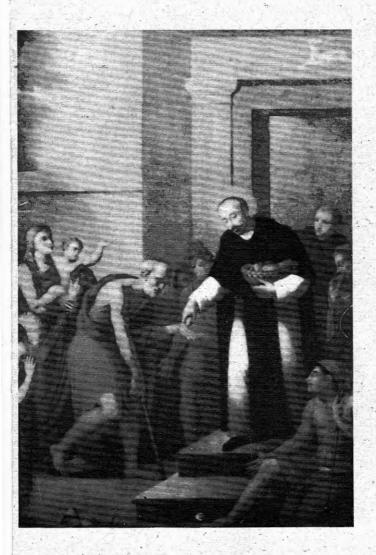
St. John Marias

New Dominican Saint



by John C. Rubba, O.P.

LITANY OF SAINT JOHN MACIAS, O.P.

(for private use only)

Lord, have mercy on us.

Christ, have mercy on us.

Lord, have mercy on us.

Christ, hear us

Christ, graciously hear us.

God the Father of heaven

Have mercy on us.

God the Son, Redeemer of the world, Have mercy on us.

God the Holy Spirit,

Have mercy on us.

Holy Trinity, One God.

Have mercy on us.

Holy Mary, Mother of God Pray for us.

St. John, humble servant of God,

Pray for us.

St. John, beloved of Jesus,

Pray for us.

St. John, lover of the Holy Eucharist, etc.

St. John, honored son of St. Dominic,

St. John, friend of St. Martin De Porres,

St. John, friend of St. Rose

St. John, honored son of Spain

St. John, shining light of Lima,

St. John, pride of the Order of St. Dominic.

St. John, humble lay Brother,

St. John, model of obedience,

St. John, model of self-denial.

St. John, model of patience,

St. John, worker of miracles.

St. John, tender helper of the sick,

St. John, helper of the poor,

St. John, helper of the souls in purgatory,

St. John, beloved of St. John the Evangelist,

St. John, gifted with prophecy and miraculous healing,

St. John, miracle of charity,

St. John, lover of the holy rosary,

St. John, lover and protector of animals,

St. John, visited by the Holy Souls,

St. John, visited by St. Dominic on your death-bed.

Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world,

Spare us, O Lord.

Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world, Graciously hear us, O Lord.

Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world,

Have mercy on us.

Pray for us, St. John Macias,

That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

LET US PRAY

Father, grant us the favors we ask in the name of your beloved servant St. John Macias. May we follow the example of his purity and charity on earth so as to deserve a share of his glory in heaven. We ask this through your beloved Son, Jesus Christ, Amen

St. John Macias

1585 - 1645

Father of the Poor and Helper of the Souls in Purgatory

> by John C. Rubba, O.P.

With Permission

SAINT JOHN MACIAS

Father of the Poor and Helper of the Souls in Purgatory

Juan (John) Macias was born on March 2, 1585, in Ribera del Fresno, a village in the province of Extremadura which borders on Portugal in southwestern Spain. His parents of noble lineage, but impoverished, were Pedro de Arcas and Ines (Agne's) Sanchez. They were blessed with two children, Juan and Ines, who were baptized and confirmed shortly after birth according to Spanish custom. The meagre income of the family was derived mainly from a flock of sheep which provided wool, hide and meat for the market.

An air of patience, serenity and cheerful acceptance of their straitened circumstances pervaded their humble dwelling destined to be the nursery of a saint. God called both parents to heaven when Juan was about four and a half years old and the children were adopted by their kind Uncle Macias whose surname Juan took thereafter as his own.

The wholesome pattern of Christian virtue exemplified in the domestic life of Juan's parents had made lasting impressions on the mind and heart of their obedient son. God's special love for these holy parents and their promising offspring was manifested by the following memorable incident.

One day, as Juan was tending sheep in the pasture for his uncle, a heavenly youth suddenly appeared before him and said: "I am John the Evangelist and I come from heaven. God sent me to you to be your companion."

"Who is John the Evangelist?" inquired the startled youth.

"He is the Beloved Disciple of the Lord, I am here because God has chosen you for himself. I am to take you to distant lands. And this is a sign for you. Your mother, Ines Sanchez, after death, went directly to heaven, and your father, Pedro de Arcas, after a brief stay in purgatory, now enjoys the reward of his labors."

Filled with mixed emotions of wonder and joy, the youth cried: "God's will be done! I only want to do God's will!"

Thereafter, when at sunrise Juan led his uncle's flock to pasture in the rocky meadows, St. John would visit him and teach him to pray with great devotion, for he himself had been taught how to pray by the Son of God. At times, the Apostle would "take me away to a distant land, allá, allá, (way out yonder)" and on returning the little shepherd would see a

heavenly lady guarding the wooly creatures which were never lost nor attacked by wolves. Juan never knew whether these "journeys" involved his soul alone, or his body and soul. When asked to explain the mystical experience, he would shrug his shoulders and say: "The Apostle will tell me sometime." The holy youth was not given to curiosity nor useless scrutiny in matters so mysterious.

Occasionally the Beloved Disciple would collect the sheep himself and lead them and his happy protegee back to the sheepfold. What a sight for the angels! This loving intimacy With the great Evangelist created a spirit of detachment and prayer in the depths of the soul of the young Macias, and unconsciously he became contemplative. From then until death he prayed the rosary three times daily entering profoundly into its precious mysteries. Increasing gradually in inner strength he was able to preserve his baptismal innocence to the end of his life.

When Juan was about twenty years of age, the Beloved Disciple bade him leave the rustic scenes of his childhood and seek wider horizons in search of employment. Travelling southward, he arrived at Jerez de la Frontera, famed for its luscious sherry wines, and there frequented the church of the Dominican friars.

In later years, he reminisced: "One day, after I had heard Mass, my friend the Evangelist appeared to me and said: 'I want to take you to my country.' He carried me away as at other times to a very beautiful city where I saw the glory of God and the dwellers of that city and many other things which I cannot explain. And my friend said to me: 'What you saw was my country and when you die, I am to take you with me to dwell there forever.' This happened to me twice in the church of the Preachers in Jerez and I was afraid to go there because the people stared at me, especially the friars of St. Dominic of that convent who asked me to become one of them, but it was not God's will that I should do so there."

After Jerez, our migrant's next stop was Seville, the great seaport on the banks of the Guadalquivir River, once colonized by the Phoenicians, Romans and Arabs, and later the seat of commerce with the New World. There he was strangely attracted to the graceful sailing vessels awaiting the signal to hoist anchor and plow majestically over the mighty Atlantic. Were they for him? St. John resolved the problem. He entered the service of a merchant and took ship under the watchful eye of the Beloved Disciple. Casting a last nostalgic glance at the Old

World of his happy youth as it faded over the blue horizon, he turned away, wondering whether the white-sailed craft was really headed for the Land of his Dreams!

