

OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE - ORIGINAL NARRATIVE

"HERE IS TOLD" (*Nican mopohua*) and set down in order how a short time ago the Perfect Virgin Holy Mary Mother of God, our Queen, miraculously appeared out at Tepeyac, widely known as Guadalupe. First She caused Herself to be seen by an Indian named Juan Diego, poor but worthy of respect; and then Her Precious Image appeared before the recently named Bishop, Don Fray Juan de Zumárraga. Ten years after the City of Mexico was conquered, with the arrows and shields put aside, when there was peace in all the towns, just as it sprouted, faith now grows green, now opens its corolla, the knowledge of the One by whom we all live: the true God.

At that time, the year 1531, a few days into the month of December, it happened that there was a humble but respected Indian, a poor man of the people; his name was Juan Diego; he lived in *Cuauhtitlán*, as they say. And in all the things of God, he belonged to *Tlaltilolco*. It was Saturday, not yet dawn; he was coming in pursuit of God and His commandments. And as he drew near the little hill called *Tepeyac* it was beginning to dawn. He heard singing on the little hill, like the song of many precious birds; when their voices would stop, it was as if the hill were answering them; extremely soft and delightful, their songs exceeded the songs of the *coyoltotl* and the *tzinitzcan* and other precious birds. Juan Diego stopped to look. He said to himself:

"By any chance am I worthy, have I deserved what I hear? Perhaps I am only dreaming it? Perhaps I'm only dozing? Where am I? Where do I find myself? Is it possible that I am in the place our ancient ancestors, our grandparents, told about, in the land of the flowers, in the land of corn, of our flesh, of our sustenance, possible in the land of Heaven?"



He was looking up toward the top of the hill, toward the direction the sun rises from, toward where the precious heavenly song was coming from. And then when the singing suddenly stopped, when it could no longer be heard, he heard someone calling him, from the top of the hill, someone was saying to him: "Juan Dieguito, dearest Juan Diego." Then he dared to go to where the voice was coming from, his heart was not disturbed and he felt extremely happy and contented, he started to climb to the top of the little hill to go see where they were calling him from.

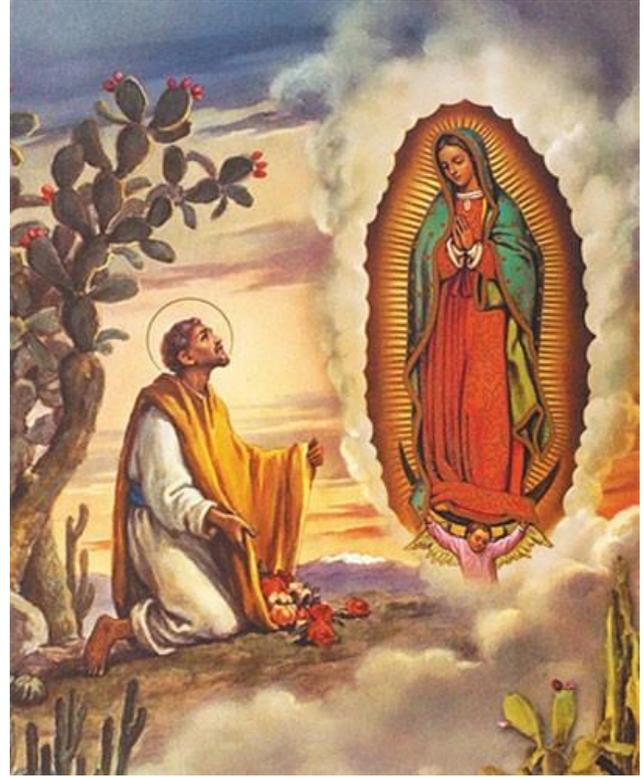
And when he reached the top of the hill, when a Maiden who was standing there saw him, She called to him to come close to Her. And when he reached where She was, he was filled with admiration for the way Her perfect grandeur exceeded all imagination: Her clothing was shining like the sun, as if it were

OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE - ORIGINAL NARRATIVE

sending out waves of light, and the stone, the crag on which She stood, seemed to be giving out rays; Her radiance was like precious stones, it seemed like an exquisite bracelet (it seemed beautiful beyond anything else); the earth seemed to shine with the brilliance of a rainbow in the mist. And the mesquites and nopals and the other little plants that are generally up there seemed like emeralds. Their leaves seemed like turquoise. And their trunks, their thorns, their prickles, were shining like gold.

