

THE DOLOROUS PASSION  
*of* OUR LORD  
JESUS CHRIST



# THE DOLOROUS PASSION *of* OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST

*From the Visions of*  
Blessed Anne Catherine Emmerich

With a Preface by the Abbé de Cazalès

*“But there are also many other things which  
Jesus did; which, if they were written every  
one, the world itself, I think, would not be able  
to contain the books that should be written.”*

—St. John the Evangelist (John 21:25)

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## Dedication

To the Immaculate Heart of the Virgin Mary, Mother of God,  
Queen of Heaven and Earth, Lady of the Most Holy Rosary,  
Help of Christians, and Refuge of the Human Race.



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## PREFACE TO THE FRENCH TRANSLATION

By the Abbé de Cazalès

THE writer of this Preface was travelling in Germany when he chanced to meet with a book entitled, *The History of the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ, from the Meditations of Anne Catherine Emmerich*,<sup>1</sup> which appeared to him both interesting and edifying. Its style was unpretending, its ideas simple, its tone unassuming, its sentiments unexaggerated, and its every sentence expressive of the most complete and entire submission to the Church. Yet, at the same time, it would have been difficult anywhere to meet with a more touching and lifelike paraphrase of the Gospel narrative. He thought that a book possessing such qualities deserved to be known on this side of the Rhine, and that there could be no reason why it should not be valued for its own sake, independent of the somewhat singular source whence it emanated.

Still the translator has by no means disguised to himself that this work is written, in the first place, for Christians; that is to say, for

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<sup>1</sup> In German, the book is titled *Das Bittere Leiden unseres Herrn Jesus Christus, nach den Betrachtungen von Anna Katharina Emmerich*.—Publisher, 2004.

men who have the right to be very diffident in giving credence to particulars concerning facts which are articles of faith; and although he is aware that St. Bonaventure and many others, in their paraphrases of the Gospel history, have mixed up traditional details with those given in the sacred text, even these examples have not wholly reassured him. St. Bonaventure professed only to give a paraphrase, whereas these revelations appear to be something more. It is certain that the holy maiden herself gave them no higher title than that of dreams, and that the transcriber of her narratives [Clemens Brentano] treats as blasphemous the idea of regarding them in any degree as equivalent to a fifth Gospel; still it is evident that the confessors who exhorted Sister Emmerich to relate what she saw, the celebrated poet who passed four years near her couch, eagerly transcribing all he heard her say, and the German Bishops, who encouraged the publication of his book, considered it as something more than a paraphrase. Some explanations are needful on this head.

The writings of many Saints introduce us into a new, and, if I may be allowed the expression, a miraculous world. In all ages there have been revelations about the past, the present, the future, and even concerning things absolutely inaccessible to the human intellect. In the present day men are inclined to regard these revelations as simple hallucinations, or as caused by a sickly condition of body.

The Church, according to the testimony of her most approved writers, recognizes three descriptions of ecstasy; of which the first is simply natural, and entirely brought about by certain physical tendencies and a highly imaginative mind; the second divine or angelic, arising from intercourse held with the supernatural world; and the third produced by infernal agency.<sup>2</sup> Lest we should here write a book instead of a preface, we will not enter into any development of this doctrine, which appears to us highly philosophical, and without which no satisfactory explanation can be given on the subject of the soul of man and its various states.

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<sup>2</sup> See, on this head, the work of Cardinal Bona, *De Discretione Spiritum*.

The Church directs certain means to be employed to ascertain by what spirit these ecstasies are produced, according to the maxim of St. John: "Try the spirits, if they be of God." When circumstances or events claiming to be supernatural have been properly examined according to certain rules, the Church has in all ages made a selection from them.

Many persons who have been habitually in a state of ecstasy have been canonized, and their books approved. But this approbation has seldom amounted to more than a declaration that these books contained nothing contrary to faith, and that they were likely to promote a spirit of piety among the faithful. For the Church is only founded on the word of Christ and on the revelations made to the Apostles. Whatever may since have been revealed to certain Saints possesses purely a relative value, the reality of which may even be disputed—it being one of the admirable characteristics of the Church, that, though inflexibly one in dogma, she allows entire liberty to the human mind in all besides. Thus, we may believe private revelations, above all, when those persons to whom they were made have been raised by the Church to the rank of Saints publicly honored, invoked, and venerated; but even in these cases, we may, without ceasing to be perfectly orthodox, dispute their authenticity and divine origin. It is the place of reason to dispute and to select as it sees best.

With regard to the rule for discerning between the good and the evil spirit, it is no other, according to all theologians, than that of the Gospel: *A fructibus eorum cognoscetis eos*—"By their fruits you shall know them." It must be examined in the first place whether the person who professes to have revelations mistrusts what passes within himself; whether he would prefer a more common path; whether far from boasting of the extraordinary graces which he receives, he seeks to hide them, and only makes them known through obedience; and, finally, whether he is continually advancing in humility, mortification, and charity. Next, the revelations themselves must be very closely examined into; it must be seen whether there is anything in

them contrary to faith; whether they are conformable to Scripture and Apostolical tradition; and whether they are related in a headstrong spirit, or in a spirit of entire submission to the Church.

Whoever reads the life of Blessed Anne Catherine Emmerich, and her book, will be satisfied that no fault can be found in any of these respects either with herself or with her revelations. Her book resembles in many points the writings of a great number of Saints, and her life also bears the most striking similitude to theirs. To be convinced of this fact, we need but study the writings or what is related of Saints Francis of Assisi, Bernard, Bridget, Ignatius, John of the Cross, Teresa, and an immense number of other holy persons who are less known. So much being conceded, it is clear that in considering Sister Emmerich to have been inspired by God's Holy Spirit, we are not ascribing more merit to her book than is allowed by the Church to all those of the same class. They are all edifying, and may serve to promote piety, which is their sole object. We must not exaggerate their importance by holding as an absolute fact that they proceed from Divine inspiration, a favor so great, that its existence in any particular case should not be credited save with the utmost circumspection.

With regard, however, to our present publication, it may be urged that, considering the superior talents of the transcriber of Sister Emmerich's narrations, the language and expressions which he has made use of may not always have been identical with those which she employed. We have no hesitation whatever in allowing the force of this argument. Most fully do we believe in the entire sincerity of M. Clement Brentano, because we both know and love him, and, besides, his exemplary piety and the retired life which he leads, secluded from a world in which it would depend but on himself to hold the highest place, are guarantees amply sufficient to satisfy any impartial mind of his sincerity. A poem such as he might publish, if he only pleased, would cause him to be ranked at once among the most eminent of the German poets, whereas the office



which he has taken upon himself of secretary to a poor visionary has brought him nothing but contemptuous raillery. Nevertheless, we have no intention to assert that in giving the conversations and discourses of Sister Emmerich that order and coherency in which they were greatly wanting, and writing them down in his own way, he may not unwittingly have arranged, explained, and embellished them. But this would not have the effect of destroying the originality of the recital, or impugning either the sincerity of the nun, or that of the writer.

The translator professes to be unable to understand how any man can write for mere writing's sake, and without considering the probable effects which his work will produce. This book, such as it is, appears to him to be at once unusually edifying, and highly poetical. It is perfectly clear that it has, properly speaking, no literary pretensions whatever. Neither the uneducated maiden whose visions are here related, nor the excellent Christian writer who has published them in so entire a spirit of literary disinterestedness, ever had the remotest idea of such a thing. And yet there are not, in our opinion, many highly worked-up compositions calculated to produce an effect in any degree comparable to that which will be brought about by the perusal of this unpretending little work. It is our hope that it will make a strong impression even upon worldlings, and that in many hearts it will prepare the way for better ideas—perhaps even for a lasting change of life.

In the next place, we are not sorry to call public attention in some degree to all that class of phenomena which preceded the foundation of the Church, which has since been perpetuated uninterruptedly, and which too many Christians are disposed to reject altogether, either through ignorance and want of reflection, or purely through human respect. This is a field which has hitherto been but little explored historically, psychologically, and physiologically; and it would be well if reflecting minds were to bestow upon it a careful and attentive investigation. To our Christian readers we must remark

that this work has received the approval of ecclesiastical authorities. It has been prepared for the press under the superintendence of the two late Bishops of Ratisbonne, Sailer and Wittman. These names are but little known in France, but in Germany they are identical with learning, piety, ardent charity, and a life wholly devoted to the maintenance and propagation of the Catholic Faith. Many French priests have given their opinion that the translation of a book of this character could not but tend to nourish piety, without, however, countenancing that weakness of spirit which is disposed to lend more importance in some respects to private than to general revelations, and consequently to substitute matters which we are simply permitted to believe, in the place of those which are of faith.

We feel convinced that no one will take offense at certain details given on the subject of the outrages which were suffered by our Divine Lord during the course of His Passion. Our readers will remember the words of the Psalmist: "I am a worm and no man; the reproach of men, and the outcast of the people" [*Ps.* 21 (22):7]; and those of the Apostle: "Tempted in all things like as we are, without sin." [*Heb.* 4:15]. Did we stand in need of a precedent, we should request our readers to remember how plainly and crudely Bossuet describes the same scenes in the most eloquent of his four sermons on the Passion of Our Lord. On the other hand, there have been so many grand platonic or rhetorical sentences in the books published of late years, concerning that abstract entity on which the writers have been pleased to bestow the Christian title of the *Word*, or *Logos*, that it may be eminently useful to show the Man-God, the Word made flesh, in all the reality of His life on earth, of His humiliation, and of His sufferings. It must be evident that the cause of truth, and still more that of edification, will not be the losers.



## INTRODUCTION

**T**HE following meditations will probably rank high among many similar works which the contemplative love of Jesus has produced; but it is our duty here plainly to affirm that they have no pretensions whatever to be regarded as *history*. They are but intended to take one of the lowest places among those numerous representations of the Passion which have been given us by pious writers and artists, and to be considered at the very utmost as the Lenten meditations of a devout nun, related in all simplicity, and written down in the plainest and most literal language, from her own dictation. To these meditations<sup>3</sup> she herself never attached more than a mere human value, and never related them except through obedience, and upon the repeated commands of the directors of her conscience.

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<sup>3</sup> Although the writer of this Introduction (evidently Clemens Brentano) refers to Blessed Anne Catherine Emmerich's narratives of the Passion as "meditations," we have changed the word "Meditations" to "Visions" in the title of this book, conforming to Brentano's own use of the term "visions" in his "Life of Anne Catherine Emmerich" (see pp. 7, 36, herein)—although one could also rightly say that Sister Emmerich meditated on those things which she saw. —Publisher, 2004.

The writer of the following pages was introduced to this holy religious by Count Leopold de Stolberg.<sup>4</sup> Dean Bernard Overberg, her director extraordinary, and Bishop Michael Sailer,<sup>5</sup> who had often been her counselor and consoler, urged her to relate to us in detail all that she experienced; and the latter, who survived her, took the deepest interest in the arrangement and publication of the notes taken down from her dictation. These illustrious and holy men, now dead, and whose memory is blessed, were in continual communion of prayer with Anne Catherine, whom they loved and respected, on account of the singular graces with which God had favored her. The editor of this book received equal encouragement, and met with no less sympathy in his labors, from the late Bishop of Ratisbonne, Msgr. Wittman.<sup>6</sup> This holy Bishop, who was so deeply versed in the ways of Divine grace, and so well acquainted with its effects on certain souls, both from his private investigations of the subject, and his own experience, took the most lively interest in all that concerned Anne Catherine, and on hearing of the work in which the editor of this book was engaged, he strongly exhorted him to publish it. "These things have not been communicated to you for nothing," would he often say; "God has His views in all. Publish something at least of what you know, for you will thereby benefit many souls." He at the same time brought forward various instances from his own experience and that of others, showing the benefit which had been derived from the study of works of a similar character. He delighted in calling such privileged souls as Anne Catherine *the marrow of the bones of the Church*, according to the expression of St. John

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<sup>4</sup> The Count de Stolberg is one of the most eminent converts whom the Catholic Church has made from Protestantism. He died in 1819.

<sup>5</sup> The Bishop of Ratisbonne, one of the most celebrated defenders of the faith in Germany.

<sup>6</sup> Msgr. Wittman was the worthy successor of Sailer, and a man of eminent sanctity, whose memory is held in veneration by all the Catholics of the south of Germany.

Chrysostom, “*medulla enim hujus mundi sunt,*” and he encouraged the publication of their lives and writings as far as lay in his power.

The editor of this book, being taken by a kind friend to the dying bed of the holy Bishop, had no reason whatever to expect to be recognized, as he had only once in his life conversed with him for a few minutes; nevertheless the dying saint knew him again, and after a few most kind words blessed and exhorted him to continue his work for the glory of God.

