

I am happy to see, in this spiritist house, no more our cities in war, because Jesus let me come here to talk with you gentlemen, our brothers, and to see these modernities that you have nowadays, while we are with torn clothes because the federal troops let us like that.

I thank Jesus because days ago I was put in my nooks when it happened. Because many times I stayed together with my comrades inside the museums, looking at the beautiful persons, at the beautiful cars coming, and that were looking at our relics, thinking that it's funny that the time passed over us.

And they laughed internally thinking: "poor ones, wretches, crazy ones who did crazy things and died for that"; and I looked at the spirit of these who were thinking that way, and they were fedit, foul, rotten, inferior spirits incarnated into beautiful bodies with wonderful clothes.

Ah! This for us has no valor!

But I remember that some days before, after wandering so much with my comrades through a lot of places, I asked Jesus and São João Maria de Agostinho, to Our Lady and to Saint Sebastian, for them to look over us because we were already tired of wandering through those woodlands and fields having nowhere to go, having no destiny, suffering the solitaires' pain.

And Jesus heard my prayer because some days after it, with my comrades, inside the museum, we saw, suddenly, an immense light owning the place.

It even blinded us. And I saw that from that light appeared a white-bearded man, as beautiful as a radiant morning.

Then, he approached us and hugged me. You can't imagine the emotion that I felt.

And so he said to me:

- Daughter, I've been sent by Jesus to help you, to relief you and your comrades. Thus, now we will walk.

- I am not worth you sir coming next to me, because you sir has so many light and I'm suffering a lot – I said to him

- We are in the world to help. How are we going to ask Jesus for us if we are letting lost lounging around the ones who suffer, as if forgotten by the world? We are going to help you.

- Who are you, sir? – I asked.

- Bezerra de Menezes.

I kneeled and kissed his hands. But he arose me and said:

- Daughter, I am nothing more than a simple worker.

What I have to do is to rescue the ones who want to walk along with us. And you are a spirit that I've been searching for many time to live with us.

Because us, as Our Lord Christ's worker spirits, we need strong, high horse, warrior spirits as you and as these comrades that you have. Just what we have to do is to transform your walk. Carry light to your heart.

It was when then Dr. Bezerra's phalanx took us to a different place.

When I opened my eyes I saw that I was inside a house. No more those ruined houses in where we lived, but a fully-white house. And he approached me to this medium and made me enter inside him and thus we began to talk.

Then I felt that my energies, which were stopped, stagnated in time, were renewed and I was regenerated as well as my comrades that were together with me. That curse of walking through the woodlands, lost, having nowhere to go, had disappeared.

Then I saw the light!...

And Dr. Bezerra said to me:

- Now you have the conditions to proceed along with us.

And we went with them to a very beautiful spiritual city, and there we received the salutary bless. We drank a comforting soup and we took a pass which calmed us down. We dressed new, beautiful, shining white clothes full of green and blue bands. And we looked at us as transformed spirits.

Then we rested!...

When we woke up, they took us to a reunion place, a cinema, in where they passed a movie about our life.

Then I understood what happened and the peace entered in my heart.

Then, Dr.Bezerra let me came and talk with this medium a lot of times, touch base with him, tell him what I feel.

Since then I am happy!...

And today Jesus let me come between you. You, who are modern and dress and use beautiful things that I love.

Because in our redoubts, after some time, we only had rags. Our comrades were badly dressed and many of them walked without shod and they suffered with the cold.

When we were expelled from our lands, when they built the railway the men from Rio de Janeiro ordered to build. From Rio, the politicians dressed with studful clothes, in front of the papers, inside the quarters, the generals, the president, the governors, signed the acts giving fifteen kilometers of each side of the railway to the companies, and us, who were always the owners of the land for 100 years, were expelled from our land.

Because they were coming and ordering us to get out, otherwise they would burn the plantations, the houses and kill who wouldn't obey. This was the fuse of our war, because we only produced to eat. Some plantation, some cattle. We harvested the yerba mate, some wood and it was what we had. We were too simple.

And then came the decree expulsing our people from our land.

And I ask you: So if they do this to you? Expulse you from your houses, what would you do?

Because of that we rebelled.

Because who is son and is born in the land dies for it. And that was how it was with José Maria, who died in the first combat in Irani, but where we won against the federal troops, of those lords from Rio de Janeiro, who never arose from their chairs, never took a train to come to look at our misery. They simply signed the papers for what was written to be complied.

When they killed José Maria, our people then went to a different redoubt in Taquaruçú and I was getting along, and I started to hear the voices and the spirit of José Maria and of João Maria de Agostinho because I was a medium.

I was a medium in a different place. If God would lend me the opportunity to be a medium in a house like this spiritist house, I swear I would work every day, I would come inside here and study every day. I swear it would be different. But, at that time, being a medium was a sad destiny.

And when the soldiers ordered by the army, from Rio de Janeiro, by the federal government, to kill the rebels, the fanatics, as they said, they, with their cannons, killed hundreds of children, women and old people. They shot fire at the houses with people inside just to see they burn.

Who are the bandits?

We who were trying to defend our land or these mercenaries who took profit from the situation?

Then from Taquaruçú, when we had to leave, the redoubt was totally destroyed. We went to another camping in where the visions took me entirely; and then, I started to dress white, with beautiful clothes, with green and blue bands representing Saint Sebastian and I faced the furies.

My horse had silver harness, velvet-covered, because I liked that way. I took care of the redoubt which had more than 5.000 men.

There we made ferocious resistance, until the time that the illness (typhus) devastated us and we had to leave to another place.

And then appeared a backwoodsman called Adeodato, who made himself an idiot, and with his comrades, took me out of the charge.

I was betrayed by the ones I called comrades. Fine, fine...