He prostrated himself in Her presence. He listened to Her voice [Her breath], Her words, which give great, great glory, which were extremely kind, as if from someone who was drawing him toward her and esteemed him highly. She said to him, "Listen, My dearest and youngest son, Juan. Where are you going?" And he answered Her: "My Lady, my Queen, my Little Girl, I am going as far as Your little house in Mexico-Tlatilolco, to follow the things of God (everything that makes God be God) that are given to us, that are taught to us by the ones who are the images of Our Lord: our priests."

Then She talks with him, She reveals Her precious will; then She says to him: "Know, know for certain, My dearest and youngest son, that I am the Perfect Ever Virgin Holy Mary, Mother of the One great God of Truth Who gives us life, the Inventor and Creator of people, the Owner and Lord of what is around us and what is touching us or very close to us, the Owner and Lord of the sky, the Owner of the earth. I want very much that they build My sacred little house here in which I will show Him, I will exalt Him on making Him manifest: I will give Him to



the people in all My personal love, in My compassionate gaze, in My help, in My salvation: because I am truly your compassionate mother, yours and of all the people who live together in this land, and off the other people of different ancestries, My lovers, those who cry to Me, those who seek Me, those who trust in Me, because there I will listen to their weeping, their sadness, to remedy, to cleanse, and nurse all their different troubles, their miseries, their suffering. And to bring about what My compassionate and merciful gaze is trying to do, go to the residence of the Bishop of Mexico, and you will tell him how I am sending you, so that you may reveal to him that I very much want him to build Me a house here, to erect My temple for Me on the plain; you will tell him everything, all that you have seen and

OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE - ORIGINAL NARRATIVE

marveled at, and what you have heard. And know for certain that I will appreciate it very much and reward it, that because of it, I will enrich you, I will glorify you; and because of it you will deserve very much the way that I reward your fatigue, your service in going to request the matter that I am sending you for. Now, My dearest son, you have heard My breath, My word: Go, do what you are responsible for (in this effort)."

And immediately he prostrated himself in Her presence; he said to Her: "My Lady, my Little Girl, now I am going to make Your venerable breath, Your venerable word, a reality; I, Your poor Indian, am leaving You for a while."

Then he came down (the hill) to put Her errand into action: he came to get onto the causeway, he comes straight to Mexico City. When he reached the center of the city, he went straight to the palace of the Bishop, the Governing Priest, who had just recently arrived; his name was Don Fray Juan de Zumárraga, a Franciscan priest. And as soon as he got there, he then tries to see him, he begs his servants, his helpers, to go and tell him he needs to see him; after a long time, when the Reverend Bishop ordered that he enter, they came to call him. And as soon as he entered, first he knelt before him, he prostrated himself, then he reveals to him, he tells him the precious breath, the precious word of the Queen of Heaven, Her message, and he also tells him everything that made him marvel, what he saw, what he heard.

And having heard his whole story, his message, as if he didn't particularly believe it to be true, he answered him, he said to him: "My son, you will come again. I will still hear you calmly, I will look at it carefully from the very

beginning, I will consider the reason why you have come, your will, your desire".

He left; he came out sad, because the errand entrusted to him was not immediately accepted. Then he returned, at the end of the day, then he came straight from there to the top of the little hill, and he had the joy of



meeting the Queen of Heaven: there exactly where She had appeared to him the first time, She was waiting for him. As soon as he saw Her, he prostrated himself before Her, he threw himself to the ground, he said to Her:

"My dear little Mistress, Lady Queen, my littlest Daughter, my dear little Girl. I did go to where You sent me to carry out Your dear breath, Your dear word; although I entered with difficulty to where the place is of the Governing Priest, I saw him, I put Your breath, Your word, before him, as You ordered me to. He received me kindly and he listened to it perfectly, but from the way he answered me, it's as if he didn't understand it, he

OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE - ORIGINAL NARRATIVE

doesn't think it's true. He said to me: 'You will come again: I will still listen to you calmly, I will look well to what you have come for, from the very beginning, to your desire, your will.' The way he answered me, I could clearly see that he thinks Your house that You want them to build for You here, maybe I'm only making it up, or that maybe it is not from Your lips. I beg You, my Lady, Queen, my little girl, to have one of the nobles who are held in esteem, one who is known, respected, honored, (have him) carry, take Your dear breath, Your dear word, so that he will be believed. Because I am really (just) a man from the country, I am a (porter's) rope I am a backframe, a tail, a wing, a man of no importance: I myself need to be led, carried on someone's back, that place You are sending me to is a place where I'm not used to going to or spending any time in, my little Virgin, my Youngest Daughter, my Lady, Little girl; please excuse me: I will grieve Your face, Your heart; I will fall into Your anger, into Your displeasure, my Lady, my Mistress." The Perfect Virgin, worthy of honor and veneration, answered him:

"Listen, My youngest and dearest son, know for certain that I have no lack of servants, or messengers, to whom I can give the task of carrying My breath, My word, so that they carry out My will, but it is very necessary that you, personally, go and plead; that My wish, My will, become a reality, be carried out through your intercession. And I beg you, My youngest and dearest son, and I order you strictly to go again tomorrow to see the bishop. And in My name make him know, make him hear My wish, My will, so that he will bring into being, he will build My house of God that I am asking him for. And carefully tell him again how I, personally,

the Ever Virgin Holy Mary, I, who am the Mother of God, am sending you."

For his part, Juan Diego responded to Her and said to Her "My Lady, Queen, my Little Girl, let me not give You anguish; let me not grieve Your face, Your heart. I will most gladly go to carry out Your breath, Your word; I will absolutely not fail to do it, nor do I think the road is painful. I will go and carry out Your will, but perhaps I won't be heard, and if I am heard, perhaps I won't be believed. Tomorrow afternoon, when the sun goes down, I will come to return to Your word, to Your breath, what the Governing Priest answers to me. Now, I respectfully say goodbye to You, my youngest Daughter, young Girl, Lady, my Little Girl, rest a little more." And then he went to his house to rest.

On the following day, Sunday, while it was still night, everything was still dark, he left there, he left his house, he came straight to Tlatilolco, he came to learn what pertains to God and to be counted in roll call; then to see the Reverend Bishop. And around ten o'clock everything had been taken care of: Mass was over and roll had been called and the crowd had gone away. And Juan Diego went to the Reverend Bishop's residence.

And as soon as he arrived he went through the whole struggle to see him, and after much effort he saw him again; he knelt at his feet, he wept, he became sad as he spoke to him, as he revealed to him the word, the breath of the Queen of Heaven. that would to God the errand, the will, of the Perfect Virgin would be believed, of making for Her, of building Her sacred little house for Her, where She had said, where She wanted it.

And the Governing Bishop asked him many, many things, pursued many, many, questions

OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE - ORIGINAL NARRATIVE

with him, to make certain of where he had seen Her, what She was like; he told absolutely everything to the Señor Bishop. And although he told him absolutely everything, and that in everything, he saw and marveled that it appeared with absolute clarity that She was the Perfect Virgin, the Kind and Wondrous Mother of Our Savior, Our Lord Jesus Christ, nevertheless, it still didn't happen (his message was still not believed). He [the Bishop] said that not simply because of his word would his petition be carried out, would what he asked for happen, that some other sign was very necessary if he was to believe how the Queen of Heaven in person was sending him. As soon as Juan Diego heard that, he said to the Bishop: "Señor Governor, think about what the sign you ask for will be, because then I will go to ask for it of the Queen of Heaven who sent me."

And when the Bishop saw that he was in agreement, that he did not hesitate or doubt in the slightest, he dismisses him. And as soon as he is on his way, he orders some of household staff in whom he had absolute trust to go along following him, to carefully observe where he was going, whom he was seeing, to whom he was talking. And that's what they did.

And Juan Diego came directly. He took the causeway. And those who were following him lost him on the wooden bridge where the brook comes out near Tepeyac. And even though they searched all over for him, they couldn't find him anywhere. And so they turned back. He made them angry, not just because they had made terrible fools of themselves, but also because he had frustrated their attempt. So they went to tell the Señor Bishop, they put into his head that he shouldn't believe him, they told him how he was only telling him lies, that he was only making up what he came to tell

him, or that he was only dreaming or imagining what he was telling him, what he was asking of him. Therefore they decided that if he came again, if he returned, they would grab him right there and would punish him severely, so that he would never come again to tell lies or get the people all excited.