Encouraged by the approbation of such men, we therefore yield to the wishes of many virtuous friends in publishing the Meditations on the Passion of this humble religious, to whom God granted the favor of being at times simple, ingenuous, and ignorant as a child, while at others she was clear-sighted, sensible, possessed of a deep insight into the most mysterious and hidden things, and consumed with burning and heroic zeal, but ever forgetful of self, deriving her whole strength from Jesus alone, and steadfast in the most perfect humility and entire self-abnegation.

We give our readers a slight sketch of her life, intending at some future day to publish her biography more in full.





Part I

LIFE OF BLESSED  
ANNE CATHERINE  
EMMERICH







# LIFE OF BLESSED ANNE CATHERINE EMMERICH

Religious of the Order of St. Augustine, at the  
Convent of Agnetenberg, Dülmen, Westphalia

**A**NNE Catherine Emmerich was born at Flamske, a village situated about a mile and a half from Coesfeld, in the bishopric of Munster, on the 8th of September 1774, and was baptized in the church of St. James at Coesfeld. Her parents, Bernard Emmerich and Anne Hiller, were poor peasants, but distinguished for their piety and virtue.

The childhood of Anne Catherine bore a striking resemblance to that of the Venerable Anne Garzias de St. Barthelemi, of Dominica del Paradiso, and of several other holy persons born in the same rank of life as herself. Her angel guardian used to appear to her as a child; and when she was taking care of sheep in the fields, the Good Shepherd Himself, under the form of a young shepherd, would frequently come to her assistance. From childhood she was accustomed to have divine knowledge imparted to her in visions of all kinds, and was often favored by visits from the Mother of God and Queen of Heaven, who, under the form of a sweet, lovely, and majestic lady, would bring the Divine Child to be, as it were, her companion, and

would assure her that she loved and would ever protect her. Many of the Saints would also appear to her, and receive from her hands the garlands of flowers which she had prepared in honor of their festivals. All these favors and visions surprised the child less than if an earthly princess and the lords and ladies of her court had come to visit her. Nor was she, later in life, more surprised at these celestial visits, for her innocence caused her to feel far more at her ease with our Divine Lord, His Blessed Mother and the Saints, than she could ever be with even the most kind and amiable of her earthly companions. The names of Father, Mother, Brother, and Spouse, appeared to her expressive of the real connections subsisting between God and man, since the Eternal Word had been pleased to be born of a woman, and so to become our Brother, and these sacred titles were not mere words in her mouth.

While yet a child, she used to speak with innocent candor and simplicity of all that she saw, and her listeners would be filled with admiration at the histories she would relate from Holy Writ; but their questions and remarks having sometimes disturbed her peace of mind, she determined to keep silence on such subjects for the future. In her innocence of heart, she thought that it was not right to talk of things of this sort, that other persons never did so, and that her speech should be only *Yea, yea*, and *Nay, nay*, or *Praise be to Jesus Christ*. The visions with which she was favored were so like realities, and appeared to her so sweet and delightful, that she supposed all Christian children were favored with the same; and she concluded that those who never talked on such subjects were only more discreet and modest than herself, so she resolved to keep silence also, to be like them.

Almost from her cradle she possessed the gift of distinguishing what was good or evil, holy or profane, blessed or accursed, in material as well as in spiritual things, thus resembling St. Sibyllina of Pavia, Ida of Louvain, Ursula Benincasa, and some other holy souls. In her earliest childhood she used to bring out of the fields useful

herbs, which no one had ever before discovered to be good for anything, and plant them near her father's cottage, or in some spot where she was accustomed to work and play; while on the other hand she would root up all poisonous plants, and particularly those ever used for superstitious practices or in dealings with the devil. Were she by chance in a place where some great crime had been committed, she would hastily run away, or begin to pray and do penance. She used also to perceive by intuition when she was in a consecrated spot, return thanks to God, and be filled with a sweet feeling of peace. When a priest passed by with the Blessed Sacrament, even at a great distance from her home or from the place where she was taking care of her flock, she would feel a strong attraction in the direction whence he was coming, run to meet him, and be kneeling in the road, adoring the Blessed Sacrament, long before he could reach the spot.

She knew when any object was consecrated, and experienced a feeling of disgust and repugnance when in the neighborhood of old pagan cemeteries, whereas she was attracted to the sacred remains of the Saints as steel by the magnet. When relics were shown to her, she knew what Saints they had belonged to, and could give not only accounts of the minutest and hitherto unknown particulars of their lives, but also histories of the relics themselves, and of the places where they had been preserved. During her whole life she had continual intercourse with the souls in Purgatory; and all her actions and prayers were offered for the relief of their sufferings. She was frequently called upon to assist them, and even reminded in some miraculous manner, if she chanced to forget them. Often, while yet very young, she used to be awakened out of her sleep by bands of suffering souls, and to follow them on cold winter's nights with bare feet, the whole length of the Way of the Cross to Coesfeld, though the ground was covered with snow.

From her infancy to the day of her death she was indefatigable in relieving the sick, and in dressing and curing wounds and ulcers,

and she was accustomed to give to the poor every farthing she possessed. So tender was her conscience, that the slightest sin she fell into caused her such pain as to make her ill, and absolution then always restored her immediately to health.

The extraordinary nature of the favors bestowed on her by Almighty God was no hindrance in the way of her devoting herself to hard labor, like any other peasant girl; and we may also be allowed to observe that a certain degree of the spirit of prophecy is not unusually to be found among her country men and women. She was taught in the school of suffering and mortification, and there learned lessons of perfection. She allowed herself no more sleep or food than was absolutely necessary; passed whole hours in prayer every night; and in winter often knelt out of doors on the snow. She slept on the ground on planks arranged in the form of a cross. Her food and drink consisted of what was rejected by others; she always kept the best parts even of that for the poor and sick, and when she did not know of anyone to give them to, she offered them to God in a spirit of childlike faith, begging Him to give them to some person who was more in need than herself. When there was anything to be seen or heard which had no reference to God or religion, she found some excuse for avoiding the spot to which others were hastening, or, if there closed her eyes and ears. She was accustomed to say that useless actions were sinful, and that when we denied our bodily senses any gratification of this kind, we were amply repaid by the progress which we made in the interior life, in the same manner as pruning renders vines and other fruit trees more productive. From her early youth, and wherever she went, she had frequent symbolical visions, which showed her in parables, as it were, the object of her existence, the means of attaining it, and her future sufferings, together with the dangers and conflicts which she would have to go through.

She was in her sixteenth year, when one day, while at work in the fields with her parents and sisters, she heard the bell ringing at the Convent of the Sisters of the Annunciation, at Coesfeld. This sound

so inflamed her secret desire to become a nun, and had so great an effect upon her, that she fainted away, and remained ill and weak for a long time after. When in her eighteenth year she was apprenticed at Coesfeld to a dressmaker, with whom she passed two years, and then returned to her parents. She asked to be received at the Convents of the Augustinians at Borken, of the Trappists at Darfeld, and of the Poor Clares at Munster; but her poverty, and that of these convents, always presented an insuperable obstacle to her being received. At the age of twenty, having saved twenty thalers (about 3*l.* English), which she had earned by her sewing, she went with this little sum—a perfect fortune for a poor peasant girl—to a pious organist of Coesfeld, whose daughter she had known when she first lived in the town. Her hope was that, by learning to play on the organ, she might succeed in obtaining admittance into a convent. But her irresistible desire to serve the poor and give them everything she possessed left her no time to learn music, and before long she had so completely stripped herself of everything, that her good mother was obliged to bring her bread, milk, and eggs, for her own wants and those of the poor, with whom she shared everything. Then her mother said: “Your desire to leave your father and myself, and enter a convent, gives us much pain; but you are still my beloved child, and when I look at your vacant seat at home, and reflect that you have given away all your savings, so as to be now in want, my heart is filled with sorrow, and I have now brought you enough to keep you for some time.” Anne Catherine replied: “Yes, dear mother, it is true that I have nothing at all left, because it was the holy Will of God that others should be assisted by me; and since I have given all to Him, He will now take care of me, and bestow His Divine assistance upon us all.” She remained some years at Coesfeld, employed in labor, good works, and prayer, being always guided by the same inward inspirations. She was docile and submissive as a child in the hands of her guardian angel.

Although in this brief sketch of her life we are obliged to omit many interesting circumstances, there is one which we must not pass

over in silence. When about twenty-four years of age, she received a favor from Our Lord, which has been granted to many persons devoted in an especial manner to meditation on His painful Passion; namely, to experience the actual and visible sufferings of His sacred Head, when crowned with thorns. The following is the account she herself has given of the circumstances under which so mysterious a favor was bestowed upon her: "About four years previous to my admittance into the convent, consequently in 1798, it happened that I was in the Jesuits' Church at Coesfeld, at about twelve o'clock in the day, kneeling before a crucifix and absorbed in meditation, when all on a sudden I felt a strong but pleasant heat in my head, and I saw my Divine Spouse, under the form of a young man clothed with light, come toward me from the altar, where the Blessed Sacrament was preserved in the tabernacle. In His left hand He held a crown of flowers, in His right hand a crown of thorns, and He bade me choose which I would have. I chose the crown of thorns; He placed it on my head, and I pressed it down with both hands. Then He disappeared, and I returned to myself, feeling, however, violent pain around my head. I was obliged to leave the church, which was going to be closed. One of my companions was kneeling by my side, and as I thought she might have seen what happened to me, I asked her when we got home whether there was not a wound on my forehead, and spoke to her in general terms of my vision, and of the violent pain which had followed it. She could see nothing outwardly, but was not astonished at what I told her, because she knew that I was sometimes in an extraordinary state, without her being able to understand the cause. The next day my forehead and temples were very much swelled, and I suffered terribly. This pain and swelling often returned, and sometimes lasted whole days and nights. I did not remark that there was blood on my head until my companions told me I had better put on a clean cap, because mine was covered with red spots. I let them think whatever they liked about it, only taking care to arrange my headdress so as to hide the

blood which flowed from my head, and I continued to observe the same precaution even after I entered the convent, where only one person perceived the blood, and she never betrayed my secret.”

Several other contemplative persons, especially devoted to the Passion of Our Lord, have been admitted to the privilege of suffering the torture inflicted by the Crown of Thorns, after having seen a vision in which the two crowns were offered them to choose between, for instance, among others, St. Catherine of Sienna, and Pasithea of Crogis, a Poor Clare of the same town, who died in 1617.

The writer of these pages may here be allowed to remark that he himself has, in full daylight, several times seen blood flow down the forehead and face, and even beyond the linen wrapped round the neck of Anne Catherine. Her desire to embrace a religious life was at length gratified. The parents of a young person whom the Augustinian nuns of Dülmen wished to receive into their order declared that they would not give their consent except on condition that Anne Catherine was taken at the same time. The nuns yielded their assent, though somewhat reluctantly, on account of their extreme poverty; and on the 13th of November 1802, one week before the Feast of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin, Anne Catherine entered on her novitiate. At the present day vocations are not so severely tested as formerly; but in her case, Providence imposed special trials, for which, rigorous as they were, she felt she never could be too grateful. Sufferings or privations which a soul, either alone or in union with others, imposes upon herself, for God's greater glory, are easy to bear; but there is one cross more nearly resembling the Cross of Christ than any other, and that is, lovingly and patiently to submit to unjust punishments, rebuffs, or accusations. It was the Will of God that during her year's novitiate she should, independently of the will of any creature, be tried as severely as the most strict mistress of novices could have done before any mitigations had been allowed in the rules. She learned to regard her companions as instruments in the hands of God for

her sanctification; and at a later period of her life many other things appeared to her in the same light. But as it was necessary that her fervent soul should be constantly tried in the school of the Cross, God was pleased that she should remain in it all her life.

In many ways her position in the convent was excessively painful. Not one of her companions, nor even any priest or doctor, could understand her case. She had learned, when living among poor peasants, to hide the wonderful gifts which God had bestowed on her; but the case was altered now that she was in familiar intercourse with a large number of nuns, who, though certainly good and pious, were filled with ever increasing feelings of curiosity, and even of spiritual jealousy in her regard. Then, the contracted ideas of the community, and the complete ignorance of the nuns concerning all those exterior phenomena by which the interior life manifests itself, gave her much to endure, the more so, as these phenomena displayed themselves in the most unusual and astonishing manner. She heard everything that was said against her, even when the speakers were at one end of the convent and she at the other, and her heart was most deeply wounded as if by poisoned arrows. Yet she bore all patiently and lovingly without showing that she knew what was said of her. More than once charity impelled her to cast herself at the feet of some nun who was particularly prejudiced against her, and ask her pardon with tears. Then, she was suspected of listening at the doors, for the private feelings of dislike entertained against her became known, no one knew how, and the nuns felt uncomfortable and uneasy, in spite of themselves, when in her company.

