

Lotteries: real feats

Don Bosco was not only a tireless educator and pastor of souls, but also a man of extraordinary resourcefulness, capable of inventing new and courageous solutions to support his works. The economic needs of the Valdocco Oratory, which was constantly expanding, pushed him to seek increasingly effective means to guarantee food, lodging, schooling, and work for thousands of boys. Among these, lotteries represented one of his most ingenious intuitions: true collective enterprises that involved nobles, priests, benefactors, and ordinary citizens. It was not simple, as Piedmontese legislation rigorously regulated lotteries, allowing private individuals to organise them only in well-defined cases. And it was not just about raising funds, but about creating a network of solidarity that united Turin society around the educational and spiritual project of the Oratory. The first, in 1851, was a memorable adventure, full of unforeseen events and successes.

The sums of money that came into Don Bosco's hands remained there for a short time, because it was immediately used to provide food, accommodation, school and work for tens of thousands of boys or to build colleges, orphanages and churches or to support the South American missions. His accounts, as we know, were always in the red; debts accompanied him throughout his life.

Now among the means intelligently adopted by Don Bosco to finance his works we can certainly place the lotteries: about fifteen were organised by him, both small and large ones. The first, a modest effort, was the one in Turin in 1851 for the church of St Francis de Sales in Valdocco and the last, a very big one in the mid-1880s, was to meet the immense expenses of the church and the Hospice of the Sacred Heart at Termini station in Rome.

A true history of these lotteries has yet to be written,

although there is no lack of sources in this regard. Just with reference to the first one in 1851, have we ourselves recovered a dozen unpublished items. We can use them to reconstruct its eventful history in two episodes.

Application for authorisation

According to the law of 24 February 1820 – modified by Royal Patents of January 1835 and by Instructions of the Azienda Generale delle Regie Finanze on 24 August 1835 and later by Royal Patents of 17 July 1845 – prior governmental authorisation was required for any national lottery (Kingdom of Sardinia).

For Don Bosco it was first of all a matter of having the moral certainty of succeeding in the project. This he gained from the economic and moral support of the very first benefactors: the noble Callori and Fassati families and Canon Anglesio of Cottolengo. He therefore launched himself into what would turn out to be a genuine enterprise. In a short time, he succeeded in setting up an organising commission, initially comprising sixteen well-known personalities, later increased to twenty. Among them were numerous officially recognised civil authorities, such as a senator (appointed treasurer), two Deputy Mayors, three municipal councillors; then prestigious priests such as Frs Pietro Baricco, Deputy Mayor and secretary of the Commission, Giovanni Borel, court chaplain, Giuseppe Ortalda, director of the Opera Pia di Propaganda Fide, Roberto Murialdo, co-founder of the Collegio degli Artigianelli and the Charity Association; and finally, experienced men such as an engineer, a respected goldsmith, a wholesale trader, etc., all of whom were mostly landowners and had a wealth of experience. All people known to Don Bosco and “close” to the work at Valdocco.

Having completed the Commission, at the beginning of December 1851 Don Bosco forwarded the formal request to the General Intendant of Finance, Cavalier Alessandro Pernati di Momo (future Senator and Minister of the Interior of the Kingdom) as well as a “friend” of the work at Valdocco.

The appeal for gifts

He attached a very interesting circular to the request for authorisation, in which, after outlining a moving history of the Oratory – appreciated by the royal family, the government authorities, and the municipal authorities – he pointed out that the constant need to expand the work at Valdocco to accommodate more and more young people was consuming the economic resources of private charity. Therefore, in order to pay the expenses for the completion of the new chapel under construction, the decision was taken to appeal to public charity by means of a lottery of gifts to be offered spontaneously: “This consists of a lottery of items which the undersigned came up with the idea for, undertaking to cover the expenses for the completion of the new chapel, a venture to which your lordship will no doubt want to lend his support, reflecting on the excellence of the work to which it is directed. Whatever item your lordship would like to offer, be it of silk, wool, metal or wood, or the work of a reputable artist, or of a modest worker, or of a hard-working craftsman, or of a charitable gentlewoman, all will be gratefully accepted, because in the matter of charity every little help is a great thing, and because the offerings, even small ones, of many together can suffice to complete the desired work.”

The circular also indicated the names of the promoters, to whom the gifts could be handed over, and the trusted persons who would then collect and guard them. The 46 promoters included various categories of people: professionals, professors, impresarios, students, clerics, shopkeepers, merchants, priests; on the other hand, among the 90 or so promoters, noblewomen (baroness, marquise, countess and their attendants) seemed to prevail.

He did not fail to enclose the ‘lottery plan’ in all its many formal aspects with the application: collection of items, receipt of delivery of items, their valuation, authenticated tickets to be sold in a number proportionate to the number and value of the items, their display to the public, drawing of winners, publication of the numbers drawn, time for collecting

the prizes, etc. A series of demanding tasks that Don Bosco did not shirk. The Pinardi chapel was no longer enough for his youngsters: they needed a bigger church, the planned one of St Francis de Sales (a dozen years later they would need another even bigger one, that of Mary Help of Christians!).

Positive response

Given the seriousness of the initiative and the high “quality” of the members of the proposing Commission, the response could only be positive and immediate. On 17 December the aforementioned Deputy Mayor Pietro Baricco transmitted to Don Bosco the relative decree, with the invitation to transmit copies of the future formal acts of the lottery to the municipal administration, responsible for the regularity of all legal requirements. At this point before Christmas Don Bosco sent the above circular to the printers, circulated it and began to collect gifts.

He was given two months to do this, as other lotteries were also taking place during the year. However, the gifts arrived slowly, so in mid-January Don Bosco was forced to reprint the above circular and asked for the collaboration of all the young people of Valdocco and friends to write addresses, visit known benefactors, publicise the initiative and collect the gifts.

But ‘the best’ was yet to come.

The exhibition hall

Valdocco had no space to display the gifts, so Don Bosco asked the Deputy Mayor Baricco, treasurer of the lottery commission, to ask the Ministry of War for three rooms in a part of St Dominic’s Convent that was available to the army. The Dominican Fathers agreed. Minister Alfonso Lamarmora granted them on 16 January. But soon Don Bosco realised that they would not be large enough, so he asked the King, through the almoner, Abbot Stanislao Gazzelli, for a larger room. He was told by the Royal Superintendent Pamparà that the King had no suitable premises and proposed to rent premises used for a

game called Trincotto (or pallacorda: a kind of hand tennis) at his own expense. This room, however, would only be available for the month of March and under certain conditions. Don Bosco refused the proposal but accepted the 200 lire offered by the King for renting the premises. He then went in search of another hall and found a suitable one on the recommendation of the town hall, behind the church of St Dominic, a few hundred metres from Valdocco.

Arrival of the gifts

In the meantime, Don Bosco had asked the Minister of Finance, the famous Count Camillo Cavour, for a reduction or exemption on the cost of postage for circular letters, tickets and the gifts themselves. Through the Count's brother, the very religious Marquis Gustavo di Cavour, he received approval for various postal reductions.

It was now a matter of finding an expert to assess the amount of the gifts and the consequent number of tickets to be sold. Don Bosco asked the Intendant and also suggested his name: a goldsmith who was a member of the Commission. The Intendant, however, replied through the Mayor asking him for a double copy of the gifts arrived in order to appoint his own expert. Don Bosco immediately carried out the request and so on 19 February the expert valued the 700 items collected at 4124,20 lire. After three months there were 1000 gifts, after four months 2000, until finally there were 3251 gifts, thanks to Don Bosco's continuous "begging" with individuals, priests and bishops and his repeated formal requests to City Hall to extend the time. Don Bosco also did not fail to criticise the estimate made by the municipal assessor of the gifts that continually arrived, which he said was lower than their actual value; and in fact other assessors were added, especially a painter for works of art.

The final figure was such that Don Bosco was authorised to issue 99,999 tickets at the price of 50 cents each. To the catalogue already printed with the gifts numbered with the name of the donor and the promoters a supplement was added

with the latest gifts arrived. Among them were gifts from the Pope, the King, the Queen Mother, the Queen Consort, deputies, senators, municipal authorities, but also many humble people, especially women, who offered household objects and furnishings, even ones of little value (glass, inkwell, candle, carafe, corkscrew, cap, thimble, scissors, lamp, tape measure, pipe, key ring, soap, sharpener, sugar bowl). The most frequently offered gifts were books, 629 of them, and pictures, 265. Even the Valdocco boys competed to offer their own small gift, perhaps a booklet given to them by Don Bosco himself.

A huge job until the numbers were drawn

At this point it was necessary to print the tickets in a progressive series in two forms (small stub and ticket), have them both signed by two members of the commission, send the ticket with a note, document the money collected. Many benefactors were sent dozens of tickets, with an invitation to keep them or to pass them on to friends and acquaintances.

The date of the draw, initially set for 30 April, was postponed to 31 May and then to 30 June, to be held in mid-July. This last postponement was due to the explosion at the Borgo Dora powder magazine that devastated the Valdocco area.

For two afternoons, 12-13 July 1852, tickets were drawn on the balcony of the town hall. Four differently coloured wheel urns contained 10 pellets (0 to 9) identical and of the same colour as the wheel. Inserted one by one by the Deputy Mayor into the urns, and spun, eight young people from the Oratory performed the operation and the number drawn was proclaimed loudly and then published in the press. Many gifts were left at the Oratory, where they were later reused.

Was it worth it?

For the approximately 74,000 tickets sold, after deducting expenses, Don Bosco was left with approximately 26,000 lire, which he then divided equally with the neighbouring Cottolengo work. A small capital of course (half the purchase price of

the Pinardi cottage the previous year), but the greatest result of the gruelling work he underwent to carry out the lottery – documented by dozens of often unpublished letters – was the direct and heartfelt involvement of thousands of people from every social class in his ‘fledgling Valdocco project’: in making it known, appreciated and then supported economically, socially and politically.

Don Bosco resorted many times to lotteries and always with the twofold purpose: to raise funds for his works for poor boys, for the missions, and to offer ways for believers (and non-believers) to practise charity, the most effective means, as he continually repeated, to ‘obtain the forgiveness of sins and secure eternal life’.

“I have always needed everyone” Don Bosco

To Senator Giuseppe Cotta

Giuseppe Cotta, banker, was a great benefactor of Don Bosco. The following declaration on stamp paper dated 5 February 1849 is preserved in the archives: ‘The undersigned priests T. Borrelli Gioanni of Turin and D. Bosco Gio’ di Castelnuovo d’Asti declare themselves to be debtors of three thousand francs to the ill.mo Cavaliere Cotta who lent it to them for a pious work. This sum is to be repaid by the undersigned in one year with legal interest’. Signed D. Giovanni Borel, D. Bosco Gio.

At the bottom of the same page and on the same date Fr Joseph Cafasso writes: “The undersigned renders distinct thanks to Ill. mo Sig. Cav. Cotta for the above and at the same time makes himself guarantor to the same for the sum mentioned.” At the bottom of the page, Cotta signs that he received 2,000 lire on 10 April 1849, another 500 lire on 21 July 1849 and the balance on 4 January 1851.

To the heights! Saint Pier Giorgio Frassati

“Dearest young people, our hope is Jesus. It is He, as Saint John Paul II said, ‘who awakens in you the desire to make something great of your life [...], to improve yourselves and society, making it more human and fraternal’ (XV World Youth Day, Prayer Vigil, 19 August 2000). Let us remain united to Him; let us remain in His friendship, always, cultivating it with prayer, adoration, Eucharistic Communion, frequent Confession, generous charity, as the blessed Pier Giorgio Frassati and Carlo Acutis, who will soon be proclaimed Saints, taught us. Aspire to great things, to holiness, wherever you are. Do not settle for less. Then you will see the light of the Gospel grow every day, in you and around you” (Pope Leo XIV – homily for the Youth Jubilee– 3 August 2025).

Pier Giorgio and Fr. Cojazzi

Senator Alfredo Frassati, ambassador of the Kingdom of Italy to Berlin, was the owner and director of the Turin newspaper La Stampa. The Salesians owed him a great debt of gratitude. On the occasion of the great scandalous affair known as “The Varazze incidents”, in which an attempt was made to tarnish the honour of the Salesians, Frassati had defended them. While even some Catholic newspapers seemed lost and disoriented in the face of the heavy and painful accusations, La Stampa, having conducted a rapid inquiry, had anticipated the conclusions of the judiciary by proclaiming the innocence of the Salesians. Thus, when a request arrived from the Frassati home for a Salesian to oversee the studies of the senator’s two children, Pier Giorgio and Luciana, Fr. Paul Albera, Rector Major, felt obliged to accept. He sent Fr. Antonio Cojazzi (1880-1953). He was the right man: well-educated, with

a youthful temperament and exceptional communication skills. Fr. Cojazzi had graduated in literature in 1905, in philosophy in 1906, and had obtained a diploma enabling him to teach English after serious specialisation in England.

In the Frassati home, Fr. Cojazzi became more than just the 'tutor' who followed the children. He became a friend, especially to Pier Giorgio, of whom he would say, "I knew him at ten years old and followed him through almost all of grammar school and high school with lessons that were daily in the early years. I followed him with increasing interest and affection." Pier Giorgio, who became one of the leading young people in Turin's Catholic Action, listened to the conferences and lessons that Fr. Cojazzi held for the members of the C. Balbo Circle, followed the Rivista dei Giovani with interest, and sometimes went up to Valsalice in search of light and advice in decisive moments.

A moment of notoriety

Pier Giorgio had it during the National Congress of Italian Catholic Youth in 1921: fifty thousand young people parading through Rome, singing and praying. Pier Giorgio, a polytechnic student, carried the tricolour flag of the Turin C. Balbo circle. The royal troops suddenly surrounded the enormous procession and assaulted it to snatch the flags. They wanted to prevent disorder. A witness recounted, "They beat with rifle butts, grab, break, tear our flags. I see Pier Giorgio struggling with two guards. We rush to his aid, and the flag, with its broken pole, remains in his hands. Forcibly imprisoned in a courtyard, the young Catholics are interrogated by the police. The witness recalls the dialogue conducted with the manners and courtesies used in such contingencies:

- And you, what's your name?
- Pier Giorgio Frassati, son of Alfredo.
- What does your father do?
- Italian Ambassador in Berlin.

Astonishment, change of tone, apologies, offer of immediate

freedom.

– I will leave when the others leave.

Meanwhile, the brutal spectacle continues. A priest is thrown, literally thrown into the courtyard with his cassock torn and a bleeding cheek... Together we knelt on the ground, in the courtyard, when that ragged priest raised his rosary and said, 'Boys, for us and for those who have beaten us, let us pray!'"

He loved the poor

Pier Giorgio loved the poor. He sought them out in the most distant quarters of the city. He climbed narrow, dark stairs; he entered attics where only misery and sorrow resided. Everything he had in his pockets was for others, just as everything he held in his heart. He even spent nights at the bedside of unknown sick people. One night when he didn't come home, his increasingly anxious father called the police station, the hospitals. At two o'clock, he heard the key turn in the door and Pier Giorgio entered. Dad exploded:

– Listen, you can be out during the day, at night, no one says anything to you. But when you're so late, warn us, call!

Pier Giorgio looked at him, and with his usual simplicity replied:

– Dad, where I was, there was no phone.

The Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul saw him as a diligent co-worker; the poor knew him as a comforter and helper. The miserable attics often welcomed him within their squalid walls like a ray of sunshine for their destitute inhabitants. Dominated by profound humility, he did not want what he did to be known by anyone.

Beautiful and holy Giorgetto

In the first days of July 1925, Pier Giorgio was struck down by a violent attack of poliomyelitis. He was 24 years old. On his deathbed, while a terrible illness ravaged his back, he still thought of his poor. On a note, with handwriting now almost indecipherable, he wrote for engineer Grimaldi, his friend. Here are Converso's injections, the policy is Sappa's.

I forgot it; you renew it.

Returning from Pier Giorgio's funeral, Fr. Cojazzi immediately wrote an article for the *Rivista dei Giovani*. "I will repeat the old phrase, but most sincerely: I didn't think I loved him so much. Beautiful and holy Giorgetto! Why do these words sing insistently in my heart? Because I heard them repeated; I heard them uttered for almost two days by his father, by his mother, by his sister, with a voice that always said and never repeated. And why do certain verses from a Deroulède ballad surface, "He will be spoken of for a long time, in golden palaces and in remote cottages! Because the hovels and attics, where he passed so many times as a comforting angel, will also speak of him." I knew him at ten years old and followed him through almost all of grammar school and part of high school... I followed him with increasing interest and affection until his present transfiguration... I will write his life. It is about collecting testimonies that present the figure of this young man in the fullness of his light, in spiritual and moral truth, in the luminous and contagious testimony of goodness and generosity."

The best-seller of Catholic publishing

Encouraged and urged also by the Archbishop of Turin, Monsignor Giuseppe Gamba, Fr. Cojazzi set to work with good cheer. Numerous and qualified testimonies arrived, were ordered and carefully vetted. Pier Giorgio's mother followed the work, gave suggestions, provided material. In March 1928, Pier Giorgio's life was published. Luigi Gedda writes, "It was a resounding success. In just nine months, 30,000 copies of the book were sold out. By 1932, 70,000 copies had already been distributed. Within 15 years, the book on Pier Giorgio reached 11 editions, and was perhaps the best-seller of Catholic publishing in that period." The figure illuminated by Fr. Cojazzi was a banner for Catholic Action during the difficult time of fascism. In 1942, 771 youth associations of Catholic Action, 178 aspiring sections, 21 university associations, 60 groups of secondary school students, 29

conferences of St. Vincent, 23 Gospel groups... had taken the name of Pier Giorgio Frassati. The book was translated into at least 19 languages. Fr. Cojazzi's book marked a turning point in the history of Italian youth. Pier Giorgio was the ideal pointed out without any reservation; one who was able to demonstrate that being a Christian to the core is not at all utopian or fantastic.

Pier Giorgio Frassati also marked a turning point in Fr. Cojazzi's history. That note written by Pier Giorgio on his deathbed revealed the world of the poor to him in a concrete, almost brutal way. Fr. Cojazzi himself writes, "On Good Friday of this year (1928) with two university students I visited the poor outside Porta Metronia for four hours. That visit gave me a very salutary lesson and humiliation. I had written and spoken a lot about the Conferences of St. Vincent... and yet I had never once gone to visit the poor. In those squalid shacks, tears often came to my eyes... The conclusion? Here it is clear and raw for me and for you; fewer beautiful words and more good deeds."

Living contact with the poor is not only an immediate implementation of the Gospel, but a school of life for young people. They are the best school for young people, to educate them and keep them serious about life. How can one who visits the poor and touches their material and moral wounds with their own hands waste their money, their time, their youth? How can they complain about their own labours and sorrows, when they have known, through direct experience, that others suffer more than them?

Not just existing, but living!

Pier Giorgio Frassati is a luminous example of youthful, contemporary holiness, 'framed' in our time. He testifies once again that faith in Jesus Christ is the religion of the strong and of the truly young, which alone can illuminate all truths with the light of the 'mystery' and which alone can give perfect joy. His existence is the perfect model of normal life within everyone's reach. He, like all followers of Jesus and

the Gospel, began with small things. He reached the most sublime heights by forcing himself to avoid the compromises of a mediocre and meaningless life and by using his natural stubbornness in his firm intentions. Everything in his life was a step for him to climb; even what should have been a stumbling block. Among his companions, he was the intrepid and exuberant animator of every undertaking, attracting so much sympathy and admiration around him. Nature had been generous to him: from a renowned family, rich, with a solid and practical intellect, a strong and robust physique, a complete education, he lacked nothing to make his way in life. But he did not intend to just exist, but to conquer his place in the sun, struggling. He was a man of strong character and a Christian soul.

His life had an inherent coherence that rested on the unity of spirit and existence, of faith and works. The source of this luminous personality lay in his profound inner life. Frassati prayed. His thirst for Grace made him love everything that fills and enriches the spirit. He approached Holy Communion every day, then remained at the foot of the altar for a long time, nothing being able to distract him. He prayed in the mountains and on the road. However, his was not an ostentatious faith, even if the signs of the cross made on public streets when passing churches were large and confident; even if the Rosary was said aloud, in a train carriage or in a hotel room. But it was rather a faith lived so intensely and genuinely that it burst forth from his generous and frank soul with a simplicity of attitude that convinced and moved. His spiritual formation was strengthened in nocturnal adorations, of which he was a fervent proponent and unfailing participant. He performed spiritual exercises more than once, drawing serenity and spiritual vigour from them.

Fr. Cojazzi's book closes with the phrase: "To have known him or to have heard of him means to love him, and to love him means to follow him." The wish is that the testimony of Pier Giorgio Frassati may be "salt and light" for everyone, especially for young people today.

Visiting Rome with Don Bosco. Chronicle of his first trip to Rome

The first time Don Bosco went to Rome was in 1858, from February 18 to April 16, accompanied by the twenty-one-year-old cleric Michele Rua. Four years earlier, the Church had celebrated an extraordinary six-month Jubilee, called on the occasion of the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception (December 8, 1854). Don Bosco seized the opportunity of this great spiritual feast to publish the volume "The Jubilee and Devotional Practices for Visiting Churches".

During what would be his first of twenty visits to the Eternal City, Don Bosco behaved like a true Jubilee pilgrim, fervently dedicating himself to the visits and devotions planned, even participating in the solemn Easter rites officiated by the Pope. It was an intense experience that he did not keep to himself but shared with his young people with the enthusiasm and educational passion that characterised him.

In giving a detailed description of his journey, the stages, and the sacred places, Don Bosco had a clear apostolic and educational intent: to make those who listened to or read him relive the same profound experience of faith, transmitting to them love for the Church and for the Christian tradition.

We now invite you, readers, to spiritually join Don Bosco, ideally retracing the paths of Christian Rome, to let yourselves be captivated by his zeal and enthusiasm and, together, renew your faith.

To Genoa by train

The departure for Rome was set for the 18th of February 1858. That night, almost a foot of snow fell on top of the two that already covered the ground. At half past eight, while it was still snowing, with the emotions of a father leaving his children, I said goodbye to the young people to begin my journey to Rome. Although we were somewhat in a hurry to arrive on time for the train, we lingered a bit longer to write up a will. I did not want to leave any pending matters at the Oratory in case Providence wanted to give us up to the fish of the Mediterranean [...] Then we hurried to the train station and, together with Fr. Mentasti [...], we left by train at ten in the morning.

An unpleasant incident occurred here: the carriages were almost full, so I had to leave Rua and Fr. Mentasti in one compartment and find a place in another [...]

The Jewish boy

I happened to be near a ten-year-old boy. Noticing his simple appearance and kind face, I started talking to him and [...] I realised he was Jewish. The father, who was sitting next to him, assured me that his son was in the fourth grade, but his education seemed to me to be second grade at the most. However, he was quick-witted. The father was pleased that I questioned him. Indeed, he invited me to have him talk about the Bible. So, I began to ask him about the creation of the world and man, about the Garden of Eden, about the fall of the ancestors. He answered quite well, but I was amazed when I realised that he had no idea of original sin and the promise of a Redeemer.

– *Isn't there the promise of God to Adam when He cast him out of Paradise in your Bible?*

– *No, you tell me, he replied.*

– *Right away. God said to the serpent: since you have deceived the woman, you will be cursed among all animals, and One, who will be born of a woman, will crush your head.*

– *Who is this One being spoken of?*

– *He is the Saviour who would free mankind from the slavery of*

the devil.

– When will he come?

– He has already come, and He is the One we call... Here the father interrupted us, saying:

– We do not study these things because they do not concern our law.

– You would do well to study them, because they are in the books of Moses and the prophets whom you believe.

– Alright, said the other, I will think about it. Now ask him something about arithmetic.

Seeing that he did not want me to talk to him about religion, we conversed about pleasant things, so that the father, the son, and even the other travellers began to enjoy themselves and laugh heartily. At the Asti station, the boy had to get off, but he couldn't bring himself to leave me. He had tears in his eyes, held my hand, and, moved, could only say to me:

– My name is Priest Leone of Moncalvo; remember me. When I come to Turin, I hope to be able to visit you. The father, to ease the emotion, said that he had searched for the **"History of Italy"** [written by me] in Turin. Not having found it, he asked me to send him a copy. I promised to send the one printed especially for the youth, then I also got off to look for my companions to see if there was room in their compartment. I found Rua, whose jaws were tired from yawning, as he had been very bored from Turin to Asti, not knowing with whom to strike up a conversation: his travel companions spoke only of dances, theatre, and other trivial matters [...]

Towards Genoa

We arrived at the Apennines. They rose before us, very high and steep. Since the train was travelling at high speed, we had the impression we were going to crash against the rocks, until suddenly it became dark in the train. We had entered the tunnels. These are "holes" that, passing under the mountains, save several tens of miles [...] Without tunnels, it would be impossible to cross them, and since there are many mountains, there are several tunnels. One of them is as long as the

distance between Turin and Moncalieri. Here the train remained in the dark for eight minutes: the time necessary to travel the stretch of the tunnel.

We were surprised to find that the snow decreased as we approached the Riviera of Genoa. However, what truly amazed us was when we saw the countryside without a trace of white, the greenish shores, the gardens full of colours, the blooming almond trees, and the peach trees with buds ready to open to the sun! Then, comparing Turin and Genoa, we said that in this season, Genoa is spring and Turin the harshest winter.

The two mountaineers

I forgot to mention two mountaineers who got into our compartment at the Busalla station. One was pale and sickly to the point of pity, while the other had a healthy and lively appearance, and although he was nearly seventy, he showed the vigour of a twenty-five-year-old. He wore short trousers and his gaiters were almost unbuttoned, so much so that he showed his bare legs up to the knee, whipped by the cold. He was in a shirt with just a sweater and a coarse cloth jacket thrown over his shoulders. After getting him to talk about various topics, I said to him:

– *Why don't you adjust these clothes to protect yourselves from the cold?* He replied:

– *You see, dear sir, we are mountaineers, and we are used to the wind, rain, snow, and ice. We hardly even notice the winter season. Our boys walk barefoot in the snow. In fact, they have fun without minding the cold.* From this, I understood that man lives by habits, and the body is capable of enduring either cold or heat depending on the circumstances, and those who want to shield themselves from every little discomfort, risk weakening their condition instead of strengthening it.

The Genoese stop

So, here is Genoa, here is the sea! Rua is restless to see it, stretching his neck. He notices a ship here, and there some

boats, further down the lantern which is a very tall lighthouse. In the meantime, we arrive at the station and get off the train. Abbot Montebruno's brother-in-law was waiting for us with some young people, and as soon as we got on the ground, they welcomed us joyfully. Carrying our luggage, they took us to the work of the *Artigianelli*, which is a house similar to our Oratory. The conversation was brief since we were all very hungry. It was half-past three in the afternoon, and I had only had a cup of coffee. At the table, it seemed that nothing could satisfy us, yet by force of swallowing, the sack filled up.

Right after, we visited the house: schools, dormitories, workshops. It seemed to me like the Oratory of ten years ago. There were twenty boarders, while another twenty, although eating and working here, slept elsewhere. What was their food? For lunch, a good plate of soup, then... nothing else. For dinner, a small loaf that was eaten standing up, then off to bed!

At the end, we went out for a walk in the city which, to be honest, was not very attractive, although it had magnificent palaces and large shops. The streets were narrow, winding, and steep. But the most annoying thing was a bothersome wind that, blowing almost without interruption, took away the pleasure of admiring anything, even what was most beautiful [...]

In short, our expectations in Genoa were not met. As if that were not enough, the headwinds prevented the docking of the ship on which we were to embark, so, much to our disappointment, we had to wait until the next day [...] In the morning, I said Mass in the church of the Dominican Fathers at the altar of **Blessed Sebastiano Maggi**, a friar who lived about three hundred years ago. His body is a continued miracle, as it remains whole, flexible, and with a colour that makes you think he died just a few days ago [...] Then we went to validate, that is, sign our passports. The papal consul welcomed us very courteously [...] He also tried to get us a discount on the boat, but it was not possible.

To Civitavecchia by sea. Boarding

At six-thirty in the evening, before heading to the steamboat called Aventino, we said goodbye to several clergy, who had come from the *Artigianelli* to wish us a good trip. Even the boys, attracted by the noble words, but above all by some extra courses at that day's lunch, had also become our friends and seemed to feel sorry to see us leave. Several of them accompanied us to the sea, then, nimbly jumping onto a small boat, wanted to escort us to the steamboat. The wind was very strong: unaccustomed to traveling by sea, with every movement of the boat, we feared capsizing and sinking, and our escorts laughed heartily. After twenty minutes, we finally arrived at the ship.

At first glance, it seemed to us like a palace surrounded by waves. We boarded, and after bringing our luggage to a rather spacious accommodation, we sat down to rest and think. Each of us felt particular sensations that we did not know how to express. Rua observed everything and everyone in silence. Then the first hitch occurred: having arrived at lunchtime, we did not go to eat right away. When we did request it, everything was finished. Rua had to have dinner with an apple, a small loaf, and a glass of Bordeaux wine, while I settled for a piece of bread and a bit of that excellent wine. It is worth noting that when traveling by ship, meals are included in the ticket, so whether you eat or not, you pay all the same.

