOR YOU AND MY CHURCH.**

**TAKE OFF YOUR GLASSES BECAUSE AS YOU SEE, SO MY CHURCH SEES.
DRESS YOURSELF IN WHITE SO THAT 'YOU MAY BE PURE AND REMIND
YOURSELF NOT TO BE AS A WHITED WASHED TOMB, AS MY CHURCH
IS.**

**SO YOU SHALL GO IN THE MIDST OF THEM AND YOU SHALL SPEAK
FROM ME, WHETHER THEY HEAR OR REFUSE TO HEAR.**

IN THE MEANWHILE TELL THEM

**"ON THE FOURTEENTH OF THE FOURTH MONTH OF ONE THOUSAND
NINE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-EIGHT, A BRIGHT-SHINING CHILD WAS
BORN FROM THE FIRE OF A CLOUD; HE ROSE INTO THE SKY, BUT AT
THE AGE OF CHRIST HE WILL RETURN WITH FIRE FROM A CLOUD AND
THEN THERE WILL BE WEeping AND GNASHING OF TEETH. AWAKE!
REPENT! AND PRAY!**

KNEEL YOU ALL, THE DAY OF THE LORD IS NEAR!

**HERE, I SEE A RACE OF HORSES, THERE IS A JOCKEY WHO IS FALLING
ASLEEP.**

WAKE UP! THE HORSE IS SLOWING DOWN.

WAKE UP! OR THE RACE IS LOST.

WAKE UP! SO THE SPIRIT SAYS.

**MY SON, I SET YOU AS A SENTINEL ON MY HOUSE; WHEN I'LL TELL
YOU SOMETHING YOU WILL AWAKE THEM "**

**THE SPIRIT THEN TOLD ME EXPRESSLY : 'I WILL USE YOU AS AN
INSTRUMENT OF PURIFICATION FOR MY BRIDE AND RESTORATION
AND RECONSTRUCTION FOR MY CHURCH, BUT BEGINNING FROM THE
FOUNDATIONS.**

**YOU WILL GO TO MY MINISTERS AND YOU WILL REPORT THEM WHAT I
WILL TELL YOU, WHETHER THEY LISTEN OR FAIL TO LISTEN.**

**YOU WILL TALK THEN TO THE PEOPLE WHO ARE GATHERING IN THE
CHURCHES.**

**AND EVERYBODY WILL KNOW THAT THERE HAS BEEN A PROPHET IN
THE MIDST OF THEM. AMEN! "**

OH POOR ME, UNWORTHY SINNER!

I DO NOT UNDERSTAND, LORD, WHY YOU HAVE CHOSEN ME;

**BUT IF THIS IS YOUR WILL, I AM READY TO BE USED BY YOU, WHATEVER
WILL BE THE COST.**

THE PRAISE AND GLORY TO YOU ONLY!

BECAUSE ONLY YOU, OH MY LORD, ARE WORTHY OF THIS!

AMEN! ALLELUJA!

*I WILL STAND IN LOOKOUT ABOVE THE HIGHEST FORTRESS AND I WILL
STAND THERE IN SILENCE STRETCHING MY EARS AND WIDENING MY EYES
TO RECEIVE YOUR WORD. AMEN!*

THE ROAD OF
SAINT ERCOLANO

IN THAT SAME YEAR THE COMMUNITY MOVED TO A SMALL PLACE ABOVE ROCCA SANT'ANGELO, A SMALL VILLAGE IN THE HILLS AROUND ASSISI.

AT THE BEGINNING OF THE YEAR 1981, MARCELLO TOLD TO THOSE WHO WERE WITH HIM THE DREAM HE HAD RECEIVED:

" I FOUND MYSELF ON THE ANCIENT ROAD OF SAINT ERCOLANO AT PERUGIA (ITALY). I WAS DRIVING A SMALL THREE-WHEELED CART AND ON THE LOADING-PLATFORM BEHIND ME WERE SITTING ALL THOSE WHO ARE PART OF MY COMMUNITY. I HAD JUST STARTED TO GO DOWN ON THAT DIRT ANCIENT ROAD, WHEN AT THE FIRST BEND, I FOUND BEFORE ME A BIG ROUNDED MASS OF STONE. WHILE I WAS DECIDING WHAT TO DO, I NOTICED ON THE LEFT SIDE OF THE ROAD A FRIAR, WEARING THE CASSOCK OF A PRIEST, WHO CAME OUT OF AN ANCIENT MAIN DOOR, LIKE THAT OF A CHURCH, ONLY OPEN AT THE LEFT SIDE AND HE WAS HEADING TOWARDS MY CART.

THE PRIEST, OF A SLENDER APPEARANCE AND WITH A PALE FACE, WAS GETTING NEAR TO THE MASS OF STONE AND WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH HE BEGAN TO MOVE THE STONE TRYING ONE, TWO, THREE TIMES.

FROM MY DRIVER'S SEAT I WAS LOOKING SURPRISED: THE LOVE HE SHOWED ME IN HIS EFFORTS WITH WHICH HE TRIED TO HELP WAS IN STARK CONTRAST TO THE POOR VIEW OF THE CLERGY, AT WHOSE HANDS I HAD SUFFERED MUCH WHEN I WAS YOUNG.

FINALLY, ROLLING THE MASS OF STONE AT THE SIDE OF THE ROAD, THE PRIEST LIFTED UP HIS HEAD: I SAW THAT HIS FACE BECAME ROUND AND RED LIKE THE MOON WHEN SHE IS RISING. I WANTED TO GET DOWN TO THANK HIM, BUT HE ENTERED AND HID HIMSELF BEHIND THE MAIN DOOR FROM WHICH HE JUST APPEARED.

I WAS SAD, FOR I WISHED TO EXPRESS TO HIM MY HEARTFELT GRATITUDE; BUT I DECIDED TO CONTINUE WITH THE GROUP I HAD BEHIND ME ON THE ROAD OF SAINT ERCOLANO.

AS WE TRAVELLED ON, WE JOYFULLY ARRIVED AT A WONDERFUL HILL, WHERE BASINS WITH GOLDEN RIMS GATHERED PURE SPRING-WATER. THE BASINS WERE RECTANGULAR, LIKE ALTARS.

THEY WERE ALL THE SAME SIZE AND I ESTIMATED THEIR LENGTH TO BE ABOUT FOUR PACES, THEIR WIDTH LIKE THREE AND THEIR HEIGHT WAS ABOUT ONE STRIDE.

A BIG CROWD BEGAN TO ARRIVE FROM SEVERAL PARTS AND ALSO FROM FAR AWAY. I INVITED THEM TO BATHE THEMSELVES IN THESE BASINS AND SOME DID SO, ENTERING AND GETTING OUT OF THE BASINS AS IF IN A DANCE. THE WORDS OF PSALM 87 (*) CAME TO MY MIND:

*“SINGERS AND DANCERS ALIKE SAY,
ALL MY SPRINGS ARE IN YOU.” *1*

THE INTERPRETATION OF THE VISION WAS GIVEN SOME TIME LATER, BUT IN THE MEANTIME A MIRACULOUS SIGN WAS HAPPENING.

FATHER AUGUSTO DRAGO, PARISH PRIEST OF ROCCA SANT'ANGELO, PETRIGNANO OF ASSISI, CAME TO KNOW THAT MARCELLO AND HIS COMMUNITY WOULD HAD TRANSFERRED RIGHT NEAR TO HIS PARISH, THAT'S WHY HE CALLED HIM, HE WANTED TO KNOW HIM AND HIS COMMUNITY'.

IN THE LOBBY OF THE CONVENT, MARCELLO SAW COMING IN THAT PRIEST WHOM HA HAD SEEN IN DREAM REMOVING A MASS OF STONE IN FRONT OF THE CARRIAGE, ON THE THE ROAD OF SAINT ERCOLANO. FATHER AUGUSTO COULD NOT DO MORE THAN RECOGNIZE THAT THIS WAS A PRODIGIOUS ENCOUNTER; SO IN A BURST OF ENTHUSIASM THEY EMBRACED THANKING GOD.

AT THE END OF THE LENT OF PENTITENCE AND INTERCESSION SPENT CLOSED IN AN OLD BARN AT ROCCA SANT'ANGELO, MARCELLO PASSED HIS LENTEN DIARIES WITH THE PROPHECIES AND VISIONS HE HAD RECEIVED, TO FATHER AUGUSTO DRAGO, WHO DURING THE HOLY MASS CELEBRATED ON THE DAY OF HIS RETREAT, BLESSING MARCELLO HAD FORETOLD: "THE LORD WILL SPEAK TO YOU".

FATHER AUGUSTO DRAGO *2 EXAMINED ALL THE VISIONS AND PROPHECIES CONTAINED IN THE LENTEN PAPERS, AND CERTIFIED THAT THOSE REVELATIONS CAME FROM GOD.

* 1 Psalm 87

* 2 Teacher of the Holy Scriptures at the Theological Institute of Assisi and authority in the Catholic Charismatic movement.

HE BLESSED MARCELLO IN A THANKSGIVING MASS CELEBRATED RIGHT FOR HIM AT SANTA MARIA IN ARCE, DECLARING: "THE LORD HAS SPOKEN TO MARCELLO".

FATHER AUGUSTO IN THIS WAY LIBERATED THE WAY TO THE PROPHETIC SERVICE OF MARCELLO, IN THE CHURCH AND FOR THE CHURCH, AS IN THE DREAM HE HAD LIBERATED THE ROAD FOR HIS CARRIAGE.

BUT THEN HE HIMSELF WAS AFRAID: HE CONFESSED THAT AFTER HAVING READ THE PROPHETIC WRITINGS, HE FELT A MALAISE SO MUCH TO HAVE PAST THREE SLEEPLESS NIGHTS.

ALTHOUGH CONVINCED OF THE AUTHENTICITY OF THESE REVELATIONS AND OF THE PROPHETIC CALLING, HE SAID TO MARCELLO THAT HE COULD NEVER HAVE RELIED ON HIS HELP.

SO HE DREW BACK TO BECOME THEN AN ENEMY; BUT THE ROAD OF THE PROPHET WAS OPEN.

GOING DOWN ALONG ROAD OF SANIT ERCOLANO, IN PERUGIA, ONE ARRIVES RIGHT AT THE CHURCH OF SANIT ERCOLANO. DON ELIO BROMURI WAS THE GUARDIAN OF THIS CHURCH, AND SO MARCELLO, TOGETHER WITH MIMON WENT TO VISIT HIM.

DON ELIO BROMURI REJOICED FOR HIS PARTICIPATION AT THE DIVINE DREAM AND SHOWED RESPECT AND APPRECIATION FOR THIS WORK.

HE REGRETTED THAT IN THE CHURCH OFTEN THE DUE RECOGNITION OF THE CHARISMAS WAS MISSING. HE EXHORTED MARCELLO AND MIMON WITH CONVICTION NOT TO ALLOW THAT THE AUTHENTICITY OF THE VOCATION WAS SUFFOCATED BUT TO CONTINUE ALONG THE ROAD ON WHICH GOD HAD CALLED THEM, FOR THE GOOD OF THE CHURCH.

