

figures at the feet of the larger figure.

The electric light on the balcony was turned on by someone among the people. And voices called out for the light to be doused to allow a chance to see the apparition. They would go out and come on again. Someone would put it out to placate those who wanted to see a vision and several minutes later someone would again put the light on who desired to see food. Who turned the light on I never learned and who turned it off likewise I never learned.

The sight of Mary, the worldly spouse of St. Joseph and Mother of a famous Son on one hand a mere 80 yards away and a few scant feet higher, and people eating & drinking on my other hand made me to believe this were surely an age of folly and a dissolute generation where even believers comport themselves in the manner of their pagan ancestors.

In all appearances, this report appears a tissue of skepticism & perhaps even a tinge of jolly ridicule. Let me be far from that! I am ever mindful of the foolish gentlemen at Fatime who talked beneath his umbrella for all the morning Oct 13, 1917 about the "superstitions" that held Portugal in its incarceration of poverty. And it was he upon witnessing the sun hurl itself at his brow. It was he who collapsed first into a quivering protoplasm of penitance public confession before a score or more of witnesses. And due to the art of printing, his discomfiture is witnessed second hand by millions who are well advised to avoid his error of vain conceit, of pridefulness and of disrespect to Faith. Those who believed they saw are due good regard for holding Blessed Mary so forward on their