Meanwhile, Juan Diego was with the Most Holy Virgin, telling Her the response that he was bringing from the Señor Bishop; when She had heard it, She said to him: "That is fine, My dear son, you will come back here tomorrow so that you may take the Bishop the sign he has asked you for. With this he will believe you, and he will no longer have any doubts about all this and he will no longer be suspicious of you; and know, My dear son, that I will reward your care and the work and fatigue that you have put into this for Me. So, go now. I will be waiting here for you tomorrow."

And on the following day, Monday, when Juan Diego was to take some sign in order to be believed, he did not return. Because when he arrived at his house, the sickness had struck an uncle of his, named Juan Bernardino, and he was very ill. He went to get the native healer, who treated him, but it was too late; he was very ill. And when night came, his uncle begged him to come to Tlatilolco shortly after midnight, while it was still dark, to call some priest to go to confess him, to go to get him ready, because he was sure that the time and place had now come for him to die, because he would no longer get up, he would no longer get well.

And on Tuesday, while it was still night, Juan Diego left his house to come to Tlatilolco to get

OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE - ORIGINAL NARRATIVE

the priest. And when he finally reached the little hill which ended the mountain range, at its foot, where the road comes out, on the side that the sun sets on, where he always passed before, he said: "If I go ahead on the road, I don't want this Lady to see me, because for sure, just like before, She'll stop me so I can take the sign to the church governor for Her, as She ordered me to; because first our tribulation must leave us; first I must quickly call the (Franciscan) priest; my uncle is anxiously waiting for him".

He immediately turned toward the hill, climbed up across it where there is a pass, and emerged on the eastern side, so that he could quickly go to Mexico so that the Queen of Heaven would not detain him. He thinks that where he made the turn, the one who is looking everywhere perfectly won't be able to see him. He saw how She was coming down from up on the hill, and that from there She had been looking at him, from where She saw him before. She came to meet him beside the hill, She came to block his way; She said to him: "What is happening, youngest and dearest of all My sons? Where are you headed for?"

And he, perhaps he grieved a little, or perhaps he became ashamed? Or perhaps he became afraid of the situation, he became fearful? He prostrated himself before Her, he greeted Her, he said to Her: "My little Maiden, my smallest Daughter, my Girl, I hope You are happy; how are You this morning? Does Your beloved little body feel well, my Lady, my Girl? Although it grieves me, I will cause Your face and Your heart anguish: I must tell You, my little Girl, that one of Your servants, my uncle, is very ill. A terrible sickness has taken hold of him; he will surely die from it soon. And now I shall go quickly to Your little house of Mexico (Mexico-Tlatilolco), to call one of our

priests, the beloved ones of Our Lord, so that he will go to hear his confession and prepare him, Because we really were born for that we who came to wait for the painful effort of our death. But, if I am going to carry it out, I will return here after that to go carry Your breath, Your word, Lady, my little Young one. I beg You to forgive me, be patient with me a little longer, because I am not deceiving You with this, my youngest Daughter, my little Girl, tomorrow without fail I will come as fast as possible".

As soon as She heard the explanations of Juan Diego, the Merciful Perfect Virgin answered him: "Listen. Put it into your heart, My youngest and dearest son, that the thing that frightened you, the thing that afflicted you is nothing. Do not let it disturb you. Do not fear this sickness nor any other sickness, nor any sharp and hurtful thing. Am I not here, I, who am your mother? Are you not under My shadow and protection? Am I not the source of your joy? Are you not in the hollow of My mantle, in the crossing of My arms? Do you need something more? Let nothing else worry you, disturb you; do not let your uncle's illness pressure you with grief, because he will not die of it now. You may be certain that he is already well." (And at that very moment his uncle became well, as they later found out).

And when Juan Diego heard the lovely word, the lovely breath of the Queen of Heaven, he was greatly comforted by it, his heart became peaceful and he begged Her to send him immediately to see the Governing Bishop, to take him something for a sign, for proof so that he would believe. And the Queen of Heaven ordered him then to go to the top of the little

OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE - ORIGINAL NARRATIVE

hill, where he had seen Her before: She said to him: "Go up, My dearest son, to the top of the hill, to where you saw Me and I told you what to do; there you will see that there are different kinds of flowers. Cut them, gather them, put them all together; then come down here, bring them here, into My presence."