PASSING ALONG THE ROAD OF SAINT ERCOLANO FOR MARCELLO MEANT TO PASS THROUGH THE BISHOP OF PERUGIA, AND ALSO THROUGH MARTYRDOM, BECAUSE SAINT ERCOLANO WAS A BISHOP WHO DIED AS A MARTYR.

THE MANTLE

YOU WHO READ, YOU WHO LISTEN

WRAP YOURSELF IN THESE WORDS

AS IN A MANTLE

AND IT SHALL BE FOR YOU

SHADOW AND REFUGE

SHIELD AND ARMOR.

THE SPIRIT EXPRESSLY SAYS:

"YES MY SON,

PROPHECY TO THE CYPRESSES, SHADOWS OF THE DEAD, REBUKE FOR ME THE SEA THAT THROWS UP WILD BEASTS. TURN TO THE HILLS OF THE GREAT CITY AND SPEAK; AND THAT THE WHOLE EARTH MAY HEAR YOU.

YOU WERE SHINING, RESOUNDING, YOU FORMED A CROWN TO THE THRONE OF MY BRIDE. ALL THE NATIONS LOOKED AND ADMIRER. AND NOW YOU ARE A SHAME, A DISGRACE TO MY EYES. HERE, EVIL UPON EVIL HAS ARRIVED, MISFORTUNE HAS ARRIVED. IN EVERY CORNER AN AMBUSH IS LAID. THERE ISN'T A WAY OF ESCAPE TO BE FOUND ANYWHERE. I INCITE ONE AGAINST ANOTHER. VIOLENCE EXPLODES AND BECOMES THE SICKLE OF WICKEDNESS. IN THE MIDST OF THE ROWDY AND DULL UPROAR THE SCYTHE STRIKES WITHOUT MERCY, THE JUST AND THE UNJUST; BECAUSE MY LAW HAS BEEN INFRINGED, THE NEW COVENANT HAS NOT BEEN RESPECTED, THE ALLIANCE HAS BEEN BROKEN AND THE GREAT DAY IS COMING NEAR !

LET HE WHO ENJOYS BE AS IF HE DOESN'T ENJOY; HE WHO MAKES LOVE BE AS IF HE DOESN'T MAKE LOVE, HE WHO QUARRELS BE AS IF HE DOESN'T QUARREL, HE WHO MARRIES BE AS IF HE DOESN'T MARRY, HE WHO BUYS BE AS IF HE DOESN'T BUY, HE WHO SELLS BE AS IF HE DOESN'T SELL. BUT MANKIND IS IN LUNACY !

THEY GO AFTER THEIR OWN DISGUSTING IDOLS; THE MORE THEY ENJOY, THE MORE THEY ARE DISPLEASED; THE MORE THEY EAT, THE MORE THEY ARE HUNGRY; THE MORE THEY DRINK, THE MORE THEY ARE THIRSTY; THE MORE THEY MAKE LOVE, THE MORE THEY HAVE LUST; THE MORE THEY SLEEP, THE MORE THEY ARE SLEEPY. IT IS JUST THE TRAP OF EVIL. IN THE MIDST OF THEIR IDOLS THERE ARE THEIR WOUNDED.

AND IT IS ALL A DEVASTATION; EVEN NATURE, PLANTS, WILDLIFE, BIRDS, FISH, ALL PERISH. AND THE SHOW IS ONLY AT THE BEGINNING. THE BATTLE IS JOINED, TREMENDOUS WILL BE THE BIG FINAL EXPLOSION IN ALL MY RAGE.

RAISE YOUR HANDS, CLAP THEM, STAMP YOUR FEET, PULL OUT YOUR HAIR, TEAR YOUR CLOTHES, THROW YOURSELF ON THE GROUND, FAST AND WEEP, BECAUSE FEW WILL BE THE SURVIVORS. IF THEY WOULD AT LEAST LISTEN AND REPENT ! REPENT WHILE YOU HAVE TIME ! MY WRATH IS UPON THE EARTH AND MY RAGE BURNS. THE EXAMPLES OF THE PAST AREN'T ENOUGH FOR YOU ? MY PROPHETIC WORD IS FORGOTTEN, DENIED AND SHUNNED.

BUT YOU WILL NOT AVOID, YOU WILL NOT DENY AND YOU WILL NOT FORGET MY CHASTISEMENT.

HERE I AM AT YOUR PRIDE, AT YOUR PRESUMPTUOUSNESS, AT YOUR

GREED, AT YOUR OVERBEARING NATURE AND ARROGANCE, AT YOUR LUST, AT YOUR PROMISCUITY, AT YOUR OPPORTUNISM, AT YOUR HYPOCRISY AND FALSITY, AT YOUR AVARICE, AT YOUR CORRUPTION. ALL THE MONEY SPENT IN VANITY AND ACCUMULATED IN THE WORLD UP TO THIS DAY, WILL NOT BE SUFFICIENT TO BRIBE MY JUSTICE. EACH SINGLE WORD OF MINE WILL BE CARRIED INTO EFFECT AND THEN THERE WILL BE WEEPING AND GNASHING OF TEETH. ONE SPEAKS OF PEACE, ONE SEEKS PEACE, BUT MEN DO NOT EVEN KNOW ANYMORE WHAT IS "PEACE". PEACE ONLY I CAN GIVE IT; BUT NOBODY FINDS ANYMORE THAT "TREASURE HIDDEN IN THE FIELD", BECAUSE NOBODY WANTS TO RENOUNCE AND EVERYBODY WANTS TO HAVE.

SO EVERY DAY IS FULL OF BAD NEWS: CRISIS, WARS, FAMINES, HUNGER, DISEASES, EARTHQUAKES, DEATH, SCANDALS, DRUGS, ROBBERIES, EXTORTIONS, KIDNAPPING FOR RANSOM, OUTRAGE, BRUTALITY, RAPES, TORTURES, VIOLENCE, HOMICIDES, SUICIDES, TERRORS AND SLAUGHTERS, CALAMITIES.

MANY ARE CONFUSED AND SCARED, LIKE SHEEP IN THE NIGHT WHO HEAR THE WOLF IN THE MIDST OF THEM.

WHERE ARE THE SHEPHERDS, WHAT ARE THEY DOING ?

THEY LET THEMSELVES CALL "FATHER", AND THEY AREN'T

FATHERS. YOU WOULD TAKE CARE OF YOUR CHILDREN IN THIS WAY ? MY SON PROPHECY AGAINST THE PRIESTS, TELL THEM FOR MY PART:

WOE TO YOU PRIESTS AND FRIARS, WHO HERD YOURSELVES. YOU ARE THE LEADERS WHO CARRY GREAT RESPONSIBILITIES. YOU WATCH THE TIME AND SAY: -OH, I MUST SAY MASS ! OH, I MUST PERFORM THE CHURCH CEREMONY ! AS THE MAID WATCHES THE TIME AND SAYS: - OH, I MUST SET THE TABLE ! OH, I MUST PREPARE SUPPER ! AND AT THE END OF THE MONTH SHE HAS HER SALARY ASSURED.

THE FATHERLY, PASTORAL LOVE THAT I HAVE TAUGHT YOU DOESN'T EXIST. I HAVE GIVEN EVERYTHING, UP TO MY LIFE, IN SACRIFICE FOR THE SHEEP AND I AM THE DOOR.

HE WHO DOESN'T ENTER THROUGH THIS DOOR IS A THIEF AND A FALSE SHEPHERD. THE TRUE SHEPHERD GOES AND SEEKS FOR THE LOST SHEEP, THE ONE THAT HAS GONE ASTRAY, TAKES CARE OF THE WOUNDED AND THE SICK ONE, HELPS AND STRENGTHENS THE WEAK ONE AND CARESSES THE FRIGHTENED ONE. BUT YOU DON'T PUT INTO PRACTICE MY JUSTICE, YOU DON'T TREAT CORRECTLY AND FIRMLY MY WORD. YOU SAY THAT THERE IS PEACE, WHERE PEACE DOESN'T EXIST, YOU SAY THAT THERE IS JUSTICE, WHERE JUSTICE DOESN'T EXIST, YOU SAY THAT THERE IS LOVE, WHERE LOVE DOESN'T EXIST, YOU SAY THAT THERE IS FORGIVENESS, WHERE FORGIVENESS DOESN'T EXIST.

SO SAYS THE LORD.

AND YOU MY SON, PROPHECY ONCE MORE AGAINST THE PRIESTS, WHETHER THEY LISTEN OR FAIL TO LISTEN, BECAUSE THEY FALL ASLEEP ON THE ALTARS, WHERE EVERYTHING HAS BEEN REDUCED TO A FORMAL AND EXTERIOR WORSHIP; THEY DON'T TEACH MY LAW AND PEOPLE GO WRONG FOR THE LACK OF KNOWLEDGE. ONCE THEY HAVE FINISHED WHAT THEY BELIEVE THEIR PASTORAL DUTY, THEY SAY IN THEIR HEARTS:

-THE MASTER IS COMING LATE - AND THEY ALSO BEGIN TO ENJOY, TO EAT, TO DRINK, TO MAKE LOVE, TO SLEEP, TO BUY AND SELL AND ARGUE. BUT TELL THEM, SO SAYS THE LORD: WHEN YOU LEAST EXPECT IT, THE MASTER WILL RETURN, AND THEN YOU'LL WANT TO HIDE YOURSELVES IN YOUR CASSOCK AND IN THE ALTAR, BUT MY FIRE WILL UNMASK YOU AND THERE WILL BE WEEPING AND GNASHING OF TEETH . ORACLE OF THE LORD.

MY SON, PROPHECY ALSO AGAINST THE LEADERS, THEY WILL NOT LISTEN TO YOU, THEY HAVE HARDENED THEIR HEARTS. IF ONLY THEY WOULD LISTEN AND REPENT !

WHEN YOU WERE BORN, MY BRIDE, YOU WERE NAKED, DESPISED AND COVERED WITH BLOOD. I HAD MERCY ON YOU AND I MADE YOU GROW AND MULTIPLY AND YOU REACHED THE TIME OF LOVE; HOW BEAUTIFUL YOU WERE. YOU WERE STILL NAKED, POOR AND STAINED WITH THE BLOOD SHED FOR ME.

THEN I TOOK YOU AND WASHED YOU, I COVERED YOU WITH THE MOST BEAUTIFUL DRESSES, I MADE YOU WEAR THE MOST PRECIOUS SHOES, I ADORNED YOU WITH THE MOST PRECIOUS AND BRILLIANT JEWELS, I GAVE YOU THE MOST DELICIOUS FOODS TO EAT. SO YOU BECAME IMMENSELY BEAUTIFUL AND YOU GOT TO REIGN. ALL THE NATIONS LOOKED AT YOU AND ADMIRERD YOU. THEN YOU HARDENED YOUR HEART, BEING ASSURED OF YOUR BEAUTY AND OF MY LOVE, AND YOU HAVE BETRAYED ME.

