

Dr. Antonio Martin Cadenin tells of her heroic patience: "During all that time and despite her nine years, this little girl endured all that pain and suffering with a truly exemplary resignation. It was extraordinary to observe how, when we would try some remedy or apply an injection, very painful procedures, especially in her stay, all we had to do was to say 'Jesus' in order for her to endure it without complaint and without moving, something we doctors had never encountered in one so young."

Mari often predicted that the Blessed Mother would come for her on the feast day of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, July 16, but when July 17 dawned, she sat up in her bed – something she had been unable to do – and announced joyfully, "Today I am going to die. Today I am going to Heaven!" And she was delighted that she would soon be reunited with her father.

Moments before dying, Mari Carmen looked at her relatives gathered around her bed and advised them, "Love one another." She then asked if they heard the beautiful singing. Her grandmother told her the singers were Angels, to which the child answered, "Yes, indeed. They are the Angels who have come for me." She then announced with a smile, "I am going to Heaven. I am going without passing through Purgatory because I have been a martyr." She then said, "Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, grant that when I die, I die in peace and my soul comes to be with you." She died soon after. She was nine years old.

After her death, her face, which had been badly disfigured by her illness, immediately changed so that everyone said she had regained her former beauty. Everyone was enraptured by the change and by the sweet aroma that filled the room, although there was not a flower present.

Little Mari Carmen was buried in the church of the monastery of the Discalced Carmelites in Aravaca, Madrid. The diocesan process for her beatification was opened 22 years later. In 1996 she was declared Venerable.

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Heavenly Help for Those Who Suffer

from

***Blood Problems,
Colitis, Mastoid infection, Fevers,
Gangrene, Heart Problems, Insomnia, Kidney Problems,
Multiple physical conditions, Phlebitis, Scarlet Fever,
Septicemia.***

**Seek the intercession of
Venerable Mari Carmen Gonzalez-Valerio**



***April 16, 1930 — July 17, 1939
Declared Venerable 1996***

**Venerable Mari Carmen Gonzalez-Valerio
(1930-1939)**

Descriptions of this nine-year-old reveal that she was profoundly sincere, with a clear and alert intelligence – that she had a sound judgment, persevering fervor, exquisite sensibility and always took responsibility for her actions. Yet she was a completely normal girl with a strong character who enjoyed playing with dolls and eating sweets.

Mari Carmen was born April 16, 1930 in Madrid to a family of deep spirituality. The happiness of her birth was soon marred when the infant became seriously ill. For this reason she was baptized immediately in her home. According to the custom of the time, she received the Sacrament of Confirmation when she was only two years old and received her First Holy Communion when she was six. Her mother noticed that after receiving her First Holy Communion "she began to show signs of real sanctity." From then on she began to attend Mass and receive Holy Communion almost every day.

Six years after her birth the Spanish Civil War began, with its religious persecution against Catholics and the Church. The father was arrested and killed, but Mari Carmen's mother and her five children were able to seek asylum in the Belgian Embassy. At this time, Mari Carmen tried to console her mother by suggesting, "Don't be upset. Let's say the Rosary and recall Jesus' wounds."

This very spiritual child had forgiven her father's assassins, and she faithfully prayed for the conversion of Azaña, the President of the Republic – who, she reasoned, was the symbol of the whole religious persecution. Mari Carmen prayed the Rosary of the Divine Wounds every day for his conversion, which occurred sometime later.

This spirituality of Mari Carmen is noted in her "diary," which she kept in an envelope sealed with adhesive tape. On the envelope she wrote three times, "Private." After her death, among the little notations was found: "*Viva España. Viva Cristo Rey,*" words that were on the lips of many martyrs during the Spanish Civil War. Also found was this notation: "I surrendered myself in the parish church of the

Buen Pastor, April 6, 1939." His surrender was accepted, since the infection that claimed her life began 15 days later.

While at school in Zalla, Mari Carmen contracted scarlet fever, accompanied by an infection of the ear and the mastoid. The infection, unfortunately, degenerated into septicemia that settled in the heart and kidneys. A mastoid operation and a thrombectomy were performed, but when Mari Carmen did not improve after surgery, the doctors knew her condition was hopeless.

She once told her mother that "To be a saint you have to mortify yourself." This the child did most admirably. And then, when the mother said she would ask the Child Jesus for a cure, Mari Carmen interrupted, "No, Mama, I don't ask for that. I ask that His Will be done."

One of her nurses tells us, "When they brought her from the clinic she was suffering a great deal with septicemia... she had open sores. We had to give her blood transfusions twice a day and many injections. Some days there were more than 20. She also suffered from colitis, which she had very severely..." In addition to suffering from her illnesses, which she accepted peacefully and willingly, Mari Carmen was often given only bland food to eat, which it was thought would cure the colitis. When asked what she would like to eat, she replied, "Whatever you think best." Often, before a painful treatment, she would ask everyone present to pray the Creed and the Our Father. Then she would submit without a word.

She also suffered from other complications, especially phlebitis, which produced gangrenous wounds on her thighs. Simply moving the bed sheets caused her torments. She was also feverish and suffered from insomnia. Sometimes she could not help but cry out in pain, but afterwards she would always say, "You, doctor, and everybody, please excuse me."