The age was one of prestigious explorers and colonizers who scoured land and sea, mapping the surface of the globe, expanding national boundaries and enriching the coffers of rival kings. Fierce buccaneers infested the coveted ocean paths to prey upon Spanish galleons laden with the treasures of the Indies. The crossing was exhausting and hazardous. After forty days, our emigrant landed at Cartagena, fortress city on the Caribbean, then called "Queen of the Indies" and today the chief commercial port of Colombia.

Had Juan known in retrospect that Holy Mother Church had been rent asunder by the Reformation, he might have remained in Europe to help bind its wounds, together with Teresa, Ignatius, Borromeo, Pius V and a galaxy of saints then pressing the Counter Reform. But he, illiterate, obscure, questing for employment, was not destined to shed the lustre of holiness in the tired Old World but in the fresh New World where his Dominican confreres Rose, Martin, Louis Bertrand and Las Casas were laying foundation stones in the virgin American Church. Our Juanito was a violet hidden in the shade of these flowers of brighter hue!

The travels and perils of the holy emigrant, now immigrant, were not over. From Cartagena, he went to Barranquilla, along the mighty Magdalena River, upwards to Bogota in the highlands, down through tropical jungles, upward again to Quito, city above the clouds, and finally to Lima, often through dense forests infested by savage beasts and Indian head hunters, travelling now by boat, now on foot, on mule, plagued by hunger, thirst and exhaustion. Today, Peruvians would title him Father of the Immigrant, and Heavenly Guide for those who find their lives completely uprooted and sent in a new and unexpected direction.

Reminiscing on this harrowing introduction to the New World, Juan declared: "From Cartagena, we came to Lima in four and a half months. O Lord! What gifts and graces God gave me on the way! St. John the Evangelist helped me and accompanied me, taking me wherever he wished!" Evidently the itinerary was divided between heaven and earth, the author of the Apocalypse being the celestial conductor.

Lima at last! Lovely Lima on the Rimac River! City of graceful palms and beautiful churches. City of the Magi on whose feast day Francisco Pizarro laid its foundation stones, January 6, 1535. City where once the pagan Incas adored the sun god but now their Christian children adore the true Light of the World.

Lima is rich in memories of the pioneer sons of St. Dominic. Fray Vicente Valverde entered Peru with Pizarro and became the first bishop of Cuzco, ancient capital of the fallen Inca empire, where now rises the majestic temple of St. Dominic. Fray Jeronimo Loaysa was the first bishop and archbishop of Lima. San Marcos, founded by the friars in 1551, was the first university in Peru and probably first in the New World. Almost a century before the founding of Harvard University in 1636, it had received its charter by decree of the munificent Emperor Charles V on whose empire the sun never set.

Once in Lima, Juan entered the service of a wealthy ranch owner, a certain Pedro Jimenez Menacho, and labored for more than two years tending livestock in the vast solitudes of the Andean foothills. Isolated there with God and the angels, the holy immigrant would raise his arms in prayer, at times in prolonged ecstacy, with his shepherd's crook raised aloft, while the sheep were tended by him whom Jesus loved. What an inspiring picture! One fruit of his prayers at this time was the decision, seconded by the Apostle, to apply for admission into the Order of St. Dominic. It was time to lay down the heavy burden of the world and put on the sweet yoke of Jesus Christ!

To his employer he said: "It is God's will that I enter as a servant in the cloister of La Magdalena. I have served you for two and a half years. We made no contract since I cannot read or write, but I beg you to take account of what you owe me as I wish to divide the money among the poor, the Magdalena convent and my sister in Spain." Jimenez, touched by the artless candor of his employee, complied with affection bordering on tears. Had he only known he was talking to a saint!

Of the four Dominican conventual churches in Lima which Juan would visit on Sundays and fiestas, he was attracted to the poorest and most austere, that of La Magdalena (St. Mary Magdalen) where he formed a friendship with a kindred soul, Fray Pablo, a holy laybrother. When he knocked at the door of the convent, Pablo led him to the cell of Prior Salvador Ramirez who, cognizant of the exceptional piety of the applicant, dispensed him from the usual probationary period and bestowed upon him the religious habit on January 2, 1622. It was Septuagesima Sunday when, at the hour of matins, the shepherd prostrated before the community assembled in choir, and rose a Dominican laybrother. Home at last!

That same night, his friend the Evangelist came to greet him and to deliver a message of much significance. "God has taken you from the flocks of Extremadura and placed you in this cloister so that, clothed with the black and white wool of St. Dominic, you may be clothed inwardly with Our Lord Jesus Christ. Up to now, God has fed you with the milk of heavenly consolation, but in the future, he will give you the bitter bread of tribulation." The novice spent the night on his knees thanking God and adoring his inscrutable decrees.

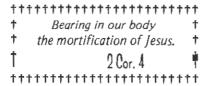
Regarding the year of novitiate, Macias declared: "I spent my first year of probation as second porter in the excellent company of Fray Pablo de la Caridad. O great and merciful God! So good and so penitential was my companion and so charitable towards the poor that I find no words to express it! With his holy example, I, a sinner, began to pray six or seven hours daily, and truly, the time seemed like fifteen minutes."

But the Evil One, envious and resentful of the presence of a soul so rich in virtue, declared warfare against him, distracting him at prayer, filling his imagination with evil thoughts and attacking him with physical violence. His efforts to destroy so extraordinary a vocation failed and the novice gave himself irrevocably to God by profession of final and solemn vows on January 23, 1623. He was determined to achieve perfection through total dedication to his calling, for, as St. Thomas Aquinas observes, "A thing is said to be perfect insofar as it attains its proper end."

Sweet peace and a sense of security now flooded the heart of Fray Juan Macias. Inspired by the nearness of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament and encouraged by the warm friendship of Fray Pablo, he spent so many hours in prayer that his knees became badly ulcerated. He was obliged to submit to surgery and spend a period of convalescence in a Dominican convent in the sierra. Two months later, the Apostle appeared to him, cured his wounded knees and instructed him to return to La Magdalena.

Our saint's return to Lima was saddened by two unexpected occurences. His beloved friend Pablo had been transferred to the Rosary convent across the city, leaving him behind as first porter in the porter's lodge which was a gatehouse at the entrance to the monastery. It was his last abode on earth and the scene of astonishing miracles. There a savage persecution by demons broke out and continued unabated for twelve trying years. He was buffeted and tossed bodily about the patio. He was thrown all the way down the stairs of the tall belfry tower.