Whenever the Rule (the minutest point of which was sacred in her eyes) was neglected in the slightest degree, she beheld in spirit each infringement, and at times was inspired to fly to the spot where the Rule was being broken by some infringement of the vow of poverty, or disregard of the hours of silence, and she would then repeat suitable passages from the Rule, without having ever learned them. She thus became an object of aversion to all those religious



who broke the Rule; and her sudden appearances among them had almost the effect of apparitions. God had bestowed upon her the gift of tears to so great an extent, that she often passed whole hours in the church weeping over the sins and ingratitude of men, the sufferings of the Church, the imperfections of the community, and her own faults. But these tears of sublime sorrow could be understood by none but God, before whom she shed them, and men attributed them to mere caprice, a spirit of discontent, or some other similar cause. Her confessor had enjoined that she should receive the Holy Communion more frequently than the other nuns, because so ardently did she hunger after the Bread of Angels that she had been more than once near dying. These heavenly sentiments awakened feelings of jealousy in her sisters, who sometimes even accused her of hypocrisy.

The favor which had been shown her in her admittance into the convent, in spite of her poverty, was also made a subject of reproach. The thought of being thus an occasion of sin to others was most painful to her, and she continually besought God to permit her to bear herself the penalty of this want of charity in her regard. About Christmas of the year 1802, she had a very severe illness, which began by a violent pain about her heart.

This pain did not leave her even when she was cured, and she bore it in silence until the year 1812, when the mark of a cross was imprinted exteriorly in the same place, as we shall relate further on. Her weakness and delicate health caused her to be looked upon more as burdensome than useful to the community; and this, of course, told against her in all ways, yet she was never weary of working and serving the others, nor was she ever so happy as at this period of her life—spent in privations and sufferings of every description.

On the 13th of November 1803, at the age of twenty-nine, she pronounced her solemn vows, and became the spouse of Jesus Christ, in the Convent of Agnetenberg, at Dülmen. “When I had pronounced my vows,” she says, “my relations were again extremely kind to me.

My father and my eldest brother brought me two pieces of cloth. My father, a good, but stern man, and who had been much averse to my entering the convent, had told me, when we parted, that he would willingly pay for my burial, but that he would give nothing for the convent; and he kept his word, for this piece of cloth was the winding sheet used for my spiritual burial in the convent.”

“I was not thinking of myself,” she says again, “I was thinking of nothing but Our Lord and my holy vows. My companions could not understand me; nor could I explain my state to them. God concealed from them many of the favors which He bestowed upon me, otherwise they would have had very false ideas concerning me. Notwithstanding all my trials and sufferings, I was never more rich interiorly, and my soul was perfectly flooded with happiness. My cell only contained one chair without a seat, and another without a back; yet in my eyes, it was magnificently furnished, and when there I often thought myself in Heaven. Frequently during the night, impelled by love and by the mercy of God, I poured forth the feelings of my soul by conversing with Him in loving and familiar language, as I had always done from my childhood, and then those who were watching me would accuse me of irreverence and disrespect toward God. Once, I happened to say that it appeared to me that I should be guilty of greater disrespect did I receive the Body of Our Lord without having conversed familiarly with Him, and I was severely reprimanded. Amid all these trials, I yet lived in peace with God and with all His creatures. When I was working in the garden, the birds would come and rest on my head and shoulders, and we would together sing the praises of God. I always beheld my angel guardian at my side, and although the devil used frequently to assault and terrify me in various ways, he was never permitted to do me much harm. My desire for the Blessed Sacrament was so irresistible, that often at night I left my cell and went to the church, if it was open; but if not, I remained at the door or by the walls, even in winter, kneeling or prostrate,

with my arms extended in ecstasy. The convent chaplain, who was so charitable as to come early to give me the Holy Communion, used to find me in this state, but as soon as he was come and had opened the church, I always recovered, and hastened to the holy table, there to receive my Lord and my God. When I was sacristan, I used all on a sudden to feel myself ravished in spirit, and ascend to the highest parts of the church, onto cornices, projecting parts of the building, and mouldings, where it seemed impossible for any being to get by human means. Then I cleaned and arranged everything, and it appeared to me that I was surrounded by blessed spirits, who transported me about and held me up in their hands. Their presence did not cause me the least uneasiness, for I had been accustomed to it from my childhood, and I used to have the most sweet and familiar intercourse with them. It was only when I was in the company of certain men that I was really alone; and so great was then my feeling of loneliness that I could not help crying like a child that has strayed from home.”

We now proceed to her illnesses, omitting any description of some other remarkable phenomena of her ecstatic life, only recommending the reader to compare the accounts we have already given with what is related of St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi.

Anne Catherine had always been weak and delicate, and yet had been, from her earliest childhood, in the habit of practicing many mortifications, of fasting and of passing the night in watching and prayer in the open air. She had been accustomed to continual hard labor in the fields, at all seasons of the year, and her strength was also necessarily much tried by the exhausting and supernatural states through which she so frequently passed. At the convent she continued to work in the garden and in the house, while her spiritual labors and sufferings were ever on the increase, so that it is by no means surprising that she was frequently ill; but her illnesses arose from yet another cause. We have learned, from careful observations made every day for the space of four years, and also from what she herself was unwillingly

forced to admit, that during the whole course of her life, and especially during that part of it which she spent at the convent, when she enjoyed the highest spiritual favors, a great portion of her illnesses and sufferings came from taking upon herself the sufferings of others. Sometimes she asked for the illness of a person who did not bear it patiently, and relieved him of the whole or of a part of his sufferings, by taking them upon herself; sometimes, wishing to expiate a sin or put an end to some suffering, she gave herself up into the hands of God, and He, accepting her sacrifice, permitted her thus, in union with the merits of His Passion, to expiate the sin by suffering some illness corresponding to it. She had consequently to bear, not only her own maladies, but those also of others—to suffer in expiation of the sins of her brethren, and of the faults and negligences of certain portions of the Christian community—and, finally, to endure many and various sufferings in satisfaction for the souls of Purgatory. All these sufferings appeared like real illnesses, which took the most opposite and variable forms, and she was placed entirely under the care of the doctor, who endeavored by earthly remedies to cure illnesses which in reality were the very sources of her life. She said on this subject, “Repose in suffering has always appeared to me the most desirable condition possible. The Angels themselves would envy us, were envy not an imperfection. But for sufferings to be really meritorious we must patiently and gratefully accept unsuitable remedies and comforts, and all other additional trials. I did not myself fully understand my state, nor know what it was to lead to. In my soul I accepted my different sufferings, but in my body it was my duty to strive against them. I had given myself wholly and entirely to my Heavenly Spouse, and His holy Will was being accomplished in me; but I was living on earth, where I was not to rebel against earthly wisdom and earthly prescriptions. Even had I fully comprehended my state, and had both time and power to explain it, there was no one near who would have been able to understand me. A doctor would simply have concluded that I was entirely mad, and would have increased his expensive and

painful remedies tenfold. I have suffered much in this way during the whole of my life, and particularly when I was at the convent, from having unsuitable remedies administered to me. Often, when my doctors and nurses had reduced me to the last agony, and that I was near death, God took pity on me, and sent me some supernatural assistance, which effected an entire cure.”

Four years before the suppression of her convent she went to Flamske for two days to visit her parents. While there she went once to kneel and pray for some hours before the miraculous Cross of the Church of St. Lambert, at Coesfeld. She besought the Almighty to bestow the gifts of peace and unity upon her convent, offered Him the Passion of Jesus Christ for that intention, and implored Him to allow her to feel a portion of the sufferings which were endured by her Divine Spouse on the Cross. From the time that she made this prayer her hands and feet became burning and painful, and she suffered constantly from fever, which she believed was the cause of the pain in her hands and feet, for she did not dare to think that her prayer had been granted. Often she was unable to walk, and the pain in her hands prevented her from working as usual in the garden. On the 3rd of December 1811, the convent was suppressed,<sup>7</sup> and the church closed. The nuns dispersed in all directions, but Anne Catherine remained, poor and ill. A kindhearted servant belonging to the monastery attended upon her out of charity, and an aged emigrant priest, who said Mass in the convent, remained also with her. These three individuals, being the poorest of the Community, did not leave the convent until the spring of 1812. She was still very unwell, and could not be moved without great difficulty. The priest lodged with a poor widow who lived in the neighborhood, and Anne Catherine had in the same house a wretched little room on the ground floor, which looked on the street. There she lived, in poverty and sickness, until the autumn of 1813. Her ecstasies in prayer, and

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<sup>7</sup> Under the Government of Jerome Bonaparte, King of Westphalia. (Abbé Cazalès.)

her spiritual intercourse with the invisible world, became more and more frequent. She was about to be called to a state with which she was herself but imperfectly acquainted, and in order to enter which she did nothing but submissively abandon herself to the Will of God. Our Lord was pleased about this time to imprint upon her virginal body the stigmata of His Cross and of His crucifixion, which were to the Jews a stumbling block, and to the Gentiles folly, and to many persons who call themselves Christians, both the one and the other. From her very earliest childhood she had besought Our Lord to impress the marks of His Cross deeply upon her heart, that so she might never forget His infinite love for men; but she had never thought of receiving any outward marks. Rejected by the world, she prayed more fervently than ever for this end. On the 28th of August, the Feast of St. Augustine, the patron of her Order, as she was making this prayer in bed, ravished in ecstasy and her arms stretched forth, she beheld a young man approach her surrounded with light. It was under this form that her Divine Spouse usually appeared to her, and He now made upon her body with His right hand the mark of a common cross. From this time there was a mark like a cross upon her bosom, consisting of two bands crossed, about three inches long and one wide. Later the skin often rose in blisters on this place, as if from a burn, and when these blisters burst a burning colorless liquid issued from them, sometimes in such quantities as to soak through several sheets. She was long without perceiving what the case really was, and only thought that she was in a strong perspiration. The particular meaning of this mark has never been known.

Some weeks later, when making the same prayer, she fell into an ecstasy, and beheld the same apparition, which presented her with a little cross of the shape described in her accounts of the Passion. She eagerly received and fervently pressed it to her bosom, and then returned it. She said that this cross was as soft and white as wax, but she was not at first aware that it had made an external mark upon

her bosom. A short time after, having gone with her landlady's little girl to visit an old hermitage near Dülmen, she all on a sudden fell into an ecstasy, fainted away, and on her recovery was taken home by a poor peasant woman. The sharp pain which she felt in her chest continued to increase, and she saw that there was what looked like a cross, about three inches in length, pressed tightly upon her breast bone, and looking red through the skin. As she had spoken about her vision to a nun with whom she was intimate, her extraordinary state began to be a good deal talked of. On All Souls' day, 1812, she went out for the last time, and with much difficulty succeeded in reaching the church. From that time till the end of the year she seemed to be dying, and received the last Sacraments. At Christmas a smaller cross appeared on the top of that upon her chest. It was the same shape as the larger one, so that the two together formed a double forked cross. Blood flowed from this cross every Wednesday, so as to leave the impression of its shape on paper laid over it. After a time this happened on Fridays instead. In 1814 this flow of blood took place less frequently, but the cross became as red as fire every Friday. At a later period of her life more blood flowed from this cross, especially every Good Friday; but no attention was paid to it. On the 30th of March 1821, the writer of these pages saw this cross of a deep red color, and bleeding all over. In its usual state it was colorless, and its position only marked by slight cracks in the skin. . . . Other ecstasies have received similar marks of the Cross; among others, Catherine of Raconis, Marina de l'Escobar, Emilia Bichieri, St. Juliana Falconieri, etc.

She received the stigmata on the last days of the year 1812. On the 29th of December, about three o'clock in the afternoon, she was lying on her bed in her little room, extremely ill, but in a state of ecstasy and with her arms extended, meditating on the sufferings of her Lord, and beseeching Him to allow her to suffer with Him. She said five Our Fathers in honor of the Five Wounds, and felt her whole heart burning with love. She then saw a light descending

toward her, and distinguished in the midst of it the resplendent form of her crucified Saviour, whose wounds shone like so many furnaces of light. Her heart was overflowing with joy and sorrow, and, at the sight of the sacred Wounds, her desire to suffer with her Lord became intensely violent. Then triple rays, pointed like arrows, of the color of blood, darted forth from the hands, feet, and side of the sacred apparition, and struck her hands, feet, and right side. The triple rays from the side formed a point like the head of a lance. The moment these rays touched her, drops of blood flowed from the wounds which they made. Long did she remain in a state of insensibility, and when she recovered her senses she did not know who had lowered her outstretched arms. It was with astonishment that she beheld blood flowing from the palms of her hands, and felt violent pain in her feet and side. It happened that her landlady's little daughter came into her room, saw her hands bleeding, and ran to tell her mother, who with great anxiety asked Anne Catherine what had happened, but was begged by her not to speak about it. She felt, after having received the stigmata, that an entire change had taken place in her body; for the course of her blood seemed to have changed, and to flow rapidly toward the stigmata. She herself used to say: "No words can describe in what manner it flows."