Juan Diego climbed to the top the top of the hill right away. and when he reached the top, he was astonished by all of them, blooming, open, flowers of every kind, lovely and beautiful, when it still was not their season: because really that was the season in which the frost was very harsh: they were giving off an extremely soft fragrance; like precious pearls, as if filled with the dew of the night. Then he began to cut them, he gathered them all, he put them in the hollow of his *tilma*. The top of the little hill was certainly not a place in which any flowers grew; there are only plenty of rocks, thorns, spines, prickly pears and mesquite trees. And even though some little herbs or grasses might grow, it was then the month of December, in which the frost eats everything up and destroys it.

And immediately he came back down, he came to bring the Heavenly Maiden the different kinds of flowers which he had gone up to cut. And when She saw them, She took them with Her precious hands. Then She put them all together into the hollow of his ayate again and said: "My youngest and dearest son, these different kinds of flowers are the proof, the sign that you will take to the Bishop. You will tell him from Me that he is to see in them My desire, and that therefore he is to carry out My wish, My will. And you, you who are My

messenger, in you I place My absolute trust. And I strictly order you that you only open your ayate alone in the presence of the bishop, and show him what you are carrying. And you will tell him everything exactly, you will tell him that I ordered you to climb to the top of the little hill to cut flowers, and



everything that you saw and admired, so that you can convince the Governing Priest, so that he will then do what lies within his responsibility so that My temple which I have asked him for will be made, will be raised."

And as soon as the Heavenly Queen gave him Her orders, he took the causeway, he comes straight to Mexico City, he comes happily now.

OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE - ORIGINAL NARRATIVE

His heart is tranquil now, because his errand will come out well, he will carry it out perfectly. Along the way, he is very careful of what is in the hollow of his garment, lest he lose something: As he comes, he enjoys the fragrance of the different kinds of exquisite flowers. When he arrived at the Bishop's residence, the doorkeeper and the other servants of the Governing Priest went to meet him. and he begged them to tell him how much he wanted to see him, but none of them was willing; they pretended they didn't understand him, or perhaps because it was still very dark; or perhaps because they felt by now that all he did was bother them and keep on insisting, and their companions had already told them, the ones who lost him from sight when they were following him.

For a long, long time he waited for his request to be granted. And when they saw that he was simply standing there for a long, long time with his head down, without doing anything, in case he should be called, and that it looked as if he was carrying something, as if he was bringing it in the hollow of his *tilma* – then they came up close to him to see what he was bringing and thus satisfy their curiosity. And when Juan Diego saw that there was no way in which he could hide from them what he was carrying and



that therefore they might harass him or push him perhaps rough him and the flowers up, he finally gave them a little peek and they saw that it was flowers. And when they saw that they were all exquisite different flowers and that it wasn't the season for them to be blooming, they were very, very astonished by how fresh they were, how good they smelled, how handsome they seemed. And they wanted to grab and pull a few out. They dared to try to grab them three times, but there was no way in which they could do it, because when they would try, they could no longer see the flowers, they saw them as if they were painted or embroidered or sewn on the *tilma*.

They went immediately to tell the Governing Bishop what they had seen, and how much the lowly Indian who had come other times wanted to see him, and that he had been waiting a very long time there for permission, because he wanted to see him. And as soon as the Governing Bishop heard it, he realized that this was the proof to convince him to get started on what the humble man was asking him for. He immediately ordered that he come in to see him. And when he had come in, he prostrated himself in his presence, as he had done before. And again he told him what he had seen and admired, and his message.