One demon of horrible aspect attempted to strangle him after dragging him about the cement floor of the church. His reaction was the repeated invocation of the holy names of Jesus and Mary and the sprinkling of holy water. He kept holy water in various corners of the convent in anticipation of renewed attacks, and when he used it, he experienced strength and consolation.



The life of our suffering servant now became an endless struggle to overcome self — that elusive enemy of even the holiest souls. He succeeded by ruthless asceticism, chastising himself as a "worm unworthy of mercy" as he would say. His superiors were obliged to moderate his penitential practices, and only reluctantly gave him permission to curtail his sleep to one hour each night, which he did fully clothed, hair shirt and iron chain around his waist, kneeling beside his cot in the lodge, before some altar in chapel or lying on the cement floor of the church. His lodge was bare except for a narrow cot, a miraculous crucifix and a picture of Our Lady on the wall.

His fast and abstinence were never broken. In a hidden nook of the convent garden called Gethsemani, he nightly scourged himself to blood after the example of St. Dominic. His back became severely ulcerated and he was obliged to undergo deep and painful surgery. He suffered the excruciating operation without anesthesia as the surgeons cut to the bone, scraping away the suppurated flesh. When asked how he could endure such torture with no sign of distress, he replied: "I thought I was before the judgment seat of God and that these torments were inflicted for my sins. They seemed little in comparison with what I deserved." That same day, the operation over, he went to the gatehouse to feed the poor who awaited him, totally dedicated to the needs of others and to contempt of self.

Juan's sufferings and penances were sweetened by his love for Jesus Crucified. "Alas, Lord! When will sin have an end, when will you cease to be outraged! More suffering, my God! More suffering, if it be your holy will!" However, he concealed his ascetical practices under a modest and cheerful exterior. When he could not conceal occasional black and blue marks on his face, the friars, and even the public, knew that he had grappled with the Evil One.

Four loves slowly but relentlessly consumed the heart of the gentle Macias. Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament came first, then Mary in the mysteries of the rosary, then the suffering souls and the poor. Taught from childhood by his pious parents and St. John, he early learned the art of active and passive prayer, in the meadows where the heavens proclaimed the glory of God, it was pleasant for him to listen, to meditate and contemplate. But once in the convent his greatest joy was to kneel, motionless for hours, like a seraph before the throne of God, contemplating Jesus in the tabernacle as if his eyes were feasting on the beatific vision. The Real Presence was his heaven, the Holy Sacrifice a conscious experience of Calvary.

When because of duty at the convent door, he was unable to assist at the community Mass, he knew by revelation the time of consecration. He would kneel at once and see through the walls which seemed to melt away, the elevation of the body and blood of Christ. He told the brethren that he did not need to be present at Mass to see and adore Jesus in the Holy Sacrifice.

His ecstacies were most frequent after Holy Communion and the radiance from his angelic countenance revealed a profound union with Christ. He served from two to six Masses daily and received the sacrament of penance two or three times weekly. He visited the Blessed Sacrament twenty times daily and when anyone came to the convent asking prayers for a very urgent intention, he would recommend a novena of Masses as most efficacious.

Like St. Dominic, he spent his nights in chapel, going from altar to altar, standing, kneeling, prostrating with outstretched arms. Offering himself as a victim for the conversion of sinners, he would sigh deeply: "My Jesus! My Jesus! Why must they be lost! Why must that divine blood be lost!" Juan's prayers worked miracles because he knew, as St. Gregory says, that God has only one weakness — He surrenders to prayer, especially prayer for souls. Regarding the crucifix in his lodging, now venerated as a relic, he told his confessor: "Padre, this holy crucifix has spoken to me many times and there was never a thing I asked in prayer that I did not receive very generously."

†††	++++++++++++++++++++++++	††	
†	Who am I, that the mother of my	†	
†	Lord should come to me?	†	
†	Luke 1	ŧ	
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St. Alphonsus declared that love for the mother of God is a sign of predestination, and to quote Cardinal Newman: "Show me a soul that loves Mary and I will show you a person who loves her son." Juan's love for Mary was tender and childlike all his life. This good mother watched over his flocks in Extremadura more than once when St. John took him on a "journey."

From childhood he prayed the rosary three times daily and imbibed the sweetness of its redeeming truths, sharing in spirit the joys, sorrows and glories of Jesus and Mary. For him, the rosary was the "gospel of Mary" who was, after all, the first to live the gospel of her divine son in all its perfection.

As a part of his religious habit, he wore one rosary at his side and another around his neck. The latter is still preserved in Lima as a revered relic. To adorn Mary's altars with fresh flowers was his delight, and the picture of Our Lady in his room spoke to him on many occasions. If unable to assist at the Salve Regina procession, he would kneel and sing it alone.

Whenever he lacked alms for the poor, he had recourse to this kindest of mothers: "You know, Senora mia, that my poor ones are perishing and I have nothing to help them. To whom shall I go?" And she would reply: "Go to So and So. My son will soften his heart and he will provide the necessary alms."

During one of his ecstacies, he was seen elevated high in the air praying before an image of Our Lady of the Rosary. He obtained from his admiring friend, the viceroy of Lima, an annual public celebration in honor of the Holy Name of Mary on the first Sunday of October on which occasion a generous sum of money was given to poor girls as a dowry.

Once when an earthquake rocked the Magdalena, the friars fled from choir in terror, rushing toward the convent garden. When Juan began to follow suit, Our Lady called out: "Fray Juan! Fray Juan! Where are you going?" The frightened porter replied: "I am following the padres to safety." Mary reassured him: "Go back and be calm. I am here." The quake ceased and thereafter, when a tremor shook the convent, the friars would hurry to the Rosary chapel where Our Lady had manifested her special love for the holy laybrother.

Two years before his death, as the saint was praying in the Rosary chapel, Our Lady appeared to him holding the divine

Infant in her arms. His soul was flooded with heavenly light. "Behold the divine Infant," Mary said. "Embrace him and love him with all your heart since you have so ardently desired him. It is I who give him to you." This signal grace was vouchsafed to the saint three times and as he embraced the Infant Jesus he experienced a foretaste of paradise. His pure soul, void of attachment to perishable goods, was filled with the riches of supernatural life.

We need not wonder that our doorkeeper was so dear to Mary. One of the remarkable visions of St. Dominic, founder of the Order, was that in which he beheld his children beneath the folds of Our Lady's mantle, and heard from the lips of Christ the consoling words: "I have given your Order to my mother."

Macias has justly been called Helper of the Souls in Purgatory. A well merited title. These souls, deprived of the vision of God and abandoned to their just punishments, were permitted by God in his mercy to appear to Juan and to plead for prayers to release them from their atrocious torments. One night, as he was praying in the Rosary chapel, he heard the murmur of many confused and hoarse voices. "O servant of God, remember us! Do not forget us! Help us with your prayers so that we may leave this place of suffering!"

