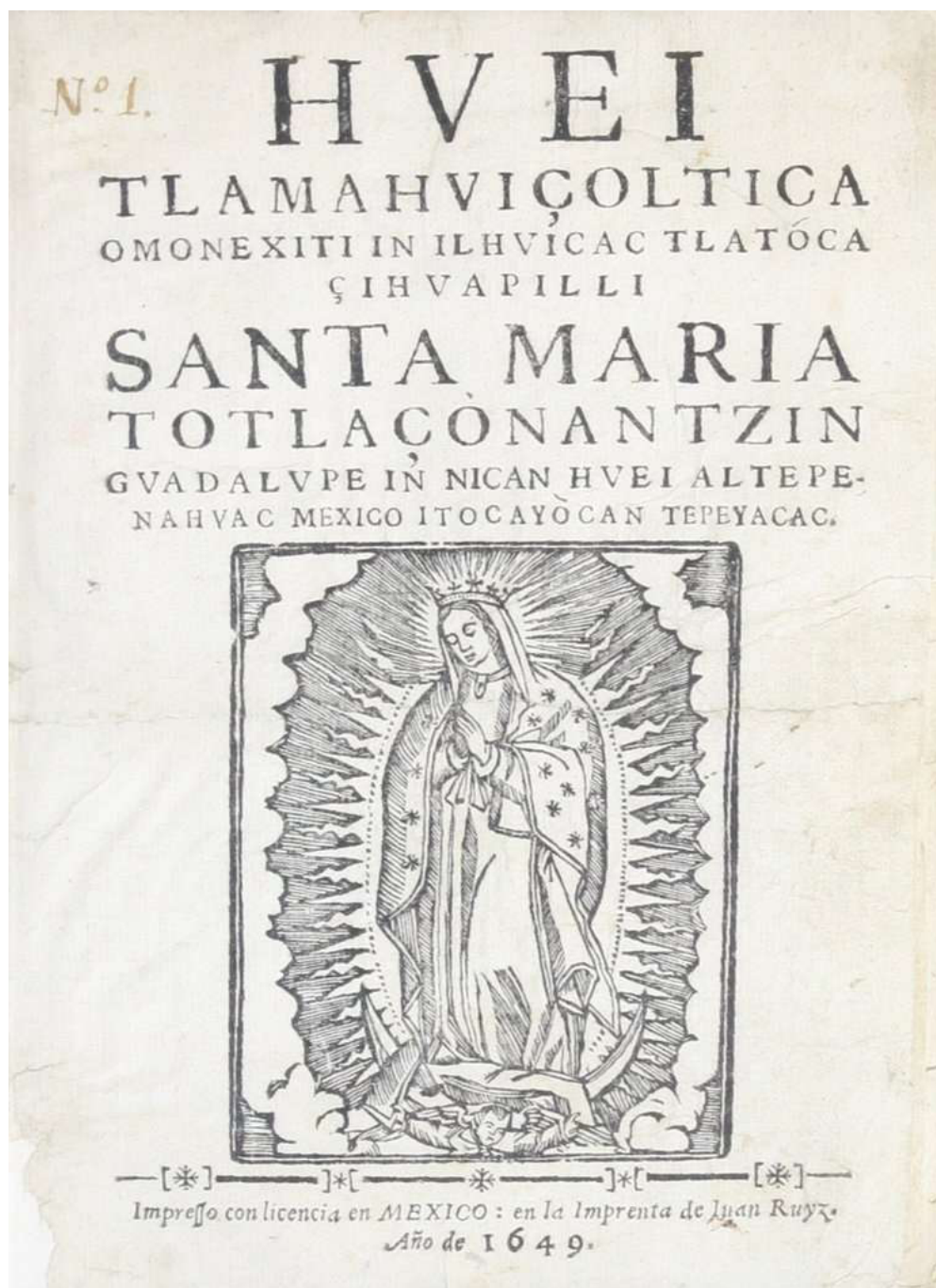


*Novena in Honor of Our Lady of Guadalupe
December 3rd to 11th*



Corpus Christi Chapel
Please return

Day 1 December 3rd



On a Saturday just before dawn, Juan Diego (*Nican Mopohua*) was on his way to Holy Mass and to engage in his own errands. As he reached the base of the hill known as Tepeyac, came the break of day, and he heard singing atop the hill, resembling singing of many beautiful birds.