We are indebted to a curious incident for our knowledge of the circumstances which we have here related. On the 15th of December 1819, she had a detailed vision of all that had happened to herself, but so that she thought it concerned some other nun who she imagined must be living not far off, and who she supposed had experienced the same things as herself. She related all these details with a very strong feeling of compassion, humbling herself, without knowing it, before her own patience and sufferings. It was most touching to hear her say: "I ought never to complain any more, now that I have seen the sufferings of that poor nun; her heart is surrounded with a crown of thorns, but she bears it placidly and with a smiling countenance. It is shameful indeed for me to complain, for she has a



far heavier burden to bear than I have.”

These visions, which she afterwards recognized to be her own history, were several times repeated, and it is from them that the circumstances under which she received the stigmata became known. Otherwise she would not have related so many particulars about what her humility never permitted her to speak of, and concerning which, when asked by her spiritual superiors whence her wounds proceeded, the utmost she said was: “I hope that they come from the hand of God.”

The limits of this work preclude us from entering upon the subject of stigmata in general, but we may observe that the Catholic Church has produced a certain number of persons, St. Francis of Assisi being the first, who have attained to that degree of contemplative love of Jesus which is the most sublime effect of union with His sufferings, and is designated by theologians, *Vulnus divinum*, *Plago amoris viva*. There are known to have been at least fifty. Veronica Giuliani, a Capuchin, who died at Citta di Castello in 1727, is the last individual of the class who has been canonized (on the 26th of May 1831). Her biography, published at Cologne in 1810, gives a description of the state of persons with stigmata, which in many ways is applicable to Anne Catherine. Colomba Schanolt, who died at Bamberg in 1787, Magdalen Lorger, who died at Hadamar in 1806, both Dominicans, and Rose Serra, a Capuchin at Ozieri in Sardinia, who received the stigmata in 1801, are those of our own times of whom we know the most. Josephine Kumi, of the Convent of Wesen, near Lake Wallenstadt in Switzerland, who was still living in 1815, also belonged to this class of persons, but we are not entirely certain whether she had the stigmata.

Anne Catherine being, as we have said, no longer able to walk or rise from her bed, soon became unable also to eat. Before long she could take nothing but a little wine and water, and finally only pure water; sometimes, but very rarely, she managed to swallow the juice of a cherry or a plum, but she immediately vomited any solid

food, taken in ever so small a quantity. This inability to take food, or rather this faculty of living for a great length of time upon nothing but water, we are assured by learned doctors is not quite unexampled in the history of the sick.

Theologians will be perfectly aware that there are many instances of contemplative ascetics, and particularly of persons frequently in a state of ecstasy and who have received the stigmata, remaining long without taking any other food than the Blessed Sacrament; for instance, Bl. [now St.] Nicholas of Flue, St. Lidwina of Schiedam, St. Catherine of Siena, St. Angela of Foligno, and St. Louise de l'Ascension. All the phenomena exhibited in the person of Anne Catherine remained concealed even from those who had the most intercourse with her, until the 25th of February 1813, when they were discovered accidentally by one of her old convent companions. By the end of March, the whole town talked of them. On the 23rd of March, the physician of the neighborhood forced her to undergo an examination. Contrary to his expectation, he was convinced of the truth, drew up an official report of what he had seen, became her doctor and her friend, and remained such to her death. On the 28th of March, commissioners were appointed to examine into her case by the spiritual authorities of Munster. The consequence of this was that Anne Catherine was henceforth looked upon kindly by her superiors, and acquired the friendship of the late Dean Overberg, who from that time paid her every year a visit of several days' duration, and was her consoler and spiritual director. The medical counselor from Druffel, who was present at this examination in the capacity of doctor, never ceased to venerate her. In 1814, he published in the Medical Journal of Salzburg a detailed account of the phenomena which he had remarked in the person of Anne Catherine, and to this we refer those of our readers who desire more particulars upon the subject. On the 4th of April, M. Garnier, the Commissary General of the French police, came from Munster to see her; he inquired minutely into her case, and having learned that

she neither prophesied nor spoke on politics, declared that there was no occasion for the police to occupy themselves about her. In 1826, he still spoke of her at Paris with respect and emotion.

On the 22nd of July 1813, Overberg came to see her, with Count de Stolberg and his family. They remained two days with her, and Stolberg, in a letter which has been several times printed, bore witness to the reality of the phenomena observed in Anne Catherine, and gave expression to his intense veneration for her. He remained her friend as long as he lived, and the members of his family never ceased recommending themselves to her prayers. On the 29th of September 1813, Overberg took the daughter of the Princess Galitzin (who died in 1806) to visit her, and they saw with their own eyes blood flow copiously from her stigmata. This distinguished lady repeated her visit, and, after becoming Princess of Salm, never varied in her sentiments, but, together with her family, remained in constant communion of prayer with Anne Catherine. Many other persons in all ranks of life were, in like manner, consoled and edified by visiting her bed of suffering. On the 23rd of October 1813, she was carried to another lodging, the window of which looked out upon a garden. The condition of the saintly nun became day by day more painful. Her stigmata were a source of indescribable suffering to her, down to the moment of her death. Instead of allowing her thoughts to dwell upon those graces to the interior presence of which they bore such miraculous outward testimony, she learned from them lessons of humility, by considering them as a heavy cross laid upon her for her sins. Her suffering body itself was to preach Jesus crucified. It was difficult indeed to be an enigma to all persons, an object of suspicion to the greatest number, and of respect mingled with fear to some few, without yielding to sentiments of impatience, irritability, or pride. Willingly would she have lived in entire seclusion from the world, but obedience soon compelled her to allow herself to be examined and to have judgment passed upon her by a vast number of

curious persons. Suffering, as she was, the most excruciating pains, she was not even allowed to be her own mistress, but was regarded as something which everyone fancied he had a right to look at and to pass judgment upon—often with no good results to anyone, but greatly to the prejudice of her soul and body, because she was thus deprived of so much rest and recollection of spirit. There seemed to be no bounds to what was expected of her, and one fat man, who had some difficulty in ascending her narrow winding staircase, was heard to complain that a person like Anne Catherine, who ought to be exposed on the public road, where everyone could see her, should remain in a lodging so difficult to reach. In former ages, persons in her state underwent in private the examination of the spiritual authorities, and carried out their painful vocation beneath the protecting shadow of hallowed walls; but our suffering heroine had been cast forth from the cloister into the world at a time when pride, coldness of heart, and incredulity were all the vogue; marked with the stigmata of the Passion of Christ, she was forced to wear her bloody robe in public, under the eyes of men who scarcely believed in the Wounds of Christ, far less in those which were but their images.

Thus this holy woman, who in her youth had been in the habit of praying for long hours before pictures of all the stages of Christ's painful Passion, or before wayside crosses, was herself made like unto a cross on the public road, insulted by one passer by, bathed in warm tears of repentance by a second, regarded as a mere physical curiosity by a third, and venerated by a fourth, whose innocent hands would bring flowers to lay at her feet.

In 1817 her aged mother came from the country to die by her side. Anne Catherine showed her all the love she could by comforting and praying for her, and closing her eyes with her own hands—those hands marked with the stigmata on the 13th of March of the same year. The inheritance left to Anne Catherine by her mother was more than sufficient for one so imbued with the spirit of

mortification and suffering; and in her turn she left it unimpaired to her friends. It consisted of these three sayings: "Lord, Thy Will, not mine, be done"; "Lord, give me patience, and then strike hard"; "Those things which are not good to put in the pot are at least good to put beneath it." The meaning of this last proverb was: If things are not fit to be eaten, they may at least be burned, in order that food may be cooked; this suffering does not nourish my heart, but by bearing it patiently, I may at least increase the fire of divine love, by which alone life can profit us anything. She often repeated these proverbs, and then thought of her mother with gratitude. Her father had died some little time before.

The writer of these pages became acquainted with her state first through reading a copy of that letter of Stolberg, to which we have already alluded, and afterwards through conversation with a friend who had passed several weeks with her. In September 1818 he was invited by Bishop Sailer to meet him at the Count de Stolberg's, in Westphalia; and he went in the first place to Sondermuhlen to see the Count, who introduced him to Overberg, from whom he received a letter addressed to Anne Catherine's doctor. He paid her his first visit on the 17th of September 1818; and she allowed him to pass several hours by her side each day, until the arrival of Sailer. From the very beginning, she gave him her confidence to a remarkable extent, and this in the most touching and ingenuous manner. No doubt she was conscious that by relating without reserve the history of all the trials, joys, and sorrows of her whole life, she was bestowing a most precious spiritual alms upon him. She treated him with the most generous hospitality, and had no hesitation in doing so, because he did not oppress her and alarm her humility by excessive admiration. She laid open her interior to him in the same charitable spirit as a pious solitary would in the morning offer the flowers and fruit which had grown in his garden during the night to some wayworn traveler, who, having lost his road in the desert of the world, finds him sitting near his hermitage. Wholly devoted to

her God, she spoke in this open manner as a child would have done, unsuspectingly, with no feelings of mistrust, and with no selfish end in view. May God reward her!

Her friend daily wrote down all the observations that he made concerning her, and all that she told him about her life, whether interior or exterior. Her words were characterized alternately by the most childlike simplicity and the most astonishing depth of thought, and they foreshadowed, as it were, the vast and sublime spectacle which later was unfolded, when it became evident that the past, the present, and the future, together with all that pertained to the sanctification, profanation, and judgment of souls, formed before and within her an allegorical and historical drama, for which the different events of the ecclesiastical year furnished subjects, and which it divided into scenes, so closely linked together were all the prayers and sufferings which she offered in sacrifice for the Church Militant.

On the 22nd of October 1818 Sailer came to see her, and having remarked that she was lodging at the back of a public house, and that men were playing at nine pins under her window, said in the playful yet thoughtful manner which was peculiar to him: "See, see; all things are as they should be—the invalid nun, the spouse of Our Lord, is lodging in a public house above the ground where men are playing at nine pins, like the soul of man in his body." His interview with Anne Catherine was most affecting; it was indeed beautiful to behold these two souls, who were both on fire with the love of Jesus, and conducted by grace through such different paths, meet thus at the foot of the Cross, the visible stamp of which was borne by one of them. On Friday, the 23rd of October, Sailer remained alone with her during nearly the whole of the day; he saw blood flow from her head, her hands, and her feet, and he was able to bestow upon her great consolation in her interior trials. He most earnestly recommended her to tell everything without reserve to the writer of these pages, and he came to an understanding upon the subject with her ordinary director. He heard her Confession, gave her the Holy

Communion on Saturday, the 24th, and then continued his journey to the Count de Stolberg's. On his return, at the beginning of November, he again passed a day with her. He remained her friend until death, prayed constantly for her, and asked her prayers whenever he found himself in trying or difficult positions. The writer of these pages remained until January. He returned again in May 1819, and continued to watch Anne Catherine almost uninterruptedly until her death.

The saintly maiden continually besought the Almighty to remove the exterior stigmata, on account of the trouble and fatigue which they occasioned, and her prayer was granted at the end of seven years. Toward the conclusion of the year 1819, the blood first flowed less frequently from her wounds, and then ceased altogether. On the 25th of December, scabs fell from her feet and hands, and there only remained white scars, which became red on certain days, but the pain she suffered was undiminished in the slightest degree. The mark of the cross, and the wound on her right side, were often to be seen as before, but not at any stated times. On certain days she always had the most painful sensations around her head, as though a crown of thorns were being pressed upon it. On these occasions she could not lean her head against anything, nor even rest it on her hand, but had to remain for long hours, sometimes even for whole nights, sitting up in her bed, supported by cushions, while her pallid face, and the irrepressible groans of pain which escaped her, made her like an awful living representation of suffering. After she had been in this state, blood invariably flowed more or less copiously from around her head. Sometimes her headdress only was soaked with it, but sometimes the blood would flow down her face and neck. On Good Friday, April 19th, 1819, all her wounds reopened and bled, and closed again on the following days. A most rigorous inquiry into her state was made by some doctors and naturalists. For that end she was placed alone in a strange house, where she remained from the 7th to the 29th of August; but this examination appears

to have produced no particular effects in any way. She was brought back to her own dwelling on the 29th of August, and from that time until she died she was left in peace, save that she was occasionally annoyed by private disputes and public insults. On this subject Overberg wrote her the following words: "What have you had to suffer personally of which you can complain? I am addressing a soul desirous of nothing so much as to become more and more like to her Divine Spouse. Have you not been treated far more gently than was your adorable Spouse? Should it not be a subject of rejoicing to you, according to the spirit, to have been assisted to resemble Him more closely, and thus to be more pleasing in His eyes? You had suffered much with Jesus, but hitherto insults had been for the most part spared you. With the crown of thorns you had not worn the purple mantle and the robe of scorn, much less had you yet heard the cry, *Away with him! Crucify him! Crucify him!* I cannot doubt but that these sentiments are yours. Praise be to Jesus Christ."