Afterwards, we went up on deck to see what this "Aventino" was like. We learned that ships are named after the most famous places of the areas they head to. One is called Vatican, another Quirinal, another Aventino, like ours, to remember the famous seven hills of Rome. This ship of ours departs from Marseille, touches Genoa, Livorno, Civitavecchia, then continues to Naples, Messina, and Malta. On the way back, it repeats the same route back to Marseille. It is also called a *postal boat* because it carries letters, packages, etc. Regardless of whether the weather is good or bad, it departs

anyway.

Seasickness

They had assigned us a bunk, which is a kind of shelf where passengers lie down on a mattress in each compartment. At ten o'clock, the anchors were raised, and the boat, propelled by steam and favourable winds, began to speed towards Livorno. When we were at sea, I was overcome by seasickness that tormented me for two days. This discomfort consists of frequent vomiting, and when there is nothing left to expel, the vomiting becomes more violent, so much so that the person becomes so exhausted that they refuse any food. The only thing that can provide some relief is to lie down and, when the vomiting allows it, to stay with the body fully stretched out.

Livorno

The night of February 20 was bad. We were not in danger from the rough sea, but seasickness had prostrated me so much that I could not lie down or stand. I threw myself down from the bunk and went to see if Rua was dead or alive. However, he only suffered a bit of fatigue, nothing else. He immediately got up and made himself available to alleviate my discomfort during the crossing. When God willed, we arrived at the port of Livorno. By port, we mean a bay of the sea sheltered from the fury of the winds by natural barriers or man-made bastions. Here ships are safe from all danger. Here they unload their goods and load others for different destinations. Here they do their restocking. Passengers who wish can also go ashore for a stroll in the city as long as they return on time [...]

Although I wanted to go ashore to visit the city, say Mass, and greet some friends, I could not do so. In fact, I was forced to return to my bunk and stay there quietly, without food. A waiter named Charles looked at me with pity and every now and then came close to offer me his services. Seeing him so kind and courteous, I began to converse with him, and among other things, I asked him if he was not afraid of being

ridiculed for assisting a priest under the gaze of so many people.

– *No, he told me in French, as you see, no one is amazed, on the contrary, everyone looks at you kindly, showing a desire to help you. Moreover, my mother taught me to have great respect for priests to earn the blessing of the Lord.* Charles then went to call a doctor: every ship has its doctor and the main remedies for any need. The doctor came, and his pleasant manners lifted my spirits somewhat.

– *Do you understand French?* He asked me. I replied:

– I understand all the languages of the world, even those that are not written, even the language of the deaf-mutes. I joked to wake myself from the drowsiness that had taken hold of me. He understood and began to laugh.

– *Peut être, perhaps!* he said while examining me. In the end, he announced that the seasickness had been associated by a fever and that a cup of tea would do me good. I thanked him and asked for his name.

– *My name, he said, is Jobert from Marseille, doctor of medicine and surgery.* Charles, attentive to the doctor's orders, quickly prepared a cup of tea for me, then shortly after another, then another again. And it did me good, so much so that I managed to fall asleep.

At five o'clock [in the afternoon], the boat raised its anchor. When we were back at sea, I had even more violent bouts of nausea, remaining agitated for about four hours, then given my exhaustion – I had nothing left in my stomach – and assisted by the rolling of the ship, I fell asleep and rested peacefully until we arrived in Civitavecchia.

Paying, paying, paying

The night's rest restored my strength. Although exhausted from the long fast, I got up and prepared my luggage. We were about to disembark when we were informed of a debt we did not know we had incurred. Coffee was not included with the meals but had to be paid separately, and we, who had taken four cups, paid an extra two francs, that is, fifty cents per cup.

Once our passports had been stamped, the captain handed us the disembarkation permit. This is when the theory of tips kicked in: one franc each for the boatmen, half a franc for the luggage (which we carried), half a franc for customs, half a franc for whoever invited us into a carriage, half for the porter who arranged the luggage, two francs for the visa on the passport, one and a half francs for the papal consul. As soon as we opened our mouths, we had to pay. With the addition that, since the name and value of the coins varied, we had to trust those who exchanged them for us [...] At customs, they respected a package addressed to Cardinal Antonelli with the papal seal, in which we had placed the most important things [...]

After the procedures were completed, I went to the barber to shave off a ten-day beard. Everything went well, but in the shop, I could not take my eyes off two horns on a small table. They were about a meter long and adorned with shiny rings and ribbons. I thought they were destined for some special use, but they told me they were from a heifer, which we call ox, placed there only for decoration [...]

Towards Rome by carriage

Meanwhile, Don Mentasti was in a fury because he did not see us arrive, while the carriage was already waiting for us. We started to run to arrive on time. Once in the carriage, we set off for Rome. The distance to cover was 47 Italian miles, which corresponds to 36 Piedmontese miles, and the road was very beautiful. We had taken a seat in the coupe from where we could contemplate the green meadows and flowering hedges. A curiosity amused us quite a bit. We noticed that everything was in threes: the horses of our carriage were harnessed in threes. We encountered patrols of soldiers going in threes. Even some farmers walked in threes, as did some cows and donkeys grazing in threes. We laughed at these strange coincidences [...]

A pause for the horses

At Palo, the coachman granted the travellers an hour of freedom to have the time to refresh the horses. We used it to run to the nearby inn to satisfy our hunger. The affairs had almost made us forget to eat. Since noon on Friday, I had only had a cup of coffee with milk. We gathered around the sandwiches and ate, or rather, devoured everything. Upon seeing the waiter all exhausted and pale, I asked him what was wrong.

– *I have a fever that has been afflicting me for many months*, he replied. I then played the good doctor:

– *Leave it to me, I will prescribe a remedy that will chase the fever away forever. Just have faith in God and Saint Louis*. Taking a piece of paper with a pencil, I wrote my prescription, recommending him to take it to a pharmacist. He was beside himself with joy, and not knowing how to better show his gratitude, he kept kissing my hand, and he also wanted to kiss Rua's, who, out of modesty, did not allow him to.

The encounter with a papal police officer was also pleasant. He thought he knew me, and I believed I knew him, so we both greeted each other with great joy. When we realised the misunderstanding, the friendship and expressions of goodwill and respect continued. To please him, I had to allow him to pay for a cup of coffee, and I offered him a small glass of rum. Then, having asked me to leave him some memento, I gave him the medal of Saint Louis Gonzaga. The name of that good officer was Pedrocchi.

In the city of the popes

Back again in the carriage and moving faster due to desire rather than from the horses' legs, every moment it seemed to us that we were in Rome. As night fell, every time we spotted a bush or a plant in the distance, Rua would immediately exclaim:

– *There is the dome of St. Peter's*. However, to arrive we had to travel until ten-thirty in the evening, and being the

middle of the night, we could no longer see any details. However, we got a certain thrill at the thought that we were entering the holy city. [...] Finally arriving at the stopping point, not having any knowledge of the place, we sought a guide, who for twelve *baiocchi*, accompanied us to De Maistre's house, on Via del Quirinale 49, at the Four Fountains. It was already eleven o'clock. We were kindly welcomed by the Count and Countess. The others were already in bed. After taking a bit of refreshment, we said goodnight and went to sleep.

Saint Carlino

The part of the Quirinal where we lived is called [Four Fountains](#) because four perennial fountains spring from four corners of four districts that meet here. In front of the house where we had taken residence there was the church of the Carmelites. Being all Spaniards, they belonged to the order called the *Redemption of Captives*. The church was built in 1640 and dedicated to [St. Carlino](#), but to distinguish it from others dedicated to the same saint, it was called St. Charles. Going to the sacristy, we showed the *Celebret* (the document to celebrate, *editor's note*) and thus we were able to say mass. [...] We spent the day almost entirely organising our papers, running errands, delivering letters [...]

The Pantheon

Taking advantage of an hour that remained before nightfall, we went to the [Pantheon](#), which is one of the oldest and most famous monuments in Rome. It was commissioned by Marcus Agrippa, the son-in-law of Caesar Augustus, twenty-five years before the common era (from the birth of Christ, *editor's note*). It is believed that this building was called Pantheon, which means *all the gods*, because it was in fact dedicated to all the deities. The façade is truly superb. Eight large columns support an elegant cornice. Just after it, there is a portico formed by sixteen columns made from a single block of granite, then the pronaos, or entrance, consisting of four fluted pillars, within which are niches that were once

occupied by the statues of Augustus and Agrippa. Inside, there is a high dome with an opening in the centre, through which light enters, but also wind, rain, and snow when it falls in this area. Here, the most precious marble serve as flooring or as decoration all around. The diameter is one hundred thirty-three feet, corresponding to eighteen *trabucchi* (approximately 55 metres). This temple served the worship of the gods until 608 AD, when Pope Boniface IV, so as to prevent the disorder that occurred during sacrifices, dedicated it to the worship of the true God, that is, to all the saints.

This church was subject to many events. When Boniface IV obtained this place from Emperor Phocas and dedicated it to the worship of God and the Madonna, he had twenty-eight carts of relics transported from various cemeteries, which he placed under the main altar. From then on, it began to be called *Santa Maria ad Martyres*. Among the things we greatly appreciated there was the visit to the tomb of the great Raphael [...] Now this church is also called the *Rotunda*, from the shape of its construction. In front, there is a square whose centre is occupied by a large marble fountain, topped by four dolphins from which water continuously springs.

Saint Peter in Chains

On February 23rd [...] we were very pleased with the visit to [St. Peter in Chains](#), a church south of Rome on the city's border. It was a memorable day because it coincided with one of the rare occasions when the [chains of St. Peter](#) were displayed, the keys of which are kept by the Holy Father himself.

Tradition holds that it was St. Peter himself who erected the first church here, dedicating it to the Saviour. Destroyed in the fire of Nero, it was rebuilt by St. Leo the Great in 442 and dedicated to the first Pope. It was called St. Peter in Chains because that is where the Pope placed the chain with which the Prince of the Apostles had been chained in Jerusalem

by order of Herod. The Patriarch Juvenal had given it to the Empress Aelia Eudocia, who in turn sent it to Rome to her daughter Eudoxia, wife of Valentinian III. In Rome, the chain to which St. Peter was chained in the Mamertine prison was also kept. When St. Leo wanted to compare this chain with that of Jerusalem, the two chains miraculously joined together, so that today they form one single chain, which is kept in a special altar beside the sacristy. We had the consolation of touching those chains with our hands, kissing them, putting them around our necks, and bringing them to our foreheads. We also carefully checked to see if we could discern the point of union of the two, but it was not possible. We could only ascertain that the chain of Rome is smaller than that of Jerusalem.

At St. Peter in Chains there is the magnificent **tomb of Julius II** [...] It is one of the masterpieces of the famous Michelangelo Buonarroti, who is considered one of the greatest artists of marble, especially for the [statue of Moses](#) placed near the urn. The patriarch is depicted with the tablets of the law held under his right arm, in the act of speaking to the people whom he looks at fiercely, because they had rebelled. The church has three naves, separated by twenty columns of Parian marble, and two of well-preserved granite.

St. Louis of the French

Around nine o'clock we went to [Santa Maria sopra Minerva](#), where we were received in a private audience by Cardinal Gaude for about an hour and a half. He spoke to us in the Piedmontese dialect, showing interest in our oratories [...] After noon we went to visit Marquis Giovanni Patrizi [...] In front of his palace is the [church of St. Louis of the French](#), which gives its name to the square and the nearby district. It is a well-kept church enriched with many precious marble objects. Its uniqueness lies in the tombs of illustrious Frenchmen who died in Rome. In fact, the floor and the walls are covered with epitaphs and plaques. [...]

St. Mary Major at the Esquiline Hill

From the Quirinal, a road leads to the Esquiline Hill, named for the many elms that once covered it. At the highest point stands [St. Mary Major](#), whose origin is narrated by all sacred historians. A certain Giovanni, a Roman patrician, having no children, wished to use his wealth for some work of piety [...] On the night of August 4, 352, the Madonna appeared to him in a dream and commanded him to raise a temple in the place where he would find fresh snow the next morning. The same vision was experienced by the Pope at that time, Liberius. The following day, word spread that abundant snow had fallen on the Esquiline Hill, so Liberius and Giovanni went there, and upon confirming the miracle, they set to work to carry out the command received in the vision. The Pope marked out the layout of the new temple, which was soon completed with Giovanni's funds. A few years later, Liberius was able to proceed with its consecration [...]

A vast square spreads out in front of the church, at the centre of which stands the ancient white marble column taken from the Temple of Peace. In 1614 Pope Paul V provided it with a base and a capital, on which he placed [the statue of the Madonna with Child](#). The architecture of the facade is majestic and is supported by large marble columns that form a spacious vestibule. At the back of it is the statue of Philip IV, King of Spain, who made many donations in favour of this church and wished to be inscribed among the canons. The floor is made of precious mosaic worked with various types of marble, all of incalculable value.

The chapel to the right of the main altar houses the **tomb of St. Jerome**, the [cradle of the Saviour](#), and the **altar of Pope Liberius**. The papal altar is covered with precious porphyry marble and supported by four gilded bronze putti. Below it opens the **Confession**, which is a chapel dedicated to St. Matthias. We went to visit it on the day of the Lenten station, so we were fortunate to find the **head of St.**

Matthias displayed above a rich altar. We observed it closely and noticed the skin attached to the head, in fact there is still some hair still attached to the venerated skull.

The Virgin and the Plague

In the chapel to the left of the altar it is possible to observe [a painting of the Virgin attributed to Saint Luke](#), highly venerated by the people. The image was highly esteemed by the popes. Saint Gregory the Great brought it in procession to the Vatican during the terrible plague of 590. It was April 25. When the procession reached the vicinity of Hadrian's mole, an angel was seen sheathing his sword, thus indicating the end of the plague. In memory of this miracle, Hadrian's mole was named [Castel Sant'Angelo](#), and since then the procession has been repeated every year on the feast day of Saint Mark the Evangelist. In Saint Mary Major everything is majestic and grand, however speaking or writing about it are not enough to describe it truthfully. Those who see it with their own eyes gaze in wonder in every corner.

Today, here in Rome every Ash Wednesday fasting is observed, which means that not only meat is prohibited, but also any soup or dish made with eggs, butter, or milk. Oil, water, and salt are the condiments used on these Wednesdays. The practice is strictly observed by all classes of people, so much so that in the markets and shops, one cannot find meat, eggs, or butter on that day.

The Legend of Saint Galgano

In the evening, Mrs. De Maistre told us a story worth remembering. She said:

Last year, the general vicar of Siena came to visit us. Among the many things he was accustomed to telling us, he narrated the story of Saint Galgano, the soldier. This saint died centuries ago, and his head remains intact. However, the greatest wonder is that every year his hair is cut, and it imperceptibly grows back to the same length the following year. A Protestant, after hearing this miracle, began to

laugh, saying: let me seal the urn where the head is kept, and if the hair grows back, I will recognise the miracle and become Catholic. The matter was reported to the bishop, who replied: I will place the episcopal seals for the authenticity of the relic, and he can place his own to ensure this fact. So this was done. But that gentleman, impatient to see if the miracle began to take place, after a few months asked to open the urn. Imagine his astonishment when he saw that Saint Galgano's hair had already grown as it would have if he were alive! Then it is true! He exclaimed. I will become Catholic. Indeed, the following year on the feast day of the Saint, he and his family renounced Lutheranism and embraced the Catholic religion, which he now professes exemplarily.

St. Pudenziana at the Viminal Hill

From the Four Fountains, one ascends to the Viminal Hill, named so for the many reeds, that is, the rushes, that once covered it. At the foot of this hill, in the house of Pudens, a Roman senator, Saint Peter stayed when he came to Rome. The holy apostle converted his host to the faith and transformed his house into a church. Around 160, Saint Pius I, at the request of the virgins *Pudenziana* and *Prassede*, daughters of the senator Pudens' nephew, consecrated this church, which [...] was later dedicated to Saint Pudenziana because she had lived and died there. Many popes took part in restructuring this place, which contains precious Christian testimonies. The [well of Saint Pudenziana](#) deserves special attention. It is believed that she buried the bodies of the martyrs in it. At the bottom, one can notice a large number of relics. History has it that it contains the relics of three thousand martyrs.

Next to the main altar, there is an oblong chapel whose altar features a marble group of Jesus handing the keys to Saint Peter. It is believed that this altar is the same one on which Saint Peter celebrated Mass, and on which I myself was able to celebrate with great consolation. Various pieces of sponge are preserved there, the same ones that Pudenziana used to collect

the blood from the wounds of the martyrs, or from the earth that was soaked with it.

Continuing towards the left, one arrives at **a chapel where the testimony of a great miracle is preserved**. While celebrating Mass, a priest fell into doubt about the possibility of the true presence of Jesus in the holy host. After the consecration, the host slipped from his hands and fell to the floor, bouncing first on one step and then on another. Where it first struck the marble, it remained almost perforated, while even on the second step, a very deep cavity in the shape of a host was formed. These two marble steps are preserved in that same place, guarded by special gates.

Saint Prassede

From *Saint Pudenziana*, ascending towards the *Esquiline Hill*, not far from Saint Mary Major, there is the [Church of Saint Prassede](#). Around the year 162 AD, on the site where the baths of Novatus were, Saint Pius I erected a church in honour of this virgin, the sister of Novatus, Pudenziana, and Theophilus. The place served as a refuge for early Christians during times of persecution. The Saint, who worked to provide what was needed for the persecuted Christians, also took care to collect the bodies of the martyrs, which she then buried, pouring their blood into the well that stands in the middle of the church. It is richly adorned with precious marble and objects, as are almost all the churches in Rome.

There is also the **chapel of the martyrs Zenon and Valentine**, whose bodies, transported by Saint Paschal I in the year 899, rest beneath the altar. Here, there is also a column of jasper, about three palms high, which a cardinal named Colonna had transported from the Holy Land in the year 1223. It is believed to be the one to which the Saviour was tied during the flagellation.

The Caelian Hill

From the Esquiline Hill looking west, you can see the Caelian

Hill. In ancient times, it was called *Querquetulanus* due to the oaks that covered it. Later, it was named Celio after Cele Vilenna, a captain of the Etruscans, who came to aid Rome, and whom Tarquinius Priscus had housed on that hill. The first thing that stands out *is the largest obelisk known to man*. Ramses, the Pharaoh of Egypt, had it erected in Thebes, dedicating it to the sun. Constantine the Great had it transported across the Nile to Alexandria, but, when struck by death, it fell to his son Constantius to bring it to Rome. A vessel with three hundred oars was used for the journey, and it was brought to the city via the Tiber and placed in a location called the Circus Maximus. Here it fell, breaking into three parts. Pope Sixtus V had it restored and raised in the Lateran square in the year 1588. The obelisk reaches a height of 153 Roman feet. It is entirely adorned with hieroglyphics and topped with a tall cross.

To the right of the square is the Baptistery of Constantine with the [Church of St. John in Font](#). It is said to have been built by Constantine on the occasion of the Baptism he received from Pope St. Sylvester in the year 324. From the two attached chapels, one dedicated to St. John the Baptist and the other to St. John the Evangelist, it took the name of the church of St. John in Font. The baptistery, which is a large basin lined with precious marble, is in the middle. The small chapel dedicated to St. John the Baptist is believed to be a chamber of Constantine's, converted into an oratory and dedicated to the holy Precursor by Pope St. Hilarius.

St. John Lateran

Exiting the baptistery and crossing the vast square, one encounters the [Basilica of St. John Lateran](#). This famous building is the first principal church of the Catholic world. On the façade is written: *Ecclesiarum Urbis et Orbis Mater et Caput* (*mother and head of all the churches of Rome and the world*). It is the seat of the Supreme Pontiff as Bishop of Rome. After his coronation, he solemnly takes possession of

it. It was also called the *Constantinian Basilica* because it was founded by Constantine the Great. It was later called the *Lateran Basilica* because it was erected where the palace of a certain Plautius Lateranus stood, who was killed by Nero. It was also called the *Basilica of the Saviour*, following an apparition of the Saviour that occurred during its construction. It is still called the *Golden Basilica* for the precious gifts with which it has been enriched, and *Basilica of St. John* because it is dedicated to Saints John the Baptist and Evangelist.

It was Constantine the Great who had it built near his palace around the year 324. Later expanded with new structures, it was relinquished to the Holy Pontiff. Here the Popes lived until the time of Gregory XI. When he brought the Holy See back from Avignon to Rome, he moved his residence to the Vatican.

In the year 1308, a terrible fire broke out that destroyed it, but Clement V, who was then in Avignon, immediately sent his agents with large sums of money, and it was quickly rebuilt. The portico is supported by twenty-four large pillars. At the back is the statue of Constantine found in his baths at the Quirinal. The large bronze door is of extraordinary height. It was taken from the church of *St. Adrian in the Campo Vaccino* and transported here. It constitutes a rare example of ancient doors called *Quadrifores*, meaning constructed so that they could open in four parts, one at a time without any of them endangering the stability of the other. On the right, there is a bricked-up door that is opened only in the year of the jubilee and is therefore called the **Holy Door**.

The interior has five naves. The length, height, exquisiteness of the floors, sculptures and paintings are enchanting to see. It would require large volumes to speak of them worthily. **The most significant relics of this church are the heads of the two princes of the Apostles, Peter and Paul.** They are kept under the main altar and encased in another golden encasing.

There is also a **significant relic of St. Pancras the martyr**, and a **table** is kept there that is thought to be the same one on which Jesus celebrated the Last Supper with his Apostles.

Exiting the church through the main door and crossing the square, one finds the [Holy Stairs](#), a building that Pope Sixtus V had erected to house the staircase, which was previously in pieces in the old papal palace of the Lateran. It consists of twenty-eight steps of white marble from the praetorium of Pilate in Jerusalem that Jesus ascended and descended several times during His Passion. St. Helena, mother of Constantine, sent them to Rome along with many other things sanctified by the blood of Jesus Christ. This famous staircase is held in great reverence and therefore it is ascended on one's knees, while descending via one of the four side stairs. These steps have been worn down by the great influx of Christians who have ascended them, so they have been covered with wooden planks. Sixtus V himself also had the famous private chapel of the popes placed at the top of the stairs, which is full of the most significant relics, and is therefore called the **Sancta Sanctorum**.

Vatican City. The construction

The [Vatican hill](#) contains the most excellent pieces in the arts, and most memorable objects in religion. Therefore, we will provide a somewhat more detailed account. It was called Vatican from *Vagitanus*, a deity thought to oversee the *cries* of infants. In fact, the first syllable *Uà* (*waah*, *editor's note*) of which the word is composed is also the first cry of children. The hill became renowned when Caligula built the circus that was later named after Nero. Caligula built the Vatican bridge, also called the Triumphal, to cross from the left to the right bank of the Tiber, which no longer exists. Nero's circus began where the church of *St. Martha* is today and extended to the steps of the ancient Vatican basilica. In this circus, [the body of the Prince of the Apostles](#) was buried [...]

The bones of other popes were also buried there including Linus, Cletus, Anacletus, Evaristus, and others. The *Memory of St. Peter*, that is, the small temple built over his tomb, lasted until the time of Constantine, who, at the request of St. Sylvester, around 319, began the construction of a church in honour of the Apostle. It was erected right around that small temple, using material taken from public buildings. The construction was called the *Constantinian Basilica*, and at that time it was considered among the most famous in Christendom. In the middle of that church, shaped like a Latin cross, there was the altar dedicated to St. Peter, under which his body was buried, protected by gates. That space has been called the **Confession of St. Peter** since then. Once the temple was completed and endowed with rich furnishings, Pope Sylvester consecrated it on November 18, 324 [...] The popes that followed adorned and expanded it. For eleven centuries, it was the object of devotion and admiration of Christians who travelled to Rome.

In the 15th century, it began to fall into ruin, so Nicholas V thought to renew it, but he only had the merit of starting the work, as his death caused everything to be suspended. Julius II resumed the construction, changing its name from **Constantinian Basilica to St. Peter's in the Vatican**, and laid the first stone on April 18, 1506. The architects were Bramante, later Fra Giocondo Domenico and Raphael Sanzio. After them, the most famous architects and the most sublime minds of the time worked on it.

The great square

[...] In front of the Basilica a vast square, whose length exceeds half a kilometre, opens up. It is formed by 284 columns and 64 pillars that, arranged in a semicircle on both sides in four rows, form three paths of which the widest, the central one, can allow the passage of two carriages. Above the colonnade there are 96 statues of saints, in marble, about 10 feet tall. In the centre, instead, stands an Egyptian obelisk.

It is made from a single piece and is the only one that remains intact. It measures 126 feet in height, including the cross and the pedestal. It has no hieroglyphics. Nuncoreus, King of Egypt, had it erected in Heliopolis, from where it was taken and transported to Rome by Caligula in the 3rd year of his reign. It was placed in the circus built at the foot of the Vatican hill, as evidenced by the inscriptions that can be read there. This circus was called *Nero's* because he frequented it often. Here that cruel emperor slaughtered Christians, accusing them of being the authors of the fire of Rome that he himself had started.

In 1818, a sundial was built in the square. The twelve signs of the zodiac were drawn on the ground. The obelisk served as a gnomon (staff), and with its shadow indicated the stations of the sun. All around, the names of the winds were written in the direction in which each of them blows. On the sides, two identical fountains perpetually spout water from a group of jets that rise even up to sixty feet. The Queen of Scotland, welcomed pompously in this place, looked in wonder at the two fountains thinking they had been made especially for her reception. No, said a gentleman who was beside her, these jets are perennial.

A visit to St. Peter's

Walking towards the facade of the Basilica, one arrives at a magnificent staircase flanked by two statues, one of St. Peter and the other of St. Paul, placed there by the reigning Pius IX. Having climbed the stairs, one stands before the facade which has this inscription: *In honour of the Prince of the Apostles Paul V Supreme Pontiff in the year 1612, the 7th of his pontificate.* Above the portico extends the great **Loggia of Blessings**. The facade is majestic and imposing. The portico is entirely adorned with marble, mosaic paintings, and other elegant works. At the back of the vestibule on the right, one can observe the beautiful equestrian statue of Constantine in the act of gazing at the miraculous cross that appeared to him

in the sky before the final battle with Maxentius.

From the portico, one enters the Basilica through four doors, of which the last on the right is opened only for the Holy Year. The main door is made of bronze, very tall, and it takes many strong arms to open it. The interior presents five naves in addition to the transept that ends with the apse. Curiosity and surprise led us to the middle of the main nave. Here we stopped to admire and reflect without saying a word. It seemed to us to see the celestial Jerusalem. The length of the Basilica is 837 palms; its width is 607. It is the largest temple in all of Christendom. After St. Peter's, the largest is that of St. Paul in London. If we add the Church of St. Paul to that of our Oratory, it forms the exact length of St. Peter.

After being still for some time, we sought the basin of holy water. We spotted two putti, very small at first glance, holding a kind of shell in the first pillar of the Basilica. We were amazed that such a vast church had such a small holy water font. But the amazement turned into surprise when we saw the putti growing larger as we approached. The shell became a vase of about six feet in circumference, and the putti on the sides showed us their hands with fingers as large as our arms. This demonstrates that the proportions of this marvellous building are so well-regulated as to make its vastness less perceptible, which, however, becomes more noticeable when examining each detail. Around the pillars of the main nave, one can see statues of the founders of religious orders carved in marble.

In the last pillar on the right is the bronze statue of St. Peter, held in great reverence. It was cast by St. Leo the Great from the bronze of that of Jupiter Capitolinus. It recalls the peace that that Pontiff obtained from Attila, who was raging against Italy. The right foot, which protrudes from the pedestal, is worn down by the lips of the faithful who never pass by without kissing it with respect. While we were

admiring the statue, the Austrian ambassador in Rome passed by, bowed before the Prince of the Apostles, and kissed his foot.

Naves and chapels

Now let's say something about the minor naves and the chapels found there. In the right one, the first chapel encountered is the Chapel of the **Pietà**. In addition to magnificent mosaics and the statues that adorn it, one admires above the altar the celebrated group sculpted by Michelangelo Buonarroti in white marble when he was only twenty-four years old. It is perhaps the most beautiful sculpture in the world. The same Buonarroti was so pleased with it that he signed it on the belt of Mary's chest.

To the left of the Chapel of the Pietà is the inner chapel dedicated to the **Crucifix** and **St. Nicholas**. From here, one enters the so-called **Chapel of the Holy Column**, where one of the twisted columns that once stood in front of the altar of the **Confession of St. Peter** is preserved, protected by an iron gate. This is the column to which Jesus Christ leaned when he preached in the temple of Solomon. One is marvelled to note that the part touched by the sacred shoulders of the Saviour is never covered in dust, and therefore does not need to be dusted like the rest.

After the Chapel of the Pietà, one encounters the tomb monument of *Leo XII*, erected by Gregory XVI. The Pope is depicted as he blesses the people from the Loggia above the porch. Around him are the heads of the cardinals assisting at the ceremony. Opposite this tomb is the cenotaph of *Christina Alexandra*, Queen of Sweden, who died in Rome on April 19, 1689. This woman, a Protestant, convinced of the little substance of her religion, had herself instructed in Catholicism and made a solemn abjuration in *Innsbruck* on November 3, 1655. Various bas-reliefs adorning the tomb represent the event.

Next is the **Chapel of St. Sebastian**, also rich in paintings and marble. Exiting to the right, one finds the burial point of *Innocent XII* of the Pignatelli family from Naples. Opposite is the tomb of the famous Countess *Matilda*, a distinguished benefactor of the Church and supporter of papal authority. Urban VIII had her ashes transferred here from the monastery of St. Benedict in Mantua. She was the first of the illustrious women who earned a tomb in the Vatican Basilica. The countess is depicted standing. The tomb is adorned with a bas-relief depicting the absolution granted by Gregory VII to Henry IV, Emperor of Germany, at the request of Matilda and other figures, on January 25, 1077, in the fortress of Canossa.