AND NOW HERE YOU ARE, REDUCED TO OPEN YOUR LEGS TO THE DETESTABLE BEINGS THAT SURROUND YOU. SO FOR MY ANGER, FULL OF JEALOUSY, REAPS AND WILL REAP UPON YOU WHAT YOU DESERVE; AND AROUND THE ALTAR TOGETHER WITH YOUR IDOLS, THERE ARE AND THERE WILL BE YOUR WOUNDED AND YOUR DEAD.

SO SAYS THE SPIRIT. WHERE IS YOUR ORIGINAL FAITHFULNESS ? WHERE IS YOUR FERVOUR, YOUR FIRST LOVE THAT INEBRIATED ME WITH PERFUME AND INFLAMED MY ARDOUR UP TO RAISING THE DEAD FOR YOU ? HOW BEAUTIFUL YOU WERE, OH MY BRIDE ! MOTHER OF MY CHILDREN, DELIGHT OF MY EYES, SPLENDOR FOR ALL THE PEOPLE. NOW, YOU ARE NOTHING OTHER THAN ROTTEN FRUIT ! YOU SEEK FOR GLORY IN POLITICAL AND RELIGIOUS ALLIANCES; YOU TALK ABOUT ECUMENISM; BUT CAN ONE PUT

TOGETHER A ROTTEN POMEGRANATE WITH UNRIPE LEMONS TO MAKE A SWEET ? YOU HAVE TO SEEK ONLY MY ALLIANCE THAT YOU HAVE VIOLATED, WHICH IS THE ONLY WAY FOR TRUE PEACE. “

THIS PROPHECY CALLED “THE MANTLE” WAS SPREAD ALL OVER THE “GEAT CITY” OF ROME, AND PROCLAIMED ON THE SQUARES AND IN THE STREETS OF ASSISI.

WHAT IS FORETOLD IN IT, HAD ALREADY AND HAS A DRAMATIC CONFIRMATION WITHIN THE CHURCH AND THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

THE SPIRIT EXPRESSLY SAYS:

READ, IT IS WRITTEN : " WITHOUT OXEN NO WHEAT, BUT THE ABUNDANCE OF THE HARVEST IS IN THE POWER OF THE BULL."

I LOOKED AND SAW IN A NIGHT VISION, AN IMPRESSIVE MASS OF WATER WHICH CAME CASCADING DOWN, AS COMING FROM THE TOP OF A MOUNTAIN AND WITH VIOLENCE HEADING FOR THE CITY IN THE FLAT-COUNTRY. I FOUND MYSELF IN THE MIDST, BETWEEN THE WATER AND THE CITY.

THERE IT WAS: THE WATER WAS COMING CLOSER AND CLOSER AND I WAS ALMOST SWEEP AWAY, WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN I SAW A WAGON DRAWN BY TWO OXEN WITH BIG HORNS, WHO POWERFULLY WALKED AGAINST THE STREAM OF THE BURSTING WATERS. FROM BEHIND THE WAGON A BIG TRANSPARENT MANTLE APPEARED AND A VOICE LOUDLY SHOUTED : "TAKE AN EDGE OF THE MANTLE".

I IMMEDIATELY TOOK THAT AT THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE WAGON. THE WATER WAS ALREADY COVERING MY LEGS.

SUDDENLY, AS I TOOK THE EDGE, I FELT A GREAT POWER THAT MADE ME LEAVE THE WAGON BEHIND.

THE GREAT MASS OF WATER WAS BY NOW RUNNING OVER THE OXEN, WHO WALKED POWERFULLY AND WITHOUT DIFFICULTY AGAINST THE STREAM THOUGH. I STRONGLY HELD ONTO THE SIDE OF THE MANTLE, STANDING AT THE EDGE OF THESE GREAT WATERS.

THE WATER PASSED BETWEEN MY LEGS AND IT SOAKED ME COMPLETELY, BUT I FELT THE POWER AND JOY AND A SENSE OF VICTORY. THE MANTLE FILLED UP MORE AND MORE WITH WATER, WIDENING AND STRETCHING ITSELF AND LITTLE BY LITTLE IT APPEARED FROM BEHIND THE WAGON. I KNEW THAT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WAGON THERE WAS SOMEBODY ELSE HOLDING ON, BUT I COULD NOT SEE WHO IT WAS BECAUSE THE HIGH WATERS THAT CONTINUED TO PELT DOWN WITH VIOLENCE, LIKE A BIG AND LOUD WATERFALL, WERE OBSTRUCTING MY VISION.

THE MANTLE, THOUGH, STILL CONTINUED TO STRETCH ITSELF, CONTAINING THE WATER. A SOUND LIKE THAT OF THOUSANDS OF INSTRUMENTS UTTERED SO LOUD THAT IT COVERED THE VIOLENT NOISE OF THE WATERS, BEATING THE RHYTHM OF THE PACE OF THE OXEN. I WAS WALKING TOO ON THE RHYTHMIC SOUND GOING AGAINST THE STREAM AND EXULTING VICTORIOUSLY AT THE SIGHT OF THE POWER OF THE OXEN AND OF THE MANTLE. MY PROGRESS FORWARD WAS SLOW AND TOUGH, BUT INDESCRIBABLY JOYFUL. IT SEEMED INCREDIBLE FOR ME TO BE ABLE TO HOLD ON TO THE EDGE OF THAT MANTLE WHICH RETAINED AND CONTAINED THE WHOLE WEIGHT AND THE VIOLENCE OF THAT OVERWHELMING IMMANENT MASS OF WATER.

THE SPIRIT SAYS: " HOSTILITY AND THREATS WILL KNOCK YOU DOWN, BUT DO NOT FEAR. I WILL BE WITH YOU AND WILL GIVE YOU THE POWER OF A CASTRATED BULL; AND THE RIOTOUS POWER OF THE PRINCE OF THIS WORLD WILL BE TRAPPED. AMEN! "

**"OH MY LORD, UNFATHOMABLE LOVE
YOU CREATOR AND SOVEREIGN OF EVERYTHING
OH YOU WHO GAVE YOUR LIFE IN JESUS,
YOU WHO HAVE SHED YOUR BLOOD FOR ME,
LISTEN TO MY PRAYER!
I, UNWORTHY AM DUST BEFORE YOU,
IN THE MUD I STRUGGLE, AN UNUSEFUL SERVANT;
I DON'T PRAY FOR FOR MYSELF BUT FOR THOSE WHO DO NOT KNOW YOU,
FOR YOUR PEOPLE OH LORD I COME TO YOU.
LISTEN TO MY PRAYER!
MY LORD, LET ME ABLE TO STOP
THE EVIL DONE BY YOUR UNWORTHY MINISTERS;
LET ME SHED RIVERS OF TEARS, EVEN SUFFERING FOR YOUR PEOPLE'S
SINS.
OH GOD DO RECEIVE THE OFFER OF MY LIFE, FOR YOUR CHURCH
CHANGE ME FOR YOUR CHURCH, OH LORD.
OH YOU, POWERFUL AND HOLY, MAKE ME A HOLY AND PERFECT
INSTRUMENT IN YOUR HANDS.
LISTEN TO MY PRAYER! "
OH YOU WHO GAVE YOUR LIFE IN JESUS,
YOU WHO HAVE SHED YOUR BLOOD FOR ME,
LISTEN TO MY PRAYER!**

SAINTE GREGORY
THE GREAT

**IN THE ELEVENTH MONTH OF THE YEAR
ONETHOUSENDEIGHTHUNDREDEIGHTYONE, MARCELLO CIAI
RETIRED IN ABSOLUTE SILENCE, IN THE PRESENCE OF THE LORD
HIS GOD, FULL OF FEAR AND NEEDY OF HELP, PONDERED IT IN HIS
HEART WHAT HAPPENED.**

"MARY TREASURED UP ALL THESE THINGS

*AND PONDERED THEM IN HER HEART. " **

***"THE FIRST DAY OF THE FIFTH MONTH OF THE YEAR
ONETHOUSENDNINEHUNDREDEIGHTYONE, I HAD SEEN IN A DREAM
THE POPE SERIOUSLY ILL AND PALE IN THE FACE, BUT STANDING
BEHIND A LITTLE WHITE HOSPITAL TABLE.***

***I WAS STANDING TOO BEFORE HIM IN SILENCE AS A PUPIL IN FRONT
OF HIS TEACHER.***

***I IMMEDIATELY SPOKE OF THIS WITH THE LOCAL PARRISH PRIEST OF
THE VILLAGE, BUT HE DIDN'T WANTED TO LISTEN TO ME, NOT EVEN
WHEN THE DREAM REVEALED ITSELF TO BE PROPHETIC. "***

**SO THE DISPISE OF THE CHURCH TOWARD THAT "EXTRAVAGANT"
PROPHETIC WORK BEGAN. THEN MARCELLO ADDRESSED HIMSELF
TO THE LORD HIS GOD WITH THE HEART FULL OF PAIN AND IN
MOURNING, AND THE LORD BEGAN TO INSTRUCT HIM WITH THE
WORDS OF A POPE LIVED FOURTHEEN CENTURIES EARLIER: "SAINT
GREGORY THE GREAT"**

***" AND I SAW IN A NIGHT-VISION A WOMAN OF SIMPLE APPEARANCE,
THOUGH SHE WAS VERY IMPORTANT. FROM HER I WOULD HAVE
RECEIVED. I KNEW THAT I HAD TO REACH HER, I FELT LIKE BEING
FORCED. THEN A FIGURE OF A MAN APPEARED. HE TOLD ME THAT TO
BE ABLE TO REACH THE WOMAN I HAD TO PASS THROUGH THE
UNDER-GROUND HE WAS INDICATING.***

***IT WAS A DARK HOVEL, WITH WALLS MADE OF STONE, HUMID AND
SLIPPERY. I HARDLY GOT INSIDE FOR A SHORT WAY WHEN I GOT A
GLIMPSE OF A LONG AND DIFFICULT COURSE, I WOULD HAVE LOST
MYSELF EASILY, LIKE IN A LABYRINTH. THE PLACE WAS COLD, BARE
AND NARROW AND I DOUBTED IF I SHOULD SUCCEED IN REACHING
THE WOMAN. I COULDN'T EVEN TELL THE TIME IT WOULD TAKE, I
WAS FRIGHTENED.***

I GOT BACK ON MY FEET AND ONCE IN THE LIGHT AGAIN, I ADDRESSED MYSELF TO THE MAN I SAW PREVIOUSLY, SAYING THAT I COULD NOT RESIST IN THE HOVEL, ASKING IF THERE WAS ANOTHER TRACK, SOME OTHER WAY TO REACH THE WOMAN. THEN HE PUT A LARGE BOOK BEFORE ME, MEASURING FROM THE GROUND THE HEIGHT OF 14 VOCABULARIES AND HE SAID: "IN THE MEANTIME " ON THE GREEN COVER I READ WRITTEN IN GOLD LETTERS: "I TIMES".