On Good Friday, the 30th of March 1820, blood flowed from her head, feet, hands, chest and side. It happened that when she fainted, one of the persons who were with her, knowing that the application of relics relieved her, placed near her feet a piece of linen in which some were wrapped, and the blood which came from her wounds reached this piece of linen after a time. In the evening, when this same piece of linen with the relics was being placed on her chest and shoulders, in which she was suffering much, she suddenly exclaimed, while in a state of ecstasy: "It is most wonderful, but I see my Heavenly Spouse lying in the tomb in the earthly Jerusalem; and I also see Him living in the heavenly Jerusalem surrounded by adoring Saints, and in the midst of these Saints I see a person who is not a Saint—a nun. Blood flows from her head, her side, her hands, and her feet, and the Saints are above the bleeding parts."

On the 9th of February 1821 she fell into an ecstasy at the time of the funeral of a very holy priest. Blood flowed from her forehead, and the cross on her breast bled also. Someone asked her, "What is



the matter with you?" She smiled, and spoke like one awakening from a dream: "We were by the side of the body. I have been accustomed lately to hear sacred music, and the *De Profundis* made a great impression upon me." She died upon the same day three years later. In 1821, a few weeks before Easter, she told us that it had been said to her during her prayer: "Take notice, you will suffer on the real anniversary of the Passion, and not on the day marked this year in the Ecclesiastical Calendar." On Friday, the 30th of March, at ten o'clock in the morning, she sank down senseless. Her face and bosom were bathed in blood, and her body appeared covered with bruises like what the blows of a whip would have inflicted. At twelve o'clock in the day, she stretched herself out in the form of a cross, and her arms were so extended as to be perfectly dislocated. A few minutes before two o'clock, drops of blood flowed from her feet and hands. On Good Friday, the 20th of April, she was simply in a state of quiet contemplation. This remarkable exception to the general rule seemed to be an effect of the Providence of God, for, at the hour when her wounds usually bled, a number of curious and ill-natured individuals came to see her with the intention of causing her fresh annoyances, by publishing what they saw; but they thus were made unintentionally to contribute to her peace, by saying that her wounds had ceased to bleed.

On the 19th of February 1822 she was again warned that she would suffer on the last Friday of March, and not on Good Friday.

On Friday the 15th, and again on Friday the 29th, the cross on her bosom and the wound of her side bled. Before the 29th, she more than once felt as though a stream of fire were flowing rapidly from her heart to her side, and down her arms and legs to the stigmata, which looked red and inflamed. On the evening of Thursday the 28th, she fell into a state of contemplation on the Passion, and remained in it until Friday evening. Her chest, head, and side bled; all the veins of her hands were swollen, and there was a painful spot in the center of them, which felt damp, although blood did not flow

from it. No blood flowed from the stigmata excepting upon the 3rd of March, the day of the finding of the Holy Cross. She had also a vision of the discovery of the True Cross by St. Helena, and imagined herself to be lying in the excavation near the Cross. Much blood came in the morning from her head and side, and in the afternoon from her hands and feet, and it seemed to her as though she were being made the test of whether the cross was really the Cross of Jesus Christ, and that her blood was testifying to its identity.

In the year 1823, on Holy Thursday and Good Friday, which came on the 27th and 28th of March, she had visions of the Passion, during which blood flowed from all her wounds, causing her intense pain. Amid these awful sufferings, although ravished in spirit, she was obliged to speak and give answers concerning all her little household affairs, as if she had been perfectly strong and well, and she never let fall a complaint, although nearly dying. This was the last time that her blood gave testimony to the reality of her union with the sufferings of Him who has delivered Himself up wholly and entirely for our salvation. Most of the phenomena of the ecstatic life which are shown us in the lives and writings of Saints Bridget, Gertrude, Mechtilde, Hildegarde, Catherine of Siena, Catherine of Genoa, Catherine of Bologna, Colomba da Rieti, Lidwina of Schiedam, Catherine Vanini, Teresa of Jesus, Anne of St. Bartholomew, Magdalen of Pazzi, Mary Villana, Mary Buonomi, Marina d'Escobar, Crescentia de Kaufbeuern, and many other nuns of contemplative orders, are also to be found in the history of the interior life of Anne Catherine Emmerich. The same path was marked out for her by God. Did she, like these holy women, attain the end? God alone knows. Our part is only to pray that such may have been the case, and we are allowed to hope it. Those among our readers who are not acquainted with the ecstatic life from the writings of those who have lived it will find information on this subject in the Introduction of Goerres to the writings of Henry Suso, published at Ratisbonne in 1829.

Since many pious Christians, in order to render their life one perpetual act of adoration, endeavor to see in their daily employments a symbolical representation of some manner of honoring God, and offer it to Him in union with the merits of Christ, it cannot appear extraordinary that those holy souls who pass from an active life to one of suffering and contemplation should sometimes see their spiritual labors under the form of those earthly occupations which formerly filled their days. Then their acts were prayers; now their prayers are acts; but the form remains the same. It was thus that Anne Catherine, in her ecstatic life, beheld the series of her prayers for the Church under the forms of parables bearing reference to agriculture, gardening, weaving, sowing, or the care of sheep. All these different occupations were arranged, according to their signification, in the different periods of the common as well as the ecclesiastical year, and were pursued under the patronage and with the assistance of the Saints of each day, the special graces of the corresponding feasts of the Church being also applied to them. The signification of this circle of symbols had reference to all the active part of her interior life. One example will help to explain our meaning. When Anne Catherine, while yet a child, was employed in weeding, she besought God to root up the cockle from the field of the Church. If her hands were stung by the nettles, or if she was obliged to do afresh the work of idlers, she offered to God her pain and her fatigue, and besought him, in the name of Jesus Christ, that the pastor of souls might not become weary, and that none of them might cease to labor zealously and diligently. Thus her manual labor became a prayer.

I will now give a corresponding example of her life of contemplation and ecstasy. She had been ill several times, and in a state of almost continual ecstasy, during which she often moaned, and moved her hands like a person employed in weeding. She complained one morning that her hands and arms smarted and itched, and on examination they were found to be covered with blisters, like what would have been produced by the stinging of nettles. She then

begged several persons of her acquaintance to join their prayers to hers for a certain intention. The next day her hands were inflamed and painful, as they would have been after hard work; and when asked the cause, she replied: "Ah! I have had so many nettles to root up in the vineyard, because those whose duty it was to do it only pulled off the stems, and I was obliged to draw the roots with much difficulty out of a stony soil." The person who had asked her the question began to blame these careless workmen, but he felt much confused when she replied: "You were one of them, those who only pull off the stems of the nettles, and leave the roots in the earth, are persons who pray carelessly." It was afterwards discovered that she had been praying for several dioceses which were shown to her under the figure of vineyards laid waste, and in which labor was needed. The real inflammation of her hands bore testimony to this symbolical rooting up of the nettles; and we have, perhaps, reason to hope that the churches shown to her under the appearances of vineyards experienced the good effects of her prayer and spiritual labor; for since the door is opened to those who knock, it must certainly be opened above all to those who knock with such energy as to cause their fingers to be wounded.

Similar reactions of the spirit upon the body are often found in the lives of persons subject to ecstasies, and are by no means contrary to faith. St. Paula, if we may believe St. Jerome, visited the holy places in spirit just as if she had visited them bodily; and a like thing happened to St. Colomba of Rieti and St. Lidwina of Schiedam. The body of the latter bore traces of this spiritual journey, as if she had really traveled; she experienced all the fatigue that a painful journey would cause: her feet were wounded and covered with marks which looked as if they had been made by stones or thorns, and finally she had a sprain from which she long suffered.

She was led on this journey by her guardian angel, who told her that these corporeal wounds signified that she had been ravished in body and spirit.

Similar hurts were also to be seen upon the body of Anne Catherine immediately after some of her visions. Lidwina began her ecstatic journey by following her good angel to the chapel of the Blessed Virgin before Schiedam; Anne Catherine began hers by following her angel guardian either to the chapel which was near her dwelling, or else to the Way of the Cross of Coesfeld.

Her journeys to the Holy Land were made, according to the accounts she gave of them, by the most opposite roads; sometimes even she went all round the earth, when the task spiritually imposed upon her required it. In the course of these journeys from her home to the most distant countries, she carried assistance to many persons, exercising in their regard works of mercy, both corporal and spiritual, and this was done frequently in parables. At the end of a year she would go over the same ground again, see the same persons, and give an account of their spiritual progress or of their relapse into sin. Every part of this labor always bore some reference to the Church, and to the kingdom of God upon earth.

The end of these daily pilgrimages which she made in spirit was invariably the Promised Land, every part of which she examined in detail, and which she saw sometimes in its present state, and sometimes as it was at different periods of sacred history; for her distinguishing characteristic and special privilege was an intuitive knowledge of the history of the Old and New Testaments, and of that of the members of the Holy Family, and of all the Saints whom she was contemplating in spirit. She saw the signification of all the festival days of the ecclesiastical year under both a devotional and an historical point of view. She saw and described, day by day, with the minutest detail, and by name, places, persons, festivals, customs, and miracles, all that happened during the public life of Jesus until the Ascension, and the history of the Apostles for several weeks after the Descent of the Holy Ghost. She regarded all her visions not as mere spiritual enjoyments, but as being, so to speak, fertile fields, plentifully strewn with the merits of Christ, and which had not as yet been

cultivated; she was often engaged in spirit in praying that the fruit of such and such sufferings of Our Lord might be given to the Church, and she would beseech God to apply to His Church the merits of our Saviour which were its inheritance, and of which she would, as it were, take possession, in its name, with the most touching simplicity and ingenuousness.

She never considered her visions to have any reference to her exterior Christian life, nor did she regard them as being of any historical value. Exteriorly she knew and believed nothing but the catechism, the common history of the Bible, the Gospels for Sundays and festivals, and the Christian almanac, which to her farsighted vision was an inexhaustible mine of hidden riches, since it gave her in a few pages a guiding thread which led her through all time, and by means of which she passed from mystery to mystery, and solemnized each with all the Saints, in order to reap the fruits of eternity in time, and to preserve and distribute them in her pilgrimage around the ecclesiastical year, that so the Will of God might be accomplished on earth as it is in Heaven. She had never read the Old or New Testaments, and when she was tired of relating her visions, she would sometimes say: "Read that in the Bible," and then be astonished to learn that it was not there; "for," she would add, "people are constantly saying in these days that you need read nothing but the Bible, which contains everything, etc., etc."

The real task of her life was to suffer for the Church and for some of its members, whose distress was shown her in spirit, or who asked her prayers without knowing that this poor sick nun had something more to do for them than to say the *Pater noster*, but that all their spiritual and corporal sufferings became her own, and that she had to endure patiently the most terrible pains, without being assisted, like the contemplatives of former days, by the sympathizing prayers of an entire community. In the age when she lived, she had no other assistance than that of medicine. While thus enduring sufferings which she had taken upon herself for others, she often turned her

thoughts to the corresponding sufferings of the Church, and when thus suffering for one single person, she would likewise offer all she endured for the whole Church.

The following is a remarkable instance of the sort: During several weeks she had every symptom of consumption; violent irritation of the lungs, excessive perspiration which soaked her whole bed, a racking cough, continual expectoration, and a strong continual fever. So fearful were her sufferings that her death was hourly expected and even desired. It was remarked that she had to struggle strangely against a strong temptation to irritability. Did she yield for an instant, she burst into tears, her sufferings increased tenfold, and she seemed unable to exist unless she immediately gained pardon in the Sacrament of Penance. She had also to combat a feeling of aversion to a certain person whom she had not seen for years. She was in despair because this person, with whom nevertheless she declared she had nothing in common, was always before her eyes in the most evil dispositions, and she wept bitterly, and with much anxiety of conscience, saying that she would not commit sin, that her grief must be evident to all, and other things which were quite unintelligible to the persons listening to her. Her illness continued to increase, and she was thought to be on the point of death. At this moment one of her friends saw her, to his great surprise, suddenly raise herself up on her bed, and say:

“Repeat with me the prayers for those in their last agony.” He did as requested, and she answered the Litany in a firm voice. After some little time, the bell for the agonizing was heard, and a person came in to ask Anne Catherine’s prayers for his sister, who was just dead. Anne Catherine asked for details concerning her illness and death, as if deeply interested in the subject, and the friend above mentioned heard the account given by the newcomer of a consumption resembling in the minutest particulars the illness of Anne Catherine herself. The deceased woman had at first been in so much pain and so disturbed in mind that she had seemed quite unable to prepare

herself for death; but during the last fortnight she had been better, had made her peace with God, having in the first place been reconciled to a person with whom she was at enmity, and had died in peace, fortified by the last Sacraments, and attended by her former enemy. Anne Catherine gave a small sum of money for the burial and funeral service of this person. Her sweatings, cough, and fever now left her, and she resembled a person exhausted with fatigue, whose linen has been changed, and who has been placed on a fresh bed. Her friend said to her, "When this fearful illness came upon you, this woman grew better, and her hatred for another was the only obstacle to her making peace with God. You took upon yourself, for the time, her feelings of hatred, she died in good dispositions, and now you seem tolerably well again. Are you still suffering on her account?" "No, indeed!" she replied; "that would be most unreasonable; but how can any person avoid suffering when even the end of his little finger is in pain? We are all one body in Christ." "By the goodness of God," said her friend, "you are now once more somewhat at ease." "Not for very long, though," she replied with a smile; "there are other persons who want my assistance." Then she turned round on her bed, and rested awhile.