Occasionally, the voices of the songsters would cease, and it appeared as if the mount responded. The song, very mellow and delightful, excelled that of other pretty singing birds. Juan Diego stopped to look and said to himself: “*Am I worthy of what I hear? Maybe I dream? Am I awake or dreaming? Where am I? Perhaps I am now in heaven?*” He was looking toward the east, on top of

the mount, whence came the precious celestial chant and then it suddenly ceased and there was silence. He then heard a voice from above the mount saying to him: “*Juanito, Juan Dieguito.*” He was not frightened in the least; on the contrary, he was overjoyed.

Then he climbed the hill, to see from where he was being called. When he reached the summit, he saw a Lady, who was standing there and told him to come.

Let us pray: Dearest Lady of Guadalupe, fruitful Mother of holiness, teach me your ways of gentleness and strength. Hear my humble prayer offered with heartfelt confidence to beg this favor.

Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory Be

Day 2 December 4th



Approaching her, he marveled greatly at her superhuman grandeur; her garments were shining like the sun; the cliff where she rested her feet resembling an anklet of precious stones, and the ground beneath her sparkled. The nopales and other different weeds which grow there, appeared like emeralds, their foliage like turquoise, and their branches and thorns glistened like gold. He bowed before her and heard her word, tender and courteous.

She said: “*Juanito, the humblest of my sons, where are you going?*” He replied: “*My Lady and Child, I have to reach your church in Mexico, Tlatelolco, to pursue things divine, taught and given to us by our priests, delegates of Our Lord.*”

Let us pray: O Mary, conceived without sin, I come to your throne of grace to share the fervent devotion of your faithful Mexican children who call to you under the glorious title of Guadalupe. Obtain for me a lively faith to do your Son’s holy will always: May His will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory Be

Day 3 December 5th



Our Lady spoke to Juan Diego: *“Know and understand well, you the humblest of my sons, that I am the ever virgin Holy Mary, Mother of the True God for whom we live, the Creator of all things, Lord of heaven and the earth. I wish that a temple be erected here quickly, so I may therein exhibit and give all my love, compassion, help, and protection, because I am your merciful mother, to you, and to all the inhabitants of this land and all the rest who love me, invoke and confide in me; I will listen there to their lamentations, and remedy all their miseries, afflictions and sorrows. To accomplish this, go to the palace of the bishop of Mexico, and you will say to him that I manifest my great desire, that here on this plain a temple be built*

in my honor; you will accurately relate all you have seen and admired, and what you have heard. Be assured that I will be most grateful and will reward you. I will make you happy and worthy of recompense for the effort and fatigue in what you will obtain. Behold, you have heard my mandate, my humble son; go and put forth all your effort.”

At this point, he bowed before her and said: *“My Lady, I am going to comply with your mandate; now I must part from you, I, your humble servant.”* Then he descended to go to comply with the errand and went by the avenue which runs directly into Mexico City.

Let us pray: O Mary, whose Immaculate Heart was pierced by seven swords of sorrow, help me to walk valiantly amid the sharp thorns strewn across my pathway. Obtain for me the strength to be a true imitator of you. This I ask you, my dear Mother.

Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory Be

Day 4 December 6th

Having entered the city, and without delay, he went straight to the bishop's palace, who was the recently arrived prelate named Father Juan de Zumarraga, a Franciscan religious. On arrival, he endeavored to see the Bishop; he pleaded with the servants to announce him and after a long wait, he was called and advised that the bishop had ordered his admission. As he entered, he bowed, and on bended knees before him, he then delivered the message from the Lady from heaven; he also told him all he had seen and heard. After having heard Our Lady's message, it appeared incredible; then he told him: *"You will return, my son, and I will hear you at my pleasure. I will review it from the beginning and will give thought to the wishes and desires for which you have come."* He left and he seemed sad because his message had not been realized in any of its forms.

He returned on the same day to the top of the hill where he met the Lady from heaven,



who was awaiting him. Seeing her, he prostrated himself and said: *"My Lady, I went where you sent me to comply with your command. With difficulty I entered the prelate's study. I saw him and related your message, just as you instructed me. He received me benevolently and listened attentively, but when he replied, it appeared that he did not believe me. He said: "You will return; I will hear you at my pleasure. I will review from the beginning the wish and desire which you have brought." I perfectly understood by the manner he replied that he believes it to be an invention of mine that you wish that a temple be built here to you, and that it is not your order; for which I exceedingly beg, Lady and my Child, that you entrust the delivery of your message to someone of importance, well known, respected, and esteemed, so that they may believe in him; because I am a nobody, I am a small rope, a tiny*

ladder, the tail end, a leaf, and you, my Child, My Lady, you send me to a place where I never visit nor repose. Please excuse the great unpleasantness and let not fretfulness befall, My Lady and my All.”



