



I begin my journey in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit. Amen.

The path unfolding before me leads me to follow the simple daily steps of the Little Shepherds in the footsteps of the Passion of Christ. Lucia, Francisco and Jacinta knew how to make their daily life a place for the faithful following of Jesus and their days became, therefore, a way of the Cross, a reflection of the Way of the Cross of Jesus.

As I walk along this path, I also follow in the footsteps of the Little Shepherds, the ground they so often trod to shepherd their flocks; I pass close to many of the stones and trees that witnessed their conversations, their prayers, and their adherence to the will of God.

As I enter this space, I am therefore invited to be silent, letting all the surrounding landscape speak to me of God's presence.

I walk through the Stations of the Cross contemplating Jesus' path of love, the path on which he faithfully embraced suffering, weakness and death and saved us here on this way. In the light of this redeeming love, I pray my own life, my decisions, my weakness and the frailty of all humanity. I let myself be seized by the confident certainty that in Jesus, whatever the suffering or situation experienced, no one is alone.

I let the example and the love of Jesus challenge me and lead me further in the configuration to him, like the Little Shepherds.

If it helps, I can use some text of a Way of the Cross to better meditate the mysteries of the Passion, Death and Resurrection of Jesus.



PILGRIM'S ITINERARY 2020-2023

ROUTE STATIONS

- 1 WAY OF THE CROSS ON THE LITTLE SHEPHERDS' PATH
- LOCA DO CABEÇO AND MONUMENT OF VALINHOS
- THE WELL OF ARNEIRO









I walk to **Loca do Cabeço**. I prepare myself interiorly to reach this place of intimacy, the heart of Valinhos, where the Angel first appeared to the three children to teach them the way of peace, the way of the heart to the very heart of God Himself, through prayer. Later, the Angel appeared there a third time, giving them Communion with the Body and Blood of Jesus.

I take a few minutes of deep silence. I contemplate the intimacy of this place and, like the Little Shepherds, I allow God to lead me to unite my heart to his. I am invited to give him the center of my life, to adore him with all the creation and allow the desire to believe, to adore, to hope and to love to grow in me ever more.

I extend my heart and my prayer to all those I know and to all humanity, asking God to enfold them too in his infinite love.

I can do so using the words that the Angel himself taught the Little Shepherds:

My God, I believe, I adore, I hope and I love You.

I ask pardon of You for those who do not believe, do not adore,
do not hope and do not love You.

I am now heading for Aljustrel, to Lucia's house. On the way, I stop for a moment at the **Monument of Valinhos**. It marks the fourth apparition of Our Lady to the Little Shepherds (19 August), a surprising encounter which strengthened the love, faith and hope of the three children in their fidelity to God, who made himself present through Mary.

I entrust to Mary my journey of faith, hope and love and I ask her to accompany me and strengthen me.





Already in Aljustrel, I pass by the house where Sister Lucia of Jesus lived. Here she received the Christian faith, together with the tenderness and caresses given to a younger daughter. Within these humble walls she also experienced the aridity of rejection and disregard from her family, who, in their modesty, did not believe it possible that Our Lady had appeared to her.

At the bottom of the yard is the well where Lucia, Francisco and Jacinta used to gather to play games together. It was here that Lucia often ran away to cry. It was also here that, for the second time, the Angel of Peace appeared.

In a moment of silence, I hear his announcement addressed to me:

The Hearts of Jesus and Mary have designs of mercy on you. Make of everything you can a sacrifice and offer it to God as an act of reparation for the sins by which He is offended, and in supplication for the conversion of sinners. You will thus draw down peace upon your country. Above all, accept and bear with submission, the suffering.

God looks upon me with mercy and wishes to make my life the place and instrument of his mercy and peace for the world. Like the children, I prepare myself interiorly to accept this plan and to offer God all my strength, all my time, all my heart, and with it, everything that life brings me and will bring me, as a sacrifice of love and a path to peace.

I bring to mind and to prayer what I want to offer to the Lord, and I briefly make an act of offering.

Oh Jesus, it is for love of You and for the conversion of sinners.



In this house Francisco and Jacinta were born. Each in their own way welcomed the infinite love of God and committed to that love, they lived each day as a mission. They experienced sickness and death as opportunities for self-giving and for bringing God's infinite love to others.

In the room immediately to the left I can visit the place where Francisco spent his last days. From the window he was visited by many people. Francisco responded with a few words or often remained silent, but close to this child, people felt the gentleness and tenderness of God's presence and commented: "When we go into Francisco's room, we feel just as we do when we go into a Church".

I am invited to pray here an Our Father, asking, through the intercession of St. Francisco Marto, for the grace to open myself, like him, to the love of God and to be, like him, a silent reflection of that love.

Jacinta was in the opposite room before going to Ourém Hospital and then to Dona Estefânia Hospital, where she died. Here she offered many sacrifices for the Pope and for the conversion of sinners. In this room, she disclosed to Lucia: "I'm so thirsty, but I don't want to take a drink. I'm offering it to Jesus for sinners", and on another occasion: "Have you already made many sacrifices today? I did a lot. My mother was out and I wanted to go and visit Francisco many times but I didn't do it".

I am invited to pray here a Hail Mary, asking, through the intercession of Saint Jacinta, for a generous heart to give myself without measure for others, in the likeness of Christ.

At the end of this itinerary, I thank God for all that he has given me to experience, to discover and to know, and I ask him to make of me a place of his dwelling and an instrument of his peace.