"But who are you?" inquired Juan.

"We are the souls in purgatory. Commend us to God! Commend us to God!" They seemed to him like a hive of bees whose whispering and sighs were pleading for relief. This frightening scene touched Juan's compassionate heart and incited him to practice heroic penances in their behalf.

Every night thereafter, he offered for them three rosaries, praying on his knees and disciplining his poor body without mercy. These three rosaries were offered for all the souls in purgatory in general, for the souls of deceased priests and religious, and for deceased relatives, friends and benefactors. He also offered for all the suffering souls in general one half of his Communions, all the indulgences he could gain and the twenty daily visits to the Blessed Sacrament each day.

This charity and zeal for the souls in purgatory were so pleasing to God, that he permitted multitudes of them to appear to him. Once a vast throng of souls, like doves soaring

heavenward, came to him expressing thanks for their liberation, while at the same time a host of others appeared languishing in flames. Often during the silent hours of the night, he would hear pitiful cries: "Fray Juan, how long must we remain in so much suffering? Pray for me - for me! I have greater need!" These cries of woe distressed the saint and moved him to redouble his prayers and sprinkle holy water.

One night in the Rosary chapel, he heard a harsh blow on the altar and suddenly saw before him a soul wrapped in flames. "I am your confrere, Fray Juan Sayago. I have just died. I am in dire need of your prayers to help me satisfy the divine justice and to leave this painful place of expiation." For three days Macias offered intense prayers and sacrifices for him and on the fourth night, as he lay prostrate before the altar of Our Lady, the good confrere appeared to him radiant with glory and thanked him as he rose to heaven.

That prayers and penances for the faithful departed are pleasing and acceptable to God we know by Juan's confession on his death bed. His friend, the Evangelist, revealed to him that he had liberated more than one million, four hundred thousand of them. Imagine the welcome these souls gave to the saint when he entered the gates of heaven.

When a servant of God is canonized, it is his virtue that is canonized, not his charisms. Juan was gifted with charisms but used them discreetly for the good of others. He could read hearts. A lady came to him with money for flowers for the altar. The saint refused. "Alms are good and acceptable to God when they are yours, but not when they belong to others."

Once a certain Francisco Navarro, wearing a captain's insignia, approached the gatehouse and was met by the good laybrother. He was struck with amazement and the fear of God when Juan exclaimed: "O man! How long will you live outside of your religious Order? Unhappy man! Return at once if you wish to save your soul!" Deeply humiliated at the exposure of his guilty conscience, the ex-priest made a general confession and returned to the cloister.

A merchant who visited Macias frequently was greeted with a severe reprimand: "Away with you! Go away!" Realizing that the saint had read his conscience, the man made a clean confession of his sin and on returning to the convent was received with a friendly smile.

Dona Antonia de la Vega and her two nieces assisted at Mass and received Holy Communion, begging God's help in their poverty, but they spoke to no one. When they arrived home, an Indian, sent by Fray Juan, presented them with a large tray filled with delicious bread, rice, fish and salad. A cloth covering the tray concealed the contents from the eyes of the public.

An evil woman excused her sinful life on the score of poverty. The saint refused to give her food or alms unless she repented. She made a good confession and received the assistance she needed. When later she relapsed into sin, Juan rebuffed her. "Whoever offends God is unworthy of alms!" The woman underwent a sincere change of heart and the supply of food and alms was resumed.

Counsel is a gift of the Holy Spirit which makes one judge rightly by a kind of supernatural intuition what must be done, especially in difficult cases. It concerns the right ordering of particular acts. Macias proved a spiritually enlightened counsellor. The learned, the ignorant, clerics, merchants and even the viceroy and nobility sought and followed his advice. Asked where he obtained his knowledge, he would point to heaven and say nothing. He could clarify subtle points of theology with ease and lucidity.

Don Alonso Martin de Orellana, desiring to invest his meagre savings in merchandise imported from Spain, consulted Macias. "No" came the reply. "Invest your money in a bakery." Alonso complied and opened a bakery in Lima that became very prosperous.

Another merchant, after loading his belongings and small fortune on a vessel about to sail for Spain, came to bid farewell to Fray Juan. "Take all your belongings from the ship at once" counselled Juan. His friend prudently did so, and some days later came the news that a storm at sea had destroyed the vessel and its cargo.

Not everyone will accept the counsel of wise friends. Don Francisco de Bustamente, ready to sail for Spain with his life's savings, disregarded the advice of his friend the doorkeeper of

La Magdalena, and lost both his savings and his life in a calamitous shipwreck!

One of Lima's wealthy society ladies came to Juan with a large sum of money and a beautiful blanket for the poor. John declined: "Please keep this generous alms at home until I notify you, so that it will do much more good." The lady grew sad and insisted. Not wishing to grieve her, Macias accepted the gift but only as a deposit for a future emergency. The lady's husband in Spain at the time for the purchase of a large consignment of Castillian cloth, suddenly died. His fortune was divided among his many creditors, and when the grieving widow came to the convent with her tale of woe, Fray Juan consoled her and gave back her generous donation.

Prophecy is a foretelling of future events unknowable by nature. As a gift of the Holy Spirit, it is an extraordinary grace. The only prophecies which the Church teaches to be divinely inspired are those in the bible. However, God has often given this gift to saints such as Macias who used it with charity and prudence.

Dona Isabel Delgadillo was warned by Juan that her house would crumble in an earth tremor at eight o'clock that evening and to be sure to remove her bedridden husband and all their belongings into a room facing the patio. The good woman, comprehending the prophetic nuance of the warning, obeyed with alacrity. But, alas, her skeptical consort would not, although he revered the holy porter. At eight o'clock an earthquake demolished every room in the house except the one facing the patio. Isabel and her family were saved, but heavy beams crossed over the bed of her terrified husband who was miraculously spared a frightful death by the provident intercession of Macias.

Doña Maria de Arce and her daughter came to visit the saint who, oddly enough, they thought, began to extol the merits and blessedness of the religious state. "But Fray Juan, is it possible that I and this daughter will become nuns?" asked Maria.

"Heavens, don't doubt it!" replied Juan with a chuckle, "and know that you will be the foundress and first abbess of a monastery!" Years later, Dona Maria founded a monastery and was its first abbess while her daughter Chiquita became her first subject.

Doña Maria Quesada asked Fray Juan to pray for her husband, the procurator general of Lima, who was on a brief assignment to Cuzco and would return very wealthy. "Bah!" exclaimed Juan, shaking his head in disbelief. But Maria insisted:

"Yes indeed! He'll return very soon with fifty thousand pesetas."

Juan again shook his head: "On the contrary, he will tarry a long time and bring nothing home because God wills that you be poor."