This brings us to the Chapel of the Sacrament, rich in marble and mosaics. Next to the altar, there is a staircase that leads to the papal palace. This altar is dedicated to St. *Maurice* and his fellow martyrs, the principal patrons of Piedmont. The two twisted columns made from a single piece that adorn the altar are two of the twelve believed to have been brought to Rome from the ancient temple of Solomon. On the floor in front of the altar, the bronze tomb of *Sixtus IV* Della Rovere can be admired. It was executed by order of his nephew Julius II and represents the virtues and knowledge of the deceased. It contains the ashes of the two popes.

When exiting the chapel, to the right is the tomb of *Gregory XIII* Buoncompagni. It is adorned with two statues: *Religion* and *Fortitude*, while in the centre a large bas-relief represents the reform of the calendar, hence called Gregorian. Here are depicted a number of illustrious figures who played a part in that work, all in the act of venerating the Pope. Opposite, within a stucco urn, rest the bones of *Gregory XIV* of the Sfrondato family. This is where the minor nave ends, and one enters the Greek cross according to Buonarroti's design.

Exiting the nave, to the right is the **Gregorian Chapel**. Above

the altar an ancient image of the Madonna from the time of Paschal II is venerated. Below rests the **body of St. Gregory Nazianzen**, transferred by order of Gregory XIII from the church of the nuns of Campo Marzio. Continuing along, one arrives at the tomb monument of *Benedict XIV* Lambertini, erected by the cardinals he created. On either side of the tomb rise two magnificent statues representing *Disinterest* and *Wisdom*, the two most luminous virtues of this pope. The statue of the Pontiff, standing, blesses the people with a majestic gesture. This work is so well executed that merely gazing at the Pope makes one recognise the greatness and elevation of his spirit. Opposite, one recognises the altar of *St. Basil the Great*, with a precious mosaic above it depicting Emperor Valens, who fainted in the presence of the Saint, while watching him celebrate Mass.

Then one reaches the tribune. The first altar on the right is dedicated to *St. Wenceslaus the Martyr*, King of Bohemia. The middle one is consecrated to *Saints Processus* and *Martinian*, guards of the Mamertine prison, converted to the faith by St. Peter when the Apostle was imprisoned there. The structure takes its name from these saints, and their bodies rest beneath the altar. Three precious bas-reliefs represent St. Peter in prison being freed by the Angel (the middle one), St. Paul preaching in the Areopagus (the one on the right), and the third depicts Saints Paul and Barnabas being mistaken for gods by the inhabitants of Lystra.

Next is the tomb of *Clement XIII* Rezzonico, a sculpture by Antonio Canova. It is a masterpiece. The painting of the altar facing the monument depicts St. Peter in danger of drowning, supported by the Redeemer. Further on is the altar of *St. Michael*, then that of *St. Petronilla*, daughter of St. Peter. This saint is represented in a mosaic that narrates the exhumation of her corpse to show it to Flaccus, a noble Roman, who had asked for her hand in marriage. In the upper part, her soul is depicted praying to die a virgin and her being

welcomed by Jesus Christ. Further on, one sees the sarcophagus of *Clement X*, Altieri: the bas-relief represents the opening of the holy door for the Jubilee of 1675. Above the altar is the painting of St. Peter, who at the prayers of a crowd of beggars, raises the widow Tabitha from the dead.

Crossing over two steps of porphyry that were part of the main altar of the ancient basilica, one ascends to the **Altar of the Chair**. A stunning group of four metal statues supports the papal seat. The two in front represent two Latin Fathers, Ambrose and Augustine. The two behind represent the Greek Fathers, Athanasius and John Chrysostom. The weight of these groups amounts to 219,161 pounds of metal. The bronze chair covers, as a precious relic, the wooden one inlaid with various ivory bas-reliefs. This chair belonged to the senator Pudens, who served the Apostle Peter and many other popes after him.

Above the *Altar of the Chair*, as a backdrop, the *Holy Spirit* is depicted on canvas in the middle of coloured and radiant glass, so that to the viewer, it seems there is a shining golden star. Instead, below, to the viewer's left is the magnificent tomb of *Paul III* Farnese, a highly valued monument for its sculptures. The statue of the Pope seated on the urn is made of bronze, while the other two statues, made of marble, represent *Prudence* and *Justice*. Opposite is the tomb of Pope Urban VIII, whose statue is made of bronze. *Justice* and *Charity* are on either side of him, sculpted in white marble. On the urn, one can see the image of death in the act of writing the Pope's name in a book. Here we interrupted the visit. We were tired. The visit had lasted from eleven in the morning until five in the afternoon.

Rome. St. Mary of Victory

Towards noon looking from the Quirinal, one sees the road of [Porta Pia](#), so named after Pope Pius IV, who carried out several works to beautify it. Along this road, near the fountain of *Acqua Felice*, the [Church of St. Mary of](#)

[Victory](#) rises to the left, built by Paul V in 1605, and named so for a miraculous image of the Madonna brought there by Father Domenico of the Discalced Carmelites. To this image, or rather to the protection of Mary, Maximilian, Duke of Bavaria, owed the great victory achieved in a few days against the Protestants, who with a very large army had turned the Kingdom of Austria upside down. The miraculous image is preserved on the main altar. Banners taken from the enemies hang from the cornices: a glorious monument to the protection of Mary.

In memory of the liberation of Vienna, the feast of the *Name of Mary* was established and is celebrated by all of Christendom on the Sunday within the octave of the birth of Mary. This event occurred on September 12, 1683, during the pontificate of Innocent XI. In this same church, a special solemnity is celebrated on the second Sunday of November in remembrance of the famous victory achieved by Christians against the Turks at *Lepanto* on October 7, 1571, under Pius V. Some banners taken from the Turks are also hung as trophies on the cornice of this church.

In front of St. Mary of Victory is the [Termini fountain](#), called the Fountain of *Moses*, because in a recess there is a statue of Moses who, with a staff in hand, makes water spring from the stone. It is also called *Acqua Felice* after Fra Felice, which was the name of Sixtus V when he was in the convent.

[The Tiber Island](#)

In the afternoon, we decided to go with Count De Maistre to visit the great work of *St. Michael* across the Tiber. We therefore had to cross the river at the height of a small island called the Tiber Island or also Lycaonia, from a temple dedicated to Jupiter Lycaonio. This island originated as follows. When Tarquin was expelled from Rome, the Tiber was almost devoid of water, leaving some sandbanks exposed. The Romans, driven by hatred against this king, went into his fields, cut down the grain and spelt that were almost ripe,

and threw everything into the Tiber. The straw came to rest on that sand, and as the muddy sand that the water carried flowed, it became consolidated to the point of being cultivable and habitable. On this island, the pagans erected a temple in honour of Asclepius, but in 973, the **body of St. Bartholomew** was transferred there, resting in the urn beneath the main altar.

Crossing the Tiber and continuing towards St. Michael, on the right you come upon the [Church of St. Cecilia](#), built on the site where her house once stood. Urban I consecrated it around the middle of the third century, and Saint Gregory the Great enriched it with many precious objects. Entering on the right is the chapel where Saint Cecilia's bath was, in which it is said she received the mortal blow. The main altar, protected by an iron gate, houses the **body of the saint**. Above the urn is a touching marble sculpture representing her lying down and dressed as she was found in the tomb.

Having arrived at the *St. Michael Hospice*, we had an audience with Cardinal Tosti, who narrated various episodes that happened to him during the republic. He too was forced to live away from the hospice for a while to avoid becoming a victim of some attack. Among the various items stolen in that sad circumstance from this pious cardinal were three very precious snuff boxes, especially for their antiquity and origin. Taken to the members of the triumvirate, Mazzini thought to keep one for himself and give the other two to his companions. But they did not dare to take them. Mazzini sorted everything out and graciously put all three in his pocket!

The Capitol

Along the way back, halfway along rises the highest hill in Rome, the [Capitol](#), named so from *caput Toli*, the head of Tolo, which was discovered while Tarquin the Proud was levelling the top to build a fortress. We climbed a long staircase at the top of which stand two colossal statues representing Castor and Pollux. The flat area that forms the square was anciently

called *inter duos lucos*, because it was situated between the groves that covered the two peaks. Here Romulus had created a refuge for neighbouring peoples who wished to take shelter. Today's Capitol no longer has a warlike grandeur, but it is a majestic square surrounded by buildings that house museums, and where municipal affairs are conducted. In one part of this square stood the temple of Jupiter Feretrius, so named from the weapons of the vanquished that the victors would hang at the altar of that temple.

In the middle of the square stands the **famous equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius** portraying a peacemaker. It is the most beautiful among the oldest bronze statues that have been preserved intact. Part of the large buildings surrounding the square constitutes the senatorial palace, founded by Boniface IX in 1390 on the same ground where the ancient Roman Senate stood. To the side is the Fountain of *Acqua Felice*, adorned by two reclining statues of the Nile and the Tiber. From here, through a small staircase, one reaches the tower of the Capitol, erected in the form of a bell tower on the same site where anciently observers would climb to admire Rome and monitor enemies attempting to approach the city [...]

At the highest part towards the east was the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, which was called *Jupiter Optimus, Maximus*, and was erected by Tarquin the Proud on the foundations prepared by Tarquin the Elder, who had made a vow during the war against the Sabines. Just as the excavation was being done, the *caput Toli* was discovered.

Santa Maria in Aracoeli

Where the **temple of Jupiter Capitolinus** was, now there stands the majestic [church of Santa Maria in Aracoeli](#), built in the 6th century of the common era. For a while it was called *Santa Maria in Campidoglio*, from the place where it stood. It was then called *Aracoeli* from the following fact. After lightning struck the Capitol, Octavian Augustus, fearing some misfortune, sent someone to consult the oracle of Delphi [...]

For this event, and for some sayings of the Sibyls regarding the birth of the Saviour, Augustus had an altar erected entitled: *Ara primogeniti Dei*, altar of the firstborn of God. Hence this is where the name Santa Maria in Aracoeli comes from, after a church was erected on the site in honour of the Mother of God. The interior has three naves divided by 22 marble columns that once belonged to the temple of Jupiter Feretrius. The main altar is worthy of special observation, because above it is **an image of Mary** that is venerated, **believed to be by Saint Luke**. During the time of Saint Gregory the Great, it was taken around Rome in procession to obtain liberation from the plague. The event is depicted in a painting on the pillar beside the altar. In the middle of the crossing is the **chapel of Saint Helena**, where the *Ara Primogeniti* was erected. The altar's table is a large porphyry urn, within which the **bodies of Saint Helena, mother of Constantine, and Saints Abundius and Abundantius** are found.

In a room near the sacristy is preserved a **miraculous effigy of the Infant Jesus**. The swaddling clothes that cover him are adorned with precious stones. It is displayed for veneration during the Christmas festivities, in a beautiful nativity scene represented in the church inside a chapel. Along with the Child, the figures of Augustus and the Sibyl are also placed as a reminder of a tradition that states that the Cumaean Sibyl predicted the birth of the Saviour, and therefore Augustus erected an altar there.

Exiting Aracoeli and heading towards the western part of the Capitol, one encounters the Tarpeian Rock, which occupied the side towards the Tiber, and was named after the Virgin Tarpeia, who was unexpectedly killed there during the war with the Sabines. From the top of this rock, traitors to the homeland were thrown down. Many Christians were martyred here, who, out of hatred for the faith, were thrown down. Nearby was the Curia, and the hut of Romulus, where, it is said, he awaited the response of the vultures [...]

Descending downwards, there is the [Temple of Concord](#), built by Camillus in the year 387 of Rome. [...] Near this temple on the left side of the descent there was that of *Jupiter Tonans*, of which three marble columns remain. It was erected by Augustus on the Capitoline slope and dedicated to Jupiter in gratitude for having escaped the lightning that killed the servant who preceded him.

The Mamertine Prison

On the morning of March 2, together with the De Maistre family, we went to visit the [Mamertine Prison](#), which is at the foot of the Capitol in the western part. This prison got its name from Mamertus, or Ancus Marcius, the 4th king of Rome who had it built to instil terror in the plebeians, thus preventing thefts and murders. Servius Tullius, the 6th king of Rome, added another prison beneath it, which was called Tullian. It has two underground chambers, which in the vault present an opening large enough for a man to pass through. Through it, the condemned were lowered with a rope [...]

Here there is a **water spring** that legend says Saint Peter miraculously caused to flow when he was imprisoned there with Saint Paul. The Prince of the Apostles used this water to baptise the Saints *Processus* and *Martinian*, the guardians of the prison, along with 47 other companions, all of whom died as martyrs. This water has miraculous properties. Its taste is natural. It never increases or decreases in volume, regardless of how much is drawn from it. Two English gentlemen, almost to mock Catholics, wanted to try to empty the small pit of water that resembles a small vase. They and their friends grew tired, but the water always remained at the same level. Many miraculous healings are reported to have been obtained from its use. Next to the spring is a stone column to which the two princes of the Apostles were tied. Beside the column is a small and low altar where, with great consolation, I celebrated Mass, attended by the De Maistre family and other pious people. Above the altar, a bas-relief represents Paul

preaching and Peter baptising the guards [...]

In a corner of the first floor of the prison, on the wall one can see the **imprint of a human face**. It is said that Saint Peter received a strong slap from a henchman, so that when his face struck against the wall, he left the imprint of his face that was miraculously preserved. Above this figure is carved this ancient inscription: *"On this stone Peter struck his head pushed by a henchman and the miracle remains."* A church was built above this prison, and above this another dedicated to Saint Joseph. The confraternity of carpenters is located here. The members gather on holidays, attend sacred functions, and provide for the maintenance of the church and for the cleaning of the prison. In ancient times, to reach the entrance of the prison, one descended through a staircase at the bottom of which was the opening from which the condemned were thrown. Those stairs were called *Gemonian*, from the moaning of the condemned [...]

Vatican City. Jubilee Devotions

March 3 was designated for the visit to Saint Peter's. Leaving home at six-thirty with a cool air that brightened life and quickened our steps, we headed towards the Vatican hill. Arriving at the Aelian Bridge, or Sant'Angelo Bridge, over which one crosses the Tiber, we recited the creed. The Popes grant fifty days of indulgence to those who recite the Apostles' symbol while passing over this bridge. It is called Aelian from Aelius Hadrian who built it. However, it is also called Sant'Angelo Bridge from Castel Sant'Angelo, which is the first building encountered on the opposite bank.

Let us say something about this castle. Emperor Hadrian wanted to erect a great tomb on the right bank of the Tiber. For its width, length, and height, it was called *Mole Adrianorum*. When Emperor Theodosius had the columns taken from Hadrian's mausoleum to furnish the Basilica of Saint Paul, this construction was left without its upper half and without columns. In the year 537, Belisarius's troops assaulted the

Goths to drive them away from Rome, and then almost all the remains of that mausoleum were reduced to pieces. In the 10th century, it was called *Castro and Torre di Crescenzo* from a certain Crescentius the Younger, who took possession of it and fortified it. Shortly after, history gave it the name *Castel Sant'Angelo*, derived perhaps from a church dedicated to the angel Michael [...] However, the most probable opinion remains that which tells of a procession of Saint Gregory the Great to obtain liberation from the plague from the Virgin. On that occasion, an angel appeared on the high summit of the Mole, sheathing his sword, a sign that the scourge was about to cease. Now Castel Sant'Angelo has been reduced to a fortress and is the only one in Rome.

Continuing along our journey, we arrived at the grand Saint Peter's square. Passing in front of the *obelisk*, we removed our hats, because the popes have granted fifty days of indulgence to those who show reverence or uncover their heads while passing near that obelisk, on which a cross has been placed. It holds a piece of the Holy Wood of the Cross of Jesus.

Here we are again in the Vatican Basilica. We had already visited the larger half plus the tribune, which forms a kind of choir to the papal altar, located in the middle of the crossing, opposite the chair of Peter. This choir was erected by Clement VIII and consecrated by him in the year 1594: it encloses the altar already built by Saint Sylvester. Being the papal altar, only the Pope celebrates there, and when someone else wishes to use it, an apostolic "*Breve*" is required. On four sides rise four large spiral columns that support a baldachin adorned with friezes all in bronze. The height of this baldachin from the floor level equals that of the tallest buildings in Turin.

The tomb of Peter: curiosities of a saint

In front of the papal altar, a double marble staircase descends to the Confession level. At the end of the stairs,

there are two columns of alabaster from Orte, a very rare material, transparent like a diamond. One hundred and twelve lamps burn continuously around the venerable site. At the back, a niche opens up, formed on the ancient oratory erected by Saint Sylvester, where Saint Anacletus "*erected a memorial to Saint Peter*". Here lies the **body of the Prince of the Apostles**. On the side walls, two doors equipped with an iron gate lead to the sacred grottos. On November 28, 1822, the marble statue of Pius VI, kneeling in fervent prayer, was placed directly in front of the niche. This is one of the most beautiful works of Antonio Canova. Pius VI used to go during the day and sometimes even at night to the tomb of Saint Peter to pray. In life, he showed a strong desire to be buried there, and upon his death, he wished to have it fulfilled. However, after a shallow excavation, a tomb was discovered with the inscription: *Linus episcopus*. Immediately, everything was put back in place, and the Pope was buried in another corner of the church. In the chosen place, instead of the body, the statue we mentioned was placed. We have seen and touched with our hands how precious everything is here, but we could not see the body of the first pope, because for centuries the tomb has not been opened for fear that someone might attempt to break off some relic.

Above this tomb, a rich altar has been raised: here I had the consolation of celebrating the holy Mass. This altar, with an attached chapel, receives light from some portholes covered with metal grates. During the construction of the Basilica, a miraculous event occurred, reported by an eyewitness. Before the roof was finished, such heavy rains fell that the waters flooded the Basilica floor up to a foot high. Despite such abundance, the water did not dare to approach the altar of the *Confession*, nor did it descend into the lower oratory through the aforementioned three portholes, because, when coming close, it stopped, remaining suspended so that not even a drop reached that sanctuary to wet it. After observing every object, looking at every corner, the walls, the vaults, the

floor, we asked if there was anything else to see.

– *Nothing more, we were told.*

– *But where is the tomb of the Holy Apostle?*

– *Right down below. It is located in the same place it occupied when the ancient basilica was standing [...]*

– *But we would like to see down there.*

– *It is not possible [...]*

– *But the pope said we could see everything. If he were to ask us when we return if we have seen everything, I would regret not being able to answer affirmatively.*

The monsignor [who was accompanying us] sent for some keys and opened a kind of cabinet. Here a cavity opened that descended underground. It was all dark.

– *Are you satisfied?* The monsignor asked me.

– *Not yet, I would like to see.*

– *And how do you want to do that?*

– *Send for a cane and a match.* They brought a cane and a match, which, applied to the tip of it, was lowered down, but it went out immediately in the air without oxygen. The cane did not reach the bottom. Then another cane was brought that had a metal hook at the end. Thus, it was possible to touch the lid of Saint Peter's tomb. It was seven/eight meters deep. Tapping lightly, the sound that came up indicated that the hook was hitting now iron, now marble. This confirmed what ancient historians had written.

It would take a volume to describe the things we saw. What existed in the Constantinian Basilica is preserved in side slabs, or on the floors or in the vaults of the undergrounds. I will highlight only one thing, the image of *Santa Maria della Bocciata*, very ancient, placed in an underground altar. The name derives from the following circumstance. A young man, with disdain or perhaps inadvertently, hit the figure of Mary in the eye with a ball. A great miracle occurred. Blood flowed from the forehead, and the eye, which is still red, is seen above the cheeks of the image. Two drops splashed sideways onto the stone, which is scrupulously preserved behind two

iron gates.

Altars, chapels, tombs

Above the papal altar and the tomb of Saint Peter rises the vast dome that leaves those who observe it enchanted. Four large pillars support it: each of them has one hundred and fifty steps, about twenty-five *trabucchi*, of circumference. All around that high dome, there are elegant mosaic works executed by the most famous authors. On the pillars, four niches called *Loggias of the Relics* are carved, which are the *Holy Face* of Veronica, the *Holy Cross*, the *Sacred Lance*, and *Saint Andrew*. Among them, the one of the Sacred Face is famous, believed to be the cloth that the Saviour used to wipe his face dripping with blood. He left his image imprinted on it, which he gave to Veronica, who, weeping, accompanied him to Calvary. Trustworthy people recount that this Sacred Face, in the year 1849, bled several times, even changing colour so much that it altered its features. These things were written down, and the canons of St. Peter testify to them.

Starting from the papal altar and proceeding southwards, one encounters the tomb of *Alexander VIII* of the Ottobuoni family. It was erected by his nephew Cardinal Pietro Ottobuoni. The statue of the Pope seated on the throne is made of metal. Two marble statues are on either side, representing *Religion* and *Prudence*. The urn is covered by the bas-relief of the canonization of Lorenzo Giustiniani, Giovanni da Capistrano, Giovanni da San Facondo, Giovanni di Dio, and Pasquale Baylon, made by Alexander VIII in 1690. Next to it stands the altar of *Saint Leo the Great*, on which the surprising bas-relief of the Pope going to meet the fierce Attila can be admired. Above are depicted Peter and Paul, next to the Pope is Attila, frightened by the appearance of the two and in the act of bowing to the Pontiff. In an urn under the altar rests the body of the holy pope and doctor of the Church. In front is the tomb of *Leo XII*, who died in 1829, who had so such veneration for this glorious predecessor that he

wished to be buried next to him. [...]

The following altar is dedicated to the **Virgin of the Column**, so called because it venerates the image of Mary painted on a column of the ancient Constantinian Basilica. It was placed there in 1607. The altar houses the bodies of Leo II, III, and IV. Continuing the tour along the southern line, we find on the right the tomb of Alexander VII Ghigi with four statues: *Justice*, *Prudence*, *Charity*, and *Truth*. Since this pope always had thoughts of death in mind, the sculptor laid a blanket in relief covering the figure of death that shows an hourglass, that is, a sand clock, which is about to finish its charge. The Pope is praying with hands joined on his knees. The altar on the left is dedicated to the apostles *Peter and Paul*. It depicts the fall of Simon Magus. In front is the altar of *Saints Simon and Jude*, who rest here. The altar on the right, however, is dedicated to *Saint Thomas* and houses the body of *Boniface IV*, while the one on the left preserves the remains of *Leo IX*. In front of the sacristy door, the altar of *Saints Peter and Andrew* represents in precious mosaic the death of Ananias and Sapphira.

Thus, we reach the Clementine chapel, whose altar, dedicated to *Saint Gregory the Great*, is topped by a beautiful mosaic of the saint in the act of convincing the unbelievers. Under the altar, his body is venerated. Above the door leading to the organ is the tomb monument of *Pius VII*. The Pontiff, seated on a rich chair and dressed in papal garments, is in the act of blessing. The statues placed on the sides represent *Wisdom* and *Fortitude*. Before reaching the side nave, one encounters the altar of the *Transfiguration*, whose mosaic presents the Transfiguration of the Saviour on Mount Tabor.

The left minor nave

Entering the minor nave, one encounters on both sides two tombs, on the right there is that of *Leo XI* of the Medici. A bas-relief describes the Pontiff absolving Henry IV, King of France [...] Lower down are carved roses with the motto: *Sic*

floruit, to indicate the transience of life and symbolise the brevity of the pontificate of Leo XI, which lasted only 21 days.

The sarcophagus on the left is of Innocent XI Odescalchi. The overlaid bas-relief depicts the liberation of Vienna from the Turks, which occurred during his pontificate. Proceeding along the nave, one arrives at the *Choir Chapel*, enriched with mosaics and paintings. Under the altar rests the body of *Saint John Chrysostom*. This chapel has an underground area where the ashes of *Clement XI* are preserved. It is called the *Sistine Chapel* by Sixtus IV, who erected another one in the same place as the ancient basilica. To the right, one accesses the choir loft and the *Cappella Giulia*, named so after Julius II, who was its founder. Above this door, there is a stucco urn that contains the ashes of *Gregory XVI*, who died in 1846. This urn is reserved to receive the corpse of the last pope until a burial is erected for him.

The tomb of Innocent VIII of the Cibo family is in front. There are two figures of this Pope: one seated with the iron of the lance in hand, alluding to the one with which Jesus was pierced, sent to him as a gift by Bayazid II, Emperor of the Turks, while the other is lying down, under the first [...] Facing the small door that leads to the dome staircase is the cenotaph of *James III*, King of England, of the Stuart family, who died in Rome on January 1, 1766, and of his two sons Charles III and Henry IX, Cardinal, Duke of York. The three busts in bas-relief are by Antonio Canova.

The last chapel is that of the Baptistery. The baptismal font is made of porphyry and formed the lid of the urn of Otto II, Emperor, which was transported here when his ashes were placed in the Vatican grottos [...]

Rome. St. Andrew at the Quirinal

The visiting permit ended at half past noon, so Mr. Carlo, who was guiding us, and we, also guided by a strong appetite, postponed the ascent to the dome and the visit to the Vatican

palace for another time. After lunch and a few hours of rest, we briefly visited the Quirinal and the most important things near our residence. The Quirinal is one of the seven hills of ancient Rome, so named by the Quirites, who came here to live, and from a temple dedicated to Romulus, venerated under the name of Quirinus. To our left, proceeding towards Piazza Monte Cavallo, there is the [Church of Saint Andrew](#), where today the novitiate of the Jesuits is located. The chapel dedicated to **Saint Stanislaus Kostka** houses the body of the saint inside a lapis lazuli urn adorned with precious marbles. Next to this church is the monastery of the Dominicans. It is believed that these two buildings were built on the ruins of the temple of Quirinus. To the right of the street rises the majestic Quirinal palace, begun by Paul III about 300 years ago and completed by his successors. It is adorned with architecture, sculptures, paintings, and mosaics of great value. The Pope resides there for part of the year. The palace has a spacious garden of about a mile in perimeter. Among other wonders, one can admire an organ that plays powered by the force of the water that flows here.

In front of the Quirinal opens the Piazza di Monte Cavallo, so named because of two colossal bronze horses representing *Castor* and *Pollux*. Pius VI had an obelisk erected in the middle of this square. It was carried out by order of Smarre and Efre, princes of Egypt, and transported to Rome by Emperor Claudius. It has no hieroglyphics. To the south dominates the magnificent Rospigliosi Palace, built where the baths of Constantine once were. Lovers of the fine arts can visit many masterpieces of painting and sculpture here.

Basilica of the Holy Cross in Jerusalem

March 4 was dedicated to the [Basilica of the Holy Cross in Jerusalem](#). The weather was cloudy, and having travelled just a short distance, we got caught in the rain. Not having an umbrella, we arrived soaked like two rats, but the consolation felt during the visit compensated us for both the water and

the discomfort endured. This is one of the seven basilicas that are visited to gain indulgences. Founded by Constantine the Great, where a palace called Sassorio stood, it was named the Sassorian Basilica and was erected in memory of the finding of the Holy Cross made by St. Helena, the emperor's mother, in Jerusalem. This princess had lots of soil from Calvary transported there, taken from the place where the Cross of Christ was found. The building took the name *Holy Cross* from the considerable part of the Holy Wood that is preserved there, and *in Jerusalem* was added because this holy relic, along with many others, were transported from that city. The church was consecrated by Pope St. Sylvester. Under the main altar rest the bodies of St. Cesarius and St. Anastasius, martyrs [...]

In front of the altar is the Gregorian chapel, privileged because one can gain the plenary indulgence applicable to the souls in purgatory, both for those who celebrate the mass and for those who listen to it. At this altar, with great consolation, I also celebrated. Next to the church stands the convent of the Cistercians. The Abbot is a certain Marchini, from Piedmont, who treated us with great courtesy. Among other things, he had us visit the library, rich in ancient parchments and other works [...]

A rainy day

March 5 was a rainy day, so we spent almost the entire day writing. There is something peculiar about Rome, that is that it rains and there is sunshine at the same time, so that at certain times of the year one must always be equipped with an umbrella to protect oneself from either the sun or the rain. At ten o'clock that day, Father Lolli, rector of the Jesuit novitiate, passed away in the church of *St. Andrew at Monte Cavallo*, a Piedmontese who had lived for a long time in Turin, where he became famous for his preaching and diligence in the confessional apostolate. The Queen of Sardinia, Maria Teresa, had chosen him as her confessor [...]

On this day, we learned that diseases in Rome had multiplied, and that the current mortality rate was four times higher than average. In the months of January and February alone, about 6,600 people died, a very large number, considering the population amounts to about 130,000 inhabitants. Towards evening, I went out to have my beard shaved. I went into a shop and was served quite well. However, I resolved never to go there again, because of how much the barber whacked and shook me with his big hands, which would have dislocated my teeth and jaw if they hadn't had strong roots.

St. Michael's Hospice

According to the invitation we received from Cardinal Tosti, on March 6 we went with the De Maistre family to visit *St. Michael's Hospice*. In addition to what I said last time, I can add the following. The first act of courtesy shown to us was a sumptuous breakfast, to which we could not participate because we had already eaten before leaving, and being a day of fasting, we could not eat again until lunch. So we limited ourselves to a small cup of chocolate, which His Eminence told us was compatible with fasting. We were also given a drink that tasted excellent made from mandarin, a sort of wine made with dried fruits infused with water and sugar. Only Rua, not being obliged to fast, ate something more solid.