A very few days later, she began to feel intense pain in all her limbs, and symptoms of water on the chest manifested themselves. We discovered the sick person for whom Anne Catherine was suffering, and we saw that his sufferings suddenly diminished or immensely increased in exact inverse proportion to those of Anne Catherine.

Thus did charity compel her to take upon herself the illnesses and even the temptations of others, that they might be able in peace to prepare themselves for death. She was compelled to suffer in silence, both to conceal the weaknesses of her neighbor, and not to be regarded as mad herself; she was obliged to receive all the aid that medicine could afford her for an illness thus taken voluntarily for the relief of others, and to be reproached for temptations which were not her own; finally, it was necessary that she should appear perverted in



the eyes of men, that so those for whom she was suffering might be converted before God.

One day a friend in deep affliction was sitting by her bedside, when she suddenly fell into a state of ecstasy, and began to pray aloud: "O my sweet Jesus, permit me to carry that heavy stone!" Her friend asked her what was the matter. "I am on my way to Jerusalem," she replied, "and I see a poor man walking along with the greatest difficulty, for there is a large stone upon his breast, the weight of which nearly crushes him." Then again, after a few moments, she exclaimed: "Give me that heavy stone, you cannot carry it any farther; give it to me." All on a sudden she sank down fainting, as if crushed beneath some heavy burden, and at the same moment her friend felt himself relieved from the weight of sorrow which oppressed him, and his heart was overflowing with extraordinary happiness. Seeing her in such a state of suffering, he asked her what the matter was, and she looking at him with a smile, replied: "I cannot remain here any longer. Poor man, you must take back your burden." Instantly her friend felt all the weight of his affliction return to him, while she, becoming as well again as before, continued her journey in spirit to Jerusalem.

We will give one more example of her spiritual exertions. One morning she gave her friend a little bag containing some rye flour and eggs, and pointed out to him a small house where a poor woman, who was in a consumption, was living with her husband and two little children. He was to tell her to boil and take them, as when boiled they would be good for her chest. The friend, on entering the cottage, took the bag from under his cloak, when the poor mother, who, flushed with fever, was lying on a mattress between her half-naked children, fixed her bright eyes upon him, and holding out her thin hands, exclaimed: "O, sir, it must be God or Sister Emmerich who sends you to me! You are bringing me some rye flour and eggs." Here the poor woman, overcome by her feelings, burst into tears, and then began to cough so violently that she had to make a sign

to her husband to speak for her. He said that the previous night Gertrude had been much disturbed, and had talked a great deal in her sleep, and that on awaking she had told him her dream in these words: "I thought that I was standing at the door with you, when the holy nun came out of the door of the next house, and I told you to look at her. She stopped in front of us, and said to me: 'Ah, Gertrude, you look very ill; I will send you some rye flour and eggs, which will relieve your chest.' Then I awoke." Such was the simple tale of the poor man; he and his wife both eagerly expressed their gratitude, and the bearer of Anne Catherine's alms left the house much overcome. He did not tell her anything of this when he saw her, but a few days after, she sent him again to the same place with a similar present, and he then asked her how it was she knew that poor woman? "You know," she replied, "that I pray every evening for all those who suffer; I should like to go and relieve them, and I generally dream that I am going from one abode of suffering to another, and that I assist them to the best of my power. In this way I went in my dream to that poor woman's house; she was standing at the door with her husband, and I said to her: 'Ah, Gertrude, you look very ill; I will send you some rye flour and eggs, which will relieve your chest.' And this I did through you, the next morning." Both persons had remained in their beds, and dreamed the same thing, and the dream came true. St. Augustine, in his *City of God*, Book xviii, c. 18, relates a similar thing of two philosophers, who visited each other in a dream, and explained some passages of Plato, both remaining asleep in their own houses.

These sufferings, and this peculiar species of active labor, were like a single ray of light, which enlightened her whole life. Infinite was the number of spiritual labors and sympathetic sufferings which came from all parts and entered into her heart—that heart so burning with love of Jesus Christ. Like St. Catherine of Siena and some other ecstasies, she often felt the most profound feeling of conviction

that our Saviour had taken her heart out of her bosom, and placed His own there instead for a time.

The following fragment will give some idea of the mysterious symbolism by which she was interiorly directed. During a portion of the year 1820 she performed many labors in spirit, for several different parishes; her prayers being represented under the figure of most severe labor in a vineyard. What we have above related concerning the nettles is of the same character.

On the 6th of September [Anne Catherine related that] her heavenly guide said to her: “You weeded, dug around, tied, and pruned the vine; you ground down the weeds so that they could never spring up any more; and then you went away joyfully and rested from your prayers. Prepare now to labor hard from the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin to that of St. Michael; the grapes are ripening and must be well watched.’ Then he led me,” she continued, “to the vineyard of St. Liboire, and showed me the vines at which I had worked. My labor had been successful, for the grapes were getting their color and growing large, and in some parts the red juice was running down on the ground from them. My guide said to me: ‘When the virtues of the good begin to shine forth in public, they have to combat bravely, to be oppressed, to be tempted, and to suffer persecution. A hedge must be planted around the vineyard in order that the ripe grapes may not be destroyed by thieves and wild beasts, *i.e.*, by temptation and persecution.’ He then showed me how to build a wall by heaping up stones, and to raise a thick hedge of thorns all around. As my hands bled from such severe labor, God, in order to give me strength, permitted me to see the mysterious signification of the vine, and of several other fruit trees. Jesus Christ is the true Vine, who is to take root and grow in us; all useless wood must be cut away, in order not to waste the sap, which is to become the wine, and in the Most Blessed Sacrament the Blood of Christ. The pruning of the vine has to be done according to certain rules which were made known to me. This pruning is, in a spiritual sense,

the cutting off whatever is useless, penance and mortification, that so the true Vine may grow in us, and bring forth fruit, in the place of corrupt nature, which only bears wood and leaves. The pruning is done according to fixed rules, for it is only required that certain useless shoots should be cut off in man, and to lop off more would be to mutilate in a guilty manner. No pruning should ever be done upon the stock which has been planted in humankind through the Blessed Virgin, and is to remain in it forever. The true Vine unites heaven to earth, the Divinity to humanity; and it is the human part that is to be pruned, that so the divine alone may grow. I saw so many other things relating to the vine that a book as large as the Bible could not contain them. One day, when I was suffering acute pain in my chest, I besought Our Lord with groans not to give me a burden above my strength to bear; and then my Heavenly Spouse appeared, and said to me . . . ‘I have laid thee on my nuptial couch, which is a couch of suffering; I have given thee suffering and expiation for thy bridal garments and jewels. Thou must suffer, but I will not forsake thee; thou art fastened to the Vine, and thou wilt not be lost.’ Then I was consoled for all my sufferings. It was likewise explained to me why in my visions relating to the Feasts of the family of Jesus, such, for instance, as those of St. Anne, St. Joachim, St. Joseph, etc., I always saw the Church of the festival under the figure of a shoot of the vine. The same was the case on the festivals of St. Francis of Assisi, St. Catherine of Siena, and of all the Saints who have had the stigmata.

“The signification of my sufferings in all my limbs was explained to me in the following vision; I saw a gigantic human body in a horrible state of mutilation, and raised upwards toward the sky. There were no fingers or toes on the hands and feet, the body was covered with frightful wounds, some of which were fresh and bleeding, others covered with dead flesh or turned into excrescences. The whole of one side was black, gangrened, and, as it were, half eaten away. I suffered as though it had been my own body that was in this state, and then my guide said to me, ‘This is the body of the Church, the

body of all men and thine also.’ Then, pointing to each wound, he showed me at the same time some part of the world; I saw an infinite number of men and nations separated from the Church, all in their own peculiar way, and I felt pain as exquisite from this separation as if they had been torn from my body. Then my guide said to me: ‘Let thy sufferings teach thee a lesson, and offer them to God in union with those of Jesus for all who are separated. Should not one member call upon another, and suffer in order to cure and unite it once more to the body? When those parts which are most closely united to the body detach themselves, it is as though the flesh were torn from around the heart.’ In my ignorance, I thought that he was speaking of those brethren who are not in communion with us, but my guide added: ‘Who are our brethren? It is not our blood relations who are the nearest to our hearts, but those who are our brethren in the Blood of Christ—the children of the Church who fall away.’ He showed me that the black and gangrened side of the body would soon be cured; that the putrified flesh which had collected around the wounds represented heretics who divide one from the other in proportion as they increase; that the dead flesh was the figure of all who are spiritually dead, and who are void of any feeling; and that the ossified parts represented obstinate and hardened heretics. I saw and felt in this manner every wound and its signification. The body reached up to Heaven. It was the body of the Bride of Christ, and most painful to behold. I wept bitterly, but feeling at once deeply grieved and strengthened by sorrow and compassion, I began again to labor with all my strength.”

Sinking beneath the weight of life and of the task imposed upon her she often besought God to deliver her, and she then would appear to be on the very brink of the grave. But each time she would say: “Lord, not my will but Thine be done! If my prayers and sufferings are useful let me live a thousand years, but grant that I may die rather than ever offend Thee.” Then she would receive orders to live, and arise, taking up her cross, once more to bear it in patience and

suffering after her Lord. From time to time the road of life which she was pursuing used to be shown to her, leading to the top of a mountain on which was a shining and resplendent city—the heavenly Jerusalem. Often she would think she had arrived at that blissful abode, which seemed to be quite near her, and her joy would be great. But all on a sudden she would discover that she was still separated from it by a valley, and then she would have to descend precipices, and follow indirect paths, laboring, suffering, and performing deeds of charity everywhere. She had to direct wanderers into the right road, raise up the fallen, sometimes even carry the paralytic, and drag the unwilling by force, and all these deeds of charity were as so many fresh weights fastened to her cross. Then she walked with more difficulty, bending beneath her burden and sometimes even falling to the ground.

In 1823 she repeated more frequently than usual that she could not perform her task in her present situation, that she had not strength for it, and that it was in a peaceful convent that she needed to have lived and died. She added that God would soon take her to Himself, and that she had besought Him to permit her to obtain by her prayers in the next world what her weakness would not permit her to accomplish in this. St. Catherine of Siena, a short time before death, made a similar prayer.

Anne Catherine had previously had a vision concerning what her prayers might obtain after death, with regard to things that were not in existence during her life. The year 1823, the last of which she completed the whole circle, brought her immense labors. She appeared desirous to accomplish her entire task, and thus kept the promise which she had previously made of relating the history of the whole Passion. It formed the subject of her Lenten meditations during this year, and of them the present volume is composed. But she did not on this account take less part in the fundamental mystery of this penitential season, or in the different mysteries of each of the festival days of the Church, if indeed the words *to take part*

be sufficient to express the wonderful manner in which she rendered visible testimony to the mystery celebrated in each festival by a sudden change in her corporal and spiritual life. See on this subject the chapter entitled *Interruption of the Pictures of the Passion*.

Every one of the ceremonies and festivals of the Church was to her far more than the consecration of a remembrance. She beheld in the historical foundation of each solemnity an act of the Almighty, done in time for the reparation of fallen humanity. Although these divine acts appeared to her stamped with the character of eternity, yet she was well aware that in order for man to profit by them in the bounded and narrow sphere of time, he must, as it were, take possession of them in a series of successive moments, and that for this purpose they had to be repeated and renewed in the Church, in the order established by Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit. All festivals and solemnities were in her eyes eternal graces which returned at fixed epochs in every ecclesiastical year, in the same manner as the fruits and harvests of the earth come in their seasons in the natural year.

Her zeal and gratitude in receiving and treasuring up these graces were untiring, nor was she less eager and zealous in offering them to those who neglected their value. In the same manner as her compassion for her crucified Saviour had pleased God and obtained for her the privilege of being marked with the stigmata of the Passion as with a seal of the most perfect love, so all the sufferings of the Church and of those who were in affliction were repeated in the different states of her body and soul. And all these wonders took place within her, unknown to those who were around her; nor was she herself even more fully conscious of them than is the bee of the effects of its work, while yet she was tending and cultivating, with all the care of an industrious and faithful gardener, the fertile garden of the ecclesiastical year. She lived on its fruits, and distributed them to others; she strengthened herself and her friends with the flowers and herbs which she cultivated; or, rather, she herself was in this garden

like a sensitive plant, a sunflower, or some wonderful plant in which, independent of her own will, were reproduced all the seasons of the year, all the hours of the day, and all the changes of the atmosphere.