The Blessed Virgin answered: *“You must understand that I have many servants and messengers, to whom I can entrust the delivery of my message, and carry my wish, but it is of precise detail that you yourself solicit and assist and that through your mediation my wish be complied. I earnestly implore you, the least of my sons, and with sternness I command that you again go tomorrow and see the bishop. You go in my name and make known my wish in its entirety that he is to begin the erection of a Church which I ask of him. And again, tell him that I, in person, the ever-virgin Holy Mary, Mother of God, sent you.”*

Juan Diego replied: *“My Lady, my Child, let me not cause you affliction. Gladly and willingly, I will go to comply with your mandate. Under no condition will I fail to do it. I will go to do your wish, but perhaps I will not be heard with liking, or if I am heard I might not be believed. Tomorrow afternoon, at sunset, I will come to bring you the result of your message with the prelate’s reply. I now take leave, my Child and My Lady.”* He then left to rest in his home.

Let us pray: Dearest Mother of Guadalupe, I beg you for a fortified will to imitate your divine Son’s charity, to always seek the good of others in need. Grant me this, I humbly ask of you.

Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory Be

Day 5 December 7th



The next day, Sunday, before dawn, he left home on his way to Tlatelolco, to be instructed in things divine, and to be present for roll call, after which he was to see the prelate. After hearing Mass and being counted and the crowd had dispersed, he went to see the Bishop. Hardly had he arrived, Juan Diego eagerly tried to see him. Again, with much difficulty Juan was able to see His Excellency. He knelt before him. Juan cried as he expounded the mandate of the Lady from heaven, as he prayed to God grant that the Bishop would believe his message, and the wish of the Immaculate, to erect her temple where she willed it to be. The bishop, to assure himself, asked many things, where he had seen her and how she looked. Juan described everything perfectly to the bishop. Notwithstanding his precise explanation of her figure

and all that he had seen and admired, which showed her to clearly be the ever-virgin Holy Mother of the Savior, Our Lord Jesus Christ. Nevertheless, he did not give credence and said a sign was necessary, so that he could be believed that he was sent by the true Lady from heaven. Then, he would be heard, said Juan Diego to the bishop: *“What must be the sign that you ask? For I will go to ask the Lady from heaven who sent me here.”* The bishop, seeing that he ratified everything without doubt and was not retracting anything, dismissed him. Immediately, the Bishop ordered some trustworthy people of his household to go and watch where Juan went and whom he saw and to whom he spoke.

Let us pray: O most holy Mother, I beg you to obtain for me pardon of all my sins, abundant graces to serve your Son more faithfully from now on, and lastly, the grace to praise Him with you forever in heaven.

Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory Be

Day 6 December 8th

Juan Diego went straight to the mount. Those that followed him, as they crossed the ravine, near the bridge to Tepeyac, lost sight of him. They searched everywhere, but he could not be seen. Thus, they returned, hindered in their intent, causing them anger. And that is what they informed the bishop, influencing him not to believe Juan Diego; they told him that he was being deceived; that Juan Diego was only inventing the things he was saying, or that he was simply dreaming. They finally schemed that if he ever returned, they would hold and punish him harshly, so that he would never lie or deceive them again.



In the meantime, Juan Diego was conversing with the Blessed Virgin, relating the answer he was bringing from the bishop. Our Lady, having heard, told him: *“Well and good, my little dear, you will return here tomorrow, so you may take to the bishop the sign he has requested. With this he will believe you, and in this regard, he will not doubt you nor will he be suspicious of you; and know, my little dear, that I will reward your solicitude and effort and fatigue spent of my behalf. Go now! I will await you here tomorrow.”*

On the following day, Monday, when Juan Diego was to carry a sign so he could be believed, he failed to return, because, when he reached home, his uncle, Juan Bernardino, had become sick, and was gravely ill. First, he summoned a doctor who aided him; but it was too late, he was at the brink of death. By nightfall, his uncle requested that by break of day he go to Tlatelolco and summon a priest, to prepare him and hear his confession, because he was certain it was time for him to die, and that he would not recover.

Let us pray: Mary, Mother of vocations, multiply priestly vocations and fill the earth with religious houses which will be light and warmth for the world, safety in stormy nights. Beg your Son to send us many priests and religious. This we ask of you, O Mother.

Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory Be

Day 7 December 9th

On Tuesday, before dawn, Juan Diego came from his home to Tlatelolco to summon a priest; and as he approached the road which joins the slope to Tepeyac hilltop, toward the west, where he was accustomed to cross, thought to himself: *“If I proceed forward, the Lady is bound to see me and I may be detained, so I may take the sign to the prelate, as prearranged; I should go quickly to call a priest, as my poor uncle certainly needs him.”* Then he went around the hill so he could not be seen by her who sees everywhere. He saw her descend from the top of the hill. She approached him and said to him: *“What’s there, the least of my sons? Where are you going?”* He bowed before her. He saluted, saying: *“My Child, the most tender of my daughters, My Lady, God grant you are content. How are you this morning? Is your health good, My Lady and my Child? I am going to cause you grief. Know, my Child, that a servant of yours is very sick, my uncle. He has contracted the plague and is near death. I am hurrying to your house in Mexico to call one of your priests, beloved by our Lord, to hear his confession and absolve him, because, since we were born, we came to guard the work of our death. But if I go, I shall return here soon, so I may go to deliver your message. My Lady and my Child, forgive me, be patient with me for the time being. I will not deceive you. Tomorrow I will come in all haste.”*



After hearing Juan Diego’s words, the Most Holy Virgin answered: *“Hear me and understand well, the least of my sons, let nothing should frighten or grieve you. Let not your heart be disturbed. Do not fear that sickness, nor any other sickness or anguish. Am I not here, who am your Mother? Are you not under my protection? Am I not your health? Are you not happily within my fold? What else do you wish? Do not grieve nor be disturbed by anything. Do not be afflicted by the illness of your uncle, who will not die now of it. Be assured that he is now cured.”* (And then his uncle was cured, as it was later learned.)

When Juan Diego heard these words from the Lady of heaven, he was greatly consoled. He begged to be excused to be off to see the bishop, to take him the sign or proof, so that he might be believed. The Lady from heaven ordered Juan to climb to the top of the hill, where they previously met. She told him: *“Climb, my son, to the top of the hill;*

there where you saw me and I gave you orders, you will find different flowers. Cut them, gather them and then come and bring them to me.”



Immediately, Juan Diego climbed the hill, and as he reached the summit, he was amazed that so many varieties of exquisite Castilian roses were blooming, long before the time when they are to bud, because, being out of season, they would freeze. They were very fragrant and covered with dewdrops which resembled precious pearls. Immediately, he started cutting them. He gathered them all and placed them in his tilma. The hilltop was no place for any kind of flowers to grow, because it had many crags, thistles, thorns, and nopales. Occasionally, weeds would grow, but it was then the month of December, in which all vegetation is destroyed by

freezing temperatures. He immediately went down the hill and brought the different roses which he had cut to the Lady from heaven, who, as she saw them, took them with her hand and again placed them back in the tilma, saying: *“My son, this diversity of roses is the proof and the sign which you will take to the bishop. You will tell him in my name that he will see in them my wish and that he will have to comply with it. You are my ambassador, most worthy of all confidence. Rigorously I command you that only before the presence of the bishop will you unfold your mantle and disclose what you are carrying. You will relate all and well; you will tell that I ordered you to climb to the hilltop, to go and cut flowers; and all that you saw and admired, so you can induce the prelate to give his support, with the aim that a Church be built and erected as I have asked.”*

After the Lady from heaven had given her advice, he was on his way by the road that goes directly to Mexico city; being happy and assured of success, carrying with great care what he bore in his tilma, careful that nothing would slip from his hands, and enjoying the fragrance of the variety of the beautiful flowers.

Let us pray: O Lady of Guadalupe, we beg you that parents live a holy life and educate their children in a Christian manner; that children obey and follow the directions of their parents; that all members of the family pray and worship together. This we ask of you, O Mother.

Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory Be

Day 8 December 10th

When he reached the bishop's palace, there came to meet him the majordomo and other servants of the prelate. He begged them to tell the bishop that he wished to see him, but none were willing, pretending not to hear him.

Juan waited a long time. When the servants saw that he had been there a long time, standing, crestfallen, doing nothing, waiting to be called, and appearing like he had something which he carried in his tilma, they came near him, to see what he had. Juan Diego, seeing that he could not hide what he had, uncovered his tilma a little, and showed the flowers. Upon seeing that they were all different Castilian roses, and out of season, they were thoroughly amazed, also because they were so fresh and in full bloom, so fragrant and so beautiful. They tried to seize and pull some out, but they were not successful. When the servants tried to grab them, they were unable to see real flowers. Instead, they appeared painted or stamped or sewn on the cloth. Then they went to tell the bishop what they had seen and that Juan Diego who had come so many times wished to see him.