Then we began the visit of that spacious hospice where over eight hundred people were housed. Cardinal Tosti accompanied us everywhere. We stopped especially to consider the work of the young people. Here they learn the same trades that they learn from us. Most are engaged in drawing, painting, and sculpture, and many work in an internal printing house. The Holy Father, to help the Hospice, granted it the privilege of exclusively printing the school books used in the Papal States. Above the building, there is a terrace with a magnificent view: looking west, one can see the camp of the French who came to liberate Rome [...] At twelve-thirty, by which time the boys were at lunch, and seeing that the

cardinal was also very tired, we took our leave [...]

St. Mary in Cosmedin and the Mouth of Truth

As usual, it was pouring down rain, and between Rua and me, having only one very small umbrella, we found a way to get both of us soaked. We crossed the Tiber over a bridge called *Ponte Rotto* because it had fallen apart and was replaced with an iron bridge very similar to the one we have over the Po in Turin. In ancient times, it was called the Coclite Bridge, because it was the same one where Horatius Cocles made a heroic stand against the army of Porsenna until the bridge was cut, and he jumped into the Tiber, swimming to the other bank amidst the arrows of the astonished enemies.

Here one encounters a street called the [Mouth of Truth](#), because at the end of it was the place where those who had to take an oath were led. Now there is a [church called St. Mary in Cosmedin](#), a word that means *ornament*, because it was magnificently adorned by Pope Adrian I. Inside, the chair used by St. Augustine when he taught Rhetoric is preserved. We retreated under the vestibule to wait for the downpour that was flooding all the streets to stop. While we were there, we took a look at the square also called the Mouth of Truth.

The herdsmen

There were many oxen yoked together, grazing, exposed to the rain, mud and wind. The herdsmen had taken shelter under the same vestibule, sitting down to eat with enviable appetite. Instead of soup and a dish, they had a piece of raw cod, from which each one tore off a piece. Some small loaves of cornmeal and rye were their bread. Water was the drink. Seeing in them an air of simplicity and goodness, I approached and had this conversation.

- *You have a good appetite, don't you?*
- *Very much*, one of them replied.
- *Is that food enough to satisfy your hunger and sustain you?*
- *It is enough, thank God, when we can have it, since being poor, we cannot expect more.*

- *Why don't you take those oxen to the stables?*
- *Because we don't have any.*
- *Do you always leave them exposed to the wind, rain, and hail day and night?*
- *Always, always.*
- *Do you do the same in your villages?*
- *Yes, we do the same, because there too we have no stables, so whether it rains, or it's windy, or it snows, day and night they are always outside.*
- *And the cows and the calves are also exposed to such weather?*
- *Certainly. Among us, it is customary that the animals, those in the stable stay in the stable, and those that begin to stay outside always stay outside.*
- *Do you live very far from here?*
- *Forty miles.*
- *On holidays can you attend the sacred functions?*
- *Oh! Do you have any doubts? We have our chapel, the priest who says mass, gives the sermon and catechism, and everyone, however far away, makes an effort to attend.*
- *Do you also go to confess sometimes?*
- *Oh! Without a doubt. Are there perhaps Christians who do not fulfil these holy duties? **Now we have the jubilee and we all will make an effort to do it well.*** From this conversation, emerges the good nature of these peasants, who in their simplicity live content with their poverty and happy with their state, as long as they can fulfil the duties of a good Christian and complete that which concerns their lowly trade.

St. Mary of the People

Sunday, March 7 was designated for the visit to [St. Mary of the People](#). Some pious and noble people wished that we go there to celebrate mass, so that they could receive communion. This was a pious devotion. At nine o'clock, Mr. Foccardi, a helpful and faithful person, came to pick us up with his own carriage to take us to the indicated place. This church was built on the site where Nero and the Domitian family had been

buried. Tradition says that ghosts continuously appeared there, terrifying the citizens so much that no one wanted to live nearby. Pope Paschal II in the year 1099 had a church built there, and to drive away the diabolical infestation, he dedicated it to the Most Holy Mary. In 1227, the ancient church was threatening to collapse, and the Roman people generously contributed to the reconstruction expenses. For this reason, it was called St. Mary of the People. It is a grand church, rich in marble and paintings. In the main altar, a miraculous image of the Madonna is venerated, which was ordered to be taken from the chapel of the Saviour in Lateran by Gregory IX. Nearby is the convent of the Augustinian fathers.

The Porta del Popolo was formerly called Porta Flaminia, because it was at the beginning of the Flaminian way [...]. Outside this gate, turning right, one finds [Villa Borghese](#), a majestic building worthy of being visited by tourists because of the many art objects preserved there. The Porta del Popolo marks a large square called [Piazza del Popolo](#), adorned with abundant fountains and obelisks, which as everyone knows, are monuments of a remote antiquity erected by the kings of Egypt to immortalize the memory of their deeds. The superb obelisk that rises in the middle of the square was built in Heliopolis by order of Ramses, King of Egypt, who reigned in 522 B.C. Emperor Augustus had it transported to Rome. Unfortunately, it fell over, breaking, and so it was covered with soil. Pope Sixtus V in 1589 had it unearthed, raising it in the square, after having topped it with a high metal cross. Its four sides are covered with hieroglyphics, that is, mysterious symbols used by the Egyptians to express sacred things and the mysteries of their theology.

At the bottom of the square rises the [Church of St. Mary of Miracles](#), built by Alexander VII, and called so because of a miraculous image of the Madonna that was previously painted under an arch near the Tiber. To the left is another

church, [St. Mary of Monte Santo](#), because it was built over another church that belonged to the Carmelites of the province of Monte Santo. It was inaugurated in 1662. Having thus satisfied devotion and curiosity, we got back into the carriage that took us to the home of Princess Potosca, of the Sobieski counts and princes, ancient sovereigns of Poland. The breakfast prepared for us was sumptuous, but too elegant, therefore not very suitable for our appetite. We made do as best we could. However, we were very satisfied with the truly Christian conversation that those ladies held for the time we stayed at their home.

One thing aroused our wonder. After we finished eating, the hostess had a bunch of cigars brought to her and began to smoke. Despite a very animated conversation, she continued with great eagerness to smoke one cigar after another, and this made me uncomfortable, as I was forced to endure the smell of smoke that permeated the whole house. It made me nauseous, proving unbearable [...]

Vatican City. Going up to the Dome

We reserved March 8th to visit the famous Dome of St. Peter's. Canon Lantieri had procured the necessary ticket to satisfy this curiosity. The time allowed for the ascent is from 7 to 11:30 in the morning. The weather was clear and therefore favourable. After celebrating the Eucharist at the [Church of Jesus](#), where the Jesuits are, at the altar of St. Francis Xavier, we arrived in Vatican City at 9 o'clock in the company of Mr. Carlo De Maistre. After handing over the ticket, a small door was opened for us, and we began to ascend a very comfortable staircase made like a steep terrace. **As we climbed, we encountered various inscriptions that recall the name and year of all the popes who opened and closed the jubilee years.** Near the terrace landing are written the names of the most famous figures, kings or princes, who ascended to the ball of the dome. We were pleased to also read the names of several of our sovereigns and the royal family.

We took a look at the terrace of the Basilica. It presents itself as a vast paved square where one can play ball, bocce, and similar games. Some people entrusted with the care of the upper part of the temple live here: carpenters, blacksmiths, asphalt workers. Almost in the middle of the terrace is a fountain that is always running, where Rua went to drink. From the square below, we had observed the statues of the Twelve Apostles that adorn the high cornice of the Basilica. From down there, they appeared small, but up close we realised that the big toe of the foot alone was as thick as a man's body. From this, one can understand how high we were. We also visited the largest bell, which has a diameter of over three meters, meaning three *trabucchi* in circumference (*about 9 meters, editor's note*).

A view that was very curious for us was the Vatican Gardens where the pope usually goes for a walk on foot. It is estimated they cover a distance as long as that from Porta Susa to the beginning of Via Po. To the south, vast fields could be seen. Our guide told us:

– *That whole plain was covered with French soldiers when they came to liberate our city from the rebels.* And he pointed out the [Basilica of St. Sebastian](#), [San Pietro in Montorio \(St. Peter on the Golden Mountain\)](#), *Villa Pamphili, Villa Corsini*, all buildings that suffered severe damage for having been made battlefields.

A spiral staircase on the sides of the dome led us up to the first railing. From this landing, it seemed we were flying high and distancing ourselves from the ground. The guide opened a small door that led to an internal railing that went around the dome. I wanted to measure it, and walking like a good traveller, I counted 230 steps before completing the circuit. A curiosity: at any point on the railing, even speaking softly with your face turned to the wall, the smallest sound is communicated clearly from one wall to the other. We also noticed that the mosaics of the church, which appeared very small from below, took on a gigantic form from

there.

– *Get moving*, the guide urged us, *if we want to see other things*. So we took another spiral staircase and arrived at the second railing. Here it seemed we had risen towards Paradise, and when we entered the internal railing and let our gaze fall on the floor of the basilica, we realised the extraordinary height we had reached. The people who worked or walked down there looked like children. The papal altar, which is topped by a bronze baldachin that surpasses the tallest houses in Turin in height, looked like a simple armchair from there.

The last floor we ascended is the one that rests on the tip of the dome, from where one enjoys perhaps the most majestic view in the world. All around, one's gaze gets lost in a horizon formed by the limits of human sight. They say that looking east, one can see the Adriatic Sea, and to the west, the Mediterranean. However, we could only glimpse the fog that the rainy weather of the past days had spread everywhere.

There was still the ball, a globe that from the ground looks like one of the balls we use to pass the time. From there it appeared enormous. Those most brave, passing through a perpendicular ladder and walking as if inside a sack, climbed like cats to a height of two *trabucchi*, or six meters. Some did not have enough courage. We, who were a bit more daring, succeeded. From the ball, everything looks wonderful. I was told it could hold sixteen people. However, it seemed to me that thirty could fit comfortably. Some holes, almost small windows, allow one to observe the city and the countryside. But the great height gives a certain sensation and does not make the view entirely pleasant. We thought it would be cold up there. Quite the opposite: the sun beating down on the bronze of the ball warmed it to such an extent that it felt like we were in the middle of summer. I believe this is one of the reasons why after lunch it is not allowed to go up there: due to the unbearable heat. Here, after discussing various matters concerning the youth of the oratory, satisfied with

our venture, as if we had achieved a great victory, we began the descent with slow and grave steps, so as not to break our necks, and without stopping, we reached the ground.

To rest a bit, we went to listen to the sermon that had just begun in the Basilica. We liked the preacher. Good language, pleasant movement, but the theme did not interest us much because it dealt with the observance of civil laws. However, what did not serve to nourish the spirit served very well to give rest to the body. With a little time left, we used it to visit the sacristy, which is a true magnificence worthy of St. Peter. Meanwhile, it was eleven-thirty, and due to fasting and all the walking, we had a great appetite. Therefore, we went to have a small meal. Rua, not satisfied, thought it best to go to lunch, so I remained alone with Mr. Carlo De Maistre, an inseparable companion of that day. After refreshing ourselves a bit, we went to visit Monsignor Borromeo, the "majordomo" of His Holiness, who welcomed us very well. After talking about Piedmont and Milan, his homeland, he noted our names to include us in the catalogue of people who wish to receive the palm from the Holy Father during the Palm Sunday service.

To the famous Museums

Next to the loggia of this prelate, around the courtyard of the papal palace, are the [Vatican Museums](#). We entered and saw truly exceptional things. I will describe only a few. There is a hall of extraordinary length adorned with marble and precious paintings. In the middle of the second arch stands a holy water font about one and a half metres high, made of malachite, one of the most precious marbles in the world. It was a gift from the Emperor of Russia to the Supreme Pontiff. There are various other objects of a similar kind. At the end of that large hall on the left opens a kind of long corridor that houses the Christian museum [...] Along the same corridor there is the [Vatican Library](#), where the most famous manuscripts of antiquity are preserved [...]

Going around Rome

From the Vatican heading towards the centre of Rome, we arrived at Scossacavalli square where the writers of the famous periodical *La Civiltà Cattolica* work. We stopped to pay them a visit and felt a real pleasure in observing that the main supporters of this publication are from Piedmont. I was now feeling a strong desire to return home, overcoming any hesitation, and we were almost at the Quirinal when Mr. Foccardi saw us pass in front of his shop and called us inside. Given the numerous invitations and so much courtesy, he kept us for quite a while, and when we asked to leave, he said:

– *The carriage is here; I will accompany you home.* Although I reluctantly got into the carriage, I agreed to please him. But Foccardi, wanting to stay with us longer, made us take a long detour so that we arrived home late at night.

Here I was handed a letter. I opened it and read it. *Mr. Abbot Bosco is informed that His Holiness has deigned to admit him to the audience tomorrow, March 9th, from eleven forty-five to one o'clock.* This news, hoped for and much desired, caused an inner revolution in me, and for the whole evening, I could not talk about anything else but the Pope and the audience.

The papal audience. St. Mary above Minerva

March 9th had arrived, the great day of the papal audience. However, first I needed to speak with Cardinal Gaude. Therefore, I went to say Mass in the church of St. Mary above Minerva, where the cardinal had his residence. It was formerly a temple that Pompey the Great had built for the goddess Minerva. It was called [St. Mary above Minerva](#) because it was built precisely above the ruins of this temple. In the year 750, Pope Zacharias donated it to a convent of Greek nuns. In 1370, it passed to the Preachers who still officiate it today. The area in front of this church opens up to a square where we admired an Egyptian obelisk with hieroglyphics, whose base rests on the back of a marble elephant. Upon entering, we were able to admire one of the most beautiful sacred buildings in

Rome. Under the main altar rests the **body of St. Catherine of Siena**. After celebrating Mass and hastily going to Cardinal Gaude, I spoke to him, and then we set off for the Quirinal.

The young liar

Along the way, we met a boy who graciously asked us for alms, and to let us know his condition, he told us that his father was dead, his mother had five daughters, and that he knew how to speak Italian, French, and Latin. Surprised, I addressed him in French, to which he replied with a single *oui*, without either understanding what I was saying or articulating any other expressions. I then invited him to speak Latin, and he, without paying attention to my words, began to recite from memory the following words: *ego stabam bene, pater meus mortuus est l'annus passatus et ego sum rimastus poverus. Mater mea etc.* At this point, we could no longer hold back our laughter. However, we then warned him not to tell lies and gave him a baiocco.

The antechamber

Meanwhile, the time for the audience was approaching [...] Arriving at the Vatican, we climbed the stairs mechanically. Everywhere there were noble guards, dressed so they seemed like many princes. On the noble floor, they opened the door that led into the papal rooms. Guards and servants, dressed in great luxury, greeted us with deep bows. After handing over the ticket for the audience, we were led from room to room until we reached the papal antechamber. Since there were several others waiting, we waited about an hour and a half before being received.

We spent this time observing the people and the place where we were. The Pope's servants were dressed almost like the bishops of our towns. A monsignor, who is given the title of *domestic prelate*, took turns introducing people for the audience as the previous one finished. We admired large halls, well-upholstered and majestic, yet without luxury. A simple green cloth carpet covered the floor. The tapestries were made of

red silk but without embellishments. The chairs were made of hard wood. A large chair placed on a somewhat elegant platform indicated that this was the papal hall. All of this pleased us because with our own eyes we were able to realise the falsity of the rumours that some spread against the space and luxury of the papal court. While we were immersed in various thoughts, the bell rang, and the prelate signalled us to advance to present ourselves to Pius IX. At that moment, I was truly confused and had to force myself to remain calm.

Pius IX

Rua followed me carrying a copy of the *Catholic Readings*. Upon entering, we genuflected at the beginning, then halfway down the hall, and finally, the third time, at the feet of the Pope. All apprehension ceased when we saw in the Pontiff the appearance of a kind, venerable man, and at the same time the most beautiful that any painter could depict. We could not kiss his foot because he was seated at a small table; however, we kissed his hand, and Rua, remembering the promise made to the clerics, kissed it once for himself and once for his companions. Then the Holy Father signalled us to rise and stand before him. I, according to etiquette, would have liked to speak while remaining on my knees.

– *No, he said, you may rise.* It is worth noting here that when we announced ourselves to the Pope, our name was read incorrectly. In fact, instead of writing Bosco, Bosser was written, so the Pope began to question me:

– *Are you from Piedmont?*

– *Yes, Your Holiness, I am from Piedmont, and at this moment I feel the greatest consolation of my life, being at the feet of the Vicar of Christ.*

– *What do you do?*

– *Your Holiness, I am involved in the education of youth and the Catholic Readings.*

– *The education of youth has been a useful apostolate in all times, but today it is much more so. There is also another in Turin who is concerned with young people.* Then I noticed that

the Pope had a wrong name in front of him, but, without knowing how, he also realised that I was not Bosser, but Bosco. Thus he took on a much more cheerful demeanour and asked many things regarding the youth, the clerics, the oratories [...] Then with a smiling face he said to me:

– *I remember the offering sent to me in Gaeta and the tender feelings with which those young people accompanied it. I took the opportunity to express to him the attachment of our young people to his person and asked him to accept a copy of the Catholic Readings:*

– *Your Holiness, I said, I offer you a copy of the booklets printed until now in the name of the governance. The binding is the work of the young people of our school.*

– How many are these young people?

– Your Holiness, the young people of the house are about two hundred, the binders are fifteen.

– *Good, he replied, I want to send a medal to each one.* Then going into another room, after a few brief moments he returned carrying fifteen small medals of the Conception:

– *These will be for the young binders,* he said as he handed them to me. Turning then to Rua, he gave him a larger one saying:

– *This is for your companion.* Then turning again to me, he handed me a small box that contained a larger one:

– *And this is for you.* Having knelt to receive the gifts, the Holy Father invited us to rise, and then believing that we wanted to leave, he was about to dismiss us when I began to speak to him like this:

– *Your Holiness, I have something particular to communicate to you.*

– *That's fine,* he replied [...].

The Holy Father is very quick to understand questions and very prompt in giving answers, so with him, it takes five minutes to discuss what would require over an hour with others. However, the Pope's kindness and my strong desire to stay with him extended the audience by over half an hour, a considerable time both regarding his person and regarding the hour of lunch

which was delayed for our sake [...].

The Janiculum

At 1:30 p.m. on March 10, Father Giacinto of the Discalced Carmelites came to pick us up with a carriage to take us to the [Basilica of St. Pancras](#) and [San Pietro in Montorio](#). These are two churches located on the Janiculum, named so because of Janus, who is said to have lived there. At the top of this hill beyond the Tiber is the Basilica of St. Pancras, built by Pope Felix II in 485, about 100 years after the martyrdom of Pancras. General Narses, having defeated the Goths, made a solemn procession together with Pope Pelagius from St. Pancras to St. Peter. St. Gregory the Great, who had great veneration for this church, celebrated Mass there several times and held some homilies, finally donating it to the Benedictine monks. In 1673 it was entrusted to the Discalced Carmelites with the attached convent and a seminary for the missions to the Indies [...]

Under the main altar, there is another underground altar where the body of the Saint was once kept, protected by an iron railing. It was customary to bring those suspected of perjury before this railing, for if they were guilty, they would be seized by a noticeable trembling or some other accident.

The Catacombs

– *Come with me*, said Father Giacinto, *we will go to the catacombs*. He had prepared a lamp for each of us. We began to follow him. In the middle of the church, he pointed to a trapdoor on the floor. When he lifted the lid, a dark and deep cavity appeared: the catacombs began. At the entrance, it was written in Latin: *“In this place the martyr of Christ Pancras was beheaded.”* Here we are in the catacombs. Imagine long corridors now narrower and lower, now higher and more spacious, now cut by other corridors, now descending, now ascending, and you will get the first idea of these undergrounds. On the right and left, there are small graves dug parallel in the tuff. Here, Christians were buried in

ancient times, especially martyrs. Those who had given their lives for the faith were designated with particular emblems. The palm was a sign of victory over tyrants; the ampoule indicated that they had shed blood for the faith; the “χ” meant that they had died in the peace of the Lord or had suffered for Christ. In others, the instruments with which they were martyred appeared. Sometimes these emblems were enclosed in the small tomb of the saint. When persecutions were not too severe, the name and surname of the martyr were written along with a few lines highlighting some important circumstance of their life. [...]

– *Here*, the guide said to us, *this is the place where St. Pancras was buried, next to him St. Dionysius, his uncle, and nearby another relative.* Then we visited some graves gathered in a small room whose walls bore ancient inscriptions that we could not read. In the middle of the vault, there was a painting of a young man who seemed to represent St. Pancras [...]

This time the guide pointed out a crypt to us. Crypt, a Greek word, that means depth. It is a space larger than usual where Christians used to gather during times of persecution to listen to the Word, attend Mass, and sacred functions. On one side, there is still an ancient altar where it is possible to celebrate. Generally, it was the tomb of some martyr that served as an altar. After a bit of walking, we were shown the chapel where Pope St. Felix used to rest and celebrate the Eucharist. His tomb is not far away. Everywhere we saw human skeletons reduced to pieces by time. Our guide assured us that soon we would arrive at a place where slabs with intact inscriptions were preserved.

But we were very tired, also because the underground air and the difficulties of the path – everyone had to be careful not to bump their heads, not to hit their shoulders, and not to slip with their feet – had fatigued us quite a bit. The guide warned us that the undergrounds are numerous and some extend

up to fifteen/twenty miles in length. If we had gone alone, we could have sung *requiescant in pace*, because it would have been very difficult to find the way back to the surface. However, our guide was very practical and soon led us back to the point from where we had started [...]

San Pietro in Montorio

Once again in the carriage with Father Giacinto, we headed down from the Janiculum to go to *San Pietro in Montorio*. The word is a corrupted version of “*mount of gold*”, because here the soil and gravel take on a yellow colour similar to gold. It was also called *Castro Aureo*, fortress of gold, for the remains of the fortress of Ancus Marcius that still exist on the top. It is one of the churches founded by Constantine the Great, rich in statues, paintings, and marble. Between the church and the attached convent stands a round-shaped building called the [Tempietto of Bramante](#). It is one of Bramante’s most significant works. It was built on the site where St. Peter was martyred. At the back, a staircase leads to a circular underground chapel, in the middle of which there is a hole where a lamp burns continuously. It is the place where the top of the cross on which St. Peter was nailed upside down was inserted. The church is located where the Janiculum ends and the Vatican begins.

Near San Pietro in Montorio is the magnificent [Paolina Fountain](#), which Paul V had built in 1612. Water flows from three columns that resemble a river. It comes from Bramario, a place 35 miles from Rome. This water, cascading down, is used to turn millstones and other machines, and it branches out advantageously at various points in the city [...].

An unfortunate event

On March 11, we were busy writing and running errands. The episode of getting lost in Rome deserves mention. I went to visit Monsignor Pacca, the domestic prelate of His Holiness. On the way back, I was accompanied by Father Bresciani, having sent Rua to look for Father Botandi at Ponte Sisto. Good

Bresciani took me to the Academy of the Sapienza and then pointed out where to go to reach the Quirinal:

– *Cross this area, then always keep to the right.* Instead of going right, I went left, so after an hour of walking, I found myself in Piazza del Popolo, almost a mile from home. Poor me! If only I had Rua with me, we could have consoled each other, but I was alone. The weather was cloudy, a strong wind was blowing, and it was starting to rain. What to do? I was reluctant to sleep in the middle of that square, so with all patience, I climbed up to the Pincian Hill, named after the palace of a gentleman called Pincio [...]. This hill is not very populated and is not one of the seven hills of Rome [...]

St. Andrew of the Valley

On Friday, the 12th, I went to celebrate Mass at [St. Andrew of the Valley](#) to distinguish it from other churches dedicated to the same Apostle. The word Valley was added because the basilica is located at the lowest point of Rome and also because of a palace belonging to the Valle family. In ancient times, the church was dedicated to St. Sebastian, who suffered martyrdom here. Nearby, another church dedicated to St. Louis, King of France, was built. But in the year 1591, a wealthy gentleman named Gesualdo had it renovated, completely renewing its design. It is one of the first churches in Rome. Its dome measures 64 palms in diameter, and therefore, after St. Peter's in the Vatican, it is the widest dome of all the others in the city.

The first chapel on the left upon entering has an iron gate that indicates the point of the sewer where it is believed the body of the martyr *St. Sebastian* was thrown. Almost opposite this church is the Stoppani palace, which served as the residence of Emperor Charles V when he came to Rome, as indicated by an inscription on the wall at the foot of the stairs.

St. Gregory the Great

An hour and a half after noon, with Mr. Francesco De Maistre,

our guide, we set off to visit the [Church of St. Gregory the Great](#). It is built on a part of the Caelian Hill, formerly known as *Clivus Scauri*, meaning the descent of Scaurus, and it was the house inhabited by St. Gregory and his followers. He was the one who converted it into a monastery, where he lived until the year 590, initially as a simple monk, then as Abbot. When he was elected pope (in 590), he dedicated that building to the apostle St. Andrew, transforming part of the premises for use as a church. After his death, it was dedicated to him.

It is certainly one of the most beautiful churches in Rome. The first chapel on the left as you enter is dedicated to St. Silvia, the mother of St. Gregory. The last chapel on the right is that of the Sacrament, on whose altar St. Gregory himself celebrated. [...]. This altar, venerable for the title and patronage of the holy Pope, became famous throughout the world due to the privileges granted by many popes. *It happened that a monk from the monastery, having been commanded by the saint, offered Mass for thirty consecutive days in suffrage for the soul of a deceased brother, and another monk saw him released from the pains of purgatory.*

Next to this chapel, there is another smaller one, where St. Gregory would retreat to rest. The exact spot where his bed was located is still shown. Nearby is the marble chair on which he sat both when he wrote and when he announced the Word of God to the people.

After passing the main altar, one encounters the chapel that houses a very ancient and miraculous image of the Madonna. It is believed to be the one that the Saint kept in his house, and every time he passed by it, he greeted it saying "*Hail, Mary*". One day, however, the good Pope, in a hurry due to some urgent matters, did not address the usual greeting to the Virgin as he left. And she gave him this sweet reproach: "*Hail, Gregory*", with which words she invited him not to forget that greeting which was so pleasing to her.

In another chapel, the statue of St. Gregory stands out, a work designed and directed by Michelangelo Buonarroti. The Saint is seated on a throne with a dove near his ear, recalling what Peter the Deacon, a relative of the Saint, asserts, namely that whenever Gregory preached or wrote, a dove always spoke to him in his ear. In the centre of the chapel is a large marble table on which the Pope would offer food to twelve poor people every day, serving them with his own hands. One day, an angel in the form of a young man sat at the table with the others, and then suddenly disappeared. From then on, the Saint increased the number of the poor he fed to thirteen. Thus, this is how the custom of placing thirteen pilgrims at the table that the Pope serves by his own hand every Holy Thursday originated. Above the table is inscribed the following distich: *"Here Gregory fed twelve poor; an angel sat at the table and completed the number to thirteen."*

Saints John and Paul

Exiting this church and turning right, one encounters that of [Saints John and Paul](#). Emperor Jovian allowed the monk St. Pammachius to build it in 400 in honour of these two martyr brothers. It was built over their dwelling, precisely where they suffered martyrdom. It was later restored by Pope St. Symmachus around 444 [...] Upon entering, a majestic building appears. In the middle, an iron gate marks the place where the saints were killed. Their bodies, enclosed in a precious urn, rest under the main altar. In the adjacent chapel, under the altar, the body of Blessed Paul of the Cross, founder of the Passionists, is kept, to whom the church is entrusted. This servant of God is from Piedmont, born in Castellazzo in the diocese of Alexandria. He died in 1775 at the age of 82. The many miracles that occur in Rome and elsewhere through his intercession have led to the growth of the congregation of the Passionists, so named because of the fourth vow they take, namely to promote veneration for the passion of the Lord.

One of those religious, a Genoese, Brother Andrew, after

accompanying us to see the most important things in the church, took us to the convent, a beautiful building that houses about eighty fathers, mostly from Piedmont.

– *This, Brother Andrew told us, is the room where our holy Founder died.* We entered and, in devout recollection, admired the place from which his soul departed to go to heaven.

– *There is the chair, the clothes, the books, and other objects that were used by the Blessed. Everything is kept under seal and is distributed as relics to the Christian faithful.*

That room is now a chapel where Mass is celebrated.

Arches of Constantine and Titus

After greeting the courteous Brother Andrew, we set off towards [St. Lawrence in Lucina](#). But after a little while, we found ourselves under the [Arch of Constantine](#). It has been preserved almost intact. An inscription from the Senate and the Roman people indicates that it was dedicated to Emperor Constantine on the occasion of the victory over the tyrant Maxentius. This Emperor, having become a Christian, had a statue placed on the arch with a cross in hand in memory of the cross that appeared to him before the army, to remind the whole world that he professed the religion of the Crucified Jesus.

After walking a bit further, there is another arch, the [Arch of Titus](#). There are three arches in Rome, and that of Titus is the oldest and most elegant. It is adorned with bas-reliefs that commemorate the various victories achieved by that brave warrior: among them is carved the candelabrum of the Temple of Jerusalem in memory of the fall of that city and its temple. Under this arch passed the famous *Via Sacra*, one of the oldest in Rome, so named because sacred things were carried upon it every month to the Fortress, and the Augurs walked along it to receive their responses.