At the end of the ecclesiastical year of 1823, she had for the last time a vision on the subject of making up the accounts of that year. The negligences of the Church Militant and of her servants were shown to Anne Catherine, under various symbols; she saw how many graces had not been cooperated with, or been rejected to a greater or less extent, and how many had been entirely thrown away. It was made known to her how our Blessed Redeemer had deposited for each year in the garden of the Church a complete treasure of His merits, sufficient for every requirement, and for the expiation of every sin. The strictest account was to be given of all graces which had been neglected, wasted, or wholly rejected, and the Church Militant was punished for this negligence or infidelity of her servants by being oppressed by her enemies, or by temporal humiliations. Revelations of this description raised to excess her love for the Church, her mother. She passed days and nights in praying for her, in offering to God the merits of Christ, with continual groans, and in imploring mercy. Finally, on these occasions, she gathered together all her courage, and offered to take upon herself both the fault and the punishment, like a child presenting itself before the king's throne, in order to suffer the punishment she had incurred. It was then said to her, "See how wretched and miserable thou art thyself; thou who art desirous to satisfy for the sins of others." And to her great terror she beheld herself as one mournful mass of infinite imperfection. But still her love remained undaunted, and burst forth in these words, "Yes, I am full of misery and sin; but I am Thy spouse, O my Lord, and my Saviour! My faith in Thee and in the redemption which Thou hast brought us covers all my sins as with Thy royal mantle. I will not leave Thee until Thou hast accepted my sacrifice, for the superabundant treasure of Thy merits is closed to none of Thy faithful servants." At length her prayer became wonderfully energetic, and to human ears there was like a dispute and



combat with God, in which she was carried away and urged on by the violence of love. If her sacrifice was accepted, her energy seemed to abandon her, and she was left to the repugnance of human nature for suffering. When she had gone through this trial, by keeping her eyes fixed on her Redeemer in the Garden of Olives, she next had to endure indescribable sufferings of every description, bearing them all with wonderful patience and sweetness. We used to see her remain several days together, motionless and insensible, looking like a dying lamb. Did we ask her how she was, she would half open her eyes, and reply with a sweet smile, "My sufferings are most salutary."

At the beginning of Advent, her sufferings were a little soothed by sweet visions of the preparations made by the Blessed Virgin to leave her home, and then of her whole journey with St. Joseph to Bethlehem. She accompanied them each day to the humble inns where they rested for the night, or went on before them to prepare their lodgings. During this time she used to take old pieces of linen, and at night, while sleeping, make them into baby clothes and caps for the children of poor women, the times of whose confinements were near at hand. The next day she would be surprised to see all these things neatly arranged in her drawers. This happened to her every year about the same time, but this year she had more fatigue and less consolation. Thus, at the hour of our Saviour's birth, when she was usually perfectly overwhelmed with joy, she could only crawl with the greatest difficulty to the crib where the Child Jesus was lying, and bring Him no present but myrrh, no offering but her cross, beneath the weight of which she sank down half dying at His feet. It seemed as though she were for the last time making up her earthly accounts with God, and for the last time also offering herself in the place of a countless number of men who were spiritually and corporally afflicted. Even the little that is known of the manner in which she took upon herself the sufferings of others is almost incomprehensible. She very truly said: "This year the Child Jesus has only brought me a cross and instruments of suffering."

She became each day more and more absorbed in her sufferings, and although she continued to see Jesus traveling from city to city during His public life, the utmost she ever said on the subject was, briefly to name in which direction He was going. Once, she asked suddenly in a scarcely audible voice, "What day is it?" When told that it was the 14th of January, she added: "Had I but a few days more, I should have related the entire life of our Saviour, but now it is no longer possible for me to do so." These words were the most incomprehensible as she did not appear to know even which year of the public life of Jesus she was then contemplating in spirit. In 1820 she had related the history of our Saviour down to the Ascension, beginning at the 28th of July of the third year of the public life of Jesus, after which she returned to the first year of the life of Jesus, and had continued down to the 10th of January of the third year of His public life. On the 27th of April 1823, in consequence of a journey made by the writer, an interruption of her narrative took place, and lasted down to the 21st of October. She then took up the thread of her narrative where she had left it, and continued it to the last weeks of her life. When she spoke of a few days being wanted, her friend himself did not know how far her narrative went, not having had leisure to arrange what he had written. After her death he became convinced that if she had been able to speak during the last fourteen days of her life, she would have brought it down to the 28th of July of the third year of the public life of Our Lord, consequently to where she had taken it up in 1820.

Her condition daily became more frightful. She, who usually suffered in silence, uttered stifled groans, so awful was the anguish she endured. On the 15th of January she said: "The Child Jesus brought me great sufferings at Christmas. I was once more by His manger at Bethlehem. He was burning with fever, and showed me His sufferings and those of His Mother. They were so poor that they had no food but a wretched piece of bread. He bestowed still greater sufferings upon me, and said to me: 'Thou art Mine; thou art My spouse; suffer

as I suffered, without asking the reason why.' I do not know what my sufferings are to be, nor how long they will last. I submit blindly to my martyrdom, whether for life or for death: I only desire that the hidden designs of God may be accomplished in me. On the other hand, I am calm, and I have consolations in my sufferings. Even this morning I was very happy. Blessed be the holy Name of God!"

Her sufferings continued, if possible, to increase. Sitting up, and with her eyes closed, she fell from one side to another, while smothered groans escaped her lips. If she lay down, she was in danger of being stifled; her breathing was hurried and oppressed, and all her nerves and muscles were shaken and trembled with anguish. After violent retching, she suffered terrible pain in her bowels, so much so that it was feared gangrene must be forming there. Her throat was parched and burning, her mouth swollen, her cheeks crimson with fever, her hands white as ivory. The scars of the stigmata shone like silver beneath her distended skin. Her pulse gave from 160 to 180 pulsations per minute. Although unable to speak from her excessive suffering, she bore every duty perfectly in mind. On the evening of the 26th, she said to her friend. "Today is the ninth day, you must pay for the wax taper and novena at the chapel of St. Anne." She was alluding to a novena which she had asked to have made for her intention, and she was afraid lest her friends should forget it. On the 27th, at two o'clock in the afternoon, she received Extreme Unction, greatly to the relief both of her soul and body. In the evening her friend, the excellent curé of H——, prayed at her bedside, which was an immense comfort to her. She said to him: "How good and beautiful all this is!" And again: "May God be a thousand times praised and thanked!"

The approach of death did not wholly interrupt the wonderful union of her life with that of the Church. A friend having visited her on the 1st of February in the evening, had placed himself behind her bed where she could not see him, and was listening with the utmost compassion to her low moans and interrupted breathing, when suddenly all became silent, and he thought that she was dead. At this

moment the evening bell ringing for the matins of the Purification was heard. It was the opening of this festival which had caused her soul to be ravished in ecstasy. Although still in a very alarming state, she let some sweet and loving words concerning the Blessed Virgin escape her lips during the night and day of the festival. Toward twelve o'clock in the day, she said in a voice already changed by the near approach of death, "It was long since I had felt so well. I have been ill quite a week, have I not? I feel as though I knew nothing about this world of darkness! Oh, what light the Blessed Mother of God showed me! She took me with her, and how willingly would I have remained with her!" Here she recollected herself for a moment, and then said, placing her finger on her lip: "But I must not speak of these things." From that time she said that the slightest word in her praise greatly increased her sufferings.

The following days she was worse. On the 7th, in the evening, being rather more calm, she said: "Ah, my sweet Lord Jesus, thanks be to Thee again and again for every part of my life. Lord, Thy will and not mine be done." On the 8th of February, in the evening, a priest was praying near her bed, when she gratefully kissed his hand, begged him to assist at her death, and said, "O Jesus, I live for Thee, I die for Thee. O Lord, praise be to Thy holy name, I no longer see or hear!" Her friends wished to change her position, and thus ease her pain a little; but she said, "I am on the Cross, it will soon all be over, leave me in peace." She had received all the last Sacraments, but she wished to accuse herself once more in Confession of a slight fault which she had already many times confessed; it was probably of the same nature as a sin which she had committed in her childhood, of which she often accused herself, and which consisted in having gone through a hedge into a neighbor's garden, and coveted some apples which had fallen on the ground. She had only *looked* at them; for, thank God, she said, she did not touch them, but she thought that was a sin against the tenth Commandment. The priest gave her a general absolution; after which she stretched herself out, and those

around her thought that she was dying. A person who had often given her pain now drew near her bed and asked her pardon. She looked at him in surprise, and said with the most expressive accent of truth, "I have nothing to forgive any living creature."

During the last days of her life, when her death was momentarily expected, several of her friends remained constantly in the room adjoining hers. They were speaking in a low tone, and so that she could not hear them, of her patience, faith, and other virtues, when all on a sudden they heard her dying voice saying: "Ah, for the love of God, do not praise me—that keeps me here, because I then have to suffer double. O my God! How many fresh flowers are falling upon me!" She always saw flowers as the forerunners and figures of sufferings. Then she rejected all praises, with the most profound conviction of her own unworthiness, saying: "God alone is good: everything must be paid, down to the last farthing. I am poor and loaded with sin, and I can only make up for having been praised by sufferings united to those of Jesus Christ. Do not praise me, but let me die in ignominy with Jesus on the Cross."

Boudon, in his life of Father Surin, relates a similar trait of a dying man, who had been thought to have lost the sense of hearing, but who energetically rejected a word of praise pronounced by those who were surrounding his bed.

A few hours before death, for which she was longing, saying, "O Lord, assist me; come, O Lord Jesus!" a word of praise appeared to detain her, and she most energetically rejected it by making the following act of humility: "I cannot die if so many good persons think well of me through a mistake; I beg of you to tell them all that I am a wretched sinner! Would that I could proclaim so as to be heard by all men, how great a sinner I am! I am far beneath the good thief who was crucified by the side of Jesus, for he and all his contemporaries had not so terrible an account as we shall have to render of all the graces which have been bestowed upon the Church." After this declaration, she appeared to grow calm, and she said to the priest who

was comforting her: "I feel now as peaceful and as much filled with hope and confidence as if I had never committed a sin." Her eyes turned lovingly toward the cross which was placed at the foot of her bed, her breathing became accelerated, she often drank some liquid; and when the little crucifix was held to her, she from humility only kissed the feet. A friend who was kneeling by her bedside in tears, had the comfort of often holding her the water with which to moisten her lips. As she had laid her hand, on which the white scar of the wound was most distinctly visible, on the counterpane, he took hold of that hand, which was already cold, and as he inwardly wished for some mark of farewell from her, she slightly pressed his. Her face was calm and serene, bearing an expression of heavenly gravity, and which can only be compared to that of a valiant wrestler, who after making unheard-of efforts to gain the victory, sinks back and dies in the very act of seizing the prize. The priest again read through the prayers for persons in their last agony, and she then felt an inward inspiration to pray for a pious young friend whose feast day it was. Eight o'clock struck; she breathed more freely for the space of a few minutes, and then cried three times with a deep groan: "O Lord, assist me; Lord, Lord, come!" The priest rang his bell, and said, "She is dying." Several relations and friends who were in the next room came in and knelt down to pray. She was then holding in her hand a lighted taper, which the priest was supporting. She breathed forth several slight sighs, and then her pure soul escaped her chaste lips, and hastened, clothed in the nuptial garment, to appear in heavenly hope before the Divine Bridegroom, and be united forever to that blessed company of virgins who follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth. Her lifeless body sank gently back on the pillows at half past eight o'clock p.m., on the 9th of February 1824.

A person who had taken great interest in her during life wrote as follows: "After her death, I drew near to her bed. She was supported by pillows, and lying on her left side. Some crutches, which had been prepared for her by her friends on one occasion when she had been able to

take a few turns in the room, were hanging over her head, crossed, in a corner. Near them hung a little oil painting representing the death of the Blessed Virgin, which had been given her by the Princess of Salm. The expression of her countenance was perfectly sublime, and bore the traces of the spirit of self-sacrifice, the patience and resignation of her whole life; she looked as though she had died for the love of Jesus, in the very act of performing some work of charity for others. Her right hand was resting on the counterpane—that hand on which God had bestowed the unparalleled favor of being able at once to recognize by the touch anything that was holy, or that had been consecrated by the Church—a favor which perhaps no one had ever before enjoyed to so great an extent—a favor by which the interests of religion might be inconceivably promoted, provided it was made use of with discretion, and which surely had not been bestowed upon a poor ignorant peasant girl merely for her own personal gratification. For the last time I took in mine the hand marked with a sign so worthy of our utmost veneration, the hand which was as a spiritual instrument in the instant recognition of whatever was holy, that it might be honored even in a grain of sand—the charitable industrious hand, which had so often fed the hungry and clothed the naked—this hand was now cold and lifeless. A great favor had been withdrawn from earth, God had taken from us the hand of His spouse, who had rendered testimony to, prayed, and suffered for the truth. It appeared as though it had not been without meaning, that she had resignedly laid down upon her bed the hand which was the outward expression of a particular privilege granted by Divine grace. Fearful of having the strong impression made upon me by the sight of her countenance diminished by the necessary but disturbing preparations which were being made around her bed, I thoughtfully left her room. If, I said to myself—if, like so many holy solitaries, she had died alone in a grave prepared by her own hands, her friends—the birds—would have covered her with flowers and leaves; if, like other religious, she had died among virgins consecrated to God, and that their tender care and respectful veneration had followed her

to the grave, as was the case, for example, with St. Colomba of Rieti, it would have been edifying and pleasing to those who loved her; but doubtless such honors rendered to her lifeless remains would not have been conformable to her love for Jesus, whom she so much desired to resemble in death as in life.”