The good lady departed a little less confident. Her husband was absent seven years on that mission and returned with nothing. Then after ten more years on another assignment as visitator for the viceroy, the hapless procurator returned to Lima impoverished and so ill that he died shortly thereafter. His widow lost everything to creditors and having become blind, was reduced to living on the alms of friends and relatives.

A certain wealthy Liman appealed to the saint to impart some salutary advice to his two sons, one of whom was rebellious and obstinate. "Don't worry, Senor Espino, the son who is grieving you most will become a religious of St. Dominic and will labor much in the service of the Order. Send him to me!" Relieved, the father did so and the black sheep eventually donned the white wool of the Order and rendered it distinguished service.

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†	They brought him all the sick and he healed them	†
†	Matthew 4	†
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The practice of healing the sick is a sacred duty enjoined by Christ upon the disciples: "Whenever you enter a town... heal the sick." Mark makes reference to it and St. James strongly urges it. Juan enjoyed this salutary gift of healing and could foretell the day and hour of sickness, recovery or death.

A little girl's legs were broken by the heavy wheels of a carriage. Her parents, Juan and Ignacia Delsil, hysterical with grief, brought her to La Magdalena and when Macias made the sign of the Cross over her crushed legs, they were instantly healed.

Alfonso Macerno was carried to the convent incurably ill. The saint was busy feeding the poor at the time, so he simply turned to Alfonso and commanded: "Get up. Stretch your arms and legs, and help me feed these people." The sick man

arose amid the wonderment and joy of the motley crowd who were privileged to witness a miracle and perhaps observe a waggish smile on the face of the busy friar! Juan's faith moved mountains, but charity came first; he would not allow a miracle of healing to impede feeding his beloved poor!

Dona Barbara Flores was suffering her second grave illness. Her husband, Doctor Carrasco, and other medics, despaired of her life. Carrasco went to the convent to consult Macias, who said: "Be at peace. Our good sister will recover." And she did. But at her third illness some time later, Juan told the doctor: "Brother, you must resign youself to God's will because our sister is very ill and I believe that God will take her to himself." Days later, God called her home, after the saint had gently prepared her husband for the trying ordeal.

Called one day to the weeping Faena family whose mother was dying and whose father lay gravely ill, Juan told the weeping children who were begging him to cure both parents: "Be calm and patient; God will take your father to heaven but he will leave your mother here to take care of you." Three days later, the father died and the mother recovered and lived many years with her children.

A black slave of whom the holy laybrother was fond suffered keenly from two abscesses which prevented him from working and sleeping. Touched by the importunities of his friend, Juan accompanied him to the clinic of the surgeon and just when the latter, knife in hand, was about to lance the swollen mass of pus, the saint touched the abscesses and they disappeared much to the admiration of the surgeon and other witnesses.

Of the charisms listed by the great St. Paul, our holy door-keeper had a generous share. But he was the victim of his own kind heart, for when the news of his miracles spread through Lima and beyond, the gatehouse was besieged by all echelons of Liman society, drawn by real necessity or by mere curiosity. Now John was not vainglorious and he possessed the gift of discernment. Once when a Spanish nobleman came to see him through idle curiosity, Juan opened the door but made himself instantly invisible. The strange gift of invisibility was also a holy artifice of his busy friend across the city, St. Martin.

One day, Juan's friend Anton fell into a deep well where a man had lost his life in the recent past. A noisy crowd congregated around the well but saw or heard no one in the dark depths. He was given up for dead but when they informed Macias, the saint prostrated before his beloved crucifix and invoked Our Lady and St. Joseph. Hurrying to the well, he saw a body floating in the water and cried, "Anton, are you alive?"

"Yes, Fray Juan!"

"Then cling to the rope and come up!"

The slave emerged clinging to the rope which was perfectly dry. Asked who had worked the miracle, Juan replied: "St. Joseph."

A lady had recourse to the laybrother for a generous alms to marry off her two daughters. He complied by giving her a note to be delivered to a certain merchant. Not satisfied, but hopeful, the lady went to the merchant. The note read: "For love of God, give the bearer as much money as this note weighs," The merchant, no doubt chuckling, put the note in one dish of the scale and in the other a single peseta. The scale only balanced when one thousand pesetas had been heaped in, much to the amazement of the merchant. A miracle of this kind is recorded of St. Antoninus, archbishop of Florence and Father of the Poor in that city.

A merchant who admired Macias, was asked by him to bring back from a business trip to Spain a certain picture of Our Lady. The merchant forgot and the migrant Macias punctually appeared to him in Seville to refresh his memory.

Padre Francisco de Avendano, prior of the community, put his famous porter to the test once by locking him in the church and bolting the door from the outside so that Juan would be unable to present himself for the key to the church in the morning. Next morning there came a gentle knock on his door and there stood the smiling Juanito asking for the key. The doors of both the church and convent had been locked and bolted the night before.

Prior Francisco never pampered or fawned upon his saintly doorkeeper. Quite the contrary! Once he harshly scolded him for giving away too much to the poor. One night while making the rounds of the convent, he found the exhausted laybrother asleep at the foot of a stairway. He heaped abuse on him, calling him a hypocrite and a liar. Juan accepted such reproofs as these cheerfully and humbly. "Only Father Francisco knows me well since he treats me as I deserve!" Ever an angel of peace, he doubled his affection for those who misunderstood him.

++++++++++++++++++++++++++++	††
† The poor you have with you always.	†
† Matthew 26	†
+++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++	††

"Go, sell what you have, and give to the poor, and you will have treasure in heaven..." Mark 10. These words of Christ have transformed the lives of men and impelled heroic souls into monastery, forest and desert. They are the ideal and practice of hundreds of religious Orders. They also epitomize the detached interior life of the porter of La Magdalena. His concern for the poor make him a saint whose example is valuable today. His love for God and man overflowed into his monumental labor for the disadvantaged. He loved the poor because Jesus loved them and love sweetened his labors. He knew by miraculous evidence that when the poor stretch forth their hands, it is God who receives what is given. He identified with the poor because he himself was poor in spirit. Once when his confessor suggested that he keep some money for himself, he was aghast: "For me! Jesus, padre, for me! I want nothing but God!"

Crowds of the poor who came to the gatehouse every day never left hungry or empty handed. With permission of his superiors, and with the powerful aid of his friend the Evangelist, he provided food, clothing, money, dowries and medicines. With left-overs from the convent refectory and baskets of food donated by benefactors he served around two hundred rations of food daily. At five o'clock in the morning, he would prepare the food, filling four large pots (ollas) with steaming viands and serve the hungry - always on his knees! He permitted no confusion or greediness, but lined up the aged, the infirm, the widows, Indians, Spaniards and negroes, leading them in prayer and instructing them in the essentials of Christian living. He would bless the food with a large wooden spoon or ladle and on occasion the poor witnessed the food multiply. At times, when the crowd was too large, St. John the Beloved would appear and help him. The cry of the poor united in beautiful charity the eloquent author of the Apocalypse whom Jesus loved and the illiterate doorkeeper whom the people loved.

