



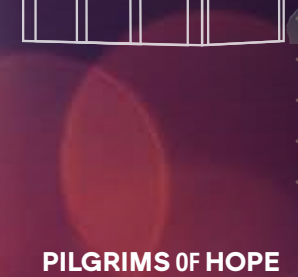
SANTUÁRIO DE FÁTIMA

SHRINE OF FATIMA

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PILGRIM'S ITINERARY ALJUSTREL AND VALINHOS

2024-2025



PILGRIMS OF HOPE

PASTORAL YEAR 2024-2025

2nd YEAR OF THE PASTORAL CYCLE / ENCOUNTERING HOPE

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THE HOUSE OF SISTER LUCIA
AND THE HOUSE OF SAINTS
FRANCISCO AND JACINTA MARTO



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1

MONUMENTO DE LOS VALINHOS



Comienzo mi camino «En el nombre del Padre y del Hijo y del Espíritu Santo. ¡Amén!».

Soy peregrino. Como *hombre/mujer en camino*, vivo la aventura permanente de la partida, encarnada en un itinerario por acoger y experimentar —físico y/o espiritual—, sostenido por la esperanza de una promesa, en la espera de una llegada. En el horizonte de una meta definitiva, me abro al asombro de cada partida-llegada cotidiana, que se convierte en una etapa de gracia renovada que apunta hacia ese horizonte último y pleno.

Hoy vivo esta condición mía haciéndola realidad en mi peregrinación a estos lugares donde nació la vida nueva a la que fueron llamados Jacinta, Francisco y Lucía. Vengo como peregrino e inicio este camino de oración en un lugar que nos habla, por excelencia, de esa «esperanza que no defrauda» (Rom 5,5) derramada sobre nosotros desde el corazón de Dios.

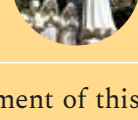
Aquí, en Valinhos, después de no poder estar en Cova de Iría para el encuentro previsto para el 13 de agosto, los Pastorcitos recibieron el día 19 siguiente la deseada pero inesperada visita de la Señora del Cielo, que solícitamente vino a su encuentro en el momento y lugar en el que fue posible hacerlo. Animado por la gozosa experiencia de los tres niños, yo también estoy dispuesto, en la fe y en el amor, a acoger la esperanza que viene de Dios. Soy *peregrino de esperanza*.

Contemplo el rostro sereno de la escultura de Nuestra Señora, que me recuerda que esperar en Dios es cimentar el corazón y la vida sobre una roca firme, es depositar la confianza en las manos de Aquel que me ama única, desmesurada, eternamente.

Tras un rato de silencio, me dirijo hacia Loca do Cabeço.

2

LOCA DO CABEÇO



Surrounded by the serene and gently green environment of this place and by the silence that inhabits it, I prepare myself to listen inwardly to the voice of God, who speaks to me, as he did to the Little Shepherds in 1916, through his Angel: “Do not be afraid! I am the Angel of Peace. Pray with me.”

I meditate for a long time, in a prayerful attitude, on the words of the prayer with which the Angel of Peace taught the Little Seers to open their hearts more and more to God and to others:

My God,
I believe, I adore, I hope and I love You.
I ask your forgiveness
for those who do not believe, do not adore,
do not hope and do not love You.

At a time when humanity was sinking into *hopelessness*, Jacinta, Francisco and Lucia were entrusted with the mission of testifying that God is present, loving and merciful in every time and place, and that His care and concern are all the more evident the more we seem to forget His love.

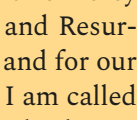
I think of the world today: how necessary it is to proclaim God’s saving love, the true reason for our hope (cf. 1Pe 3:15)! Persevering in faith and committed to love, I renew my determination to live and proclaim this hope, recognizing myself as a child of God, and a brother or sister of all.

I can repeat the prayer of the Angel. In this prayer I am reminded that only one thing is asked of me: to love God above all, and my neighbour as myself.

I get back on the road, heading towards the village of Aljustrel. There, I make Poço do Arneiro my first stop.

3

POÇO DO ARNEIRO



“The hearts of Jesus and Mary have designs of mercy on you,” said the Angel of Peace to the three Little Shepherds in this place.

To celebrate the Holy Year is to live as a memorial this mercy poured out on humanity: it is the Passion, Death and Resurrection of Christ, the Son of God incarnate “for us and for our salvation”, the culmination of divine mercy, which I am called to remember gratefully and festively, in the Church, during this Jubilee season.

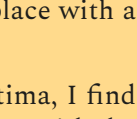
To remember, *recordari* in Latin, means “to bring back to the heart” (*cor* in Latin). I remember and recall salvation, and I am ready to welcome it anew and in a renewed way, by opening my heart — that is, my whole being, my whole life — to God’s love.

In this place where, like the Little Shepherds, I am invited not only to open myself to salvation, but also to unite myself to Christ’s redeeming work for every man and woman, I place before God my desire to give myself entirely, like Jesus, out of love. My willingness to give of myself to God and to others will open the way for the Gospel to come alive in me and in many.

With my heart expanded by God’s love, I resume my journey. I visit the house of Sister Lucia and the house of Saints Francisco and Jacinta Marto.

4

THE HOUSE OF SISTER LUCIA AND THE HOUSE OF SAINTS FRANCISCO AND JACINTA MARTO



I walk contemplatively through these places that tell me about the daily life of the Little Shepherds and point to their roots.

In these houses where Lucia, Francisco and Jacinta once lived, I am invited to examine the family environment in which they were born and grew up, in which they learned to love, received faith and proclaimed hope. I try to look at each place with a gaze filled with the richness of their witness.

In the spiritual profile of each of the seers of Fatima, I find traces of the face of Christ, on whose heart, together with the Angel and the Virgin, they learned to model their own hearts.

At the end of my contemplative visit, I unite myself to the whole Church through the prayer of the Jubilee of 2025, invoking God the Father, the source of every blessing, and entrusting to Him my life, the life of the Church, the life of the world.

Father in heaven,
may the faith you have given us
in your son, Jesus Christ, our brother,
and the flame of charity enkindled
in our hearts by the Holy Spirit,
reawaken in us the blessed hope
for the coming of your Kingdom.
May your grace transform us
into tireless cultivators of the seeds of the Gospel.
May those seeds transform from within both humanity and the
whole cosmos
in the sure expectation
of a new heaven and a new earth,
when, with the powers of Evil vanquished,
your glory will shine eternally.
May the grace of the Jubilee
reawaken in us, Pilgrims of Hope,
a yearning for the treasures of heaven.
May that same grace spread
the joy and peace of our Redeemer
throughout the earth.
To you our God, eternally blessed,
be glory and praise for ever.
Amen.