Upon arriving at *St. Lawrence in Lucina*, we could not enter due to the work being done there [...] This church is one of the

largest parishes in Rome and was erected by Sixtus III with the consent of Emperor Valentinian in honour of St. Lawrence the martyr. To distinguish it from other churches erected to this deacon, it was named in Lucina either after the holy martyr of that name or perhaps from the place that was called as such. Attached to this church towards the street is the [Ottobuoni palace](#), built around the year 1300 over the ruins of a large ancient building called the *Palace of Domitian*. Being tired and with lunchtime approaching, we returned home [...].

St. Mary of the Angels

[...] On March 13, the Lenten station was at [St. Mary of the Angels](#), and we went there both to gain the plenary indulgence and to pray to God for our house. This church is distinguished from another with the same name with the addition of the [Baths of Diocletian](#) because it is built on the site where the famous baths of Emperor Diocletian once stood. The supreme pontiff Pius IV commissioned Michelangelo Buonarroti, who with his immense genius was able to transform part of those superb buildings into a church. In one of the halls of the baths, there was already a small church dedicated to St. Cyril the Martyr. This was enclosed in the new church, which the Pope dedicated to St. Mary of the Angels, to please the Duke and King of Sicily, a devoted servant of the Angels, who greatly assisted in its construction.

On the day of the Lenten station, the church is adorned with special elegance, and the most significant relics are exposed for public veneration. In a chapel next to the main altar, there was a reliquary with many relics, among which we noted the bodies of St. Prosper, St. Fortunatus, St. Cyril, as well as the heads of St. Justin and St. Maximus, martyrs, and many others. Having thus satisfied our devotion, we arrived home around six, quite tired and with a good appetite.

St. Mary of the Oak

On Sunday, March 14, we celebrated at home, then we went to

visit an oratory, according to the indications given by Marquis Patrizi. The church where the young people gather is called [St. Mary of the Oak](#). Here is its origin, which dates back to the time of Julius II. An image of Mary had been painted on a tile by a certain Battista Calvaro, who placed it above an oak tree in his vineyard in Viterbo. This image remained hidden for sixty years until, in 1467, it began to manifest with many graces and miracles, so that the faithful who went to visit it, with their offerings, raised a church and a monastery. Pope Julius II wished that there would also be a temple dedicated to Mary of the Oak in Rome, which is the one we are talking about.

Upon entering the church and arriving in the spacious sacristy, we were delighted by the sight of about forty young boys. Due to their lively behaviour, they resemble very much the mischievous boys from our oratory. Their sacred functions are all performed in the morning. Mass, confession, catechism, and a brief instruction are what is done for them [...]

After noon, the youth go to [St. John of the Florentines](#), another oratory where there is only recreation without church functions. We went there and saw about a hundred young people having a great time. Their games were *tombola* (a raffle) and *campana* (hopscotch), known to us as well. They also play a game called "*buco*," which consists of five fairly large holes into which two chestnuts or something else are placed. From a distance of six paces, a ball is rolled. Whoever manages to get it into one of the holes wins what is inside. We were very sorry that they had nothing but recreation. If there were a priest among them, he could do good for their souls, as there is a great need for it. It saddened us even more because we found them well-disposed. Several were pleased to talk with us, kissing the hands of both me and Rua, who, against his will, was forced to agree [...]

Upon returning home, we received a visit from Monsignor *Merode*, the Chamberlain of His Holiness. After some

pleasantries, he announced to me that the Holy Father was inviting me to preach the spiritual exercises to the female inmates in the prisons near *St. Mary of the Angels at the Baths of Diocletian*. Every desire of the Pope is a command for me, and so I accepted with true pleasure [...]

At the women's prison

At two in the afternoon, I went to see the superior of the prison to arrange the day and time to begin the preaching. She told me:

– *If it is good for you, you can start right away, as the women are in church and there is no one to preach.* So I started immediately, and the week was almost entirely dedicated to this ministry. The correctional facility is called “*At the Baths of Diocletian*” because it is located in the same place where the baths of that famous emperor were. There were 260 inmates housed there, guilty of serious crimes and sentenced to prison [...]. The exercises went satisfactorily. The simple and popular preaching that we use among ourselves proved fruitful in this prison. On Saturday, after the last sermon, the mother superior announced to me with great pleasure that none of the inmates had failed to approach the Sacraments.

Two episodes

A pleasant episode occurred to the Holy Father this week. Count Spada went to visit him, and this conversation ensued:

– *Holiness, I would like to ask you for a memento of this visit.*
– *Ask for whatever you want, and I will try to satisfy you.*
– *I would like something extraordinary.*
– *Well, go ahead and ask.*
– *Holiness, I would like your snuffbox as a keepsake.*
– *But it is full of very poor quality tobacco.*
– *It doesn't matter. I will cherish it dearly.*
– *Take it, I gladly give it to you as a gift.* Count Spada left happier with that snuffbox than with a great treasure. It is

simple, made of buffalo horn, joined with two brass rings, and is worth no more than four coins, but it is very precious because of its origin. The good count shows it to his friends as an object worthy of veneration [...]

Another anecdote was told to me about this venerable Pontiff. Last year, while the Holy Father was traveling through his states, he found himself near Viterbo. A girl with a bundle of wood, seeing that the papal carriage had stopped, thought that those gentlemen wanted to buy her bundle. She ran towards them:

– *Sir, she said to the Holy Father, buy it, the wood is very dry.*

– *We do not need it,* replied the Pope.

– *Buy it, I will give it to you for three baiocchi.*

– *Take the three baiocchi and keep your bundle.* The Holy Father gave her three *scudi*, then prepared to get back into the carriage. But the girl wanted the Holy Father to take her bundle.

– *Take it, you will be happy; there is plenty of room in your carriage.* While the Pope and his court laughed at such a deal, the girl's mother, who was working in a nearby field, rushed over shouting:

– *Holy Father, Holy Father, forgive her; this poor girl is my daughter. She does not know you. Have pity on us, for we are in great misery.* The Pope added another six *scudi* and continued on his way [...]

St. Paul Outside the Walls

On Sunday, March 22, Don Bosco went to the Cardinal Vicar, the Most Eminent Costantino Patrizi [...] After leaving the Vicariate, he wandered to [St. Paul Outside the Walls](#) to venerate the tomb of the great Apostle of the Gentiles and admire the wonders of that immense temple. After a mile of walking, he arrived at the famous place called [Ad Aquas Salvias](#), where St. Paul shed his blood for Jesus Christ. Right at this point, where there are three miraculous springs of

water, which gushed from the ground where the saint's severed head made three leaps, a church has been built. Don Bosco also prayed in the nearby church of [Sancta Maria Scala Coeli](#), octagonal in shape, built on the cemetery of St. Zenon, a tribune who suffered martyrdom under Diocletian, along with 10,203 of his comrades [...]

The Colosseum

On March 23, his astonished gaze contemplated the gigantic ruins of the Flavian amphitheatre or [Colosseum](#), oval in shape with a 527-meter external circumference, and still standing fifty meters high in some places. In its time of splendour, it was covered in marble, adorned with colonnades, hundreds of statues, obelisks, and bronze chariots. Inside it supported immense terraces all around, which could hold about 200,000 people, to witness the fights of wild beasts and gladiators, and the slaughter of thousands and thousands of martyrs. Don Bosco entered the arena of the shows, which measures 241 meters in circumference [...]

St. Clement

On the 24th, Don Bosco went to the [Basilica of St. Clement](#) to venerate the relics of the fourth pope after St. Peter, and those of St. Ignatius the martyr, Bishop of Antioch, as well as to admire the architecture of the ancient three-nave church. In the middle nave, in front of the Altar of the Confession, a white marble enclosure delineates the choir for the minor clergy. It is equipped with two pulpits, one for the singing of the Gospel, near which rises the small column of the paschal candle, and the other for the reading of the epistle. Next to the latter was the lectern for the singers and readers of the prophecies and other books of scripture. Around the apse are the seats of the priests, and at the back in the centre on three steps, the episcopal chair [...].

Don Bosco proceeded from there to the [Church of the Four Crowned Martyrs](#) to visit the tombs of the martyrs Severus, Severinus, Carpophorus, and Victorinus, who were killed under

Diocletian. He then passed to [St. John](#) in front of the Latin Gate, near which stands a chapel on the spot where St. John the Evangelist was immersed in a cauldron of boiling oil. From there he made his way to the little church of [Quo Vadis](#), so named because at that point the Lord appeared to St. Peter as he was leaving Rome to escape persecution:

– *Lord, where are you going?* exclaimed the astonished Apostle. And Jesus replied:

– *I come to be crucified again.* St. Peter understood, and returned to Rome where martyrdom awaited him. From this little temple, Don Bosco retraced his steps, after taking a look at the Appian Way, along which many mausoleums from pagan times can be counted, recalling the end of every human greatness.

Don Bosco... Salesian!

A charming scene occurred on the morning of March 25. Don Bosco, having crossed the Tiber, saw about thirty boys having fun in a small square. Without hesitation, he went among them, who, having suspended their games, looked at him in wonder. He then raised his hand holding a medal between his fingers, and exclaimed:

– *There are too many of you, and I regret not having enough medals to give one to each of you.* Gathering courage, they stretched out their hands and shouted loudly:

– *It doesn't matter, it doesn't matter... to me, to me!* Don Bosco added:

– *Well, since I don't have one for everyone, I want to give this medal to the best one. Who among you is the best?*

– *It's me, it's me!* they all shouted together. He continued:

– *How can I decide if you are all equally good? Then I will give it to the most mischievous! Who among you is the most mischievous?*

– *It's me, it's me!* they responded with deafening shouts.

The Marquis Patrizi and his friends, at a certain distance, smiled, moved and astonished to see Don Bosco treating those boys whom he had met for the first time, so familiarly, and exclaimed:

– *Here is another St. Philip Neri, a friend of youth.* Don Bosco indeed, as if he were an old friend of those children, continued to ask them if they had already attended Mass, which church they usually went to, and if they frequented the oratories that were in those areas [...] The dialogue was lively. Don Bosco, after encouraging them to always be good Christians, promised that he would pass through that square again and would give a medal to each one. Then, affectionately bidding them farewell, he returned to his companions showing the medal. He had given nothing to the boys, yet he had left them happy.

St. Stephen in the Round

On March 26, Don Bosco returned to the Caelian Hill in the spacious [church of St. Stephen in the Round](#), named for its shape. The circular cornice is supported by 56 columns. All around the walls are painted scenes of the atrocious tortures with which the martyrs were torn apart. It is adorned with mosaics from the 7th century, representing Jesus crucified, with some saints, and preserves the bodies of two confessors of the faith: St. Primus and St. Felician. From there, Don Bosco passed by [St. Mary in Domnica](#), or *alla Navicella*, for a marble boat that stands in the square in front. It has three naves divided by 18 columns and contains mosaics from the 9th century. Among these, the Virgin is in the place of honour among many angels, and at her feet kneels Pope Paschal [...]

Meanwhile, the Holy Father had expressed the desire for Don Bosco to attend the devout and magnificent spectacle of the Holy Week functions in the Vatican. He then entrusted Monsignor Borromeo with the task of inviting him in his name and procuring him a place from which he could comfortably attend the sacred rites. The monsignor searched for him all day without success. Finally, at a very late hour, the messenger found him at the De Maistre house where he had returned after a day of visits. Announcing that he came on the Pope's orders, he was introduced and then he presented Don

Bosco with the invitation letter, with which he was permitted to receive the blessed palm from the very hands of the Pope. Don Bosco read it immediately and exclaimed that he would go with great pleasure.

Don Bosco's Roman Easter. Palm Sunday

On Sunday, March 28, with the cleric Rua, he entered the Basilica of St. Peter long before the functions began. Count Carlo De Maistre accompanied him to his place, in the diplomatic gallery. He was very attentive as he knew the importance of the Church's ceremonies. Next to him was a Protestant English *milord*, amazed at such solemnity. At a certain point, a singer from the Sistine Chapel performed a solo so well that Don Bosco was moved to tears, and that *milord* turning to him, exclaimed in Latin, as he did not know how to make himself understood in another language:

– *Post hoc paradisus!* That gentleman, after some time, converted to Catholicism and not only that, but he became a priest and bishop. After blessing the palms, the diplomatic corps took turns passing before the Pontiff, and each ambassador and minister received the palm from his hands. Don Bosco and the cleric Rua also knelt at the feet of the Pope and received the palm. This is what Pius IX wanted: was not Don Bosco an ambassador of God? The cleric Rua, having returned to the Rosminians, gave his to Father Pagani, who greatly appreciated it [...]

Don Bosco as a *caudatario*

Cardinal Marini, one of the two assistants to the throne, took Don Bosco on as a *caudatario* so that he could attend all the functions of Holy Week. Thus, in violet vestments, he stood almost beside the Pope the whole time, and was able to enjoy the Gregorian chants and the music of Allegri and Palestrina. On Holy Thursday, Cardinal Mario Mattei, being the oldest of the suburbicarian bishops, officiated instead of the dean cardinal who was impeded. Don Bosco followed the Pontiff, who was carrying the Blessed Sacrament in procession to the

Pauline chapel, to place it inside the specially prepared urn. He accompanied him to the Vatican loggia from which the Pope blesses Rome and the world. He attended the washing of the feet performed by the Pontiff on thirteen priests, and participated in their commemorative dinner, served by the Vicar of Jesus Christ.

The *Urbi et Orbi* blessing

[...] On April 4th, the artillery salutes from Castel S. Angelo announced Easter day. Pius IX descended into the Basilica around ten for the pontifical mass. Immediately after, preceded by a procession of bishops and cardinals, he went to the Loggia for the *Urbi et Orbi* blessing. Don Bosco, with Cardinal Marini and a bishop, remained for a moment near the windowsill covered by a magnificent drape, on which three golden Papal Tiaras had been placed. The cardinal said to Don Bosco:

– *Observe what a sight!* Don Bosco looked around the square with astonished eyes. A crowd of 200,000 people was packed with their faces turned towards the Loggia. The roofs, windows, and terraces of all the houses were occupied. The French army filled part of the space between the obelisk and the steps of St. Peter's. The battalions of the papal infantry were lined up to the right and left. Behind them were the cavalry and artillery. Thousands of carriages were stopped on both sides of the square, near Bernini's porticoes, and at the back near the houses. Especially on those for hire stood groups of people who seemed to dominate the square. There was a loud chatter, the stomping of horses, an incredible confusion. No one can imagine such a spectacle.

Trapped

Don Bosco, who had left the Pope in the Basilica while he was venerating the significant relics, believed that he would take a while to appear. Absorbed in contemplating so many people from every nation, he did not notice the approach of the gestatorial chair on which the Pope was seated. He found

himself in a difficult position. Squeezed between the chair and the balustrade, he could barely move. All around him cardinals, bishops, ceremonial attendants, and seat attendants were crowded, so he could see no way to get out. Turning his face to the Pope was inappropriate, turning his back to him was uncivil and remaining in the centre of the balcony was ridiculous. Unable to do better, he turned sideways. Then the tip of one of the Pope's feet came to rest on his shoulder.

At that moment, a solemn silence reigned over the great square so that one could hear even the buzz of a fly. The horses themselves stood still. Don Bosco, completely unperturbed, attentive to every little detail, observed that a single neigh, and the sound of a clock striking the hours, could be heard while the Pope recited the customary prayers. Meanwhile, seeing that the floor of the Loggia was strewn with leaves and flowers, he bent down, and picking up some flowers, he placed them between the pages of the book he was holding. Finally, Pius IX stood up to give his blessing. He opened his arms, raised his hands to heaven, stretched them over the multitude that bowed their heads, and his voice, singing the formula of the blessing, resonant, powerful, solemn, could be heard beyond Piazza Rusticucci and from the attic of the palace of the writers of the *Civiltà Cattolica*.

The crowd responded with an immense ovation. Then Cardinal Ugolini read the Brief of the plenary indulgence in Latin, and immediately after, Cardinal Marini repeated it in Italian. Don Bosco had knelt, and when he got back up, the papal procession had already disappeared. All the bells were ringing in celebration, the cannon thundered from Castel Sant'Angelo, and the military bands sounded their trumpets. Cardinal Marini, accompanied by the attendant, descended and went towards his carriage. As soon as it moved, Don Bosco felt a wave of nausea from the motion that turned his stomach. Unable to resist any longer, he expressed his discomfort to the cardinal. By his advice, he got into the carriage with the coachman, but the

malaise did not diminish, so he got down to walk on foot. Being in a violet robe, he would have been an object of wonder or mockery if he had crossed Rome like that. Therefore, the secretary kindly got down from the carriage and accompanied him to the palace [...].

The memory of the Pope

On April 6th, Don Bosco returned for a private audience with Pius IX along with the cleric Rua and the theologian Murialdo, admitted to the Vatican through the intercession of Don Bosco himself. They entered the antechamber at nine in the evening, and immediately Don Bosco was introduced. As soon as the Pope saw him, he said with a serious face:

– *Abbot Bosco, where did you go on Easter day during the papal blessing? There, in front of the Pope, with your shoulder under his foot as if the Pontiff needed to be supported by Don Bosco.*

– *Holy Father, he replied calmly and humbly, I was caught by surprise and I ask for forgiveness if I offended you in any way!*

– *And you also add the affront of asking me if you offended me? Don Bosco looked at the Pope and thought he was pretending: a smile seemed to appear on his lips. But what made you think of picking flowers at that moment? It took all of Pius IX's seriousness not to burst out laughing. [...]*

– *Now, Most Blessed Father, Don Bosco pleaded, please suggest a maxim that I can repeat to my young people as a reminder of the Vicar of Christ.*

– *The presence of God!* replied the Pope. *Tell your young people to always regulate themselves with this thought!... And you have nothing to ask me? Surely you desire something as well.*

– *Holy Father, Your Holiness has deigned to grant me what I asked for, now I have nothing left but to thank you from the bottom of my heart.*

– *Yet, yet, you still desire something.* Thereupon Don Bosco stood there as if suspended without saying a word. The Pontiff

added:

– *How could that be? Do you not wish to make your young people happy when you return to them?*

– *Holiness, yes.*

– *Then wait.* A few moments earlier, the theologian Murialdo, the cleric Rua, and Don Cerutti from Varazze, Chancellor in the Archdiocesan Curia of Genoa, had entered that room. They were astonished by the familiarity with which the Pope treated Don Bosco and what they saw at that moment. The Pope had opened the chest, taken out a handful of gold coins, and without counting them, handed them to Don Bosco saying:

– *Take these and then give your boys a good snack.* Everyone can imagine the impression that this act of kindness from Pius IX made on Don Bosco, who, with great affection, also addressed the ecclesiastics who had arrived, and blessed the crowns, crucifixes, and other objects of devotion presented to him, and gave everyone a commemorative medal.

The educational challenge of Don Bosco

Among the cardinals who came to pay their respects there was His Eminence Tosti, at whose invitation he had spoken to the young people of the San Michele Hospice. Satisfied with Don Bosco's courtesy, since it was time for his walk, he wanted to have him as a companion, so both got into the carriage. They began to talk about the most suitable system for the education of young people. Don Bosco had come to believe that the students of that hospice did not have familiarity with their superiors, rather, they feared them. This was rather unpleasant, since the educators were priests. Therefore, he said:

– *You see, Eminence, it is impossible to educate young people well if they do not have confidence in their superiors.*

– *But how, the cardinal replied, can this confidence be gained?*

– *By making sure they come close to us, removing any reason that drives them away.*

– *And how can we do to bring them closer to us?*

– *By approaching them ourselves, trying to adapt ourselves to their tastes, making ourselves similar to them. Do you want us to try? Tell me: where in Rome can we find a good number of boys?*

– *In Piazza Termini and in Piazza del Popolo,* replied the cardinal.

– *Well then, let's go to Piazza del Popolo.*

The cardinal gave the order to the coachman. As soon as they arrived, Don Bosco got out of the carriage, and the prelate stayed to observe him. Seeing a group of young boys playing, he approached them, but the mischievous ones ran away. Then he called them with good manners, and after some hesitation, they came closer. Don Bosco gave them some little gifts, asked about their families, inquired what game they were playing, and invited them to continue, first stopping to watch them, then starting to take part. Then others, who had been watching from afar, rushed in from all corners of the square around the priest, who welcomed everyone lovingly and had a kind word and a little gift for all. He asked if they were good, if they said their prayers and if they went to confession. When he wanted to leave, they followed him for quite a distance, only leaving him when he got back into the carriage. The cardinal was amazed.

– *Did you see?*

– *You were right!* exclaimed the cardinal [...]

The final visits

Don Bosco's final visits were reserved for the Confession of St. Peter and the Catacombs. After praying in the [Basilica of St. Sebastian](#), having seen two of the arrows that wounded the holy tribune and the column to which he was tied, he descended into the underground galleries that housed the bones of thousands and thousands of martyrs, and where for many nights St. Philip Neri kept vigil in prayer. He then went to the nearby [Catacombs of St. Callistus](#). There he was awaited by the Knight G. B. De Rossi, who had discovered them, to whom he had

been introduced by Monsignor di San Marzano.

Anyone who enters those places feels such emotion that it stays with them for a lifetime. Don Bosco was absorbed in holy thoughts while walking through those undergrounds, where the first Christians, through Mass, communal prayers, the singing of psalms and prophecies, the Eucharistic Communion, and listening to bishops and popes had found the necessary strength to face martyrdom. It is impossible to contemplate with dry eyes those loculi that had enclosed the bloodied or burned bodies of so many heroes of faith, the tombs of fourteen popes who had given their lives to testify to what they taught, and the crypt of St. Cecilia.

Don Bosco observed the ancient frescoes depicting Jesus Christ and the Eucharist and the images representing the marriage of the Blessed Virgin Mary with St. Joseph, the Assumption of Mary into heaven, the Mother of God with the Child in her arms or on her knees. He was enchanted by the sense of modesty that shone in these images, in which primitive Christian art had managed to reproduce the incomparable beauty of the soul and the highest ideal of moral perfection that should be attributed to the Virgin. There were also other figures of saints and martyrs. Don Bosco exited the catacombs at 6 in the evening. He had entered at 8 in the morning [...]

Towards home

On April 14th, Don Bosco left Rome with the cleric Rua, happy that the foundations of the Society of St. Francis de Sales had been laid [...] He then took a hired carriage, made a brief stop in the town of Palo where he found the innkeeper perfectly free from fever: his healing had been instantaneous. He would never forget the incident, and around 1875 or 76, having arrived in Genoa for business reasons, he wanted to continue his journey to Turin. He asked and learned by telegraph that Don Bosco was at the Oratory, so he went there. Yet, on that day he was having lunch at Mr. Carlo Occhetto. He then went there to find him, making endless festivities.

Mr. Occelletti always remembered with great pleasure the story he heard about that healing. Arriving in Civitavecchia and having visited the papal delegate, Don Bosco went to the port to embark.

The waves this time were calm and the weather was beautiful, so he was able to disembark in Livorno, spend time with some friends, and visit some churches. Resuming the sea at dusk, Fr. Rua recalls how the ship arrived in the port of Genoa at the rising of a splendid dawn that illuminated the magnificent panorama of the superb city. As soon as Don Bosco set foot on land, he went to the college of the Artigianelli, where Don Montebruno and Mr. Giuseppe Canale were waiting for him. After noon, he boarded a train. While crossing the city, he experienced a pleasant surprise. When the bells rang for the *Angelus*, many people in the streets and squares uncovered their heads, and the porters had also risen from their benches to recite the prayer. He recounted this several times for the edification of his students. He arrived in Turin on April 16th, welcomed by the young people with such celebration and affection that no father could wish for more from his own children.

Beatification of Camille Costa de Beauregard. And afterwards...?

The diocese of Savoy and the city of Chambéry experienced three historic days on 16, 17, and 18 May 2025. An account of the events and future prospects.

The relics of Camille Costa de Beauregard were

transferred from Bocage to the Church of Notre-Dame (the site of Camille's baptism) on Friday, 16 May. A magnificent procession then wound through the city streets from 8 pm onwards. After the Alpine horns, bagpipes took over to lead the march, followed by a flower-decked carriage carrying a giant portrait of the "father of orphans." Next came the relics, borne on a stretcher by young students from Bocage secondary school, dressed in splendid red sweaters emblazoned with Camille's words: *"The higher the mountain, the further we see."* Several hundred people of all ages followed in a cheerful, family-friendly atmosphere. Along the route, respectful onlookers paused in awe at this unusual parade.

Upon arrival at Notre-Dame, a priest led a prayer vigil accompanied by hymns from a beautiful youth choir. The ceremony unfolded in a relaxed yet solemn atmosphere. At the vigil's close, everyone filed past to venerate the relics and entrust personal intentions to Camille. A truly moving moment!

Saturday, 17 May. The big day! Since Pauline Marie Jaricot (beatified in May 2022), France had not welcomed a new "Blessed." Thus, the entire Apostolic Region was represented by its bishops: Lyon, Annecy, Saint-Étienne, Valence, etc. They were joined by two former archbishops of Chambéry: Monsignor Laurent Ulrich, now Archbishop of Paris, and Monsignor Philippe Ballot, Bishop of Metz. Two bishops from Burkina Faso had travelled to attend the celebration. Numerous diocesan priests came to concelebrate, along with several religious figures, including seven Salesians of Don Bosco. The Apostolic Nuncio to France, Monsignor Celestino Migliore, was tasked with representing Cardinal Semeraro (Prefect of the Dicastery for the Causes of Saints), detained in Rome for the enthronement of Pope Leo XIV. Needless to say, the cathedral was packed, as were the side chapels, forecourt, and Bocage—over 3,000 people in total.

What emotion when, after the reading of the papal decree (signed just the day before by Pope Leo XIV) by Father

Pierluigi Cameroni, postulator of the cause, Camille's portrait was unveiled in the cathedral! What fervour filled that great nave! What solemnity, upheld by the hymns of a magnificent inter-diocesan choir and the grand organ, masterfully played by Thibaut Duré! In short, a majestic ceremony for this humble priest who devoted his entire life to serving the least among us!

Coverage was provided by RCF Savoie (a French regional radio station part of the RCF network, Radios Chrésiennes Francophones), with interviews of key figures involved in Camille's cause, and by KTO (the French-language Catholic TV channel), which broadcast the glorious celebration live.

A third day, Sunday 18 May, crowned the festivities. Held at Bocage under a large marquee, it featured a thanksgiving Mass presided over by Monsignor Thibault Verny, Archbishop of Chambéry, flanked by the two African bishops, the Salesian Provincial, and several priests—including Father Jean François Chiron (13-year president of the Camille Committee founded by Monsignor Philippe Ballot), who delivered a remarkable homily. A considerable crowd gathered to pray and participate. After Mass, a "Camille Costa de Beauregard, Founder of Bocage" rose—selected by alumni and offered to dignitaries—was blessed by Father Daniel Féderspiel, Provincial of the Salesians of France (now available for purchase at Bocage's greenhouses).

After the ceremony, Alpine horns performed a concert until Pope Leo, during his *Regina Coeli* discourse, declared his joy at the first beatification of his pontificate: Chambéry's priest, Camille Costa de Beauregard. Thunderous applause erupted under the marquee!

That afternoon, various youth groups from Bocage—secondary school pupils, children's home residents, and scouts—took turns on stage to enliven the festivities. What a celebration!

And now? Is it all over? Or is there more to come?

Camille's beatification is just one step toward canonisation. The work continues, and you are invited to contribute. What remains to be done? Spread awareness of the new Blessed through every means, for many must pray for his intercession to obtain another miracle unexplained by science, which would allow the consideration of a new process and a rapid canonisation. Camille's holiness would then be proclaimed to the world. It's possible; we must believe! Let's not stop halfway!

Resources of various kinds include:

- the book *“Blessed Camille Costa de Beauregard: Nobility of Heart”* by Françoise Bouchard (Éditions Salvator);
- the book *“Praying Fifteen Days with Camille Costa de Beauregard”* by Father Paul Ripaud (Éditions Nouvelle Cité);
- the comic book: *“Blessed Camille Costa de Beauregard”* by Gaëtan Evrard (Éditions Triomphe);
- Videos on the “Amis de Costa” website and the *beatification footage*;
- Visits to memorial sites at Bocage in Chambéry, are possible by contacting either the Bocage welcome desk or directly, Mr. Gabriel Tardy, Director of *La Maison des Enfants*).

To everyone, thank you for supporting Blessed Camille's cause—he deserves it!

Fr. Paul Ripaud, SDB

Interview with the Rector Major, Fr. Fabio Attard

*We had an exclusive interview with the Rector Major of the Salesians, Fr. Fabio Attard, looking back over the key stages of his vocation and his human and spiritual journey. His vocation began in the oratory and was consolidated through a rich formative journey that took him from Ireland to Tunisia, Malta, and Rome. From 2008 to 2020, he was General Councillor for Youth Ministry, a role he carried out with a multicultural vision acquired through experiences in different contexts. His central message is **holiness** as the foundation of Salesian educational action: 'I would like to see a holier Congregation,' he says, emphasising that professional efficiency must be rooted in consecrated identity.*

What is your vocation story?

I was born in Gozo, Malta, on 23 March 1959, the fifth of seven children. At the time of my birth, my father was a pharmacist in a hospital, while my mother had started a small fabric and dressmaking shop, which over time grew into a small chain of five shops. She was a very hard-working woman, but the business always remained a family affair.