IN MY CONSTERNATION I TOLD HIM: "THE BOOK IS TOO BIG" AND I JUSTIFIED MYSELF SAYING THAT IT WOULD TAKE TOO LONG TO READ IT. THEN THE MAN, SEEING THAT I STILL RESISTED AT HIS INVITATION, HANDED ME ANOTHER BOOK, MUCH SMALLER : I HAD TO READ THIS ONE.

ON THE COVER WAS WRITTEN : "SAINT GREGORY", WHILE A VOICE WAS SAYING: "IT'S A BEST-SELLER".I WOKE UP AT DAWN WITHOUT COMPREHENDING THE DREAM. "

THE SPIRIT OF THE LORD GAVE AT THAT TIME THE FOLLOWING INTERPRETATION :

THE WOMAN WAS THE POWER OF GOD, THE POWER OF THE PROPHETIC WORD, REACHABLE THROUGH A WALK OF POVERTY, DISTRESS, DANGERS AND ANGUISH, LIVED IN SECRET.THE ANGEL GAVE TO MARCELLO, WHO RESISTED STUBBORNLY TO THIS COURSE, A BIG AND ALLEGORIC VOLUME, ENTITLED : "I TIMES", "THE TIMES OF THE LORD"; MARCELLO HAD TO WAIT FOURTEEN YEARS, IN WHICH HE HAD TO FORM HIMSELF TO THE WRITINGS OF THE FATHERS OF THE CHURCH, WHO TEACH THE WAY IN THE FEAR OF GOD; FROM LATIN "I TIME" - "GO, FEAR".TO ENCOURAGE MARCELLO TO FACE SUCH A LONG TIME AND THE GREAT WEIGHT OF SUCH TEACHINGS, THE ANGEL OF THE LORD SOUGHT HIM TO READ AND LEARN THE WRITINGS OF SAINT GREGORY THE GREAT, BEGINNING FROM THE MOST READ AND WIDESPREAD:

"THE PASTORAL RULE", THE BEST-SELLER !

AN OLD AND ESTEEMED DEAN OF ASSISI, DON ALDO BRUNACCI *, INDICATED IN POPE GREGORY THE GREAT, THAT "SAINT GREGORY" OF WHOM MARCELLO KNEW NOTHING.

**I decorated with the award by President Ciampi.*

SO, "THE PASTORAL RULE" OF POPE SAINT GREGORY THE GREAT, HIS MOST FAMOUS BOOK, DESTINED TO BISHOPS, RESULTING A REAL FORTUNE FOR POPES, KINGS, GOVERNORS, PRINCES AND WHOEVER HAD COMMANDING-ROLES, WAS A PRECIOUS GIFT IN THE HANDS OF MARCELLO, AS WELL AS FOR LEADING THE COMMUNITY AS FOR HIS MINISTRY.

DON ALDO, WHO BY THAT TIME RAN A RELIGIOUS LIBRARY IN ASSISI, GAVE TO MARCELLO - WHOM HE CALLED "THE PROPHET" - OTHER BOOKS OF SAINT GREGORY, LIKE "MORALIA" AND THE "SERMONS OF EZEKIEL".

THESE WRITINGS PERMITTED TO MARCELLO TO CONSOLIDATE THE PROPHETIC INITIATION WITH HIS COMMUNITY, AT THE SERVICE OF THE CHURCH.

" THE LORD GOD HATH GIVEN ME THE TONGUE OF THE LEARNED, THAT I SHOULD KNOW HOW TO SPEAK A WORD IN SEASON TO HIM THAT IS WEARY: HE WAKENETH MORNING BY MORNING, HE WAKENETH MINE EAR TO HEAR AS THE LEARNED. "

*"THE LORD GOD HAS GIVEN ME
TONGUE OF THE LEARNED,
WHY 'I KNOW ADDRESS
A WORD TO DISTRUSTFUL.
EVERY MORNING WATCH IS MY EAR
WHY 'I LISTEN LIKE A DISCIPLE. "*2*

THE SPOUSE AT ASSISI

HOW BEAUTIFUL YOU WERE, OH MY BRIDE ! MOTHER OF MY CHILDREN, DELIGHT OF MY EYES, SPLENDOUR FOR ALL THE PEOPLE. NOW, YOU ARE NOTHING OTHER THAN ROTTEN FRUIT !

THE LAST DAY OF THE EIGHTH MONTH OF THE YEAR ONETHOUSENDNINEHUNDREDEIGHTYONE, THE LORD SPOKE TO MARCELLO:

"AND YOU MY SON WILL BE A SYMBOL BECAUSE YOU TOO CAN NOT HAVE SYLVIA THE SWEETNESS OF YOUR EYES, YOU TOO ABANDON THE ADULTEROUS; YOU TOO CAN NOT KISS ANYMORE IN THE TALAMO THE BEAUTIFUL MOTHER OF YOUR CHILDREN.

YOU CAN NOT ENJOY ANYMORE OF HER MOUTH FULL OF GRACE, LIKE A TASTY AND PARFUMED FRUIT, DEEP YOUR HANDS IN HER THICK AND BROWN HAIR; ENJOY WITH YOUR EYES THE SHAPE OF HER FLOURISHING TURGID BREASTS, WHO HAVE BREASTFED YOUR CHILDREN AND ARE STILL BREASTFEEDING THE LAST OF YOUR PROGENY THAT YOU HAVE CALLED MYRIAM BECAUSE IN THE DAYS OF HER BIRTH I HAVE REVEALED YOU MARIA. YOU CAN NO MORE ADMIRE HER BRONZE BODY, CARVED BY THE HANDS OF THE CREATOR AND CARESS WITH YOUR HANDS HER SKIN, SWARTHY AS IF TANNED FROM THE SUN, SLIDING AT YOUR TOUCH, SWEET AS A VALUABLE VELVET.

AND SO, MY SON, YOU WILL BE A SYMBOL:

YOU GOT MARRIED IN MY CHURCH, BUT FAR AWAY FROM IT WITH YOUR HEART, THEN YOU JOINED YOURSELF IN ADULTERY WITH A PROTESTANT WOMAN, LOVING HER AS YOU HAD NEVER KNOWN BEFORE; YOU HAVE DIVORCED FROM YOUR WIFE WITH WHOM YOU HAD TWO CHILDREN.

YOU HAVE CONCEIVED WITH SYLVIA YOUR FIRST THREE CHILDREN: YOU CALL THE FIRST MASCIA AMANDA SO THAT SHE WOULD BE LOVED BY A LOVE THAT YOU DID NOT KNOW;

AFTER HAVING KNOWN ME YOU HAVE CALLED THE SECOND SON ANAEL, THE FOURTH ANGEL OF THE SEVEN TRUMPETS, BECAUSE WE ARE IN THE END TIMES.

YOU KNOCKED THEN TO MY CHURCH,

BUT THEY HAVE TREATED YOU AS AN IRRESOLVABLE CASE;

AND YOU HAVE REMAINED OUT OF THE SHEEPFOLD "CONCUBINE".

YOU ARE THEN A SYMBOL AND MOREOVER A PROBLEM FOR THOSE JUSTLY CONDEMN THE DIVORCE, BUT SHOUT THEIR EYES TO THE 'ADULTERY' ".

THUS MARCELLO, LIVED IN CHASTITY, READY TO DO ANYTHING AS AN INSTRUMENT IN THE HANDS OF GOD, FOR THE LOVE OF HER BRIDE.

TEN MONTHS AFTER THE LORD SHOWED TO MARCELLO, WHAT A CALAMITY WILL FALL UPON ASSISI, BEFORE THE END:

"THERE I FOUND MYSELF IN THE SQUARE OF ASSISI, WITH MY SHOULDERS TURNED TOWARD THE TOWN HALL AND MY FACE TOWARD THE CHURCH.

STRETCHERS WERE PASSING BEFORE ME AS IN A PROCESSION, THE AIR WAS GREY AND GLOOMY.

THERE WAS AN ABSOLUTE AND UNAVOIDABLE SILENCE.

THE STREACHERS WERE BROUGHT IN THE DIRECTION OF PORTICA STREET , I SAW SOME KNOON FACE, I WAS STRUCK TO SEE AMONG THEM ONE WHOM I KNEW WAS A BELIEVER AND A RIGHTEOUS MAN. THEY WERE PASSING BY AND ALL LOOKED TO ME ONE BY ONE, I FELT INSIDE ME THE STRENGTH TO HELP THEM, BUT THEY THEMSELVES SHOULD ASK MY HELP.

I WAS WAITING THAT SOMEONE OF THEM WOULD START TO ASK ME THAT POWER THAT I FELT INSIDE OF ME".

FINALLY RIVERS OF TEARS CAN FALL FROM MARCELLO'S EYES FOR THE BRIDE OF THE LORD.

"OH LORD, I GIVE YOU THANKS FOR SYLVIA, FOR HER AND MY TEARS, AND I PREY YOU, I BESEECH YOU TO PREPARE THE YOUR BRIDE'S HARTH TO LISTEN TO THE MESSAGE YOUWANT TO GIVE THROUGH ME.

MY LORD PURIFY AND WASH, AND TEST AGAIN IN THE CRUCIBLE OF THE AFFLICTION THIS YOUR USELESS SERVANT, UP TO MAKE OF ME A HOLY AND PERFERCT TOOL IN YOUR HANDS; FOR THE SAKE OF YOUR HOLY NAME AND YOUR HOLY CHURCH. AMEN!

PRAISE, GLORY, HONOR, EVERY THANKSGIVING, TO MY ADORED LORD".

THE LORD'S BLESSING WAS ON THE HEAD OF MARCELLO AND THANKS TO HIS FAITH HE OBTAINED THE ANNULMENT OF HIS MARRIAGE: THE TWENTY-FIFTH DAY OF THE NINTH MONTH OF

**THE YEAR ONETHOUSANDNINEHUNDREDSEVENTYFIVE. * 1
HE JOINED THEN HIMSELF IN MARRIAGE WITH "THE DELIGHT OF
HIS EYES" IN SAN RUFINO'S CATHEDRAL IN ASSISI AND THE LORD
GRANTED TO HIM THE GIFT OF FIVE OTHER
CHILDREN.**

YOUR WIFE WILL BE LIKE A FRUITFUL VINE

WITHIN YOUR HOUSE;

YOUR CHILDREN WILL BE LIKE OLIVE SHOOTS

AROUND YOUR TABLE.

**TEN YEARS AFTER ON THE TWELFTH DAY OF THE SEVENTH MONTH
OF THE YEAR NINETEENHUNDRED AND NINETYFIVE, MARCELLO
CIAI PROPHESED ON ASSISI**

LISTEN ASSISI,

DON'T CLOSE YOUR EARS;

DON'T REJECT MY VOICE.