Alms never failed. When they were in short supply, Juan would go begging, or if duty confined him to the gatehouse, the Evangelist in disguise would quest for him. Another sight for the angels!

Juan revealed also that he never prayed to Our Lady without receiving the alms he lacked. When his fame had spread far and wide, large sums of money were sent to him from the wealthy of Peru, from Mexico and other places because the donors felt that alms passing through his hands would bring them more blessings.

Questing for alms however, was not always pleasant or successful. Fray Juan once asked a cloth merchant for several pieces of material to make clothing for the poor and was driven away with insults. But from that hour no customer entered the establishment of the clothier and business came to a complete halt. The merchant fell into a deep depression, but when his friends learned that he had abused a saint, they urged him to apologize and donate the cloth. He did so and business prospered again.

One poor woman complained to Macias that she could not attend Mass because she had no mantilla. Juan had none to give. The woman's intuition came to the rescue. She knew she was in the presence of a wonder-worker and refused to leave. Her faith and Juan's compassion elicited the miracle. He went to his room and returned with a beautiful mantilla which his friend the Evangelist had brought in, as he later related to his confessor.

God loves dumb animals; he made so many of them! Don Bosco had his dog; Paul the hermit his raven, Martin de Porres his mice and Macias his donkey. The meek little burro, guided by unseen hands, would carry to the poor, the sick, the aged, at Juan's command, 2 large hampers of food, clothing, alms or medicines to remote corners of Lima. Friends of Macias loved the beast and would place into the hampers items for the poor: food, clothing, money or whatever was at hand.

Birds played a role in the prayer life of Macias. Sometimes during his nightly vigils, he would enter a remote corner of the convent garden and there with overflowing heart, sing the praises of the Creator, together with the feathered songsters who gathered around him.

In the burgeoning metropolis that was Lima in the halcyon days when the silver mines of Cuzco and Potosi were yielding vast treasures, when extravagance, self indulgence and greed were in the air, the sacrificial almsgiving of Macias and his friend Martin must have been a breath of fresh air scented with the fragrance of heaven.

In art, Fray Juan is depicted holding a rosary, a basket of food and a bunch of keys, the three symbols of his love for Mary, his service to the poor and his occupation as doorkeeper. The harmonious growth of supernatural virtues in the soul of



St. John Macias, beloved shepherd and doorkeeper with rosary and basket filled with gifts for all who invoke him.

Juan amid such intense exterior activity speaks plainly to our over-active generation.

††	·++++++++++++++++	† †
†	These are two olive trees and	†
†	two lampstands before the Lord	Ť
Ť	Revelations 11	†
††	·+++++++++++++++++++++++++	r t

In Ecclesiasticus 6.13, we read that a faithful friend is a strong defence and he that hath found him hath found a treasure. Such were David and Jonathan, John and Paul, Francis and Clare, Aquinas and Bonaventure, Macias and Martin de Porres. Juan and Martin were more than friends, they were spiritual twins. Juan was sixteen years younger than Martin and revered him as a model and wonder-worker.

They differed only in complexion and social origin, Macias being the offspring of Castilian nobility and Martin, a mulatto of illegitimate birth. But their virtues, their domestic duties and even their miracles were strikingly parallel. On one occasion when Martin came to visit Juan at the Magdalena, he performed a miraculous cure in the latter's presence.

Both shared identical ideals with equal intensity. Both had strange power over dumb beasts. Both contributed to the support of their sisters. Both were mystics and men of action. Both entered heaven at the age of sixty. Both were beatified in the same year. Both sent an impulse of faith and love through the whole Church in colonial America.

On Sunday afternoons they would stroll amicably to a farm in the suburbs of Lima, owned by the Dominican friars, and there in the loft of a barn pray, converse on heavenly things, especially on the passion of Christ, and in his honor scourge one another for the salvation of souls.

- St. Martin was also a friend of St. Rose who would come to the sacristy of the Rosary church to consult him from time to time on spiritual matters. It is probable, but not yet evident, that Macias knew St. Rose personally. He was living at La Magdalena six years before her death and Martin often spoke of her.
- St. Martin died six years before his "twin"; was beatified together with him by Pope Gregory XVI in 1837, and canonized by Pope John XXIII in 1962. Pope Paul VI established the date of September 28, 1975, for the canonization of Fray Juan Macias.

These three Dominican saints, together with the great St.

Turibius, archbishop of Lima, St. Francis Solanus, the Franciscan troubador, St. Mariana, the "Lily of Quito" and a host of other heroic souls, enriched the Christian culture of the New World and proved that religion there was more than an external formality. Unfortunately the humanitarian labors and monumental sacrifices of the Catholic missionaries who brought Christ and civilization to the New World are less familiar to our historians than the vices and feuds of the much maligned conquistadores who live on in the Black Legend.

† Now shall I die with joy for I have seen thy face... †

Genesis 4 †

After the painful operation on his back, Juan resumed the usual penitential scourgings, but his health was gone. He gave the keys of the gatehouse to Fray Antonio de Rosario: "Take these keys. I am retiring and do not expect to return." Asked to pray for recovery, if only for love of the poor, he replied: "Fray Dionisio will replace me and the alms will be more abundant than ever." Dysentery confined him to bed on September 2, 1645 and his only remark was: "Thank God for his gifts. May he send me more and more suffering." At long last the time had come for the Beloved Disciple to fulfill the promise he had made years before to the little shepherd in the pastures of Extremadura and take him "to his country" to the great beyond, alla, alla.

Juan's general confession lasted several days due to fatigue and the command to reveal the long list of extraordinary graces God had bestowed on him. He mentioned that the Evangelist had told him that temples and altars would be dedicated to him, but "for now, it suffices that they bury me and place these poor bones in a little corner of the chapter room, because in time they will be of use."

When the prior asked what he meant, or implied, by "temples" the saint answered: "Temples are to rise for me. In what manner I don't know. But here is my guide, my patron and chief, St. John the Evangelist, who is telling me what to say." He also added: "I maltreated my body excessively. I now repent of it and ask its pardon, since I have treated it so for twenty four years."

As the end drew near, grieving crowds of the poor gathered at the convent gates praying for their beloved friend and benefactor, while within the gatehouse the dying laybrother, attired in full religious habit, received viaticum on his knees.

