

On Dying Well Part 2

Virtues to Cultivate

Prayer of the Angel of Peace

My God, I believe, I adore, I hope, and I love Thee. I beg Thee forgiveness for those who do not believe, do not adore, do not hope, and do not love Thee.

The Death of St. Francisco Marto - From Fatima in Lucia's Own Words

Jacinta and I spent almost the whole of that day at his bedside. As he was already unable to pray, he asked us to pray the Rosary for him. Then he said to me:

“I am sure I shall miss you terribly in Heaven. If only Our Lady would bring you there soon, also!”

“You won’t miss me! Just imagine! And you right there with Our Lord and Our Lady! They are so good!”

“That’s true! Perhaps, I won’t remember!”

And now I add: “Perhaps he did forget! But never mind!”

That night I said goodbye to him.

“Goodbye, Francisco! If you go to Heaven tonight, don’t forget me when you get there, do you hear me?”

“No, I won’t forget. Be sure of that.” Then, seizing my right hand, he held it tightly for a long time, looking at me with tears in his eyes.

“Do you want anything more?” I asked him, with tears running down my cheeks too.

“No!” he answered in a low voice, quite overcome.

As the scene was becoming so moving, my aunt told me to leave the room.

“Goodbye then, Francisco! Till we meet in Heaven, goodbye!...”

Heaven was drawing near. He took his flight to Heaven the following day in the arms of his heavenly Mother. I could never describe how much I missed him. This grief was a thorn that pierced my heart for years to come. It is a memory of the past that echoes forever unto eternity.

“I want you to take us to Heaven.” - From Fatima in Lucia's Own Words

May 13th, 1917

We stopped, astounded, before the Apparition. We were so close, just a few feet from her, that we were bathed in the light which surrounded her, or rather, which radiated from her. Then Our Lady spoke to us:

“Do not be afraid. I will do you no harm.”

“Where are you from?”

“I am from Heaven.”

“What do you want of me?”

“I have come to ask you to come here for six months in succession, on the 13th day, at this same hour. Later on, I will tell you who I am and what I want. Afterwards, I will return here yet a seventh time.”

“Shall I go to Heaven too?”

“Yes, you will”

“And Jacinta?”

“She will go also.”

“And Francisco?”

“He will go there too, but he must say many Rosaries.”

June 13th, 1917

As soon as Jacinta, Francisco and I had finished praying the Rosary, with a number of other people who were present, we saw once more the flash reflecting the light which was approaching (which we called lightning). The next moment, Our Lady was there on the holmoak, exactly the same as in May.

“What do you want of me?” I asked.

“I wish you to come here on the 13th of next month, to pray the Rosary every day, and to learn to read. Later, I will tell you what I want.”

I asked for the cure of a sick person.

“If he is converted, he will be cured during the year.”

“I would like to ask you to take us to Heaven.”

“Yes. I will take Jacinta and Francisco soon. But you are to stay here some time longer. Jesus wishes to make use of you to make me known and loved. He wants to establish in the world devotion to my Immaculate Heart.”

Francisco goes to confession

One day, early in the morning, his sister Teresa came looking for me.

“Come quickly to our house! Francisco is very bad, and says he wants to tell you something.”

I dressed as fast as I could and went over there. He asked his mother and brothers and sisters to leave the room, saying that he wanted to ask me a secret. They went out, and he said to me:

“I am going to confession so that I can receive Holy Communion, and then die. I want you to tell me if you have seen me commit any sin, and then go and ask Jacinta if she has seen me commit any.”

“You disobeyed your mother a few times,” I answered, “when she told you to stay at home, and you ran off to be with me or to go and hide.”

“That’s true. I remember that. Now go and ask Jacinta if she remembers anything else.”

I went, and Jacinta thought for a while, then answered:

“Well, tell him that, before Our Lady appeared to us, he stole a coin from our father to buy a music box from José Marto of Casa Velha; and when the boys from Aljustrel threw stones at those from Boleiros he threw some too!”

When I gave him this message from his sister, he answered:

“I’ve already confessed those, but I’ll do so again. Maybe, it is because of these sins that I committed that Our Lord is so sad! But even if I don’t die, I’ll never commit them again. I’m heartily sorry for them now.” Joining his hands, he recited the prayer: “O my Jesus, forgive us, save us from the fire of hell, lead all souls to Heaven, especially those who are most in need.” Then he said: “Now listen, you must also ask Our Lord to forgive me my sins.”...

When I came home at night, I found him radiant with joy. He had made his confession, and the parish priest had promised to bring him Holy Communion next day. On the following day, after receiving Holy Communion, he said to his sister:

“I am happier than you are because I have the Hidden Jesus within my heart. I’m going to Heaven, but I’m going to pray very much to Our Lord and Our Lady for them to bring you both there soon.

The Last Day of Mother Cabrini

For the doctors and nurses at the hospital she prepared little gifts, and when she heard that the five hundred children at the Italian school on Erie Street would have to go without candy because of the difficult times, she exclaimed, “Oh no, they must have their candy! Christmas would not be Christmas for them without it.” She instructed the Sisters to buy it at her expense.

It was now Friday, December 21, 1917. On that day, she rose at her customary early hour and assisted at Mass and also spent an hour in adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, as the Missionary Sisters do every Friday. The rest of the day was given over to the doing up of candy in parcels. She worked feverishly, as though she knew that this was to be her last day on earth, and kept saying to those helping her, “Hurry, hurry!” The last parcel of all that she wrapped up was a Christmas present for Archbishop Mundelein; it was a desk set in hammered brass made by one of the Sisters. —Too Small A World by Theodore Maynard, pg. 324

Act of Faith

O my God, I firmly believe that Thou art one God in three divine persons, Father, Son and Holy Ghost; I believe that Thy divine Son became man and died for our sins, and that He shall come to judge the living and the dead. I believe these and all the truths which the holy Catholic Church teaches, because Thou hast revealed them, Who canst neither deceive nor be deceived. Amen.

Act of Hope

O my God, relying on Thy almighty power and infinite mercy and promises, I hope to obtain pardon of my sins, the help of Thy grace, and life everlasting, through the merits of Jesus Christ, my Lord and Redeemer. Amen.

Act of Love

O my God, I love Thee above all things, with my whole heart and soul, because Thou art all-good and worthy of all love. I love my neighbor as myself for the love of Thee. I forgive all who have injured me, and ask pardon of all whom I have injured. Amen.

Prayer of Abandonment – St. Charles of Jesus

Father,
I abandon myself into your hands;
do with me what you will.
Whatever you may do, I thank you:
I am ready for all, I accept all.
Let only your will be done in me,
and in all your creatures -
I wish no more than this, O Lord.
Into your hands I commend my soul:
I offer it to you with all the love of my heart,
for I love you, Lord, and so need to give myself,
to surrender myself into your hands without reserve,
and with boundless confidence,
for you are my Father.