I attended local primary and secondary schools. A very beautiful and special part of my childhood was that my father was a lay catechist at the oratory, which until 1965 had been run by the Salesians. As a young man, he had attended that oratory and had remained there as the only lay catechist. When I started attending at the age of six, the Salesians had just left. A young priest (who is still alive) took over and continued the activities of the oratory in the same Salesian spirit, having himself lived there as a seminarian.

We continued with catechism, daily Benediction of the Eucharistic, football, theatre, choir, trips, parties... everything you normally experience in an oratory. There were

many children and young people, and I grew up in that environment. In practice, my life took place between my family and the oratory. I was also an altar boy in my parish. So, after finishing high school, I turned towards the priesthood, because I had had this desire in my heart since I was a child.

Today I realise how much I was influenced by that young priest, whom I looked up to with admiration. He was always there with us in the courtyard, in the activities of the oratory. However, at that time the Salesians were no longer there. So, I entered the seminary, where at that time there were two years of preparatory studies as an intern. During the third year – which corresponded to the first year of philosophy – I met a family friend about 35 years old, an adult vocation, who had entered as a Salesian aspirant (he is still alive today and is a coadjutor). When he took this step, a fire was lit inside me. And with the help of my spiritual director, I began a vocational discernment. It was an important but also demanding journey. I was 19 years old, but that spiritual guide helped me to seek God's will, and not simply my own. So, in my last year – the fourth year of philosophy – instead of following him to the seminary, I lived as a Salesian aspirant, completing the required two years of philosophy.

My family environment was strongly marked by faith. We attended Mass every day, recited the Rosary at home, and were very close-knit. Even today, although our parents are in Heaven, we maintain that same unity among brothers and sisters.

Another family experience marked me deeply, although I only realised it over time. My brother, the second in the family, died at the age of 25 from kidney failure. Today, with advances in medicine, he would still be alive thanks to dialysis and transplants, but back then there weren't many options. I was by his side during the last three years of his life. We shared the same room and I often helped him at night.

He was a peaceful, cheerful young man who lived his fragility with extraordinary joy.

I was 16 when he died. Fifty years have passed, but when I think back to that time and that daily experience of closeness made up of small gestures, I realise how much it has marked my life.

I was born into a family where there was faith, a sense of work and shared responsibility. My parents are two extraordinary examples for me. They lived their cross with great faith and serenity, without ever burdening anyone, and at the same time, they knew how to convey the joy of family life. I can say that I had a very happy childhood. We were neither rich nor poor, but always modest and discreet. They taught us to work, to manage resources well, not to waste, to live with dignity, elegance, and above all, with attention to the poor and the sick.

How did your family react when you made the decision to follow your vocation as a religious?

The time had come when, together with my spiritual director, we had made it clear that my path was that of the Salesians. I also had to tell my parents. I remember it was a quiet evening; we were eating together, just the three of us. At one point I said, "I want to tell you something. I have made my discernment and I have decided to join the Salesians."

My father was delighted. He replied immediately, "May the Lord bless you." My mother, on the other hand, began to cry, as all mothers do. She asked me, "So you're leaving?" But my father intervened gently and firmly, "Whether he leaves or not, this is his path."

They blessed me and encouraged me. Those moments will remain etched in my memory forever.

I particularly remember what happened towards the end of my parents' lives. My father died in 1997, and six months later my mother was diagnosed with terminal cancer.

At that time, my superiors had asked me to go and teach at the

Pontifical Salesian University (UPS), but I didn't know what to do. My mother was not well and was nearing the end of her life. Talking to my brothers, they said to me, "Do what your superiors ask you to do."

I was at home and talked to her about it. "Mom, my superiors are asking me to go to Rome."

With the clarity of a true mother, she replied, "Listen, my son, if it were up to me, I would ask you to stay here, because I have no one else and I don't want to be a burden on your brothers. But..." – and here she said something that I carry in my heart – "You are not mine; you belong to God. Do what your superiors tell you."

That sentence, spoken a year before her death, is a treasure for me, a precious legacy. My mother was an intelligent, wise, and perceptive woman. She knew that her illness would lead to her death, but at that moment she was able to be free inside. Free to say words that confirmed once again the gift she herself had given to God: offering a son to the consecrated life.

My family's reaction, from the beginning to the end, was always marked by deep respect and great support. And even today, my brothers and sisters continue to carry on this spirit.

What has been your formative journey from novitiate to today?

It has been a very rich and varied journey. I began my pre-novitiate in Malta, then I did my novitiate in Dublin, Ireland. It was a truly beautiful experience.

After the novitiate, my companions moved to Maynooth to study philosophy at the university, but I had already completed my studies. For this reason, my superiors asked me to remain at the novitiate for another year, where I taught Italian and Latin. After that, I returned to Malta for two years of internship, which were very beautiful and enriching.

I was then sent to Rome to study theology at the Pontifical Salesian University, where I spent three extraordinary years.

Those years gave me great open-mindedness. We lived in the student residence with forty brothers from twenty different countries: Asia, Europe, Latin America... even the teaching staff was international. It was the mid-1980s, about twenty years after the Second Vatican Council, and there was still a lot of enthusiasm in the air. There were lively theological debates, liberation theology, and interest in method and practice. Those studies taught me to read faith not only as intellectual content, but as a choice of life.

After those three years, I continued with two more years of specialisation in moral theology at the Alfonsian Academy with the Redemptorist fathers. There, too, I met significant figures, such as the famous Bernhard Häring, with whom I formed a personal friendship and went to talk to him regularly every month. It was a total of five years – between my bachelor's and licentiate degrees – that deeply formed me from a theological point of view.

Afterwards, I volunteered for the missions, and my superiors sent me to Tunisia, together with another Salesian, to re-establish the Salesian presence in the Country. We took over a school run by a female congregation which, having no more vocations, was about to close. It was a school with 700 students, so we had to learn French and also Arabic. To prepare ourselves, we spent a few months in Lyon, France, and then devoted ourselves to studying Arabic.

I stayed there for three years. It was another great experience because we found ourselves living the Salesian faith and charism in a context where we could not speak explicitly about Jesus. However, it was possible to build educational programmes based on human values: respect, availability, truth. Our witness was silent but eloquent. In that environment, I learned to know and love the Muslim world. Everyone – students, teachers, and families – were Muslims, and they welcomed us with great warmth. They made us feel part of their family. I returned to Tunisia several times and

always found the same respect and appreciation, regardless of our religious affiliation.

After that experience, I returned to Malta and worked for five years in the social field. In particular, I worked in a Salesian house that welcomes young people in need of more attentive educational support, including residential care.

After these eight years of pastoral work (between Tunisia and Malta), I was offered the opportunity to complete my doctorate. I chose to return to Ireland because the subject was related to conscience according to the thinking of Cardinal John Henry Newman, now a saint. After completing my doctorate, the Rector Major at the time, Fr. Juan Edmundo Vecchi – of blessed memory – asked me to join the Pontifical Salesian University as a professor of moral theology.

Looking back on my entire journey, from aspirant to doctorate, I can say that it has been a combination of experiences not only in terms of content but also in terms of very different cultural contexts. I thank the Lord and the Congregation for offering me the opportunity to experience such a varied and rich formation.

So, you know Maltese because it is your mother tongue, English because it is the second language in Malta, Latin because you taught it, Italian because you studied in Italy, French and Arabic because you were in Manouba, Tunisia... How many languages do you know?

Five or six languages, more or less. However, when people ask me about languages, I always say that it is a bit of a historical coincidence.

In Malta, we grow up with two languages: Maltese and English, and we study a third language at school. In my day, Italian was also taught. Then, I had a natural aptitude for languages, so I also chose Latin.

Later, when I went to Tunisia, I had to learn French and Arabic.

In Rome, living with many Spanish-speaking students, my ear got used to it, and when I was elected Councillor for Youth Ministry, I also studied Spanish a little, which is a very beautiful language.

All languages are beautiful. Of course, learning them requires commitment, study, and practice. Some people are more gifted than others; it is part of one's personal disposition. But it is neither a merit nor a fault. It is simply a gift, a natural predisposition.

From 2008 to 2020, you served two terms as General Councillor for Youth Ministry. How did your experience help you in this mission?

When the Lord entrusts us with a mission, we bring with us all the baggage of experiences we have accumulated over time.

Having lived in different cultural contexts, I did not run the risk of seeing everything through the filter of a single culture. I am European; I come from the Mediterranean, from a Country that was a British colony, but I have had the grace to live in international, multicultural communities.

My years of study at UPS also helped me a lot. We had professors who did not just impart knowledge, but taught us to synthesise and develop a method. For example, when studying Church history, we understood how essential it was to understand patristics. When studying biblical theology, we learned to connect it with sacramental theology, morality, and the history of spirituality. In short, they taught us to think organically.

This ability to synthesise, this architecture of thought, then becomes part of your personal formation. When you study theology, you learn to identify key points and connect them. The same applies to pastoral, pedagogical or philosophical proposals. When you meet people of great depth, you absorb not only what they say, but also how they say it, and this shapes your style.

Another important element is that, at the time of my election, I had already had experiences in missionary environments, where the Catholic religion was practically absent, and I had worked with marginalised and vulnerable people. I had also gained some experience in the university world and, at the same time, I had devoted myself a lot to spiritual accompaniment.

Furthermore, between 2005 and 2008 – just after my experience at the UPS – the Archdiocese of Malta asked me to found a Pastoral Formation Institute, following a diocesan synod that had recognised the need for it. The archbishop entrusted me with the task of starting it from scratch. The first thing I did was to build a team of priests, religious, and lay people – men and women. We created a new formation method, which is still used today. The institute continues to function very well, and in some ways that experience was a valuable preparation for the work I did later in youth ministry.

From the beginning, I have always believed in teamwork and collaboration with lay people. My first experience as a director was precisely in this style: a stable educative team, today we would call it a CEP (Educative-Pastoral Community), with regular, not occasional, meetings. We met every week with educators and professionals. And this approach, which over time has become a method, has remained a reference point for me.

Added to this is my academic experience: six years as a lecturer at the Salesian Pontifical University, where students came from over a hundred countries, and then as an examiner and director of doctoral theses at the Alfonsian Academy. I believe that all this has prepared me to live this responsibility with clarity and vision.

So, when the Congregation asked me to take on this role during the General Chapter of 2008, I already had a broad, multicultural vision. This helped me because bringing together

diversity was not difficult for me; it was part of normality. Of course, it wasn't simply a matter of making a 'fruit salad' of experiences; it was necessary to find the common threads, to give coherence and unity.

What I was able to experience as General Councillor was not a personal achievement. I believe that any Salesian, if he had had the same opportunities and support from the Congregation, could have had similar experiences and made his own generous contribution.

Is there a prayer, a Salesian goodnight ritual, a habit that you never fail to do?

Devotion to Mary. At home we grew up with the daily Rosary, recited as a family. It was not an obligation; it was something natural. We did it before meals, because we always ate together. Back then it was possible. Today perhaps it is less so, but back then that was how we lived, the family together, shared prayer, the common table.

At first perhaps, I did not realise how deep that Marian devotion was. But as the years passed, when you begin to distinguish what is essential from what is secondary, I realised how much that maternal presence had accompanied my life.

Devotion to Mary is expressed in different ways: the daily Rosary, when possible; a moment of pause before an image or statue of Our Lady; a simple prayer, but one made from the heart. These are gestures that accompany the journey of faith.

Of course, there are some fixed points: daily Eucharist and daily meditation. These are pillars that are not discussed; they are lived. Not only because we are consecrated, but because we are believers. And faith is lived only by nourishing it. When we nourish it, it grows in us. And only if it grows in us can we help it to grow in others. For us, as educators, it is clear: if our faith does not translate into concrete life, everything else becomes a facade.

These practices – prayer, meditation, devotion – are not reserved for saints. They are an expression of honesty. If I have made a choice of faith, I also have a responsibility to cultivate it. Otherwise, everything is reduced to something external, apparent. And this, over time, does not hold up.

If you could go back, would you make the same choices?

Absolutely yes. There have been very difficult moments in my life, as there are for everyone. I don't want to come across as the 'victim of the moment'. I believe that every person, in order to grow, must go through phases of darkness, moments of desolation, loneliness, of feeling betrayed or unjustly accused. And I have experienced these moments. But I have had the grace of having a spiritual director at my side.

When you go through certain hardships accompanied by someone else, you can sense that everything God allows has a meaning, a purpose. And when you come out of that 'tunnel', you discover that you are a different, a more mature person. It is as if, through that trial, we are transformed.

If I had been alone, I would have risked making wrong decisions, without vision, blinded by the fatigue of the moment. When you are angry, when you feel alone, it is not the time to decide. It is the time to walk, to ask for help, to be accompanied.

Going through certain passages with someone's help is like being dough put in the oven; the fire cooks it, makes it mature. So, when asked if I would change anything, my answer is no. Because even the most difficult moments, even those I didn't understand, have helped me become the person I am today.

Do I feel like a perfect person? No. But I feel that I am on a journey, every day, trying to live in the mercy and goodness of God.

And today, as I give this interview, I can say with sincerity that I feel happy. Perhaps I have not yet fully understood

what it means to be Rector Major – it takes time – but I know that it is a mission, not a walk in the park. It brings with it its difficulties. However, I feel loved and esteemed by my collaborators and by the whole Congregation.

And everything I am today, I am thanks to what I have experienced, even in the most difficult moments. I would not change them. They have made me who I am.

Do you have any projects that are particularly close to your heart?

Yes. If I close my eyes and imagine something I really want, I would like to see a holier Congregation. Holier. Holier.

I was deeply inspired by Fr. Pascual Chávez's first letter in 2002, entitled "Be saints". That letter touched me deeply and left a mark on me.

There are many projects, all of them valid, well structured, with broad and deep visions. But what value do they have if they are carried out by people who are not holy? We can do excellent work, we can even be appreciated – and this, in itself, is not a bad thing – but we do not work to achieve success. Our starting point is an identity; we are consecrated persons.

What we offer only makes sense if it comes from there. Of course, we want our projects to be successful, but even more than that, we want them to bring grace, to touch people deeply. It is not enough to be efficient. We must be effective in the deepest sense, effective in our witness, in our identity, in our faith.

Efficiency can exist without any religious reference. We can be excellent professionals, but that is not enough.

Our consecration is not a detail. It is the foundation. If it becomes marginal, if we put it aside to make room for efficiency, then we lose our identity.

And people are watching us. In Salesian schools, people

recognise that the results are good – and that is good. But do they also recognise us as men of God? That is the question.

If they see us only as good professionals, then we are only efficient. But our life must be nourished by Him – the Way, the Truth, and the Life – not by what ‘I think’ or ‘I want’ or ‘what seems right to me’.

So, rather than talking about my personal project, I prefer to talk about a deep desire, to become saints. And to talk about it in concrete terms, not in an idealised way. When Don Bosco spoke to his boys about *study, health, and holiness*, he was not referring to a holiness made up only of prayer in the chapel. He was thinking of a holiness lived in relationship with God and nourished by relationship with God. Christian holiness is the reflection of this living and daily relationship.

What advice would you give to a young person wondering about their vocation?

I would tell them to discover, step by step, what God’s plan is for them.

The vocational journey is not a question you ask and then wait for a ready answer from the Church. It is a pilgrimage. When a young person says to me, *“I don’t know whether to become a Salesian or not,”* I try to steer them away from that formulation. Because it is not simply a matter of deciding, *“I’m going to become a Salesian.”* A vocation is not an option in relation to a ‘thing’.

In my own experience, when I told my spiritual director, *“I want to become a Salesian, I have to be one”*, he calmly made me reflect; *“Is this really God’s will? Or is it just your desire?”*

And it is right for a young person to seek what he desires; it is healthy. But those who accompany him have the task of educating that search, of transforming it from initial

enthusiasm into a journey of inner maturation.

"Do you want to do good? Good. Then know yourself, recognise that you are loved by God."

It is only from that deep relationship with God that the real question can emerge; "What is God's plan for me?"

Because what I want today may not be enough for me tomorrow. If vocation is reduced to what 'I like,' then it will be something fragile. Vocation, on the other hand, is an inner voice that calls us, that asks us to enter into dialogue with God, and to respond.

When a young person reaches this point, when they are accompanied to discover that inner space where God dwells, then they truly begin to walk.

For this reason, those who accompany them must be very attentive, profound, and patient. Never superficial.

The Gospel of Emmaus is a perfect image. Jesus approaches the two disciples and listens to them even though He knows they are talking confusedly. Then, after listening to them, He begins to speak. And in the end, they invite Him; *"Stay with us, for it is nearly evening."*

And they recognise Him in the gesture of breaking bread. Then they say to each other, *"Were not our hearts burning within us while He was talking to us on the way?"*

Today, many young people are searching. Our task as educators is not to be hasty. But to help them, calmly and gradually, to discover the greatness that is already in their hearts. Because there, in that depth, they encounter Christ. As St Augustine says, *"You were within me, and I was outside. And there I sought you."*

Do you have a message for the Salesian Family today?

It is the same message I shared during the recent meeting of the Salesian Family Council; ***Faith. Let us root ourselves ever more deeply in the person of Christ.***

It is from this rootedness that an authentic knowledge of Don Bosco is born. When the first Salesians wanted to write a book about the real Don Bosco, they did not call it "*Don Bosco, Apostle of Youth*," but "*Don Bosco with God*"— a text written by Fr. Eugenio Ceria in 1929.

This gives us pause for thought. Why did they, who had seen him in action every day, not choose to emphasise Don Bosco's tireless work, his organisational skills, his talent as an educator? No, they wanted to portray Don Bosco as a man deeply united with God.

Those who knew him well did not stop at appearances but went to the root. Don Bosco was a man immersed in God.

To the Salesian Family I say: we have received a treasure. An immense gift. But every gift entails a responsibility.

In my final discourse, I said: ***"It is not enough to love Don Bosco, you have to know him."***

And we can only truly know him if we are people of faith.

We must look at him with the eyes of faith. Only in this way can we encounter the believer that Don Bosco was, in whom the Holy Spirit acted with power, with *dýnamis*, with *cháris*, with charism, with grace.

We cannot limit ourselves to repeating certain maxims of his or recounting his miracles. Because we run the risk of dwelling on the anecdotes of Don Bosco, instead of dwelling on the story of Don Bosco, because Don Bosco is greater than Don Bosco.

This means study, reflection, depth. It means avoiding all superficiality.

And then we will be able to say with truth, ***"This is my faith, this is my charism: rooted in Christ, in the footsteps of Don Bosco."***

The title of Basilica for the Church of the Sacred Heart in Rome

On the centenary of the death of Fr Paul Albera it was highlighted how the second successor of Don Bosco realised what could be described as a dream of Don Bosco. In fact, thirty-four years after the consecration of the church of the Sacred Heart in Rome, which took place in the presence of the by now exhausted Don Bosco (May 1887), Pope Benedict XV – the pope of the famous and unheard of definition of the First World War as ‘useless slaughter’ – conferred on the church the title of Minor Basilica (11 February 1921). Don Bosco had “given his soul” (and his body too!) for its construction in the last seven years of his life. He had done the same in the previous twenty years (1865-1868) with the construction of the church of Mary Help of Christians in Valdocco, Turin, the first Salesian church elevated to the dignity of a minor basilica on 28 June 1911, in the presence of the new Rector Major Fr Paul Albera.

Discovery of the request

But how did this result come about? Who was behind it? We now know for sure thanks to the recent discovery of the typewritten draft of the request for this title by Rector Major Fr Paul Albera. It is included in a booklet commemorating the 25th anniversary of the Sacred Heart published in 1905 by the then Rector Fr Francesco Tomasetti (1868-1953). The typescript, dated 17 January 1921, has minimal corrections by the Rector Major but, what is important, bears his handwritten signature.

After describing Don Bosco’s work and the unceasing activity

of the parish, probably taken from the old file, Fr Albera addresses the Pope in these terms

“While the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus is growing and spreading all over the world, and new Churches are being dedicated to the Divine Heart, also through the noble initiative of the Salesians, as in S. Paolo in Brazil, in La Plata in Argentina, in London, in Barcelona and elsewhere, it seems that the primary Church-Sanctuary dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus in Rome, where such an important devotion has an affirmation so worthy of the Eternal City, deserves special distinction. The undersigned, therefore, having heard the opinion of the Superior Council of the Pious Salesian Society, humbly begs Your Holiness to deign to grant the Church-Sanctuary of the Sacred Heart of Jesus at the Castro Pretorio in Rome the Title and Privileges of a Minor Basilica, hoping that this honourable elevation will increase devotion, piety and every catholic beneficial activity”.

The request, in its final draft, signed by Fr Albera, was most likely sent by the procurator Fr Francesco Tomasetti to the Sacred Congregation of the Brevi, which welcomed it. He quickly drew up the draft of the Apostolic Brief to be kept in the Vatican Archives, had it transcribed by expert calligraphers on rich parchment and passed it on to the Secretariat of State for the signature of the the one in charge at the time, Cardinal Pietro Gasparri.

Today, the faithful can admire this original of the granting of the requested title nicely framed in the sacristy of the Basilica (see photo).

We can only be grateful to Dr Patrizia Buccino, a scholar of archaeology and history, and Salesian historian Fr Giorgio Rossi, who spread the news. It is up to them to complete the investigation begun by searching the Vatican Archives for the entire correspondence which will also be made known to the scientific world through the well-known Salesian history magazine “Ricerche Storiche Salesiane”.

Sacred Heart: a national basilica with an international reach

Twenty-six years earlier, on 16 July 1885, at the request of Don Bosco and with the explicit consent of Pope Leo XIII, Archbishop Gaetano Alimonda, Archbishop of Turin, had warmly urged the Italians to participate in the success of the “noble and holy proposal [of the new church] calling it a national vow of the Italians”.

Fr Albera in his request to the pontiff, after recalling Cardinal Alimonda’s pressing appeal, recalled that all the nations of the world had been asked to contribute economically to the construction, decoration of the church and annexed works (including the inevitable Salesian oratory with a hospice!) so that the Church-Sanctuary, as well as a national vow, had become a “worldwide or international manifestation of devotion to the Sacred Heart”.

In this regard, in a historical and ascetical paper published on the occasion of the 1st Centenary of the Consecration of the Basilica (1987), the scholar Armando Pedrini described it as: “A church that is therefore international because of the catholicity and universality of its message to all peoples”, also in consideration of the Basilica’s “prominent position” adjacent to the acknowledged internationality of the railway station.

Rome-Termini is therefore not only a large railway station with problems of public order and a difficult scene to manage, often mentioned in the newspapers and like many railway stations in many European capitals. But it is also home to the Basilica of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. And while in the evening and at night time the area does not convey security to tourists, during the day the Basilica offers peace and serenity to the faithful who enter it, stop there in prayer, receive the sacraments.

Will the pilgrims who will pass through the Termini railway station in the not too distant holy year (2025) remember this? All they have to do is cross the street... and the Sacred Heart of Jesus awaits them.

PS. In Rome there is a second Salesian parish basilica, larger and artistically richer than the Sacred Heart one: it is the Basilica of St John Bosco at Tuscolano, which became such in 1965, a few years after its inauguration (1959). Where is it located? Obviously in the Don Bosco district (a stone's throw from the famous Cinecittà studios). While the statue on the bell tower of the basilica of the Sacred Heart dominates the square of Termini station, the dome of the basilica of Don Bosco, slightly lower than St. Peter's, however, overlooks it directly, albeit from two extreme points of the capital. And since there is no two without three, there is a third splendid Salesian parish basilica in Rome: that of Santa Maria Ausiliatrice, in the Appio-Tuscolano district, next to the large Pio XI Institute.

Apostolic Letter entitled *Pia Societas*, dated 11 February 2021, by which His Holiness Benedict XV elevated the Church of the Sacred Heart of Jesus to the rank of Basilica.

Ecclesia parochialis SS.mi Cordis Iesu ad Castrum Praetorium
in urbe titulo et privilegiis Basilicae Minoris decoratur.
Benedictus pp. XV

Ad perpetuam rei memoriam.

Pia Societas sancti Francisci Salesii, a venerabili Servo Dei Ioanne Bosco iam Augustae Taurinorum condita atque hodie per dissitas quoque orbis regiones diffusa, omnibus plane cognitum est quanta sibi merita comparaverit non modo incumbendo actuose sollerterque in puerorum, orbitate laborantium, religiosam honestamque institutionem, verum etiam in rei catholicae profectum tum apud christianum populum, tum apud infideles in longinquis et asperrimis Missionibus. Eiusdem Societatis sodalibus est quoque in hac Alma Urbe Nostra ecclesia paroecialis Sacratissimo Cordi Iesu dicata, in qua, etsi non abhinc multos annos condita, eximii praesertim Praedecessoris Nostri Leonis PP. XIII iussu atque auspiciis, christifideles urbani, eorumdem Sodalium opera, adeo ad Dei cultum et virtutum laudem

exercentur, ut ea vel cum antiquioribus paroeciis in honoris ac meritorum contentionem veniat. Ipsemet Salesianorum Sodalium fundator, venerabilis Ioannes Bosco, in nova Urbis regione, aere saluberrimo populoque confertissima, quae ad Gastrum Praetorium exstat, exaedificationem inchoavit istius templi, et, quasi illud erigeret ex gentis italicae voto et pietatis testimonio erga Sacratissimum Cor Iesu, stipem praecipue ex Italiae christifidelibus studiose conlegit; verumtamen pii homines ex ceteris nationibus non defuerunt, qui, in exstruendum perficiendumque templum istud, erga Ssmum Cor Iesu amore incensi, largam pecuniae vim contulerint. Anno autem MDCCCLXXXVII sacra ipsa aedes, secundum speciosam formam a Virginio Vespignani architecto delineatam, tandem perfecta ac sollemniter consecrata dedicataque est. Eadem vero postea, magna cum sollertia, Sodales Salesianos non modo variis altaribus, imaginibus affabre depictis et statuīs, omnique sacro cultui necessaria supellectili exornasse, verum etiam continentibus aedificiis iuventuti, ut tempora nostra postulant, rite instituendae ditasse, iure ac merito Praedecessores Nostri sunt” laetati, et Nos haud minore animi voluptate probamus. Quapropter cum dilectus filius Paulus Albera, hodiernus Piaae Societatis sancti Francisci Salesii rector maior, nomine proprio ac religiosorum virorum quibus praeest, quo memorati templi Ssmi Cordi Iesu dicati maxime augeatur decus, eiusdem urbanae paroeciae fidelium fides et pietas foveatur, Nos supplex rogaverit, ut eidem templo dignitatem, titulum et privilegia Basilicae Minoris pro Nostra benignitate impertiri dignemur; Nos, ut magis magisque stimulos fidelibus ipsius paroeciae atque Urbis totius Nostrae ad Sacratissimum Cor Iesu impensius colendum atque adamandum addamus, nec non benevolentiam, qua Sodales Salesianos ob merita sua prosequimur, publice significemus, votis hisce piis annuendum ultro libenterque censemus. Quam ob rem, conlatis consiliis cum VV. FF. NN. S. R. E. Cardinalibus Congregationi Ss. Rituum praepositis, Motu proprio ac de certa scientia et matura deliberatione Nostris, deque apostolicae potestatis plenitudine, praesentium Litterarum tenore perpetuumque in

modum, enunciatum templum Sacratissimo Cordi Iesu dicatum, in hac alma Urbe Nostra atque ad Castrum Praetorium situm, dignitate ac titulo Basilicae Minoris honestamus, cum omnibus et singulis honoribus, praerogativis, privilegiis, indultis quae aliis Minoribus Almae huius Urbis Basilicis de iure competunt. Decernentes praesentes Litteras firmas, validas atque efficaces semper exstare ac permanere, suosque integros effectus sortiri iugiter et obtinere, illisque ad quos pertinent nunc et in posterum plenissime suffragari; sicque rite iudicandum esse ac definiendum, irritumque ex nunc et inane fieri, si quidquam secus super his, a quovis, auctoritate qualibet, scienter sive ignoranter attentari contigerit. Non obstantibus contrariis quibuscumque.

Datum Romae apud sanctum Petrum sub annulo Piscatoris, die XI februarii MCMXXI, Pontificatus Nostri anno septimo.

P. CARD. GASPARRI, a Secretis Status.

The parish church of the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus at Castrum Praetorium in the city is honoured with the title and privileges of a Minor Basilica.

Pope Benedict XV

For perpetual remembrance.

The Pious Society of St Francis de Sales, founded in Augusta Taurinorum by the Venerable Servant of God John Bosco and now spread throughout diverse regions of the world, is well known to all for the great merits it has acquired—not only by diligently and zealously devoting itself to the religious and moral education of orphaned and labouring children, but also by advancing the Catholic cause both among Christian populations and in distant and arduous missions among unbelievers. In this Our Beloved City, the members of the same Society also serve the parish church dedicated to the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, where, though established not many

years ago by the command and under the auspices of Our illustrious predecessor Pope Leo XIII, the urban faithful, through the work of these same members, are so fervently trained in divine worship and the praise of virtue that it may even rival older parishes in honour and merit.

The founder of the Salesian Society himself, the Venerable John Bosco, began the construction of this church in a new district of the City, renowned for its wholesome air and dense population, near Castrum Praetorium. As if raising it in fulfilment of the Italian people's vow and as a testimony of devotion to the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, he diligently collected funds chiefly from the faithful of Italy; yet pious individuals from other nations were not lacking, who, inflamed with love for the Most Sacred Heart, contributed generously to the building and completion of this church. In the year 1887, the sacred edifice, designed according to the splendid plan of the architect Virginio Vespignani, was finally completed and solemnly consecrated and dedicated.