Upon hearing this, the bishop realized that he carried the proof. Immediately the Bishop ordered Juan Diego's admission. As he entered, Juan Diego knelt before him, as he was accustomed to do, and again related what he had seen and admired.



He said: “*Sir, I did what you ordered, to go forth and tell my Ama, the Lady from heaven, Holy Mary, precious Mother of God, that you asked for a sign so that you might believe me that you should build a temple where she asked it to be erected. I told her that I had given you my word that I would bring some sign and proof of her wish. She condescended and graciously granted your request. Early today she again sent me to see you. I asked for the sign so you might believe me, as she had said that she would give it, and she complied. She sent me to the top of the hill, where I was accustomed to see her, and to cut a variety of Castilian roses. After I had cut them, I brought them, she took them with her hand and placed them in my cloth, so that I might bring them to you and deliver them to you in person. Even though I knew that the hilltop was no place for flowers to grow,*

because there are many crags, thistles, thorns, and nopales, I had my doubts. As I approached the top of the hill, I thought I was in paradise, where there was a great variety of exquisite Castilian roses, which I immediately cut. She told me that I should bring them to you, and so I do it, so that you may see in them the sign which you asked of me and comply with her wish; also, to make clear the veracity of my word and my message. Behold. Receive them.”

Let us pray: With my heart full of the most sincere veneration, I prostrate myself before you, O Mother, to ask you to obtain for me the grace to fulfill the duties of my state in life with faithfulness and constancy.

Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory Be

Day 9 December 11th



Juan Diego unfolded his white cloth, where he had the flowers; and when they scattered on the floor, all the different varieties of Castilian roses, suddenly there appeared the precious image of the ever-virgin Holy Mary, Mother of God, in the manner as she is today kept in the Church at Tepeyac, which is named Guadalupe.

When the bishop saw the image, he and all who were present fell to their knees. She was greatly admired. They arose to see her; they shuddered and, with sorrow, they demonstrated that they contemplated her with their hearts and minds. The bishop, with sorrowful tears, prayed and begged forgiveness for not having attended her wish and request. When he rose to his feet, he untied from Juan Diego's neck the cloth on which appeared the

image of the Lady from heaven. Then he took it to be placed in his chapel. Juan Diego remained one more day in the bishop's house, at his request.

The following day the Bishop told Juan Diego: "*Well! Show us where the Lady from heaven wishes her temple be erected.*" Immediately, he invited all those present to go.

As Juan Diego pointed out the spot where the Lady from heaven wanted her Church built, he begged to be excused. He wished to go home to see his uncle Juan Bernardino, who was gravely ill when he left him to go to Tlatelolco to summon a priest, to hear his confession and absolve him. The Lady from heaven had told him that he had been cured. But they did not let him go alone and accompanied him to his home.

As they arrived, they saw that his uncle was very happy and nothing ailed him. He was greatly amazed to see his nephew so accompanied and honored, asking the reason of such honors conferred upon him. His nephew answered that when he went to summon a priest to hear his confession and to absolve him, the Lady from heaven appeared to him at Tepeyac, telling him not to be afflicted, that his uncle was well, for which he was greatly consoled, and she sent him to Mexico city, to see the bishop, to build her a house on Tepeyac.

Then the uncle manifested that it was true that on that occasion he became well and that he had seen her in the same manner as she had appeared to his nephew, knowing through her that she had sent him to Mexico city to see the bishop. Also, the Lady told him that when he would go to see the bishop, to reveal to him what he had seen and to explain the miraculous manner in which she had cured him, and that she would properly be named, and known as, the ever-virgin Holy Mary of Guadalupe.

Juan Bernardino was brought before the presence of the bishop to inform and testify before him. Both he and his nephew were the guests of the bishop in his home for some days, until the temple dedicated to the Queen of Tepeyac was erected where Juan Diego had seen her.



The bishop transferred the sacred image of the lovely Lady from heaven to the main church, taking her from his private chapel where it was, so that the people would see and admire her blessed image. The entire city was aroused. They came to see and admire the devout image, and to pray. They marveled at the fact that she appeared because no living person of this world had painted her precious Image.

Let us pray: O God, You have been pleased to bestow upon us unceasing favors by having placed us under the special protection of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary. Grant us, your humble servants, who rejoice in honoring her today upon earth, the

happiness of seeing her face to face in heaven.

Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory Be