LISTEN EARTH ONCE BLESSED,

EVEN IF FRANCIS AND CLARE WERE TO STAND BEFORE ME,

I CAN'T DO ANYTHING MORE TO WITHDRAW MY ANGER.

YES, I AM TIRED OF HAVING PITY,

I AM TIRED TO HEAR PREACHING PEACE AND MERCY.

***WAR HUNGER AND SICKNESS I WILL SEND UPON YOU. ORACLE OF THE
LORD.***

WOE TO ASSISI, TO ASSISI

WHERE FRANCIS ONCE ENCAMPED AND WON.

***THE MULTITUDE OF STRANGERS WHO TRAMPLE UPON YOUR EARTH
WILL SPEAK LIKE A GHOST FROM THE DUST.***

LET YOUR FEASTS CONTINUE, CONTINUE,

YOUR EARTH WILL TREMBLE WILL SPLIT...

***IT WILL SWALLOW YOUR POWERFUL WHO MEN HAVE LEARNED FROM
MEN AND NOT FROM GOD.***

***rites upon rites, feasts upon feasts, ruins upon
ruins. ORACLE OF THE LORD.***

*1 Sentence of the umbrian Ecclesiastic Court presided by Monsignor Rosa of Passignano sul Trasimeno.

*2 Psalm 128, 3

***LISTEN! NO, YOU WAN'T LISTEN!
READ! NO, YOU WAN'T READ!
YOUR EARS ARE MADE FOR OTHER LISTENINGS.
YOUR EYES FOR OTHER READINGS.
THEN ON THE WHOLE EARTH,
I WILL BREAK THE EARDRUMS OF THOSE WHO DON'T EAR,
I WILL GOUGE OUT THE EYES OF THOOSE WHO DON'T SEE,
I WILL ANNIHILATE THE INTELLIGENCE OF THE INTELLIGENCE.
ORACLE OF THE LORD.***

***THE DESERT SHALL BE TRANSFORMED THEN AND THENCE IN
GARDEN.
IN A BOOK FINALLY THEY WILL READ.
HUMILITY WILL LISTEN, JUSTICE WILL SEE.
THE MOCKER AND THE JOLLY FELLOW WILL DISAPPEAR
AND NOBODY WILL BE ABLE ANYMORE TO RUIN THE OTHER FOR
NOTHING.
THE MESSANGERS OF PEACE WILL NOT CHOKE
AND THE HERALD WILL BE WELCOMED.
THE GARDEN SHALL BE TRANSFORMED IN PARK
AND THE BOOK IN DOCTRINE.
THE SPIRIT OF THE LORD WILL EMBRACE THE EARTH
AND THE DEAD THEN WILL LOVE EACH OTHER".***

THE STRONGHOLD

THE FIRST MONTH OF THE YEAR ONETHOUSENDNINEHUNDRED-EIGHTYSIX, MARCELLO CIAI WENT TO THE TOP OF A MOUNTAIN, FAR AWAY FROM HIS FAMILY AND HIS COMMUNITY.

I'VE BEEN PRAYING OUTSIDE UP HIGH NEAR A THORN BUSH AND THERE A DREAM CAME INTO MY MIND : " I WAS LIFTING UP MY EYES TO THE SKY AND I SAW A SICKLE FALLING, VIOLENTLY COMING DOWN TOWARDS ME. IT WAS LIKE THE COMMUNIST SICKLE, BUT INSTEAD OF THE HAMMER THERE WAS A BURNING CANDLE. IT WAS COMING DOWN AND DOWN VERY FAST AND I COULDN'T DO ANYTHING TO PREVENT IT.

THERE WAS A MULTITUDE OF LIGHTS APPEARING FROM THE SKY, THEY RAN QUICKLY AROUND ME.

THE SICKLE *1 AND THE CANDLE *2 WERE FALLING DOWN ON ME: I'M LOST !

NO ! A CROSS APPEARED FROM BEHIND !

I WAS NOT SCARED ANYMORE; THE SICKLE AND THE CANDLE FADED AWAY IN THE SPACE AND THE MULTITUDE OF LIGHTS SURROUNDED ME. "

"THEN THE SPIRIT BROUGHT ME IN A VISION INTO THE LOBBY OF THE HOUSE AT ROCCA SANT'ANGELO, AT PETRIGNANO OF ASSISI. THE LOBBY AND THE DOOR OF THE HOUSE WEREN'T SITUATED ON THE SOUTH-SIDE, LIKE THEY ARE IN REALITY, BUT THEY WERE FACING TOWARDS THE EAST AND THE STAIRS OF ENTRANCE WERE DOUBLE: SEVEN STEPS AT THE SOUTH-SIDE AND SEVEN STEPS AT THE NORTH-SIDE.

FOUR PILLARS, TOWARDS THE EAST, WERE SUPPORTING THE ROOF OF THE STAIRS AND OF THE LOBBY.

I LOOKED AND SAW THAT THE STAIRS AT THE SOUTH AND THE OPENINGS AT THE EAST, WERE BRICKED IN DURING THE NIGHT, FROM PILLAR TO PILLAR. A WINDOW WAS LEFT, IN THE WALL CONSTRUCTED AT THE NORTH.

IT WAS A SQUARE ONE WITH A WIDTH OF TEN PALMS AND A HEIGHT OF TEN PALMS, IT HAD NOT AN ARCHITRAVE, BUT ONLY A BORDER OF TWO PALMS, FROM THE ROOF.

LOOKING THROUGH THIS ONLY OPENING AT THE NORTH, I SAW A MAN WHO WAS HEADING DOWN THE VALLEY, TOWARDS THE CONVENT OF ROCCA SANT'ANGELO. IT WAS AS IF HE WENT TO GET MATERIAL OR INSTRUCTIONS: I KNEW HIS NAME : ROCCAFORTE (STRONGHOLD).

*1 The sickle is the political power.

*2 The candle is the religious power

THEY WERE BRICKING ME IN, I WAS A PRISONER AND I DID NOT KNOW FOR HOW LONG.

"DON'T BE AFRAID, CONTINUE ONLY TO HAVE FAITH " A VOICE SAID.

SO MARCELLO REMAINED COLSED AMONGST THE DOORS OF HIS COMMUNITY: THE SPIRIT LEFT HIM DUMB FOR TEN YEARS, HE WOULD SANCTIFY HIMSELF IN THE GUIDANCE OF THE SOULS THAT GOD HAD COMMITTED TO HIM.

"THESE MEN OF GOD, WHO DO NOTHING ELSE WITH THEIR DESIRE BUT JUST RUN ALONG THE LOBBY FROM DOOR TO DOOR ? IT SO HAPPENS THAT THEY ARE FORCED TO ACCEPT THE PASTORAL MINISTRY AND GET INVOLVED IN THE GOVERNANCE OF SOULS. THEY THEN ARE FLUNG HERE AND THERE BY WAY OF THEIR GREAT TRIBULATIONS AND THE UPSET IN THEIR HEARTS, AND PROGRESS EACH DAY IN THEIR SEARCH FOR PERFECTION." *3

THIS IS THE WAY IN WHICH THE "COMMUNITY FAMIGLIE DI BETLEMME" (BETHLEHEM FAMILIES) WAS FOUNDED - "CONSECRATED MONASTIC" FAMILIES, CALLED TO LIVE UNDER MONASTIC FAMILY RULES.

THE EDICT

*" THE DOOR OF THE TEMPLE LOOKS AT THE EASTERN WAY.
THE EASTERN WAY IS HE OF WHOM IS WRITTEN :
THERE IS A MAN WHO IS CALLED "EAST". *1
LISTEN ! THE GLORY OF THE LORD COMES FROM THE EAST !
SO SAYS THE PROPHET. "*

**IN THE LAND OF ASSISI ONE DAY THE LORD SPOKE IN A DREAM TO
A POOR FARMER, WHO WAS ILL, NAMED ISIDORO.
THIS SIMPLE MAN HAD RECEIVED WITH JOY THE PROPHETIC
WORD ANNOUNCED BY MARCELLO CIAI IN THOSE DAYS, AND
OFTEN VISITED HIS HOUSE TO PRAY GOD.
ISIDORO, SICK, TOLD THIS DREAM:
" I MET MARCELLO AND ASKED HIM:
- BUT YOU, WHERE DO YOU COME FROM ? -
A VOICE SAID:
- HE COMES FROM THE SMOKING EAST -. "
ISIDORO COULD UNDERSTAND "EAST" BUT NOT "SMOKING"
AND SO HE WOULD LIKE TO HAVE SOME EXPLANATION.**

***FROM THE EAST ALSO ABRAHAM CAME AND ALL THOSE WHO, BORN
IN THE LIGHT OF FAITH, WILL PERSEVERE IN A LIFE OF GODLY
POWER.***

**BUT SMOKING ? "A SMOKING FIREPOT AND A FLAMING TORCH PASSED
BETWEEN THESE PIECES.
ON THAT DAY THE LORD MADE A COVENANT WITH ABRAHAM." (GENESIS
15 : 17/18)
"NOW MOUNT SINAI WAS WRAPPED IN SMOKE, BECAUSE THE LORD HAS
DESCENDED UPON IT IN FIRE; THE SMOKE WENT UP LIKE THE SMOKE OF
A KILN."**

**FOR A TIME MARCELLO'S COMMUNITY WAS CALLED "SMOKING
EAST", BUT CHANGED ITS NAME AS SOON AS THE BISHOP OF ASSISI
SAID THAT IT SOUNDED OF FREEMASONRY.**

**LET THE SAPIENT UNDERSTAND THESE THINGS AND CONSIDER THE
WORDS OF THE LORD:" I THANK YOU, FATHER, LORD OF HEAVEN AND
EARTH,
BECAUSE YOU HAVE HIDDEN THESE THINGS FROM THE WISE
AND THE INTELLIGENT AND HAVE REVEALED THEM TO INFANTS." *5**

* 5 gospel according to Matthew 11; 25

THEN THE COMMUNITY TOOK THE NAME OF "CENTONIANI" FROM THE TUNICS WORN BY ITS MEMBERS, MADE OF PIECES OF CLOTH, CUTTING THE BEST GARMENTS THEY HAD. THESE CLOTHES WERE CALLED "CENTONI", BECAUSE MADE OF "HUNDRED PIECES". CLOTHES OF "HUNDRED LIRAS", WHICH EXPRESSED THE CLEAN BREAK WITH VANITY AND THE COMFORT OF THE WORLD. THE VARIETY OF COLOURS RECALLED THE PHANTASTIC CREATIVITY OF GOD.

MARCELLO THOUGH, ACCORDING TO THE LORD'S COMMANDMENT, GIVEN TO HIM IN HIS FIRST LENTEN-PERIOD *6, WAS WEARING WHITE CLOTHS, WITH TUNICS MADE OF PIECES CUT FROM OLD SHEETS.