On the evening of September 14, the physician who came to examine him, was unable to open the door to Juan's room. He sent for the friars who came to his assistance. All of them beheld a brilliant light shining under the door. They forced open the door and found Macias on his knees in ecstacy.

He answered all questions about himself modestly but with difficulty. He declared that, by the special gift of God, he had preserved unstained his precious virginity, that every favor he had asked of St. Joseph had been granted, that St. John revealed to him the amazing number of souls he had released from purgatory by the power of the rosary, that with him now at his death were Our Lord Jesus Christ, Our Lady, St. John the Evangelist, St. Dominic, Peter, Paul, Mary Magdalen, Louis Bertrand and other saints and angels. On September 16, 1645, he repeated the prayers for the dying, and still wearing the iron chain, closed his eyes to this world and opened them on the unveiled face of the Trinity. His age was sixty years, six months and fifteen days. An air of serenity and a heavenly fragrance surrounded and remained with the still flexible body of a great saint. That body, excepting the head, is still incorrupt.

News of the saint's death spread like wildfire. Large crowds from far and wide gathered in the church, in the cemetery, in the plaza and adjacent streets impelled by the desire to see the humble friar and kiss his hands and feet. His body was placed in a coffin and carried to the chapter room on the shoulders of Archbishop Pedro de Villagomez and Viceroy Don Pedro de Toledo y Leyba and of other dignitaries of church and state. Yielding to the clamor of the crowds, the archbishop permitted the coffin to remain open for three days so that the faithful might touch the body with medals, rosaries, handkerchiefs and holy pictures. Since the friars were unable to restrain the crowds, the viceroy sent soldiers to guard the sacred remains because devotees were snipping off pieces of the saint's religious habit which had to be changed two or three times. Fray Juan granted a profusion of favors during those memorable three days. A deaf priest, Don Antonio de Alarcon, touched his ears with a hand of the saint and his hearing was instantly restored.

A year and a half later, Don Pedro Granada, a wealthy friend of Macias, financed the erection of a sumptuous chapel at the entrance of the convent and the blessed remains were enshrined

there. In 1746 an earthquake devastated the Magdalena church and convent and Juan's body was translated to the church of the Rosary (today the church of St. Dominic). This, hopefully, is the last of the migrations of the holy shepherd.

Today the church of St. Dominic contains the precious relics of the three American Dominicans resting side by side, enshrined in a richly ornamented side altar. St. Rose holds the central place between her two confreres as the first to reach heaven and the first American to be canonized. On each reliquary is displayed an image of the respective saint.

To quote Vatican II: "When we look at the lives of those who have faithfully followed Christ, we are inspired with a new reason for seeking the city which is to come." Constitution on the Church, 50

After the death and obsequies of the holy doorkeeper, all Lima besieged the tomb: the poor, the rich, the sick, negroes, Indians, Spaniards, the nobility. All sought favors of some kind. Cures proliferated to such an extent that the cause for beatification was introduced on November 10, 1669. Among the miracles approved by the Holy See for his beatification are the following.

Francisco Ramirez, a novice in La Magdalena, twenty years of age, was lifting a heavy trunk. A hernia in his left groin, inherited from childhood, burst open and his intestines began to gush out. Two surgeons declared that the size of the wound and the quantity of escaping intestines, left little hope of survival. The groin began to swell, to harden and turn purple as the novice, with head down and feet elevated, writhed and screamed with pain. All remedies failed. The sacraments were administered and death declared imminent. The surgeons worked on their patient until midnight and departed, assuring the prior that by morning the novice would be a cadaver.

Francisco was given a picture of Juan Macias which he placed on the ugly wound. Then turning to the prior, Fray Nicolas Ramirez, who was moved to tears by his own helplessness and the agony of the novice, he said: "Padre Nicolas, command Juan Macias under obedience and for love of God to obtain my cure if it is for the good of my soul." How could Fray Nicolas

refuse? They both prayed to the saint in anguish and the novice fell into a deep sleep. At 7 a.m. the surgeons returned, and on removing the holy picture from the wound, found to their amazement that it had closed completely without leaving a trace! Besides the surgeons, the master of novices and two lay-brothers were present at the time. The overjoyed novice arose and went to the chapel to thank God and to assist at the profession of another novice. He was never troubled further and could lift heavy objects without distress.

Francisca de Argoste, a black slave, suffered a stroke which immobilized the left side of her body. It was pitiful to see her drag her paralyzed body around with face and mouth contorted. Physicians could effect no improvement despite three years of medication and therapy. Fray Domingo Gil from La Magdalena urged her to make a novena to Juan Macias which she did with fervor and confidence. She dragged herself to the tomb of the saint and for two days prayed with tears for a cure. That night, sleeping for the first time after weeks of insomnia, a mysterious visitor entered her bedroom, came to the bedside and began to manipulate her paralyzed arm and limb. Awaking with a start, she saw beside her bed a Dominican friar who resembled the doorkeeper of La Magdalena. She screamed and fainted. The persons who hurried in thought her dead since they could detect no pulse beat.

Next day at early dawn, with the aid of crutches, she forced her crippled body to the chapel, arriving after three exhausting hours. She wrapped her rosary around her limp hand and with the aid of the right hand placed it through the grill until it touched the tomb. Instantly her inert hand became flexible. She did this three times. Meantime she heard a voice: "Rise and walk!" When she heard the command a second time, she felt a surge of fresh blood coursing through her paralyzed side. She rose at once, cast away her crutches and ran into the church jumping for joy. The friars were so elated that they rang the church bells to announce another miraculous cure by their heloved doorkeeper!

MIRACLE OF THE RICE

In the town of Olivenza, near Ribera where Macias was born, a parish center, the "Hearth of Nazareth," founded by the pastor Padre Luis Zambrano and sponsored by several well-to-do ladies, provided meals daily for about fifty orphans, and, on Sundays, for about eighty more poor shut-ins in the neighborhood.

On Sunday, January 23, 1949, no food was donated. The

cook, Senora Leandra Rebollo Vasquez, cried in desperation: "Blessed Juan! The poor will go nungry today!" She prayerfully poured her last three cups of rice into a large enamel cauldron on the stove. Then wonders happened!

The rice, seasoned a la española, began to rise slowly to the surface ready to overflow. When Leandra called for help, the pastor, his mother, then five other women and four men hurried to the scene and began distributing the precious cereal to the hungry children. Meantime the pastor, using an old-fashioned ladle, kept transferring the overflow into pots borrowed from neighbors, for a space of four hours! Eye witnesses were not lacking since the whole neighborhood gathered at the Hearth fixing their eyes in amazement on the boiling cauldron.