Afterwards, with great diligence, the Salesians adorned it not only with various altars, skilfully painted images and statues, and all the furnishings necessary for sacred worship, but also enriched it with adjoining buildings for the proper education of youth, as our times demand. Our predecessors rightly and justly rejoiced at this, and We too approve with no less satisfaction.

Wherefore, since Our beloved son Paul Albera, the present Superior General of the Pious Society of St Francis de Sales, in his own name and that of the religious under his care, has humbly besought Us that the honour of the aforesaid church dedicated to the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus may be greatly enhanced, and the faith and piety of the faithful of the urban parish may be fostered, and that We may deign in Our kindness to bestow upon the same church the dignity, title, and privileges of a Minor Basilica; We, desiring to further stimulate the faithful of this parish and of Our whole City to

more fervent worship and love of the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, and to publicly signify the benevolence with which We regard the Salesians for their merits, have willingly and gladly resolved to grant these pious requests.

For this reason, having consulted with Our Venerable Brothers the Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church assigned to the Congregation of Sacred Rites, by Our own initiative, with certain knowledge and mature deliberation, and by the fullness of apostolic authority, We, by the tenor of these present Letters and in perpetuity, honour the aforesaid church dedicated to the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, located in this Our Beloved City near Castrum Praetorium, with the dignity and title of a Minor Basilica, together with all and singular the honours, prerogatives, privileges, and indults which by right belong to other Minor Basilicas of this Beloved City.

We decree that these present Letters shall always be firm, valid, and effective, and shall perpetually obtain their full and complete effects, and shall fully avail those to whom they pertain now and hereafter; and thus it is to be judged and defined in due form, and anything to the contrary, attempted by any authority, knowingly or unknowingly, is hereby declared null and void.

Notwithstanding any contrary provisions.

Given at Rome, at St Peter's, under the Fisherman's Ring, on the 11th day of February 1921, in the seventh year of Our Pontificate.

P. Cardinal Gasparri, Secretary of State.

Message from Father Fabio Attard on the Feast of the Rector Major

Dear Confreres, dear Collaborators in our Educative Pastoral Communities, dear young people,

Allow me to share with you this message that comes from the depths of my heart. I communicate it with all the affection, appreciation and esteem I have for each and every one of you as you are engaged in the mission of being educators, pastors and animators of young people on all continents.

We are all aware that the education of young people increasingly requires significant adult figures, people with a solid moral backbone, capable of transmitting hope and vision for their future.

While we are all committed to walking with young people, welcoming them into our homes, offering them educational opportunities of every kind and type, in the variety of environments in which we work, we are also aware of the cultural, social and economic challenges we face.

Alongside these challenges, which are part of every pastoral educational process, since it is always a continuous dialogue with earthly realities, we recognise that, as a consequence of situations of wars and armed conflicts in various parts of the world, the call we are living is becoming more complex and difficult. All this has an effect on the commitment we are carrying out. Yet, it is encouraging to see that despite the difficulties we face, we are determined to continue living our mission with conviction.

In recent months, the message of Pope Francis and now the words of Pope Leo XIV have continually invited the world to face this painful situation, which seems like a

spiral that is growing at an alarming rate. We know that wars never bring peace. We are aware, and some of us are experiencing it first-hand, that every armed conflict and every war brings suffering, pain and increases all kinds of poverty. We all know that those who ultimately pay the price for such situations are the displaced, the elderly, children and young people who find themselves without a present and without a future.

For this reason, dear confreres, dear collaborators and young people throughout the world, I would kindly ask you that on the feast of the Rector Major, which is a tradition dating back to the time of Don Bosco, every community around the feast day of the Rector Major celebrate the Holy Eucharist for peace.

It is an invitation to prayer that finds its source in the sacrifice of Christ, crucified and risen. A prayer as a testimony so that no one remains indifferent in a world situation shaken by a growing number of conflicts.

This is our gesture of solidarity with all those, especially Salesians, lay people and young people, who at this particular moment, with great courage and determination, continue to live the Salesian mission in situations marked by war. They are Salesians, lay people and young people who ask for and appreciate the solidarity of the whole Congregation, human solidarity, spiritual solidarity, charismatic solidarity.

While I and the entire General Council are doing everything possible to be very close to everyone in a concrete way, I believe that at this particular moment, such a sign of closeness and encouragement should be given by the whole Congregation.

To you, our dear brothers and sisters in Myanmar, Ukraine, the Middle East, Ethiopia, East of Democratic Republic of Congo, Nigeria, Haiti and Central America, we want to say loudly that we are with you. We thank you for your witness. We assure you of our human and spiritual closeness.

We continue to pray for the gift of peace. We

continue to pray for our confreres, lay people and young people who in very challenging situations continue to hope and pray for peace to emerge. Their example, their self-giving and their belonging to the charism of Don Bosco are a powerful witness for us. They, together with many consecrated persons, priests and committed lay people, are modern martyrs, living witnesses engaged in education and evangelisation who, despite everything, as true shepherds and ministers of evangelical charity, continue to love, believe and hope for a better future.

All of us accept this call to solidarity with all our hearts. Thank you.

Prot. 25/0243 Rome, 24 June 2025

don Fabio ATTARD,

Rector Major

Foto: shutterstock.com

Don Bosco and Eucharistic processions

A little-known but important aspect of St John Bosco's charism is Eucharistic processions. For the Saint of young people, the Eucharist was not only a personal devotion but also a pedagogical tool and public witness. In a Turin undergoing transformation, Don Bosco saw processions as an opportunity to strengthen the faith of young people and proclaim Christ in the streets. The Salesian experience, which has continued throughout the world, shows how faith can be embodied in culture and respond to social challenges. Even today, when lived with authenticity and openness, these processions can

become prophetic signs of faith.

When we speak of St. John Bosco (1815-1888), we immediately think of his popular oratories, his passion for educating young people, and the Salesian family born of his charism. Less well known, but no less decisive, is the role that Eucharistic devotion – and in particular Eucharistic processions – played in his work. For Don Bosco, the Eucharist was not only the heart of his inner life; it was also a powerful pedagogical tool and a public sign of social renewal in a Turin undergoing rapid industrial transformation. Retracing the link between the saint of young people and the processions with the Blessed Sacrament means entering a pastoral workshop where liturgy, catechesis, civic education, and human promotion are intertwined in an original and, at times, surprising way.

Eucharistic processions in the context of the 19th century

To understand Don Bosco, it is necessary to remember that the 19th century in Italy was marked by intense debate on the public role of religion. After the Napoleonic era and the Risorgimento, religious demonstrations in the streets were no longer a given. In many regions, a liberal State was emerging that viewed any public expression of Catholicism with suspicion, fearing mass gatherings or 'reactionary' resurgence. Eucharistic processions, however, retained a powerful symbolic force. They recalled Christ's lordship over all reality and, at the same time, brought to the fore a popular Church, visible and embodied in the neighbourhoods. Against this backdrop stood the stubbornness of Don Bosco, who never gave up accompanying his boys in witnessing their faith outside the walls of the oratory, whether on the avenues of Valdocco or in the surrounding countryside.

From his formative years at the seminary in Chieri, John Bosco developed a 'missionary' sensitivity to the Eucharist. The chronicles tell us that he often stopped in the chapel after

lessons and spent a long time in prayer before the tabernacle. In his Memoirs of the Oratory, he himself acknowledges that he learned from his spiritual director, Fr. Cafasso, the value of 'becoming bread' for others. Contemplating Jesus giving himself in the Eucharist meant for him, learning the logic of gratuitous love. This line runs through his entire life, "Keep Jesus in the sacrament and Mary Help of Christians as your friends," he would repeat to young people, pointing to frequent Communion and silent adoration as the pillars of a path of lay and daily holiness.

The Valdocco oratory and the first internal processions

In the early 1840s, the Turin oratory did not yet have a proper church. Celebrations took place in wooden huts or in adapted courtyards. Don Bosco, however, did not give up organising small internal processions, almost 'dress rehearsals' for what would become a regular practice. The boys carried candles and banners, sang Marian hymns and, at the end, gathered around a makeshift altar for the Eucharistic benediction. These first attempts had an eminently pedagogical function, to accustom young people to devout but joyful participation, combining discipline and spontaneity. In working-class Turin, where poverty often led to violence, marching in an orderly fashion with a red handkerchief around one's neck was already a sign of going against the tide. It showed that faith could teach respect for oneself and others.

Don Bosco knew well that a procession cannot be improvised. It requires signs, songs, and gestures that speak to the heart even before they speak to the mind. For this reason, he personally took care of explaining the symbols. The canopy became the image of the tent of meeting, a sign of the divine presence accompanying the people on their journey. The flowers scattered along the route recalled the beauty of the Christian virtues that must adorn the soul. The street lamps, indispensable for evening outings, alluded to the light of faith that illuminates the darkness of sin. Each element was

the subject of a small 'sermon' in the refectory or during recreation, so that the logistical preparation was intertwined with systematic catechesis. The result? For the boys, the procession was not a ritual duty but an occasion for celebration full of meaning.

One of the most characteristic aspects of Salesian processions was the presence of a band formed by the students themselves. Don Bosco considered music an antidote to idleness and, at the same time, a powerful tool for evangelisation. "A cheerful march performed well," he wrote, "attracts people like a magnet attracts iron." The band preceded the Blessed Sacrament, alternating sacred pieces with popular tunes adapted with religious lyrics. This 'dialogue' between faith and popular culture reduced the distance between passers-by and created an aura of shared celebration around the procession. Many secular chroniclers testified to having been 'intrigued' by that group of young, disciplined musicians, so different from the military or philharmonic bands of the time.

Processions as a response to social crises

Nineteenth-century Turin experienced cholera epidemics (1854 and 1865), strikes, famines, and anti-clerical tensions. Don Bosco often reacted by proposing extraordinary processions of reparation or supplication. During the cholera epidemic of 1854, he led young people through the most affected streets, reciting litanies for the sick aloud and distributing bread and medicine. It was at that juncture that he made his promise – which he later kept – to build the church of Mary Help of Christians. "If Our Lady saves my boys, I will raise a temple to her." The civil authorities, initially opposed to religious processions for fear of contagion, had to recognise the effectiveness of the Salesian assistance network, which was spiritually nourished by the processions themselves. The Eucharist, brought to the sick, thus became a tangible sign of Christian compassion.

Contrary to certain devotional models confined to sacristies,

Don Bosco's processions claimed a right of citizenship for the faith in the public space. It was not a question of 'occupying' the streets, but of restoring them to their community vocation. Passing under balconies, crossing squares and porticoes meant remembering that the city is not only a place of economic exchange or political confrontation, but also of fraternal encounter. This is why Don Bosco insisted on impeccable order: brushed cloaks, clean shoes, regular rows. He wanted the image of the procession to communicate beauty and dignity, persuading even the most sceptical observers that the Christian proposal elevated the person.

The Salesian legacy of processions

After Don Bosco's death, his spiritual sons spread the practice of Eucharistic processions throughout the world: from agricultural schools in Emilia to missions in Patagonia, from Asian colleges to the working-class neighbourhoods of Brussels. What mattered was not to slavishly duplicate a Piedmontese ritual, but to transmit its pedagogical core: youth protagonism, symbolic catechesis, openness to the surrounding society. Thus, in Latin America, the Salesians included traditional dances at the beginning of the procession. In India, they adopted flower carpets in accordance with local art; in sub-Saharan Africa, they alternated Gregorian chants with tribal polyphonic rhythms. The Eucharist became a bridge between cultures, realising Don Bosco's dream of "making all peoples one family."

From a theological point of view, Don Bosco's processions embody a strong vision of the real presence of Christ. Taking the Blessed Sacrament 'outside' means proclaiming that the Word did not become flesh to remain locked up, but to "pitch his tent among us" (cf. Jn 1:14). This presence demands to be proclaimed in understandable forms, without being reduced to an intimate gesture. In Don Bosco, the centripetal dynamic of adoration (gathering hearts around the Host) generates a centrifugal dynamic: young people, nourished at the altar, feel sent forth to serve. Micro-commitments spring from the

procession: assisting a sick companion, pacifying a quarrel, studying with greater diligence. The Eucharist is prolonged in the 'invisible processions' of daily charity.

Today, in secularised or multi-religious contexts, Eucharistic processions can raise questions. Are they still communicative? Do they risk appearing like nostalgic folklore? Don Bosco's experience suggests that the key lies in the quality of relationships rather than in the quantity of incense or vestments. A procession that involves families, explains symbols, integrates contemporary artistic languages, and above all connects with concrete gestures of solidarity, maintains a surprising prophetic power. The recent Synod on Young People (2018) repeatedly recalled the importance of "going out" and "showing faith with our flesh." The Salesian tradition, with its itinerant liturgy, offers a tried and tested paradigm of the "Church going forth."

For Don Bosco, Eucharistic processions were not simply liturgical traditions, but true educative, spiritual, and social acts. They represented a synthesis of lived faith, an educating community, and public witness. Through them, Don Bosco formed young people capable of adoring, respecting, serving, and witnessing.

Today, in a fragmented and distracted world, re-proposing the value of Eucharistic processions in the light of the Salesian charism can be an effective way to rediscover the meaning of what is essential: Christ present among His people, who walk with Him, adore Him, serve Him, and proclaim Him.

In an age that seeks authenticity, visibility, and relationships, the Eucharistic procession – if lived according to the spirit of Don Bosco – can be a powerful sign of hope and renewal.

Photo: Shutterstock

Fr. Peter Ricaldone is Reborn in Mirabello Monferrato

Fr. Peter Ricaldone (Mirabello Monferrato, 27 April 1870 – Rome, 25 November 1951) was the fourth successor of Don Bosco as leader of the Salesians, a man of vast culture, deep spirituality, and great love for young people. Born and raised amidst the Monferrato hills, he always carried the spirit of that land with him, translating it into a pastoral and educational commitment that would make him a figure of international standing. Today, the people of Mirabello Monferrato wish to bring him back to their lands.

The Don Pietro Ricaldone Committee: Revival of a Legacy (2019)

In 2019, a group of past pupils, historians, and enthusiasts of local traditions formed the **Don Pietro Ricaldone Committee** in Mirabello Monferrato. The objective – simple yet ambitious – has been from the outset, to restore Don Pietro's figure to the heart of the town and its young people, so that his story and spiritual legacy will not be lost.

To prepare for the 150th anniversary of his birth (1870–2020), the Committee searched the Mirabello Municipal Historical Archive and the Salesian Historical Archive, uncovering letters, notes, and old volumes. From this work, an illustrated biography was created, designed for readers of all ages, in which Ricaldone's personality emerges clearly and engagingly. Collaboration with Fr. Egidio Deiana, a scholar of Salesian history, was fundamental during this phase.

In 2020, a series of events was planned – photographic exhibits, concerts, theatre and circus performances – all centred on remembering Fr. Peter. Although the pandemic forced

the rescheduling of many of the celebrations, in July of that year a commemorative event took place, featuring a photographic exhibit on the stages of Ricaldone's life, children's entertainment with creative workshops, and a solemn celebration attended by several Salesian Superiors.

That gathering marked the beginning of a new period of focus on the Mirabello area.

Beyond the 150th: The Concert for the 70th Anniversary of His Death

The enthusiasm for reviving the figure of Don Pietro Ricaldone led the Committee to extend its activities beyond the 150th anniversary.

Ahead of the 70th anniversary of his death (25 November 1951), the Committee organised a concert titled "Hasten the radiant dawn of the longed-for day", a phrase taken from Fr. Peter's 1942 circular on Gregorian Chant.

At the height of the Second World War, Fr. Peter – then Rector Major – wrote a famous circular on Gregorian Chant in which he stressed the importance of music as a special way to lead human hearts back to charity, gentleness, and above all, to God: *'It may surprise some that, amidst such a clamour of arms, I invite you to engage with music. Yet I believe, even setting aside mythological allusions, that this theme fully meets the needs of the present hour. Everything that can exert an educative influence and lead people back to feelings of charity and gentleness, and above all to God, must be practised by us, diligently and without delay, to hasten the radiant dawn of the longed-for day.'*

Salesian Walks and Roots: The "Don Bosco Walk"

Although established as a tribute to Fr. Ricaldone, the Committee has also ended up promoting the figure of Don Bosco and the entire Salesian tradition, of which Fr. Peter was both an heir and a protagonist.

Since 2021, every second Sunday of October, the Committee has

promoted the “Don Bosco Walk”, re-enacting the pilgrimage Don Bosco undertook with the boys from Mirabello to Lu Monferrato between 12th–17th October 1861. During those five days, the details of the first Salesian school outside Turin were planned, entrusted to Blessed Michael Rua, with Fr. Albera among the teachers. Although the initiative does not directly involve Fr. Peter, it highlights his roots and connection to the local Salesian tradition that he himself carried forward.

Hospitality and Cultural Exchanges

The Committee facilitated the welcoming of groups of young people, vocational schools, and Salesian clerics from around the world. Some families offer free hospitality, renewing the fraternity characteristic of Don Bosco and Fr. Peter. In 2023, a large group from the Crocetta visited Mirabello, while every summer, international groups arrive, accompanied by Fr. Egidio Deiana. Each visit is a dialogue between historical memory and the joy of youth.

On 30 March 2025, nearly one hundred Salesian chapter members stopped in Mirabello, visiting the places where Don Bosco opened his first school outside Turin and where Fr. Peter spent his formative years. The Committee, together with the Parish and the *Pro Loco* (local community association), organised the reception and created an informative video about local Salesian history, which was appreciated by all participants.

The initiatives continue, and today the Committee, led by its president, is collaborating on the creation of *Don Bosco's Monferrato Walk*, a spiritual route of approximately 200 km following the autumn paths walked by the Saint. The aim is to obtain official regional recognition, but also to offer pilgrims an experience of formation and evangelisation. Indeed, Don Bosco's youth walks were experiences of formation and evangelisation: the same spirit that Fr. Peter Ricaldone would later defend and promote throughout his time as Rector Major.

The Committee's Mission: Keeping Fr. Peter's Memory Alive

Behind every initiative lies the desire to highlight the educative, pastoral, and cultural work of Fr. Peter Ricaldone. The Committee's founders cherish personal childhood memories and wish to pass on to new generations the values of faith, culture, and solidarity that inspired the priest from Mirabello. In an era when many points of reference are faltering, rediscovering Fr. Peter's path means offering a life model capable of illuminating the present, 'Where Saints pass, God walks with them, and nothing is ever the same again' (Saint John Paul II).

The Fr. Peter Ricaldone Committee acts as a custodian of this legacy, trusting that the memory of a great son of Mirabello will continue to light the way for generations to come, charting a steady path built on faith, culture, and solidarity.

Novena to Mary Help of Christians 2025

This 2025 Novena to Mary Help of Christians invites us to rediscover ourselves as children under Mary's maternal gaze. Each day, through the great apparitions – from Lourdes to Fatima, from Guadalupe to Banneaux – we contemplate an aspect of her love: humility, hope, obedience, wonder, trust, consolation, justice, gentleness, dream. The meditations by the Rector Major and the prayers of the "children" accompany us on a nine-day journey that opens the heart to the simple faith of the little ones, nourishes prayer, and encourages us to build, with Mary, a healed world full of light, for ourselves and for all those who seek hope and peace.

Day 1 – Our Lady of Lourdes

Being Children – Humility and faith

Children trust, children rely on others. And a mother is close by, always. You see her even if she is not there. As for us, are we able to see her?

Little Bernadette Soubirous

11 February 1858. I had just turned 14. It was a morning like any other, a winter's day. We were hungry, as always. There was this cave, with a black mouth; in the silence I felt a rush of air. The bush moved, shaken by some force. And then I saw a young woman, in white, no taller than me who greeted me with a slight bow of her head; at the same time she moved her outstretched arms away from her body a little, opening her hands, like the statues of Our Lady; I was afraid. Then it occurred to me to pray: I took the rosary beads that I always carry with me and began to say the rosary.

Mary showed herself to her daughter Bernadette Soubirous. She who could neither read nor write; she who spoke in dialect and did not go to catechism class. A poor girl, pushed around by everyone in the village, yet ready to trust and rely on others, like someone who has nothing. Nothing to lose. Mary entrusted her secrets to her and did so because she trusted her. She treated her with loving kindness, spoke to her kindly, and said 'please' to her. And Bernadette let herself go and believed her, just like a child does with its mother. She believed in her promise that Our Lady **would make her happy not in this world, but in the next**. She remembered this promise for the rest of her life. A promise that would allow her to face all her difficulties with her head held high, with strength and determination, doing what Our Lady asked her to do: pray, always pray for all of us sinners. She also made a promise: she would look after Mary's secrets and give voice to her request for a Shrine in the place where Mary appeared. And as she lay dying, Bernadette smiled, thinking back to Mary's

face, her loving gaze, her silences, her few but intense words, and above all, that promise. And she still felt like a daughter, the daughter of a Mother who keeps her promises.

Mary, the Mother who promises.

You, who promised to become the mother of humanity, stayed your children, starting with the youngest and the poorest. You drew close to them and revealed yourself to them.

Have faith: Mary will also shows herself to us if we are able to strip ourselves of everything.

The Rector Major's words

We can say that the Virgin Mary is a beacon of humility and faith for us, accompanying us through the centuries, accompanying our lives, accompanying the experience of each and every one of us. Let us not forget, however, that Mary's humility is not simply outward modesty, it is not a facade, but rather a profound awareness of her smallness before the greatness of God.

Her 'yes, here am I, the servant of the Lord' spoken before the angel is an act of humility, not presumption. It is the trusting abandonment of someone who recognises herself as an instrument in God's hands. Mary does not seek recognition; Mary simply seeks to be a servant, placing herself in the last place with silence, humility and simplicity that we find disarming. This humility, this radical humility, is the key that opened Mary's heart to divine grace, allowing the Word of God, with his greatness and immensity, to become incarnate in her human womb.

Mary teaches us to place ourselves as we are, with our humility, without pride, without needing to depend on our authority or self-referentiality, placing ourselves freely before God so that we may receive fully, with freedom and openness, like Mary; so that we may live his will with love. This is the second point, this is Mary's faith. The humility of the servant places her on a constant path of unconditional adherence to God's plan, even in the darkest, most

incomprehensible moments, which means courageously facing the poverty of her experience in the cave at Bethlehem, the flight into Egypt, the hidden life in Nazareth, but above all at the foot of the cross where Mary's faith reaches its peak.

There, beneath the cross, with a heart pierced by pain, Mary does not waver, Mary does not fall, Mary believes in the promise. Her faith, then, is not a passing feeling, but a solid rock on which the hope of humanity, our hope, is founded. Humility and faith in Mary are inextricably linked.

Let us allow Mary's humility to enlighten our human condition, so that faith may also sprout in us, so that, recognising our smallness before God, we do not abandon ourselves because we are small, we do not allow ourselves to be overcome by presumption, but we place ourselves there, like Mary, with an attitude of great freedom, with an attitude of great openness, recognising our dependence on God, living with God in simplicity but at the same time in greatness. Mary therefore urges us to cultivate a serene, firm faith, capable of overcoming trials and trusting in God's promise. Let us contemplate the figure of Mary, humble and believing, so that we too may say our yes generously, as she did.

As for us, are we able to grasp her promises of love with the eyes of a child?

The prayer of an unfaithful child

Mary, you who show yourself to those who are able to see...
make my heart pure.

Make me humble, little, able to lose myself in your mother's embrace.

Help me rediscover how important the role of a child is and mark my steps.

You promise, I promise in a covenant that only a mother and child can make.

I will fall, mother, you know that.

I won't always keep my promises.

I won't always trust you.

I won't always be able to see you.

But you will stand there in silence, smiling, your arms and hands outstretched.

And I will take the rosary and pray with you for all children like me.

Hail Mary...

Day 2 – Our Lady of Fatima

Being Children – Simplicity and Hope

Children trust, children rely on others. And a mother is close by, always. You see her even if she is not there.

As for us, are we able to see her?

The little shepherd children in Cova di Iria

In Cova di Iria around 1:00 pm, the sky opened and the sun appeared. Suddenly, at about 1.30 pm, the improbable happened: before an astonished crowd, the most spectacular, grandest and most incredible miracle that has happened since biblical times took place. The sun began a frantic and frightening dance that would last more than ten minutes. A very long time.

Three little shepherd children, simple and happy, were there and spread news of the miracle that shocked millions of people. Nobody could explain it, from scientists to people of faith. Yet, three children saw Mary, heard her message. And they believed it, they believed the words of the woman who showed herself and asked them to return to Cova di Iria every 13th of the month. They do not need explanations because they placed all their hope in Mary's repeated words. A difficult hope to keep alive, one which would have frightened any child: Our Lady revealed suffering and world conflicts to Lucia, Jacinta and Francesco. Yet they had no doubt: those who trust in the protection of Mary, the mother who protects, can face everything. And they knew this so well; they knew it first-hand, risking being killed so as not to betray the word they gave to their heavenly mother. The three little shepherd

children were ready for martyrdom, imprisoned and threatened with a pot of boiling oil.

They were afraid:

"Why do we have to die without hugging our parents? I'd like to see Mum."

Yet they decided to keep hoping, believing in a love greater than themselves:

"Do not be afraid. We will offer this sacrifice for the conversion of sinners. It would be worse if Our Lady never came back."

"Why don't we say the Rosary?"

A mother is never deaf to the cries of her children. And the children placed their hope in her. Mary, Mother who protects, stayed with her three children from Fatima and saved them by keeping them alive. And today she still protects all her children around the world who go on pilgrimage to the Shrine of Our Lady of Fatima.

Mary, the Mother who protects.

You, who have taken care of humanity from the moment of the Annunciation, have remained beside your simplest and most hopeful children. You drew close to them and revealed yourself to them.

Place your hope in Mary: she will be able to protect you.

The Rector Major's words

The Virgin Mary, hope and renewal

The Virgin Mary is the dawn of hope, an inexhaustible source of renewal.

Contemplating the figure of Mary is like turning our gaze towards a bright horizon, a constant invitation to believe in a future full of grace. And this grace is transformative. Mary is the personification of Christian hope in action. Her unshakeable faith in the face of trials, her perseverance in following Jesus to the cross, her confident expectation of the resurrection are the most important things for me. They are a

beacon of hope for all humanity.

In Mary, we see how certainty is, so to speak, the confirmation of the promise of a God who never fails to keep his word. That pain, suffering and darkness do not have the last word. That death is overcome by life.

Mary, then, is hope. She is the morning star announcing the coming of the sun of justice. Turning to her means entrusting our expectations and aspirations to a motherly heart that presents them with love to her risen Son. In some way, our hope is sustained by Mary's hope. And if there is hope, then things do not remain as they were before. There is renewal. The renewal of life. By welcoming the incarnate Word, Mary made it possible to believe in God's hope and promise. She made possible a new creation, a new beginning.

Mary's spiritual motherhood continues to generate us in faith, accompanying us on our journey of growth and inner transformation.

Let us ask Mary for the grace necessary so that this hope that we see fulfilled in her may renew our hearts, heal our wounds, and enable us to pass beyond the veil of negativity to embark on a journey of holiness, a journey of closeness to God. Let us ask Mary, the woman who stands with the apostles in prayer, to help us today, believers and Christian communities, so that we may be sustained in faith and open to the gifts of the Spirit, so that the face of the earth may be renewed.

Mary urges us never to resign ourselves to sin and mediocrity, but, filled with the hope fulfilled in her, to long for a new life in Christ. May Mary continue to be our model and support so that we may always believe in the possibility of a new beginning, of an inner rebirth that conforms us ever more closely to the image of her son Jesus.

The prayer of an unfaithful child

As for us, are we able to hope in her and be protected with the eyes of a child?

The prayer of a discouraged child

Mary, you who show yourself to those who are able to see...
make my heart simple and full of hope.
I trust you: protect me in every situation.
I entrust myself to you: protect me in every situation.
I listen to your word: protect me in every situation.
Give me the ability to believe the impossible and do
everything in my power
to bring your love, your message of hope and your protection
to the whole world.
And please, my Mother, protect all humanity, even those who do
not yet recognize you.

Hail Mary...

Day 3 – Our Lady of Guadalupe

Being Children – Obedience and dedication

Children trust, children rely on others. And a mother is close
by, always. You see her even if she is not there.
As for us, are we able to see her?

Young Juan Diego

*Juan Diego," said the Lady, "the little favourite among my
children..." Juan sprang to his feet.*

"Where are you going, Juanito?" asked the Lady.

*Juan Diego replied as politely as he could. He told the Lady
that he was going to the church of Santiago to hear the Mass
in honour of the Mother of God.*

*"My beloved child," said the Lady, "I am the Mother of God,
and I want you to listen to me carefully. I have a very
important message to give you. I want a church to be built on
this spot, from where I can show my love to your people.*

A gentle, simple and tender dialogue like that of a mother
with a child. And Juan Diego obeyed: he went to the bishop to
report what he had seen but he did not believe him. Then the
young man returned to Mary and explained what had happened.
Our Lady gave him another message and urged him to try again,

and so on and so forth. Juan Diego obeyed, he did not give up: he would complete the task that the heavenly Mother was entrusting him with. But one day, overcome with the problems of life, he was about to skip the appointment with Our Lady: his uncle was dying. **“Do you think I would forget someone I love so much?”** Mary healed his uncle, while Juan Diego obeyed once again:

“My beloved child,” the Lady said, “go up to the top of the hill where we first met. Cut and pick up the roses you will find there. Put them in your tilma (cloak) and bring them to me. I’ll tell you what you have to do and say.” Despite knowing that there were no roses growing on that hill, and certainly not in winter, Juan ran all the way to the top. And there was the most beautiful garden he had ever seen. Castilian roses, still shining with dew, stretched as far as the eye could see. He gently cut the most beautiful blooms with his stone knife, filled his cloak, and quickly returned to where the Lady was waiting for him. The Lady took the roses and placed them back in Juan’s tilma. Then she tied it behind his neck and said, *“This is the sign the bishop wants. Quickly, go to him and don’t stop along the way.”*

The image of Our Lady had appeared on the cloak and at the sight of this miracle, the bishop was convinced. And today the Shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe still preserves this miraculous effigy.