And in one of this battles my body perished.

But how the heck was I there? I felt that I was alive, riding in my horse, running, freeing my friends and I kept on like this until the war had ended.

Then, with the friends that had also died, I wandered through the woodlands.

But the time for our spirits is different of your time.

I slept, dreamed, woke up and didn't know where I was.

Don't ask me if in the Earth I reincarnated, if I came back there, because Jesus still hadn't let me know about this.

All I know is that when I felt myself more conscious I was walking through the lands with hundreds of comrades. And a force called me and I went to Irani city's graveyard, in which's side the authorities made a museum to remember of our fight and of the contested.

Seventy years after they remembered that us, the ones who died in these fights, we were the ones who had love for the land. We wanted our land and we died for it.

Do you know what happened to the railway that the government ordered to build?

It doesn't exist anymore. There are only the trails covered by the grass; because the companies only know to follow the money and if something doesn't make profit, they quit the job.

Ten, fifteen, twenty thousand of land owners, colonos, country people, lovers of that land, died for nothing. For a little freak of someone who signed a document in Rio de Janeiro, showing that they were the ones who had power over our land. And they lent 15km of each side of the entire railway's extension to two foreign companies. They should send away all of the country people, land's roots, and should colonize the two margins of the railway with people coming from the foreign lands.

Do you think it's fair?

That's why that I as well, a girl, arose in arms and went to war against this betrayal made against our people.

And if today I would have to return to that time, the same way it was, certainly I would and would do the same thing. I would fight the same way against the oppressors, who kill the little ones. Because they were in Rio de Janeiro and never came to look at our misery.

Because of Jesus I don't talk anymore to the people from Caraguatá. Because I talked and they heard me. Five thousand people seated in a immense patio, and I talking to them. And I exposed what I told to the sires, and them, inflamed by the verb, fought.

And then Dr. Bezerra showed to me, that Jesus doesn't want anymore the spirits to stay waiting, lying, seated, wandering, because he wants the Earth to transform by itself in a regeneration planet.

He said that Jesus asked us and that we must get cracking at it, and because of this we are with you in here.

Dr. Bezerra has shown to us in that movie that has passed in spirituality, that my comrades after a severance and living work in the spiritual world were taken to reincarnate in the same land in which they died, in where they spilled their blood, but, do you know how?

They reincarnated as sons and grandsons of the colonels, of the landowners farmers, and years after, when the colonels and the farmers died, the lands were left to us, because who was owning the land wasn't anymore a caboclo, a country-person, dark-skinned, but the same spirit in a different clothing. Our land was returning to our hands.

But they learned to love the land, fight for it, die for it, and started to love the land, because they were the farms' owners.

And they started to retire the slavery of four people because many of us were starving.

We were treated as slaves in the farms. We only had a little place to sleep with the animals, a piece of bread to eat and we worked like workhorses and work donkeys.

Then Jesus has done this. He made us reborn in the big house, taking us off from the senzala*

Just then the justice's course had owned our contested territory.

It was that way that Jesus had made it.

And if today we have peace in the region is because the farmers, the grand ones from Rio, the colonels, the generals, full of stars, today are in the streets, wandering. They are the lost ones from the streets, the ones who are deep in the pigsties, in places that look like our redoubts, and they are suffering.

But the divine goodness teaches us that we must help them. I see that Dr.Bezerra's immense phalanx helps these colonels, generals, and the president, who signed the decrees that orders to kill us.

That was a death sentence for us...

And if today Caraguatá doesn't exists anymore, I am happy to talk to you my comrades.

Don't ask me if any of you had been there with our fight, because Jesus doesn't lets me to say so, but my heart glares of light and love for you.

And why?

It's because you opened the chest and the heart to listen to me.

Dr.Bezerra says to me that he adopted me as daughter from his heart and I say that I receive him as my father forever.

If someday I need to, I will return to the Earth, not anymore to wield the weapons in a war like was the contested, no more to defend our land, but to defend the spirit.

I will be there.

Dr. Bezerra says to me: "I want you and your comrades by my side because I need strong, fighter, warrior spirits, that if it's needed to go deep in the darkness' bottom, I know that you will be ready."

"You can be sure that we will, because we have courage, you know this, doctor Bezerra."

We find in this charity and love center, in the majority of the brothers, many courage, many faith and perseverance.

I am happy because doctor Bezerra has let me to come and talk to you, not anymore it was like in Caraguatá, not anymore, because in there the uplift were inflamed, different, but yes in a house of charity and love.

Certainly I will return many times, if Jesus lets me, to talk with you sires.

Excuse me to speak this way, in this hour, but is there any hour better than this one? Or even would it be more important that this medium received my voice, my spirit, and did the psychophony between just three or four brothers?

No! We must prove that the spirit lives, keeps living after the body's death, and that he has conditions to reborn from the ashes and to get itself better.

When many less enlightened brothers flail with some mediums, please don't bother, misters, observe, as indenture, because in truth they have permission to come because you sires need to learn.

Maria Rosa's First Message

Saturday, 29 August 2009 15:56

Because Jesus has done this in the time he walked in the Earth, when the inferior spirits, evil, perverse, called as demons, flailed, jumped in the fire, in the water, and Jesus healed them.

Carried those spirits to the spiritual world for readjust and the people stayed in a better state.

If Jesus let us come it is because we had to tell the story by our own words for you.

Receive my hug.

We can only thank Jesus, as Bezerra thanks.

He helps my spirit to grow...

(In this moment the medium Ângela lends a rose to the spirit who thanks thrilled)

Message received by psychophony by the medium Luiz Marini, in a public reunion in 10/01/08 (October 10th, 2008) in the Spiritist Center Dr. Adolfo Bezerra de Menezes.