He said to him, "Your Excellency, sir, I have done it. I have carried out your orders. That is, I went to tell my Mistress, the Heavenly Maiden, Holy Mary, the Beloved Mother of God, that you were asking for proof so you could believe me, so that you would make Her sacred little house, where She is asking you to build it. And I also told Her that I had given you my word to come to bring you some sign, some proof of Her will, as you told me to. And She listened carefully to your breath, your word, and was pleased to receive your request for

OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE - ORIGINAL NARRATIVE

the sign, the proof, so that Her beloved will can be done, can be carried out. And today, while it was still night, She ordered me to come again to see you; and I asked Her for the proof so that I would be believed, as She had said that She would give it to me, and She kept Her promise immediately. And She ordered me to the top of the little hill where I had seen Her before, to cut different flowers up there; Castillian roses. And when I had cut them, I took them down to Her at the bottom; and She took them with Her holy hands, again She placed them in the hollow of my *ayate*, so that I would bring them to you, so I would give them only to you. Although I knew very well that the top of the hill isn't a place where flowers grow, because there are only a lot of craggy rocks, thorns, spiny acacias, prickly pears, mesquite bushes. I didn't doubt because of that, I didn't hesitate because of that. When I reached the top of the hill I saw that it was now paradise. Every kind of different precious flowers were there, each one perfect, the very finest that there are, full of dew and shining. So I immediately cut them; and She told me that I should give them to you from Her, and that in this way I would show the truth; that you should see the sign that you were asking for in order to carry out Her beloved will, and so that it will be clear that my word, my message, is truth, here they are; please receive them."

And then he held out his white *tilma*, in the hollow of which he had placed the flowers. And just as all the different precious flowers fell to the floor, then and there the beloved Image of the Perfect Virgin Holy Mary, Mother of God, became the sign, suddenly appeared in the form and figure in which it is now, where it is preserved in Her beloved little house, in Her sacred little house at Tepeyac, which is called Guadalupe. And as soon as the Governing Bishop and all those who were there saw it,



they knelt, they were full of awe and reverence. They stood up to see it, they became sad, they wept, their hearts and minds were in ecstasy. And the Governing Bishop weeping and with sadness begged and asked Her to forgive him for not having immediately carried out Her will, Her holy breath, Her holy word. And when he got up, he untied Juan Diego's garment, his *tilma*, from his neck where it was tied. On which the Heavenly Queen appeared, on which She became the sign. And then he took it and placed it in his private chapel.

And Juan Diego still stayed for the day in the Bishop's house, he still kept him there. And on the next day he said to him: "Come, let's go so you can show where is that the Queen of Heaven wants Her chapel built." People were immediately invited to make it, to build it. And Juan Diego, as soon as he showed where the Lady of Heaven had ordered Her sacred little house to be built, asked for permission: he wanted to go to his house in order to see his uncle, Juan Bernardino, who was very ill when he left him to go to Tlatilolco to call a priest to confess him and prepare him, the one whom

OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE - ORIGINAL NARRATIVE

the Queen of Heaven had told him had already been cured. But they didn't let him go alone, rather people went with him to his house.

And when they arrived they saw that his uncle was now healthy; he had absolutely no pain of any kind. And he, for his part, was greatly surprised by the way in which his nephew was accompanied and very honored. He asked his nephew why it was that they were honoring him so much; and he told him how, when he left to go call a priest for him who would confess him and prepare him, the Lady of Heaven appeared to him there at Tepeyac; and She sent him to Mexico City to see the Governing Bishop, so that he would make Her a house at Tepeyac. And She told him not to worry, because his uncle was now happy, and She consoled him very much with this news.

His uncle told him that it was true, that She healed him at that exact moment. And he saw Her in exactly the same way She had appeared to his nephew, and She told him that She was also sending him to Mexico City to see the Bishop; and also that when he went to see him, he should reveal absolutely everything to him, he should tell him what he had seen and the marvelous way in which She

had healed him, and that he would properly name Her beloved Image thus:

THE PERFECT VIRGIN, HOLY MARY OF GUADALUPE.

And then they brought Juan Bernardino into the presence of the Governing Bishop, they brought him to speak with him, to give his testimony, and together with his nephew Juan Diego, the Bishop lodged them in his house for a few days. While the sacred little house of the lovely Little Queen was built out there at Tepeyac, where She revealed Herself to Juan Diego. And the Reverend Bishop moved the beloved Image of the Beloved Heavenly Maiden to the principal church. He took Her beloved Image from his residence, from his private chapel in which it was, so that all could see it and admire it. And absolutely this entire city with no exception, was deeply moved as everyone came to see and admire Her precious Image. They came to acknowledge its divine character. They came to offer Her their payers. They marveled at the miraculous way it had appeared since absolutely no one on earth had painted Her beloved Image.