Mary, the Mother who does not forget

You, who do not forget any of your children, leave no one behind, have looked upon the young people who have placed their hopes in you. You drew close to them and revealed yourself to them.

Obey even when you do not understand: a mother does not forget, a mother does not leave you on your own.

The Rector Major’s words

The Virgin Mary, motherhood and compassion

Mary's motherhood does not end with her yes that made the incarnation of the Son of God possible. Certainly, that moment is the foundation of everything, but her motherhood is a constant attitude, a way of being for us, of relating to the whole of humanity.

Jesus on the cross entrusts John to her with the words, 'Woman, behold your son,' symbolically extending her motherhood to all believers of all times.

Mary thus becomes the mother of the Church, the spiritual mother of each one of us.

We see how this motherhood manifests itself in tender and thoughtful care, in constant attention to the needs of her children and in a deep desire for their good. Mary welcomes us, nourishes us with her expression of fidelity, protects us under her mantle. Mary's motherhood is an immense gift that brings us closer to her; we feel her loving presence accompanying us at every moment.

Mary's compassion is the natural corollary of her motherhood. Compassion is not simply a superficial feeling of pity, but a profound participation in the pain of others, a 'suffering with'. We see it manifested in a touching way during her son's passion. In the same way, Mary does not remain indifferent to our pain; she intercedes for us, consoles us, and offers us her maternal help.

Thus, Mary's heart becomes a safe refuge where we can lay down our burdens and find comfort and hope. Motherhood and compassion in Mary become, so to speak, two sides of the same human experience in our favour, two expressions of her infinite love for God and for humanity.

Her compassion is then the concrete manifestation of her being a mother, compassion as a consequence of motherhood. Contemplating Mary as a mother opens our hearts to the hope that finds its fullest expression in her. Our Heavenly Mother who loves us.

Let us ask Mary to see her as a model of authentic humanity, of a motherhood capable of 'feeling with', capable of loving, capable of suffering with others, following the example of her

son Jesus, who for love of us suffered and died on the cross.

The prayer of an unfaithful child

As for us, are we sure that a mother never forgets, just as children do?

The prayer of a lost child

Mary, you who show yourself to those who are able to see...
make my heart obedient.

When I'm not listening, please insist.

When I don't come back, please come and look for me.

When they do not forgive me, please teach me forgiveness.

Because we human beings get lost and we will always get lost

But you don't forget us, your wandering children.

Come and get us,

come and take us by the hand.

We do not and cannot be alone here.

Hail Mary...

Day 4 – Our Lady of La Salette

Being Children – Amazement and reflection

Children trust, children rely on others. And a mother is close by, always. You see her even if she is not there.

As for us, are we able to see her?

Little Melanie and Maximin from La Salette

On Saturday, September 19, 1846, the two boys climbed the slopes of Mount Planeau, above the village of La Salette, each leading four cows to graze. Halfway there, near a small spring, Melanie was the first to see a ball of fire on a pile of stones, "as if the sun had fallen there", and she pointed it out to Maximin. From that shining sphere a woman began to appear, sitting with her head in her hands, her elbows on her knees, deeply sad. Faced with their astonishment, the Lady stood up and in a soft voice, but in French, said to them, "Come closer, my children, do not be afraid, I am here to tell

you great news." Heartened, the boys approached and saw that the figure was crying.

A mother announced great news to her children and did so in ears. Yet the youngsters were not surprised by these tears. They listened, in the tenderest of moments between a mother and her children. Because even mothers are sometimes worried, because even mothers entrust their children with their own feelings, thoughts and reflections. And Mary entrusted a great message to the two little shepherds, poor and neglected in their affection: "I am worried about humanity, I am worried about you, my children, who are distancing yourselves from God. And life away from God is a complicated, difficult life, made up of suffering." That is why she was crying. She cried like any mother and told her youngest and purest children a message as amazing as it was great. A message to be proclaimed to everyone, to be brought to the world.

And they would do so, because they could not keep such a beautiful moment for themselves: the expression of a mother's love for her children must be proclaimed to everyone. The Shrine of Our Lady of La Salette, which stands on the site of the apparitions, lays its foundations on the revelation of Mary's pain in the face of the pilgrimage of her sinful children.

Mary, the Mother who proclaims/who tells us who she is

You, who give yourself completely to your children so much that you are not afraid to tell them about yourself, have touched the hearts of your youngest children, who are able to reflect on your words and welcome them in wonder. You drew close to them and revealed yourself to them.

Be amazed at a mother's words: they will always be the most authentic.

The Rector Major's words

The Virgin Mary, love and mercy

Do we feel this dimension of Mary, these two dimensions? Mary

is the woman whose heart overflows with love, attention and also mercy. We feel that she is a harbour, a safe refuge in times of difficulty or trial.

Contemplating Mary is like immersing ourselves in an ocean of tenderness and compassion. We feel surrounded by an environment, by an inexhaustible atmosphere of comfort and hope. Mary's love is a maternal love that embraces all of humanity, because it is a love that has its roots in her unconditional yes to God's plan.

By welcoming her son into her womb, Mary welcomed God's love. As a result, her love knows no boundaries or distinctions; it bends over human frailty and misery with infinite delicacy. We see this manifested in her attention to Elizabeth, in her intercession at the wedding at Cana, in her silent, extraordinary presence at the foot of the cross.

Behold, Mary's love, this maternal love, is a reflection of God's own love, a love that draws near, that consoles, forgives, never tires, never ends. Behold, Mary teaches us that to love means to give oneself completely, to be close to those who suffer, to share the joys and sorrows of our brothers and sisters with the same generosity and dedication that animated her heart. Love, mercy.

Mercy then becomes the natural consequence of Mary's love, a compassion, we might say, that is visceral, when faced with the sufferings of humanity, the world. We look at Mary, we contemplate her, we encounter her with her maternal gaze and we feel it resting on our weaknesses, on our sins, on our vulnerability, without aggression, indeed with infinite tenderness. It is an immaculate heart, sensitive to the cry of pain.

Mary is a mother who does not judge, does not condemn, but welcomes, consoles and forgives. We feel that Mary's mercy is a balm for the wounds of the soul, something that warms the heart. Mary reminds us that God is rich in mercy and never tires of forgiving those who turn to him with a contrite, serene, open and willing heart.

Love and mercy in the Virgin Mary merge in an embrace that

envelops the whole of humanity. Let us ask Mary to help us open our hearts to God's love, as she did, and to let this love fill our hearts, especially when we feel most in need, most weighed down by trials and difficulties. In Mary, we find a tender and powerful mother, ready to welcome us into her love and to intercede for our salvation.

The prayer of an unfaithful child

As for us, are we still able to wonder like a child when faced with a mother's love?

The prayer of a distant child

Mary, you who show yourself to those who are able to see...
make my heart capable of compassion and conversion.

In silence, I find you.

In prayer, I hear you.

In reflection, I discover you.

And faced with your words of love, Mother, I am amazed
and discover the strength of your connection to humanity.

Far from you, who will hold my hand in times of difficulty?

Far from you, who will comfort me in my tears?

Far from you, who would advise me when I am taking a wrong
turn?

I will return to you, as one with you.

Hail Mary...

Day 5 – Catherine's Medal

Being Children – Trust and prayer

Children trust, children rely on others. And a mother is close
by, always. You see her even if she is not there.

As for us, are we able to see her?

Little Catherine Labouré

*On the night of July 18, 1830, around 11:30, she heard herself
called by name. It was a child who told her, "Get up and come
with me." Catherine followed the child. All the lights were*

on. The chapel door opened as soon as the child touched it with his fingertips. Catherine knelt down.

At midnight Our Lady came and sat in the armchair next to the altar. "Then I jumped up near her, at her feet, on the steps of the altar, and I placed my hands on her knees," Catherine said. "I stayed like this, I don't know how long. I thought it was the sweetest moment of my life..."

"God wants to entrust you with a mission," the Virgin said to Catherine.

Catherine, who lost her mother at 9 years of age, was not resigned to living without her mother. And she approached the Mother of Heaven. Our Lady, who was already looking at her from afar, would never abandon her. In fact, she had big plans for her. She, her caring and loving daughter, would have a great mission: to live an authentic Christian life, a personal relationship with God that was strong and firm. Mary believed in the potential of her child and entrusted her with the Miraculous Medal, capable of interceding and working graces and miracles. An important mission, a difficult message. **Yet Catherine was not discouraged. She trusted her Heavenly Mother and knew that she would never abandon her.**

Mary, the Mother who gives confidence

You, who are trusting, and entrust missions and messages to each of your children, have accompanied them on their journey as a discreet presence, remaining close to all, but especially to those who have experienced great suffering. You drew close to them and revealed yourself to them.

Trust: a mother will always entrust you only with tasks that you can complete and will be by your side all the way.

The Rector Major's words

The Virgin Mary, trust and prayer

The Virgin Mary presents herself to us as a woman of unshakeable trust, a powerful intercessor through prayer.

Contemplating these two aspects, trust and prayer, we see two fundamental dimensions of Mary's relationship with God.

We can say that Mary's trust in God is a golden thread that runs through her entire existence, from beginning to end. That 'yes' pronounced with awareness of the consequences is an act of total abandonment to the divine will. Mary entrusts herself, Mary lives her trust in God with a heart firmly fixed on divine providence, knowing that God would never abandon her.

So, for us, in our daily lives, looking to Mary, this abandonment, which is not passive but active and trusting, is an invitation not to forget our anxieties and fears, but in some way to look at everything in the light of God's love, which in Mary's case never failed, and neither will it fail in our lives. This trust leads to prayer, which we can say is almost the breath of Mary's soul, the privileged channel of her intimate communion with God. Trust leads to communion. Her life of abandonment was a continuous dialogue of love with the Father, a constant offering of herself, of her concerns, but also of her decisions.

The visit to Elizabeth is an example of prayer that becomes service. We see Mary accompanying Jesus to the cross, after the Ascension we see her in the Upper Room united with the Apostles in fervent expectation. Mary teaches us the value of constant prayer as a consequence of total and complete trust, abandoning oneself into God's hands, precisely to encounter God and live with God.

Trust and prayer and Mary Most Holy are closely interconnected. A deep trust in God gives birth to and brings forth persevering prayer. Let us ask Mary to be our example so that we may feel urged to make prayer a daily habit because we want to feel continually abandoned in God's merciful hands.

Let us turn to her with filial trust so that, imitating her, imitating her trust and perseverance in prayer, we may experience the peace that only when we abandon ourselves to God can we receive the graces necessary for our journey of faith.

The prayer of an unfaithful child

As for us, are we able to trust unconditionally like children?

The prayer of a mistrustful child

Mary, you who show yourself to those who are able to see...
make my heart capable of praying.

I am unable to hear you, open my ears.

I am unable to follow you, guide my steps.

I am unable to keep faith with what you wish to entrust to me;
make my soul steadfast.

The temptations are many, let me not give in.

The difficulties seem insurmountable, let me not fall.

The contradictions of the world shout loudly, let me not
follow them.

I, your worthless child, am here for you to use.

Making me an obedient child.

Hail Mary...

Day 6 – Our Lady of Sorrows of Kibeho Being Children – Suffering and healing

Children trust, children rely on others. And a mother is close
by, always. You see her even if she is not there.

As for us, are we able to see her?

Little Alphonsine Mumiremana and her companions

The story began at 12:35 on a Saturday, November 28, 1981, in a boarding school run by local Sisters, attended by just over a hundred girls in the area. A rural, poor school, where one learned to become a teacher or secretary. The building was not equipped with a Chapel and, therefore, there was not a particularly strong religious atmosphere. That day all the girls from the school were in the refectory. The first of the group to “see” was 16-year-old Alphonsine Mumureke. According to what she herself wrote in her diary, she was serving her companions at the table, when she heard a female voice calling

her: "My daughter, come here." She headed for the corridor, next to the refectory, and there a woman of incomparable beauty appeared to her. She was dressed in white, with a white veil over her head, which hid her hair, and which seemed joined to the rest of the dress, which had no seams. She was barefoot and her hands were clasped on her chest with her fingers pointing towards the sky.

Subsequently, Our Lady appeared to other of Alphonsine's school friends who at first were sceptical but then, faced with Mary's appearance, they had to reconsider. Mary, speaking to Alphonsine, described herself as the Lady of Sorrows of Kibeho and told the children about all the cruel and bloody events that would soon take place with the outbreak of war in Rwanda. **The sorrow would be great, but so too would be the consolation and healing from that sorrow, because she, the Lady of Sorrows, would never leave her children in Africa on their own. The children remain there, stunned by these visions, but they believed in this mother who reached out her arms to them, calling them "my children."** They knew that only in her would there be consolation. And in order to pray that the consoling mother would alleviate the suffering of her children, a shrine dedicated to Our Lady of Sorrows of Kibeho was erected, now a place marked by extermination and genocide. And Our Lady continues to be there and embrace all her children.

Mary, the Mother who consoles

You, who comforted your children like John beneath the cross, have looked upon those who live in suffering. You drew close to them and revealed yourself to them.

Do not be afraid to go through suffering: the mother who consoles will wipe away your tears.

The Rector Major's words

The Virgin Mary, suffering and invitation to conversion

Mary is an emblematic figure of suffering transfigured, and a powerful invitation to conversion. When we contemplate her painful journey, it is a silent yet eloquent warning, a profound call to review our lives and our choices, and a call to return to the heart of the Gospel. The suffering that runs through Mary's life, like a sharp sword, prophesied by the elderly Simeon, marked by the disappearance of the Child Jesus, to the indescribable sorrow at the foot of the cross, Mary experiences all this, the weight of human fragility and the mystery of innocent suffering in a unique way.

Mary's suffering was not sterile suffering, passive resignation, but in some way we notice that there is an activity, a silent and courageous offering, united with the redemptive sacrifice of her son Jesus.

When we look at Mary, the woman who suffers, with the eyes of our faith, that suffering, rather than depressing us, reveals the depth of God's love for us, which is visible in Mary's life. Mary teaches us that even in the most acute pain we can find meaning, a possibility for spiritual growth, which is the fruit of union with the Paschal Mystery.

Thus, from the experience of transfigured pain, a powerful call to conversion emerges. Looking at Mary, contemplating how she endured so much for love of us and for our salvation, we too are called not to remain indifferent to the mystery of redemption.

Mary, the gentle and motherly woman, urges us to abandon the ways of evil and embrace the path of faith. Mary's famous words at the wedding at Cana, 'Do whatever he tells you', still resound for us today as an urgent invitation to listen to the voice of Jesus in times of difficulty, in times of trial. In times of unexpected and unknown situations.

We immediately notice that Mary's suffering is not an end in itself, but is intimately linked to the redemption wrought by Christ. Her example of faith is unshakeable in pain. May it be a light and guide for us to transform our sufferings into opportunities for spiritual growth and to respond generously to the urgent call to conversion, so that the depth that still

resounds in the heart of every person, the invitation of God, of a God who loves us, may find meaning, an outlet and growth through Mary's intercession, even in the most difficult moments, in the most painful moments.

The prayer of an unfaithful child

As for us, do we let ourselves be comforted like children?

The prayer of a suffering child

Mary, you who show yourself to those who are able to see...
make my heart capable of healing.

When I am down, hold out your hand to me, Mother.

When I feel broken, put the pieces back together, Mother.

When suffering takes over, open me to hope, Mother.

Because I am not only seeking healing for my body, but also
realising how much my heart
needs peace.

Lift me up from the dust, Mother.

Lift me up and all your children who are in distress.

Those beneath bombing,

those who are persecuted,

those who are unjustly imprisoned,

those who are harmed in rights and dignity,

those whose lives are cut short too soon.

Lift them up and console them.

because they are your children. Because we are your children.

Hail Mary...

Day 7 – Our Lady of Aparecida

Being Children – Justice and dignity

Children trust, children rely on others. And a mother is close by, always. You see her even if she is not there.

As for us, are we able to see her?

The little fishermen Domingos, Felice and Joao

At dawn on October 12, 1717, Domingos Garcia, Felipe Pedroso

and Joao Alves pushed their boat into the waters of the Paraiba River that flowed near their village. They didn't seem lucky that morning: they cast their nets for hours without catching anything. They had almost decided to give up when Joao Alves, the youngest, wanted to give it one last try. So he cast his net into the waters of the river and slowly pulled it up. There was something there, but it wasn't a fish... it looked more like a piece of wood. When he freed it from the meshes of the net, the piece of wood turned out to be a statue of the Virgin Mary, unfortunately minus its head. Joao threw the net back into the water and this time, pulling it up, he found another piece of rounded wood entangled in it that looked just like the head of the same statue: he tried to put the two pieces together and realized that they matched perfectly. As if obeying an impulse, Joao Alves threw the net back into the water and, when he tried to pull it up, he realized he couldn't do it, because it was full of fish. His companions threw cast nets into the water in turn and the fishing that day was really abundant.

A mother sees the needs of her children, Mary saw the needs of the three fishermen and went to their rescue. Her children gave her all the love and dignity that can be given to a mother: they put the two pieces of the statue back together, placed it on a hut and turned it into a shrine. From the top of the hut, Our Lady of Aparecida – which means She Appeared – saved one of her slave sons who was running away from his masters: she saw his suffering and restored his dignity. And today, that hut is the largest Marian shrine in the world and bears the name of the Basilica of Our Lady of Aparecida.

Mary, the Mother who sees

You, who have seen the suffering of your abused children, starting with the disciples, have stood beside your poorest and most persecuted children. You drew close to them and revealed yourself to them.

Do not hide from a mother's gaze: she also sees into your most

hidden desires and needs.

The Rector Major's words

The Virgin Mary, dignity and social justice

The Virgin Mary is a mirror of fully realised human dignity, silent but powerful and inspiring for a just sense of social life. Reflecting on the figure of Mary in relation to these themes reveals a profound and surprisingly relevant perspective.

Let us look to Mary, the woman full of dignity, as a gift that helps us today to see her original purity, which does not place her on an inaccessible pedestal but reveals Mary in the fullness of that dignity to which we all feel a little attracted, called.

Contemplating Mary, we see shining forth the beauty and nobility, precisely the dignity of the human being, created in the image and likeness of God, free from the game of sin, fully open to divine love, a humanity that is not lost in details, in superficial things.

We can say that Mary's free and conscious 'yes' is the gesture of self-determination that elevates Mary to the level of God's will, entering in some way into God's logic. Her humility then makes her even freer, far from being diminished by humility. Mary's humility becomes an awareness of the true greatness that comes from God.

Here, then, is this dignity that Mary helps us to see how we are living it in our daily lives. The theme of social justice may seem less explicit, but from a careful contemplative reading of the Gospel, especially the Magnificat, we can grasp, feel and encounter the revolutionary spirit that proclaims the overthrow of the powerful from their thrones and the raising up of the humble, that is, the reversal of worldly logic and God's privileged attention to the poor and hungry.

These words flow from a humble heart, filled with the Holy Spirit. We can say that they are a manifesto of social justice ante litteram, a foretaste of the kingdom of God, where the

last will be first.

Let us contemplate Mary so that we may feel attracted to this dignity that is not limited to closing in on itself but is a dignity that in the Magnificat challenges us not to remain closed in our own logic but to become open, praising God and seeking to live the gift we have received for the good of humanity, with dignity for the good of the poor and for the good of those who are rejected by society.

The prayer of an unfaithful child

As for us, do we hide or do we say everything like children do?

The prayer of a child who is afraid

Mary, you who show yourself to those who are able to see...
make my heart capable of restoring dignity.

In a time of trial, look at my shortcomings and make them whole.

In a time of fatigue, look at my weaknesses and heal them.

In a time of waiting, look at my impatience and heal it.

So that when I look at my brothers and sisters I can look at their shortcomings and make them whole,

see their weaknesses and heal them, feel their impatience and heal it.

Because nothing cares like love and no one is as strong as a mother seeking justice for her children.

And then I too, Mother, will stop at the foot of the hut, look with confident eyes at your image and pray for the dignity of all your children.

Hail Mary...

Day 8 – Our Lady of Banneaux

Being Children – Gentleness and everyday life

Children trust, children rely on others. And a mother is close by, always. You see her even if she is not there.

As for us, are we able to see her?

Little Marietta of Banneaux

On January 18, Marietta was in the garden, praying the rosary. Mary came and took her to a small spring on the edge of the forest, where she said, "This spring is for me", and invited the little girl to immerse her hand and the rosary in it. Her father and two other people followed Marietta in all her gestures and words with indescribable amazement. And that same evening the first to be conquered by Banneaux's grace was Marietta's father, who ran to go to confession and receive the Eucharist: he had not been to confession since his first communion.

On January 19, Marietta asked, "Ma'am, who are you?" "I am the Virgin of the poor."

At the spring, she added, "This spring is for me, for all the nations, for the sick. I come to console them!"

Marietta was a normal girl who lived her days like all of us, like our children, our grandchildren. Hers was a small and unknown village. She prayed that she would stay close to God. She prayed to her Heavenly Mother to keep the bond with her alive. **And Mary spoke to her gently, in a place familiar to her.** She would appear to her several times, confide secrets to her and tell her to pray for the conversion of the world: this was a strong message of hope for Marietta. All children are embraced and consoled by their Mother, all the sweetness that Marietta found in the "Gentle Lady" she passed on to the world. And from this encounter came a great chain of love and spirituality that found its fulfilment in the Shrine of Our Lady of Banneaux.

Mary, the Mother who stays beside us

You who remained beside your children without ever losing a single one, have enlightened the daily path of the simplest people. You drew close to them and revealed yourself to them.

Abandon yourself into Mary's embrace: do not be afraid, she will comfort you.

The Rector Major's words

The Virgin Mary, education and love

The Virgin Mary is an incomparable teacher of education, because she is an inexhaustible source of love, and those who love educate, truly educate those they love.

Reflecting on the figure of Mary in relation to these two pillars of human and spiritual growth, we have here an example to contemplate, to take seriously, to incorporate into our daily choices.

The education that emanates from Mary is not made up of precepts or formal teachings but is manifested through her example of life. A contemplative silence that speaks, her obedience to God's will, both humble and great, her profound humanity.

Here, the first educational aspect that Mary communicates to us is that of listening.

Listening to the word of God, listening to that God who is always there to help us, to accompany us. Mary keeps this in her heart, meditates on it carefully, encourages attentive listening to the word of God and, in the same way, to the needs of others. Mary teaches us that humility which does not choose to remain detached and passive, but rather the humility which, while recognising our smallness before God's greatness, places us as people who are active in his service. Our hearts are open to truly be those who accompany, living the plan that God has for us.

Mary is an example that helps us to let ourselves be educated by faith. She teaches us perseverance, remaining steadfast in love for Jesus, even at the foot of the cross.

Education and love. Behold, Mary's love is the beating heart of her existence. It continues to be for us. Every time we draw close to Mary, we feel this maternal love that extends to all of us. It is a love for Jesus that becomes a love for humanity. Mary's heart opens with the infinite tenderness that she receives from God, which she communicates to Jesus and to her spiritual children.

Let us ask the Lord that in contemplating Mary's love, which is a love that educates, we may allow ourselves to be moved to overcome our selfishness and our closed attitudes and to open ourselves to others. In Mary, we see a woman who educates with love and who loves with a love that is educational. Let us ask the Lord to give us the gift of love, which is the gift of his love, which in turn is a love that purifies us, sustains us and makes us grow, so that our example may truly be an example that communicates love and, by communicating love, we may allow ourselves to be educated by her and let her help us so that our example may also educate others.

The prayer of an unfaithful child

As for us, are we able to abandon ourselves as children do?

The prayer of a child of our times

Mary, you who show yourself to those who are able to see...
make my heart gentle and docile.

Who will put me back together after breaking under the weight
of the crosses I carry?

Who will bring light back to my eyes after seeing the ruins of
human cruelty?

Who will alleviate the sufferings of my soul, after the
mistakes I have made on my journey?

Mother, only you can comfort me.

Hold me tight and keep me with you to keep me from falling
apart.

Let my soul rest in you and find peace like a child in its
mother's arms.

Hail Mary...

Day 9 – Mary Help of Christians

Being Children – Building and dreaming

Children trust, children rely on others. And a mother is close
by, always. You see her even if she is not there.

As for us, are we able to see her?

Little John Bosco

At the age of 9, I had a dream. All my life this remained deeply impressed on my mind. In this dream I seemed to be near my home in a very large yard. A crowd of children were playing there. Some were laughing, some were playing games, and quite a few were swearing. When I heard these evil words, I jumped immediately amongst them, and tried to stop them by using my words and my fists. At that moment, a dignified man appeared, a nobly-dressed adult.

"You will have to win these friends of yours not by blows but by gentleness and love."

"Who are you, ordering me to do the impossible?"

"Precisely because it seems impossible to you, you must make it possible through obedience and the acquisition of knowledge."

"Where, by what means can I acquire knowledge?"

"I will give you a teacher. Under her guidance you can become wise. Without her all wisdom is foolishness."

At that moment I saw a lady of stately appearance standing beside him. She was wearing a mantle that sparkled all over as though covered with bright stars.

"This is the field of your work. Make yourself humble, strong and energetic. And what you will see happening to these animals in a moment is what you must do for my children.

I looked around again and where before I had seen wild animals, I now saw gentle lambs. They were all jumping and bleating as if to welcome that man and lady. At that point, still dreaming, I began crying. I begged the lady to speak so that I could understand her, because I did not know what all this could mean. She then placed her hand on my head and said, "In good time you will understand everything."

Mary guided and accompanied young John Bosco throughout his life and mission. He, a child, thus discovered his vocation from a dream. He would not understand it but he would let himself be guided. He would not understand it for many years but in the end he would be aware that "she did everything".

And his mother, both the earthly and the heavenly one, would be the central figure in the life of this son who would provide bread for his children. And after meeting Mary in his dreams, John Bosco, by then a priest, would build a Shrine to Our Lady so that all her children can rely on her. And he would dedicate it to Mary Help of Christians, because she had been his safe haven, his constant help. Thus, all those who enter the Basilica of Mary Help of Christians in Turin are taken under the protective mantle of Mary who becomes their guide.

Mary, a Mother who accompanies/guides

You who accompanied your son Jesus throughout his journey, offered yourself as a guide to those who listened to you with the enthusiasm that only children can have. You drew close to them and revealed yourself to them.

Let yourself be accompanied: your Mother will always be by your side to show you the way.

The Rector Major's words

The Virgin Mary, our help in conversion

The Virgin Mary is a powerful and silent help on our journey of growth.

It is a journey that constantly needs to free itself from whatever blocks its growth. It is a journey that must continually renew itself, so as not to turn back or stop in the dark corners of our existence. This is conversion.

Mary's presence is a beacon of hope, a constant invitation for us to continue walking towards God, helping our hearts to remain focused on God and his love. Reflecting on Mary, on her role, means discovering Mary who does not impose, who does not judge, but rather supports, encourages, with her humility, with her maternal love, helping our hearts to remain close to her so that we may draw ever closer to her son Jesus, who is the way, the truth and the life.

Mary's 'yes' at the Annunciation, which opens up the history

of salvation to humanity, remains valid for us too. Her intercession at the Wedding at Cana supports those who find themselves in unexpected, unprecedented situations. Mary is a model of continuous conversion. Her life, a life of the Immaculate, was a gradual adherence to God's will, a journey of faith that led her through joys and sorrows, culminating in the sacrifice of Calvary.

Mary's perseverance in following Jesus becomes an invitation for us to live this continuous closeness, this inner transformation, which we know well is a gradual process, but one that requires constancy, humility and trust in God's grace.

Mary helps us in our conversion through her attentive and focused listening to the Word of God. Listening that helps us find the strength to abandon the ways of sin, because we recognise the strength and beauty of walking towards God. Let us turn to Mary with filial trust, because this means that, while recognising our frailties, our sins and our faults, we want to foster those desires for change. A change of heart that seeks to let itself be accompanied by the maternal heart of Mary. And in Mary, let us find that precious help to discern the false promises of the world and rediscover the beauty and truth of the Gospel. May Mary, the Help of Christians, be for all of us a constant help in discovering the beauty of the Gospel. And in accepting to walk towards goodness, the greatness of God's word, alive in our hearts so that we can communicate it to others.

The prayer of an unfaithful child

As for us, are we capable of being taken by the hand like children?

The prayer of a motionless child

Mary, you who reveal yourself to those who are able to see...
make my heart capable of dreaming and building.

I who do not let anyone else help me.

I who get discouraged, lose patience and never believe I have

built anything.

I who always believe I am a failure.

Today I want to be a son or daughter who can give you their
hand, my Mother

to be accompanied on life's paths.

Show me my field,

show me my dream

and make sure that in the end I too can understand everything

and recognise that you were there

in my life.

Hail Mary...