BUT THE MEMBERS OF THE COMMUNITY DID AGAIN CHANGE NAME AND THEY TOOK OFF THEIR "CENTONI" IN OBEDIENCE TO THE BISHOP OF ASSISI WHO HAD THOUGHT THEM TO BE "ODD",

PAINS AND DISTRESS CONTINUED, AND SO FOR TO MAKE THE STORY SHORT ONE IN TUNES THIS SONG *7:

*ABJURE! ABJURE!
THE BISHOP SHOUTED.
WE ABJURED MORTIFIED,
DRESSED IN SACKCLOTH
ALONG THE ROADS AND THE SQUARES
AND SHAVEN WE WEPT PROSTRATE.
IN A PLAIN FIELD I WENT
AND THE DIOCESE OF FOLIGNO I STAMPED
BUT THE STINK OF DUNG EXASPERATED
AND BY A QUICK EVICTIED I WAS PENALIZED
THEY EVEN BLAMED UPON US.
BUT THIS TIME THE BAGGAGE WE TOOK
AND AROUND THE ROCCA WE WENT THROUGH
THE BLAME CEASED
AND THE BAGGAGE EMPTY REMAINED.*

* 6 See - sheaf 3 - "Ezekiel"

* 7 this song, that could be defined a romantic ballad, tells of events really happened to the community and Marcello.

**IN THE SECOND MONTH OF THE YEAR
THOUSENDNINEHUNDREDNINETYFOUR MONSIGNOR SERGIO
GORETTI, BISHOP OF THE DIOCESES OF ASSISI -
NOCERA UMBRA - GUALDO TADINO, PUBLISHED AN EDICT.
HERE FOLLOWS THE INTEGRAL TRANSCRIPTION OF THE POINTS OF
ACCUSATION AGAINST THE COMMUNITY OF MARCELLO:**

BISHOP'S NOTIFICATION

**A) THIS GROUP, NOTWITHSTANDING THE REMARKABLE EFFORTS
TO BRING IT BACK IN THE BOSOM OF THE CHURCH, IS HERETIC.
THEY BELIEVE IN FACT TO HAVE THE SPIRIT OF THE PROPHET
EZEKIEL, PRESENT ABOVE ALL IN THE PERSON OF MARCELLO CIAI.
B) IT HAS CHANGED RESIDENCE AND NAME. DENOMINATED ITSELF
"ORIENTE FUMANTE" TO REMEMBER THE COVENANT GOD HAD
STIPULATED WITH ABRAHAM, WHICH THE GROUP THROUGH THE
SPIRIT OF EZEKIEL, INTENDED TO RESTORE IN ITS PRIMITIVE
SITUATION. THEN THEY CALLED THEMSELVES "COMUNITÀ DEI
CENTONIANI" FOR THE FACT THAT ITS MEMBERS HAD TO WEAR
CLOTHS MADE OF 100 PATCHES OR WEAR SACKCLOTHS AND GO
AROUND BAREFOOTED TO MANIFEST THE NECESSITY THAT THE
CHURCH HAS TO BE PURIFIED. HENCE THEY ASSUMED THE NAME
OF "FAMIGLIE DI BETLEMME" AND NOW THAT OF INTERNATIONAL
ASSOCIATION OF CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY *⁹.
C) THE GROUP VARIOUS TIMES HAS DISTINGUISHED ITSELF FOR
PUBLIC OFFENCES AGAINST THE ECCLESIAL HIERARCHY AND
INSTITUTIONS.**

+ *SERGIO GORETTI*

**AND SO WHILE THE BISHOP HATED MARCELLO, THE LORD, WHO
DOESN'T FORGET HIS PROPHETS, LOVED HIM.
ONCE MARCELLO, FASTING AND PRAYING, WAS RETIRED ON THE
TOP OF MOUNT SUBASIO, IN A HOVEL MADE OUT OF THE ROCKS.
HE PRAYED THE LORD, IMPASSIONED BY THE LOVE FOR HIM, THAT
HE WOULD GIVE HIM ALSO THAT FOOD HE LONGED FOR SO MUCH,
THE REAL BREAD THAT COMES FROM HEAVEN.**

*⁹ The notification here relates here to the Association Iaca (International Association for Christian Action) which however doesn't take at all the place of the Community "Families of Bethlehem", that is a completely different reality for it's origin, nature and finalities.

EACH MORNING HE WENT DOWN BAREFOOT, UP TO A SMALL DECONSECRATED CHAPEL, DEDICATED TO ABBÉ SAINT ANTHONY AND A FEW MILES AWAY IN THE VALLEY FROM THE HOVEL WHERE HE WAS RETIRED.

HE WOULD LIKE TO RECEIVE THE HOLY COMMUNION IN THAT DECONSECRATED CHAPEL, ABANDONED BY MEN AND UNCARED-FOR BY THE CHURCH. IN THAT SIMPLE BARE AND NEGLECTED PLACE, HE RELIVED HIS LIFE WITH AND FOR THE CHURCH.

THAT PLACE WAS DECONSECRATED, MARCELLO WAS DISAVOWED. SO ONE MORNING HE PRAYED THE LORD FERVENTLY IN ORDER TO BE GRANTED THAT GRACE HE LONGED SO MUCH FOR: TO RECEIVE THE HOLY COMMUNION.

HE PRAYED FOR TWO OR THREE TIMES, BUT NOTHING HAPPENED. HE THEN REMEMBERED WHAT HE HAS READ IN THE BIBLE, IN THE SECOND BOOK OF KINGS, WHEN THE PROPHET ELISHA SAID TO JOAS, KING OF ISRAEL, TO OPEN THE WINDOW TOWARDS THE EAST AND SHOOT THE ARROWS WITH HIS BOW AND ALSO TO HIT THEM ON THE GROUND. JOAS DID SO BUT FOR THREE TIMES ONLY AND THE PROPHET SHOUTED AT HIM, BECAUSE IF HE HAD MADE IT FOR MORE THAN THREE TIMES, THE LORD WOULD HAVE ALLOWED HIM A GREAT AND SURPRISING VICTORY.

THEREFORE MARCELLO PRAYED AGAIN FERVENTLY FOR ANOTHER FIVE OR SIX TIMES, ALTHOUGH THE BREAK OF DAY WAS BEING PASSED AND IT WAS ALMOST THE SEVENTH HOUR.

ACCORDING TO WHAT WAS SAID BY THE PROPHET, THE ANSWER WAS SURPRISING.

IN THAT LOST AND ABANDONED PLACE, MARCELLO SAW APPEAR A BLACK CASSOCK AT THE END OF THE PATH THAT CONDUCTED TO THE CHAPEL. IT WAS AN OLD PRIEST WHO WITHOUT TALKING, ENTERED INTO THE CHAPPEL AND WITH THE GREGORIAN RITE CELEBRATED THE SUNG HOLY MASS.

MARCELLO ENJOYED THE GRACE OF RECEIVING THE HOLY COMMUNION AND FELT A GREAT AND INDESCRIBABLE JOY. AFTER THE HOLY MASS WAS FINISHED, MARCELLO MET AND CONFESSED HIMSELF WITH FATHER BELTRAM, A GERMAN PRIEST.

BETWEEN THE TWO OF THEM BEGAN THUS A FILIAL LOVE, SO TIGHT THAT THE OLD PRIEST SAID TO MARCELLO THAT HE WAS IN "EARLY RETIREMENT", BECAUSE HE WAS CONSIDERED ONLY GOOD TO HOE THE VEGETABLE GARDEN. HE ALSO CONFESSED THAT HE DID NOT HAVE THE AUTHORISATION OF THE BISHOP TO CELEBRATE MASS IN THAT SMALL DECONSECRATED CHAPEL AND WHILE SMILING HE QUOTED A GERMAN PROVERB THAT SAYS: "IF THE SERVANT HAS NOT BEEN CALLED, IT IS BETTER THAT HE DOES NOT GO TO HIS MASTER."

MONSIGNOR
ANTONELLI

**ON THE 10TH DAY OF THE 3RD MONTH OF THE YEAR 1995 AT
GAICHE, THE LAND OF BLESSED LEOPOLD, IN THE DIOCESE OF
PERUGIA, MARCELLO CIAI FELT ILL.**

HERE IS HIS SONG:

**BY DAY A PAIN IN MY HEART
AT NIGHT A SIRENE.
MY HEART STOOD STILL
AT THE WEIGHT OF THE MANTLE
TWICE VISITED UPON ME.
I TRY WITH MY EYES TO LOOK UPWARDS.
THE SKY IS DARK,
THERE AREN'T EVEN ANY STARS,
AND THE MOON IS FAR AWAY.
ALL THE SUFFERINGS OF THE WORLD
DID NOT SUCCEED IN ENTERING MY HEART,
WHICH HAS BURST.
MY TENT HAS BEEN PULLED OFF.
WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO THE SHEEP ?
ON THEM ALL THE EVIL RESTS.
THE MOON TURNS RED,
THE SUN TURNS PALE,
THE EARTH STAGGERS LIKE A DRUNK.
I CRY LIKE A SWALLOW
AND TRILL LIKE A DOVE.
MY EYES ARE WEARY OF LOOKING UP.
I SAY TO MY DOCTOR :
"EACH ONE OF US HAS A VOCATION,
YOU, FOR THE HEALING OF BODIES,
ME, FOR THE HEALING OF SOULS.
YOU FIND THE BODY IN
THE SILENCE OF A ROOM;
THE SOUL, I LOOK FOR IT
IN THE UPROAR
WHERE THEY SLAUGHTER THE OXEN
AND THEY CUT THE THROATS OF THE HERD.
THEY EAT MEAT
AND GET DRUNK ON WINE.**

**I LOOK FOR IT, I LOOK FOR IT
BUT I DON'T FIND IT.
AND WHEN I FIND IT
I LOSE IT.
MY HEART BEATS STRONGLY.
THEN IT STOPS".**

**AFTER THIS PERIOD MONSIGNOR ENNIO ANTONELLI *1, EMINENT
ARCHBISHOP OF PERUGIA – CITTÀ DELLE PIEVE, SENT GIFTS TO
MARCELLO.**

**HIS DAUGHTER MASCIA AMANDA WENT TO INFORM THE
ARCHBISHOP OF THE SERIOUS ILLNESS OF HER FATHER, WHO WAS
ON RETREAT AT GAICHE.**

**MONSIGNOR ANTONELLI THUS SENT A PRIEST WITH HIS BLESSING
TO MARCELLO ON THE 5TH DAY OF THE 5TH MONTH OF THE YEAR
1995.**

**SO FOR MARCELLO THE TEN YEARS OF SILENCE WERE
COMPLETED; FINALLY HE COULD SHOW HIS TREASURE AND THE
“PEARLS OF THE PROPHETIC WORD”.**

**THE SPIRIT OF THE LORD OPENED HIS MOUTH AND MARCELLO
WAS NOT MUTE ANYMORE.**

***" PROPHECY! " " WHAT SHALL I PROPHECY ?" " CRY OUT !" "WHAT
SHALL I CRY OUT ?"***

***" IS THERE ANYTHING NEW TO ANNOUNCE UNDER THE SUN ?!"
ON A LITTLE LIGHT CLOUD COMES THE WORD OF THE LORD
TO ANNOUNCE GREAT AND TREMENDOUS THINGS !***

" LOOK WATCHMAN! WHAT DO YOU SEE ?"