The same friend later wrote as follows: “Unfortunately there was no official postmortem examination of her body, and none of those inquiries by which she had been so tormented during life were instituted after her death. The friends who surrounded her neglected to examine her body, probably for fear of coming upon some striking phenomenon, the discovery of which might have caused much annoyance in various ways. On Wednesday the 11th of February her body was prepared for burial. A pious female, who would not give up to anyone the task of rendering her this last mark of affection, described to me as follows the condition in which she found her: ‘Her feet were crossed like the feet of a crucifix. The places of the stigmata were more red than usual. When we raised her head, blood flowed from her nose and mouth. All her limbs remained flexible and with none of the stiffness of death even till the coffin was closed.’ On Friday the 13th of February she was taken to the grave, followed by the entire population of the place. She reposes in the cemetery, to the left of the cross, on the side nearest the hedge. In the grave in front of hers there rests a good old peasant of Welde, and in the grave behind a poor but virtuous female from Dernekamp.

“On the evening of the day when she was buried, a rich man went, not to Pilate, but to the curé of the place. He asked for the body of Anne Catherine, not to place it in a new sepulcher, but to buy it at a high price for a Dutch doctor. The proposal was rejected as it deserved, but it appears that the report spread in the little town that the body had been taken away, and it is said that the people went in great numbers to the cemetery to ascertain whether the grave had been robbed.”



To these details we will add the following extract from an account printed in December 1824, in the *Journal of Catholic Literature* of Kerz. This account was written by a person with whom we are unacquainted, but who appears to have been well informed: "About six or seven weeks after the death of Anne Catherine Emmerich, a report having got about that her body had been stolen away, the grave and coffin were opened in secret, by order of the authorities, in the presence of seven witnesses. They found with surprise not unmixed with joy that corruption had not yet begun its work on the body of the pious maiden. Her features and countenance were smiling like those of a person who is dreaming sweetly. She looked as though she had but just been placed in the coffin, nor did her body exhale any corpse-like smell. *It is good to keep the secret of the king*, says Jesus the son of Sirach; but it is also good to reveal to the world the greatness of the mercy of God."

We have been told that a stone has been placed over her grave. We lay upon it these pages; may they contribute to immortalize the memory of a person who has relieved so many pains of soul and body, and that of the spot where her mortal remains lie awaiting the Day of Resurrection.





Part II

# THE LAST PASCH





## TO THE READER

**W**HOEVER compares the following meditations with the short history of the Last Supper given in the Gospel will discover some slight differences between them. An explanation should be given of this, although it can never be sufficiently impressed upon the reader that these writings have no pretensions whatever to add an iota to Sacred Scripture as interpreted by the Church.

Sister Emmerich saw the events of the Last Supper take place in the following order: The Paschal lamb was immolated and prepared in the supper room; Our Lord held a discourse on that occasion—the guests were dressed as travelers, and ate, standing, the lamb and other food prescribed by law—the cup of wine was twice presented to Our Lord, but He did not drink of it the second time; distributing it to His Apostles with these words: *I shall drink no more of the fruit of the vine*, etc. Then they sat down; Jesus spoke of the traitor; Peter feared lest it should be himself; Judas received from Our Lord the piece of bread dipped, which was the sign that it was he; preparations were made for the washing of the feet; Peter strove against his feet being washed; then came the institution of the Holy Eucharist: Judas communicated, and afterwards left the apartment; the oils were consecrated, and instructions given concerning them; Peter and the other Apostles received ordination; Our Lord made

His final discourse; Peter protested that he would never abandon Him; and then the Supper concluded. By adopting this order, it appears, at first, as though it were in contradiction to the passages of St. Matthew (31:29), and of St. Mark (14:26), in which the words: *I will drink no more of the fruit of the vine*, etc., come after the Consecration, but in St. Luke, they come before. On the contrary, all that concerns the traitor Judas comes here, as in St. Matthew and St. Mark, before the Consecration; whereas in St. Luke, it does not come till afterwards. St. John, who does not relate the history of the institution of the Holy Eucharist, gives us to understand that Judas went out immediately after Jesus had given him the bread; but it appears most probable, from the accounts of the other Evangelists, that Judas received the Holy Communion under both forms, and several of the Fathers—St. Augustine, St. Gregory the Great, and St. Leo the Great—as well as the tradition of the Catholic Church, tell us expressly that such was the case. Besides, were the order in which St. John presents events taken literally, he would contradict, not only St. Matthew and St. Mark, but himself, for it must follow, from verse 10, chapter 13, that Judas also had his feet washed. Now, the washing of the feet took place after the eating of the Paschal lamb, and it was necessarily while it was being eaten that Jesus presented the bread to the traitor. It is plain that the Evangelists here, as in several other parts of their writings, gave their attention to the sacred narrative as a whole, and did not consider themselves bound to relate every detail in precisely the same order, which fully explains the apparent contradictions of each other which are to be found in their Gospels. The following pages will appear to the attentive reader rather a simple and natural concordance of the Gospels than a history differing in any point of the slightest importance from that of Scripture.



Meditation 1  
**PREPARATIONS FOR  
THE PASCH**

Holy Thursday, the 13th Nisan (29th of March)

**Y**ESTERDAY evening it was that the last great public repast of Our Lord and His friends took place in the house of Simon the Leper, at Bethania, and Mary Magdalen for the last time anointed the feet of Jesus with precious ointment. Judas was scandalized upon this occasion, and hastened forthwith to Jerusalem again to conspire with the high priests for the betrayal of Jesus into their hands. After the repast, Jesus returned to the house of Lazarus, and some of the Apostles went to the inn situated beyond Bethania. During the night Nicodemus again came to Lazarus' house, had a long conversation with Our Lord, and returned before daylight to Jerusalem, being accompanied part of the way by Lazarus.

The disciples had already asked Jesus where He would eat the Pasch. Today, before dawn, Our Lord sent for Peter, James, and John, spoke to them at some length concerning all they had to prepare and order at Jerusalem, and told them that when ascending Mount Sion, they would meet the man carrying a pitcher of

water. They were already well acquainted with this man, for at the last Pasch, at Bethania, it had been him who prepared the meal for Jesus, and this is why St. Matthew says: *a certain man*. They were to follow him home, and say to him: *The Master saith, My time is near at hand, with thee I make the pasch with my disciples.* (Matt. 26:18). They were then to be shown the supper room, and make all necessary preparations.

I saw the two Apostles ascending toward Jerusalem, along a ravine, to the south of the Temple, and in the direction of the north side of Sion. On the southern side of the mountain on which the Temple stood, there were some rows of houses; and they walked opposite these houses, following the stream of an intervening torrent. When they had reached the summit of Mount Sion, which is higher than the mountain of the Temple, they turned their steps toward the south, and, just at the beginning of a small ascent, met the man who had been named to them; they followed and spoke to him as Jesus had commanded. He was much gratified by their words, and answered, that a supper had already been ordered to be prepared at his house (probably by Nicodemus), but that he had not been aware for whom, and was delighted to learn that it was for Jesus. This man's name was Heli, and he was the brother-in-law of Zachary of Hebron, in whose house Jesus had in the preceding year announced the death of John the Baptist. He had only one son, who was a Levite, and a friend of St. Luke, before the latter was called by Our Lord, and five daughters, all of whom were unmarried. He went up every year with his servants for the festival of the Pasch, hired a room and prepared the Pasch for persons who had no friend in the town to lodge with. This year he had hired a supper room which belonged to Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea. He showed the two Apostles its position and interior arrangement.





## Meditation 2

# THE SUPPER ROOM

**O**N the southern side of Mount Sion, not far from the ruined Castle of David, and the market held on the ascent leading to that Castle, there stood, toward the east, an ancient and solid building, between rows of thick trees, in the midst of a spacious court surrounded by strong walls. To the right and left of the entrance, other buildings were to be seen adjoining the wall, particularly to the right, where stood the dwelling of the major-domo, and close to it the house in which the Blessed Virgin and the holy women spent most of their time after the death of Jesus. The supper room, which was originally larger, had formerly been inhabited by David's brave captains, who had there learned the use of arms.

Previous to the building of the Temple, the Ark of the Covenant had been deposited there for a considerable length of time, and traces of its presence were still to be found in an underground room. I have also seen the Prophet Malachy hidden beneath this same roof: he there wrote his prophecies concerning the Blessed Sacrament and the Sacrifice of the New Law. Solomon held this house in honor, and performed within its walls some figurative and symbolical action, which I have forgotten. When a great part of Jerusalem was destroyed by the Babylonians, this house was spared. I have seen

many other things concerning this same house, but I only remember what I have now told.

This building was in a very dilapidated state when it became the property of Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea, who arranged the principal building in a very suitable manner, and let it as a supper room to strangers coming to Jerusalem for the purpose of celebrating the festival of the Pasch. Thus it was that Our Lord had made use of it the previous year. Moreover, the house and surrounding buildings served as warehouses for monuments and other stones, and as workshops for the laborers; for Joseph of Arimathea possessed valuable quarries in his own country, from which he had large blocks of stone brought, that his workmen might fashion them, under his own eye, into tombs, architectural ornaments, and columns, for sale. Nicodemus had a share in this business, and used to spend many leisure hours himself in sculpturing. He worked in the room, or in a subterraneous apartment which was beneath it, excepting at the times of the festivals; and this occupation having brought him into connection with Joseph of Arimathea, they had become friends, and often joined together in various transactions.

This morning, while Peter and John were conversing with the man who had hired the supper room, I saw Nicodemus in the buildings to the left of the court, where a great many stones which filled up the passages leading to the supper room had been placed. A week before, I had seen several persons engaged in putting the stones on one side, cleaning the court, and preparing the supper room for the celebration of the Pasch; it even appears to me that there were among them some disciples of Our Lord, perhaps Aram and Themein, the cousins of Joseph of Arimathea.

The supper room, properly so called, was nearly in the center of the court; its length was greater than its width; it was surrounded by a row of low pillars, and if the spaces between the pillars had been cleared, would have formed a part of the large inner room, for the whole edifice was, as it were, transparent; only it was usual, except

on special occasions, for the passages to be closed up. The room was lighted by apertures at the top of the walls. In front, there was first a vestibule, into which three doors gave entrance; next, the large inner room, where several lamps hung from the platform; the walls were ornamented for the festival, half way up, with beautiful matting or tapestry, and an aperture had been made in the roof, and covered over with transparent blue gauze.

The back part of this room was separated from the rest by a curtain, also of blue transparent gauze. This division of the supper room into three parts gave a resemblance to the Temple—thus forming the outer Court, the Holy, and the Holy of Holies. In the last of these divisions, on both sides, the dresses and other things necessary for the celebration of the feast were placed. In the center there was a species of altar. A stone bench raised on three steps, and of a rectangular triangular shape, came out of the wall; it must have constituted the upper part of the oven used for roasting the Paschal lamb, for today the steps were quite heated during the repast. I cannot describe in detail all that there was in this part of the room, but all kinds of arrangements were being made there for preparing the Paschal Supper. Above this hearth or altar, there was a species of niche in the wall, in front of which I saw an image of the Paschal lamb, with a knife in its throat, and the blood appearing to flow drop by drop upon the altar; but I do not remember distinctly how that was done. In a niche in the wall there were three cupboards of various colors, which turned like our tabernacles, for opening or closing. A number of vessels used in the celebration of the Pasch were kept in them; later, the Blessed Sacrament was placed there.

In the rooms at the sides of the supper room, there were some couches, on which thick coverlids rolled up were placed, and which could be used as beds. There were spacious cellars beneath the whole of this building. The Ark of the Covenant was formerly deposited under the very spot where the hearth was afterwards built. Five gutters, under the house, served to convey the refuse to the slope of the

hill, on the upper part of which the house was built. I had previously seen Jesus preach and perform miraculous cures there, and the disciples frequently passed the night in the side rooms.