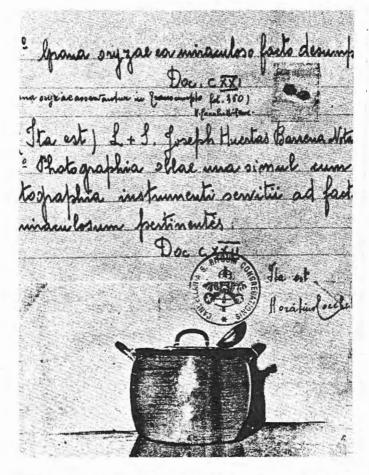
Padre Luis testified under oath: "I remained at the stove (from noon) till about 4:30 or 4:45 pouring rice from the original pot. The level of the boiling rice never diminished. I can testify to this with my life." The miracle was juridically authenticated by the diogesan tribunal in 1959 after four agronomy experts from Spanish and Italian universities had examined the rice chemically, comparing it with native specimens. Witnesses still treasure grains of the miraculous cereal both cooked and raw. Pope Paul approved the prodigy as fulfilling the conditions for the canonization of Blessed Macias in 1974 and fixed the date for the solemnization on September 28, 1975.

A GUIDE FOR TOURISTS AND PILGRIMS

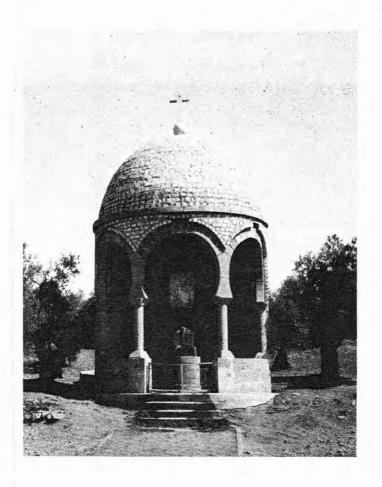
The region of Spanish Externadura is the background of the birth and youth of Macias. It lies on the boundary line of Portugal in southwestern Spain. The birthplace of Juan still exists in the village of Ribera del Fresno. In the parish church is preserved and still used the font where Juanito was baptized almost four centuries ago. Three miles from the village are the pastures where Our Lady and St. John helped him graze the sheep. Also can be seen the rustic chapel covering a well where Our Lady of the Rosary, in answer to the little shepherd's prayer, saved the life of a young ewe which had fallen into it. (Remember Anton, the slave who fell into a well in Lima?) In the town of Olivenza can be seen the kitchen and refectory where the miracle of the rice occured.

In Lima, in the porch of the sacristy of the church of St. Dominic, can be seen a gigantic wooden beam which has a unique history. The carpenters while building La Magdalena found that it was too short to reach the walls and recrimina-

tions began. Macias came upon the scene, touched the great log and it miraculously lengthened to the required dimensions. In the same church are venerated the miraculous crucifix and the painting of Our Lady so dear to the doorkeeper's heart.



The ten liter kettle in which the miracle of the rice occured. The ladle and two grains of the rice (upper right) are discernible. The photograph was duly notarized as stated by the Latin legend above.



The rustic chapel covering the well where Our Lady of the Rosary, in answer to the little shepherd's prayer, saved the life of a young ewe which had fallen into it. While John fervently prayed the rosary, the water in the well rose to the surface and the ewe was saved. A similar prodigy happened in Lima when the holy friar's prayer saved a man who had fallen into a deep well.

Orphan Shepherd Immigrant Friar

Doorkeeper Saint



From a painting in the Convento Santo Domingo, Lima, Peru

PRAYER TO ST. JOHN

We come to you, holy Brother John, for we know well the power of your intercession in the heavenly courts. Increase in us true sorrow for sin, fidelity to the Christian gospel of love and total resignation to the will of God in all things. Humbly we beg you to intercede for us that our petitions be granted, if they be in accord with the divine will. We ask this through Christ, our Lord. Amen.

TRIDUUM OF PRAYER in honor of SAINT JOHN MACIAS, O.P.

FIRST DAY

Holy Brother John, you knew how to make your own poverty and humility a joyful imitation of that of our Lord Jesus Christ. Through you fervent exercise of Christian charity, you made your life a constant loving service to your neighbor for the love of God. Intercede for us, we beg you, to the common Father of mankind, so that our life may grow and develop in the spirit of the Gospel, that we may glorify God by the witness of our Christian love. We ask this through Christ, our Lord. Amen.

(Ask of St. John the favor which you wish him to obtain for you. Then say one Our Fether, Hell Mary, Glory be to the Fether, etc. conclude with the following prayer.)

FINAL PRAYER

We come to you, holy Brother John, for we know well the power of your intercession in the heavenly courts. Increase in us true sorrow for sin, fidelity to the Christian gospel of love and total resignation to the will of God in all things. Humbly we beg you to intercede for us that our petitions be granted, if they be in accord with the divine will. We ask this through Christ, our Lord. Amen.

SECOND DAY

Holy Brother John, you left your home and native land and emigrated to a foreign shore. As a Religious, you devoted your life to relieving the sufferings and the difficulties of the poor and those who, like you, had come to the New World in search of a better life. By your generous service, you showed that God can be served everywhere and in every circumstance of life. Grant to those who leave their homeland, hope and Christian assurance, together with courage and faithfulness, so that the difficult conditions of their new life may never hinder the growth of their union with God. We pray that you will increase in us, who are all pignims on earth, an unshakable confidence in the loving providence of God. We ask this through Christ, our Lord.

(Offer your petitions, Our Father, etc., Conclude with the following prayer.)

FINAL PRAYER

We come to you, holy Brother John, for we know well the power of your intercession in the heavenly courts. Increase in us true sorrow for sin, fidelity to the Christian gospel of love and total resignation to the will of God in all things. Humbly we beg you to intercede for us that our petitions be granted, if they be in accord with the divine will. We ask this through Christ, or Lord. Amen.

THIRD DAY

Holy Brother John, you constantly extended your love and fraternal concern to "our brothers and sisters who have gone to their eternal rest in the hope of rising again." You prayed without ceasing that they might speedily enter into eternal blessedness. We beg you to continue your loving intercession before God for our beloved dead, for those who died in living faith or in ignorance of God. Intercede for those who depart this life in peace or in war, amid hunger or plenty. May no one be lost, and may all men, redeemed by the Precious Blood of Christ, attain unending happiness in union with God. We ask this through Christ, our Lord.

(Offer your petitions, Our Father, etc. Conclude with the following prayer.)

FINAL PRAYER

We come to you, holy Brother John, for we know well the power of your intercession in the heavenly courts. Increase in us true sorrow for sin, fidelity to the Christian gospel of love and total resignation to the will of God in all things. Humbly we beg you to intercede for us that our petitions be granted, if hey be in the divine will. We ask this through Christ, our Lord. Amen.