***" OH, I SEE A CARAVAN OF REFUGEES IN MOURNING, SICK, INJURED,
HANGED."***

" WATCHMAN, WATCHMAN, WHAT DO YOU STILL SEE ?"

***" FLASHES AND TERRORS. THE NIGHT IS LONG. TERRORS AND
FLASHES!"***

" WATCHMAN, WATCHMAN, WHAT IS LEFT YET OF THE NIGHT ?"

" HERE COMES THE DAWN, BUT THE NIGHT RETURNS.

COME! COME AND ASK ! REPENT WHILE IT IS STILL MORNING !

***1 Elevated by Pope John Paul II to Cardinal "Prince of the Church"**

He is a member of the Pontifical Council for the Laity and of the Pontifical Council for Social Communications.

THE CRIES OF THE VESPERS FRIGHTEN ME, ITS MOURNING MAKES ME PINE."

" CRY OUT WATCHMAN, CRY OUT ! "

" WHAT SHALL I CRY OUT ?! "

" BRING WATER! BRING BREAD TO THE REFUGEES! SO THAT THEY DON'T LANGUISH AND DIE."

DIDN'T YOU HEAR IT ALREADY, O DAUGHTER OF SION ?

WHAT IS WRITTEN, IS WRITTEN, WHAT IS DECIDED, IS DECIDED.

BUT YOU, BY MEANS OF YOUR UNWORTHY MINISTERS, HAVE REDUCED TO RUINS THE FORTRESSES AND FRIGHTENED AND CONFUSED ITS INHABITANTS.

HERE, I WILL PUT PRIDE AGAINST PRIDE, AND IT SHALL BE MAN AGAINST MAN, WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN, BROTHER AGAINST BROTHER, SISTER AGAINST SISTER, MOTHER AGAINST DAUGHTER, DAUGHTER AGAINST MOTHER, FATHER AGAINST SON, SON AGAINST FATHER, WIFE AGAINST HUSBAND, HUSBAND AGAINST WIFE, FAMILY AGAINST FAMILY, NATION AGAINST NATION, CITY AGAINST CITY, COUNTRY AGAINST COUNTRY, POWER AGAINST POWER.

RACE AGAINST RACE, CLASS AGAINST CLASS, WEST AGAINST EAST, EAST AGAINST WEST, NORTH AGAINST SOUTH, SOUTH AGAINST NORTH.

IN THE DESERT AND IN THE STEPPE LIES ITS GREATNESS.

THE INTELLIGENCE OF THE PROUD WILL FADE AWAY AND I WILL TRAMPLE UPON THEIR PROJECTS, SO THAT THEY WILL RETURN AND SEEK FOR MAGICIANS, ASTROLOGERS AND FORTUNE-TELLERS AND I WILL PUT THEM IN THE HANDS OF THE CRUEL DOMINATOR OF DARKNESS.

ORACLE OF THE LORD OF HOSTS.

THE CITY WILL BE EMPTIED, THE WOMAN WILL NOT GIVE BIRTH; THE GENITALS WILL BECOME PURULENT.

THE STRONG AND THE WEAK WILL PINE AWAY AND BECOME PALE.

THE NEWS WILL DIMINISH AND WILL BE SCATTERED TO THE WIND.

THE PRESS WILL WITHER AND DISAPPEAR.

FISHERS OF NEWS WILL COMPLAIN AND MOURN AND

FISHERS OF MEN WILL COMPLAIN AND REMAIN DESOLATE.

MANUFACTURERS, BUSINESS-MEN AND STYLISTS WILL BE CONFUSED AND WILL TURN PALE.

**THE ECONOMY WILL COLLAPSE AND THE WORKMEN WILL BE
DISMAYED.**

**HOW INTELLIGENT ARE THE LEADERS OF SCIENCE !
THE MOST CLEVER OF THE PRESIDENT'S ADVISERS FORM A STUPID
COUNCIL. HOW CAN THEY SAY: " I COME FROM FAMOUS SCHOOLS
AND TEACHERS ?! "**

**LET THEM REVEAL TO YOU WHAT THE LORD OF HOSTS HAS DECIDED
AGAINST PRIDE.**

**THE WISE MEN HAVE BECOME STUPID AND DECEIVE THE FAMOUS
TEACHERS,**

AS TO LEAD ASTRAY ALL THEIR LEADERS.

**THE LORD HAS SENT A SPIRIT OF MISLEADING ON ALL THE LEADERS
THAT MAKES THEM MOVE**

IN EVERY WAY LIKE DRUNKARDS IN THEIR OWN VOMIT.

THEY WILL DO NO GOOD :

**NEITHER THOSE WHO ARE AT THE HEAD NOR THOSE AT THE TAIL,
NEITHER THOSE IN HIGH PLACES NOR THOSE IN THE LOWEST ONES,**

NEITHER HE WHO IS LEADER NOR HE WHO OBEYS,

NEITHER HE WHO GUIDES NOR HE WHO FOLLOWS;

NEITHER THE KING NOR HIS SUBJECTS;

NEITHER THE POPE, NOR HIS FAITHFUL. *1

THE WORD OF THE LORD .

*1 There is nothing to do even for the Pope, against a world that is increasingly perverse and rebellious to God and his Christ: then there is to keep in mind that the prophecy dates back to 1995, before the pontificate of Pope Francis.

**TENTH DAY IN THE EIGHTH MONTH OF THE YEAR, ONE THOUSAND,
DAY OF SAN LORENZO MARCELLO A RETURN TO 'THE MIND THIS
DREAM:**

"THE SPIRIT LED ME IN THE VISION

CATHEDRAL OF PERUGIA, THERE WAS A GREAT CROWD.

FERMENTO FELT THE MANY OF THESE ANIME

AND LEGLESS STANDING ABOVE THE PEOPLE,

BY SIDE UP ', ARCHBISHOP

BISHOP ANTONELLI.

IO I WAS IN, THE ENTRANCE TO THE CHURCH,

BEFORE THE CROWD BARRIERS THAT CONTAINED.

HERE IS COMING 'THE VICAR, MI HUG';

EMBRACING LOVE DEEP FU.

THE VICAR BOTHER TO ASK FORGIVENESS,

WHY 'NOT SAYING HAVING RETURNED TWO EARRINGS * 1 THE TIME

THAT I HAD LEFT.

BISHOP ANTONELLI MEANWHILE HAD BEGUN

HOMILY HER AND HEARD HIS VOICE IN ALL THE CATHEDRAL.

I WANTED LISTEN AND THAT THERE WAS SILENCE:

THIS DID NOT WANT TO TALK.

* 1 earrings: vicar probably refers to "fragments of a prophetic history that the lord is doing in the land of Assisi." definition commissioned by father Alexis sweater t of of Assisi, written by one of Marcello, which he left at Don Mario Ceccobelli, when he was pastor of Ponte Felcino.

***BUT THE VICAR OF CONTINUING TO APOLOGISE, TRIED
UNDER HIS CASSOCK THOSE TWO EARRINGS.
I TREMBLED. IT WAS NOT TOO IMPORTANT
TAKES YOUR ATTENTION AWAY FROM THE WORDS
BISHOP ANTONELLI.
FINALLY MADE AS THE VICAR TO PULL OUT
EARRINGS, BUT I LEGLESS FRA 'HER FINGERS A LITTLE REDUCED
TUBE OF LIPSTICK.
SOMETHING WAS NOT.
I INVITED THEN THE LOW VOICE TO KEEP EVEN
LIPSTICK TO REMEMBER FERVOR HER LIPS AND PRAY FOR ME.
"THE SPIRIT SAYS EXPRESS: WITH
EARRINGS, THE VICAR, EXTENSIONS OF THE EARS
CHURCH TO THE VOICE OF THE PROPHETS OF THE CENTURY
PRESENT.
LIPSTICK WITH REDUCED REDUCE THE VANITY 'OF
BELIEVE THAT WHAT COMES OUT FROM THE LIPS
THE CHURCH AND 'NO PROPHECY PROPHETS.
SO PLEASE, PLEASE NOW VICAR FOR YOUR
PROPHET. "***

EPILOGUE

**MARCELLO WAS ESTABLISHED MESSENGER OF GOD
IN THE TWENTY-FIRST DAY OF THE ELEVENTH MONTH OF THE
YEAR THOUSENDNINEHUNDREDSIXTYSEVEN.**

**HE WAS OVER THIRTY, WHEN BY THE WATERS OF THE TRASIMENO
LAKE THE HEAVENS WERE OPENED THE AND HE HAD A DIVINE
VISION, JUST AS THE PROPHET EZEKIEL BY THE WATERS OF THE
RIVER CHEBAR. THE LORD JESUS HAD PASSED THIRTY YEARS,
WHEN BY THE WATERS OF JORDAN THE HEAVENS WERE OPENED
AND HE SAW THE THE SPIRIT OF GOD DESCENDING AS A DOVE.**

**MARCELLO BY THE TRASIMENO LAKE SAW FOUR DIVINE BEINGS
COMING DOWN FOUR BEINGS**

**LIKE THE SPIRIT WHICH BLOWS FROM THE FOUR WINDS. * 1 WHILE
MARCELLO WAS HUNTING ON THE MARSH, THE LORD CALL HIM
'TO MAKE HIM A HUNTER OF MEN; AS HE CALLED JOHN WHILE HE
WAS FISHING, TO MAKE HIM FISHER OF MEN.**

IN FACT, IT IS WRITTEN:

***"BUT NOW I WILL SEND FOR MANY FISHERMEN," DECLARES THE
LORD, "AND THEY WILL CATCH THEM. AFTER THAT I WILL SEND FOR
MANY HUNTERS, AND THEY WILL HUNT THEM DOWN ON EVERY
MOUNTAIN AND HILL AND FROM THE CREVICES OF THE ROCKS. ¹⁷ MY
EYES ARE ON ALL THEIR WAYS; THEY ARE NOT HIDDEN FROM ME,
NOR IS THEIR SIN CONCEALED
FROM MY EYES". *2***

SO 'THE SPIRIT SAYS TO THE SEVEN CHURCHES:

***"KEEP MARCELLO FOR ME,
FOR THE WORK TO WHICH I HAVE CALLED HIM. "***

***"I WAS ON THE TERRACE OF AN OLD CASTLE BY THE WATERS OF A
LAKE. THERE WERE PEOPLE AND THE OWNER OF THE HOUSE.
I WAS LOOKING, AND THERE ON THE VAULT OF HEAVEN, ABOVE THE
WATERS, TWO WINGED AND STRONG CREATURES DRESSED IN WHITE,
AS TWO GREAT WHITE BIRDS, THEY FLEW ONE BESIDE THE OTHER,
PROCEEDED PARALLEL, EACH ONE GOING STRAIGHT AHEAD , I
RECOGNIZED THAT TEY WERE CHERUBS WITH HUMAN FEATURES,
THE TWO ANGELS, FLYING PASSED IN THE SKY, LEFT BEHIND THEM
TRACKS LIKE SHINING PEARLS, LIKE ICE-CRYSTALS.
THEY FLEW LEAVING BEHIND THEM VAPOR TRAILS OF DROPS AS
PEARLS OF A BRILLANT DIADEM.
THEY FORMED GALAXIES ABOVE WHICH CHARMING VILLAGES
APPEARED. "***

WITH THE POWER OF FAITH AND OF LOVE MARCELLO, LIKE THE TWO CHERUBS, LEAVES BEHIND HIM THE "PEARLS OF PROPHETIC WORD".

* 1 Ezekiel 37.9 - Gospel According to Matthew 24, 31
* 2 Jeremiah 16, 16

TO THE PLEASURE
SEEKING CITY

THESE ARE THE WORDS THE LORD ADDRESSED TO MARCELLO CIAI, IN THE YEAR 1995 ON THE 13TH AND 14TH DAY OF THE 7TH MONTH.

“ AND NOW TO YOU, PLEASURE SEEKING CITY, QUEEN OF PROSTITUTION! LISTEN TO THE WORD OF THE LORD. EVEN IN THE SANCTUARY THEY MOURN FOR ADONIS. WOMEN, WOMEN, WHAT WILL BECOME OF YOUR LOINS? SAYS THE LORD, GOD OF HOSTS. STUBBORN AND BOLD WOMEN, THE HORSE INSIDE THE DOORS WILL BREED VIRULENT STALLIONS. THEY WILL CONSIDER THEMSELVES WARRIORS, BUT THEY WILL PIERCE ONLY THROUGH THEIR MEMBERS. WOMEN, LIGHT-HEARTED AND VAIN WOMEN, NO MORE WILL YOU WANT TO UNCOVER YOUR NAKEDNESS TO ATTRACT UGLY SLAVERING MEN; BUT THE VIRULENT FURY WILL UNCLOTHE YOU, DASH YOU, AND FECONDATE YOU WITH STRAW.

ORACLE OF THE LORD.

GET UP, WOMEN, BEAT YOUR BREAST AND CRY OUT, RATHER, ABOUT MOURNING AND ANGUISH: A GRAVE BLOODY WOUND HAS BEEN INFLICTED UPON THE DAUGHTER OF SION, FROM WHOSE EYES DAY AND NIGHT DROP TEARS.

IN THE NAME OF THE LORD OF HOSTS, SPEAK AGAIN AGAINST THE GREAT CITY : “ GO, GO ON ALL THE STREETS OF ROME, AND IF ONE, IF YOU FIND ONE ONLY , I WILL FORGIVE HER. THERE IS NO LONGER A RIGHTEOUS PERSON AMONG MEN ! ”

I SAID: “ I WILL GO BEFORE THE GREAT, MAYBE THERE I WILL FIND ONE WHO KNOWS OF GOD. EVEN IF THEY SPEAK OF GOD, THEY ARE NOT HIS. BECAUSE THEY HAVE HARDENED THEIR HEARTS AND THEIR MINDS ARE CONTUMACIOUS.” SO SAYS THE LORD. FROM THE SMALLEST TO THE GREATEST ALL DEVISE FRAUD! AS FROM A WELL SPRINGS OUT WATER, FROM THE CITY SPRINGS OUT INIQUITY. MY INDIGNATION IS GREAT, WHERE WILL I POUR IT OUT? HOW WILL I NOT POUR IT OUT FROM THE SUCKLING TO THE GREY-HAIRED? WHO WILL SUCCEED IN STOPPING MY HAND AGAINST INJUSTICE, UNFAITHFULLNESS? NOBODY TAKES TO HEART THE CAUSE OF THE POOR. EVERYONE IS LIKE A FIERY STALLION WHO NIGHTS AFTER THE WOMAN OF HIS BROTHER.

BUT HERE THE TRUE HORSES, THOSE MOUNTED BY CRUEL AND VICTORIOUS WARRIORS TRAMPLE AGAINST AND TOWARDS YOU. THEY HAVE ERECTED A BASTION, AND THERE THE HOLY WAR IS BEING PREPARED.

HOUSE OF ISRAEL, HOUSE OF PETER, I ADDRESS MYSELF TO YOU. WHY DO YOU SAY: THE WORD OF THE PROPHETS IS LIKE THE WIND THAT HAS PASSED? WHY DO YOU SAY: "PEACE, FREEDOM AND WELL-BEING", WHEN THESE THINGS ARE NOT HERE AND WILL NOT BE? WAR, OPPRESSION AND HUNGER, I WILL SEND THEM UPON YOUR NATIONS.

ORACLE OF THE LORD.

LISTEN, OH EARTH, WHERE IS YOUR SALVATION? ON PAPEETE, OR IN THE POPE PERHAPS? I MAKE IT RAIN ACCORDING TO THE SEASONS, I HAVE CREATED THE SOWING AND THE GRAPE HARVEST; BUT YOU ARE ONLY ABLE TO GET DRUNK ON YOUR OWN IDEAS. YOUR WICKED THOUGHTS HAVE RUINED ALL THE BEAUTIFUL THINGS CREATED BY ME, FOR YOU. THEREFORE MISFORTUNE AND TERROR WILL COME UPON YOU. YOU DON'T SEEK THE ANCIENT WAYS, AND PREPARE YOURSELVES YOUR TOMBS. ORACLE OF THE LORD . BUT NOT YET, I WILL DESTROY TO THE END, NOT YET. RUN AWAY BENJAMIN, UNTIE YOUR ARMS FROM THOSE PRIESTS AND FRIARS WHO WANT TO KEEP YOU INSIDE THE DOOR OF THE CITY, FULL OF ADULTERY AND ABOMINATION.

RUN, NEITHER TO THE RIGHT, NOR TO THE LEFT, BUT ON THE ROAD OF GIROLAMO I WILL WAIT FOR YOU. (1)

ORACLE OF THE LORD.

(1) St. Girolamo left the papal court in Rome to advance on the street of the spiritual perfection. Withdrawn for long periods in the desert, he took care of the translation of the bible in latin, the most famous Vulgata that was for over a millennium the bible, universally recognized and adopted from the whole Church.

THE BAGGAGE OF
THE POPE

«TO YOU THEN, CITY ON THE TERRACE, IN THE MIDST OF THE FOOLISH AND BOISTEROUS NOISE OF THE PLEASURE SEEKING CITY, WHY DO YOU STAND THERE LOOKING? SO SAYS THE LORD, GOD OF HOSTS. NAY, YOUR DEAD DON'T DIE IN WAR, YOUR WOUNDED DON'T GET WOUNDED FIGHTING AND YOUR HEROES FLEE AWAY PRISONERS. YOUR LEADER ARMOURPLATED PASSES IN THE LUXURIOUS COACH. CURLED UP (1), HASN'T HE REALIZED THAT I DO PROVOKE THE FALL OR PRESERVE PRESIDENTS AND PHARAOHES? HE'S PREPARING HIMSELF A TOMB IN THE KINGLY UNDERGROUND, AND FROM THE HOUSE ON THE MOUNTAIN HE LEANS OUT TO PROCLAIM.

OH, INFAMY FOR MY CHURCH, WHO WILL SUCCEED IN STOPPING ME? THESE ARE THE DAYS, I HAVE SAID: " THE FINAL GREAT EXPLOSION WILL BE TREMENDOUS ".

THE LORD SAYS. " WAR, FAMINE, DISEASE, DRUGS, KIDNAPPING, ASSAULT, BRUTALITY, RAPE, VIOLENCE, MURDER, SUICIDE, MASSACRES, EARTHQUAKES AND CALAMITIES ".

LIFT UP YOUR HANDS, CLAP THEM, STAMP YOUR FEET, PULL OUT YOUR HAIR, RIP OFF YOUR CLOTHS, THROW YOURSELF ON THE GROUND, FAST AND CRY. BUT YOU SAY: " I AM THE VICAR, LET'S PREPARE OURSELVES FOR THE NEW MILLENNIUM, LET'S EAT AND DRINK ..." WHY DON'T YOU THEN CHANGE THE POPULAR PROVERB: " NOT A LEAF FALLS WITHOUT GOD'S WILL " ?! THE PEOPLE APPLAUD YOU, WHY DON'T YOU TELL THEM: " NOT A LEAF FALLS WITHOUT THE POPE'S WILL "?! INSTEAD, IN THOSE DAYS, THE NAIL FIXED IN SECURE PLACE WILL FALL, AND ALL WILL BE SHIVERED BECAUSE I, THE LORD, HAVE SPOKEN.

YOUR ALLIES ARE ARMING THEMSELVES, CRUEL WARRIORS LIE IN WAIT AT YOUR DOOR. WILL THE PUPPET-LIKE GUARDS OF THE ROYAL PALACE BE ABLE TO DEFEND YOU ?

EVERY PROTECTION IS DEMOLISHED, OH HOUSE OF PETER.

PRIEST, PRAY FOR YOUR PROPHET: FROM WHOM WILL HELP COME ? NOT FROM THE MOUNTAINS, NOR FROM THE ALTAR. NO ONE CAN STOP MY FURY. CRY, CRY OH DAUGHTER OF SION: TOO GREAT IS MY MOURNING AND MY DESOLATION, FOR THOSE DAYS OF TERROR WANTED BY THE LORD, GOD OF HOSTS».

THE SEVENTH DAY OF THE EIGHTH MONTH OF THE YEAR ONE THOUSAND NINEHUNDRED AND NINETYFIVE, MARCELLO AFTER A TIME OF GRIEF AND INTERCESSION, RECEIVED FROM GOD A VISION THAT CONCLUDED WHAT HAD BEEN PROPHESED ABOUT THE POPE TWENTY DAYS BEFORE.

"WHILE I WAS PRAYING FOR THE CHURCH AND POPE JOHN PAUL II, THE HAND OF THE LORD WAS LAYING UPON ME AND I SAW LIKE IN A DESERT WAITING ROOM, TWO QUADRANGULAR SUITCASES ALONE. TWO BEAUTIFUL CASES, COVERED WITH A REFINED CLOTH DRAPED LIKE GOLD.

ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF EACH, OVER THE EDGE, THERE WERE TWO BEAUTIFUL BELTS AS THOSE USED BY THE POPES.

THERE, TAKING WITH ONE HAND THESE TWO BELTS, A SINGLE BAGGAGE WAS FORMED, BECAUSE THE TWO SUITCASES LEANED ONE TO ANOTHER AND A SINGLE BAGGAGE WAS FORMED.

ORACLE OF THE LORD. IN THAT DAY THE LORD WILL DELIVER HIM FROM ALL HIS PAINS".