



Appearing as if straight from the pages of a fairy tale, a trip back in time ... to a shocking revelation that singles out the Mater Ecclesiae Monastery in Rome, below, looking more like a charming manor from a James Bond movie than a monastery.





*First Vision of Sister Benedicta of the Holy Cross was on February 2, 2023, the feast of Candlemas, during Mass in her monastery. Pope Benedict lived in the Mater Ecclesiae Monastery, above. [Georg will be translated George.]*

While the priest praised the gifts of bread and wine, everything was swallowed up before my eyes and what I saw was Pope Benedict XVI. He was dressed in white and gold robes. He praised the offerings and the altar, and then he turned to praise the people. So I could see him clearly; before that, I only saw his back. He celebrated the Traditional Latin Mass. His robe was brilliant white, and on his chest he wore a pectoral cross with emeralds. On his chasuble were lilies embroidered with silver, and the sacred hearts of Jesus, Mary and Joseph entwined in gold brocade.

I was shocked to see Pope Benedict XVI in all his splendor; quite the opposite of how I had seen him before in my dreams. It was then the day of his funeral; he was dressed like a Pope, but, he did not shine. He was like an ordinary person, scarred by age. But, today I saw him differently, I saw him in full splendor, rejuvenated, full of life force. Everything about him shone, as if he was being irradiated with light from the inside. His face matched that of young, yet, mature people. He looked very focused. Then, I heard Pope Benedict XVI utter the words of the canon in perfect Latin, in the rite of the Traditional Tridentine Mass. The chapel was filled with incense, of exquisite color, with a very fragrant mixture of myrrh. There was a sense of holiness in the air.

I think everyone present had the same perception. There was a holy fear of God. We were all filled with awe. It was very solemn when Pope Benedict XVI lifted the Holy Host that had been transformed into the Body of the Lord. I saw a lot of incense rising to Heaven. On one side of the altar stood an angel. He was royally dressed and powerful, with a golden chalice in his hand. This chalice overflowed with incense and ascended to the throne of God. Still in ecstasy, I looked up, and there were three golden niches with gems. In the right niche, I recognized Saint Augustine of Hippo, and in the left Saint Bonaventure, a saint from our Franciscan Order. Both are Teachers of the Church.

The niche in the middle was empty, and I saw Pope Benedict XVI floating up to take a seat in that niche. I watched as the angel filled the altar with a large amount of incense, and then I watched him consecrate Pope Benedict XVI and the other saints who were with him.

Before each censer the angel bowed.

Then, I saw Pope Benedict XVI take off his skullcap and sacrifice himself to God. Then, he bent his gaze down to his feet, something like a mirror appearing through which he looked at the dome of St. Peter's Basilica. I saw that he was looking at the whole church and that he covered his face with his hands, just like the two other saints next to him, Saint Augustine of Hippo and Saint Bonaventure. It was as if they were ashamed to see what was happening in the church. The priest came to me to give me Communion. I was still in ecstasy, but I did not see the priest, I saw Benedict XVI. As he approached, I said, "Holy Father" and received Communion. Then I fell into a kind of spiritual calm. I kept repeating, "Holy Father, Holy Father."

When I recovered, I had to be helped to my cell, because I felt faint and embarrassed, because there were guests present at the Mass on February 2, 2023, and from what I was told, everyone present was aware of the ecstasy I had. For an ordinary person like me, such supernatural events are beyond our powers. Many have no idea how much one suffers from these supernatural graces.

[The next vision transcended the night.] On the same day, February 2, 2023, at 23:00, Pope Benedict XVI again appeared to Sister Benedicta.

This time I saw him in my cell, wearing his white papal robe, his beautiful emerald cross on his chest, his fisherman's ring and his very bright red shoes. He was sitting on a chair that I have next to my bed, but the chair didn't look real, it was a high chair, upholstered in white, the wood that adorned him was finely carved and golden, very elegant and sober. The whole thing sparkled with a radiant glow. The white was very intense and his skin was rosy. His face was healthy, rested and fresh, with an unwavering calm. I cried, "Your Holiness, is it you?" I hadn't fully recovered, yet, I heard him pray in Latin in a sonorous voice. It was like a prayer for the Church. His pronunciation was perfect, what a great Latinist! He looked at me, smiled and said, "*Laudetur Jesus Christ*". I replied: "*In saecula saeculorum*."

He continued:

"Arise, for our Lord wants you to write what was wanted to hide after my death. It's imperative that you do that, and I have a lot to say." His Holiness spoke to me in Latin, and I understood him in perfect Spanish.

Some time ago, another saint spoke to me in French, and I understood him in Spanish. How do you do that? I don't know. All I know is that I understand what they're telling me. So I sat down with difficulty and took paper and pen to write. Pope Benedict XVI said to me:

"The story is long, and what I am about to tell will cause a hurricane that will shake the Church to its foundations, especially the central government, the Curia of the Vatican. My enemies feel they have won by their successes, but their joy will not last long. They say among themselves: we have finally silenced him. His vote had harmed our interests. What a relief! But, they do not take into account the will of God.

They don't expect me to speak, they don't think about that possibility, they think the dead don't speak, but, they forget that God is righteous and sometimes, as in my case, lets them speak, even though it's from eternity, and bears witness to the truth that is Christ. I am

with God and live forever and ever. Our Lord knows how to write straight on crooked lines, and He has allowed me to reveal myself to different souls after my death, to testify that there is life after death, and that no matter how much they want to silence me, the truth will come to light, albeit post-mortem.

During the funeral mass of my great friend John Paul II, I felt a great stir in my heart. John Paul II had undergone surgery on his neck with the sole purpose of silencing him and thus worsening his health, to prevent him from making decisions that were inconsistent with ecclesiastical Freemasonry that held high positions in the central government, and not as the media of the time claimed. Pope John Paul II had another government plan in mind, one that did not provide for changes unless they were necessary.

He was initially skeptical of an investigation conducted within the Curia of the Vatican, a report that contained very important and compromising information that required immediate changes because it threatened the stability of the Church, information known in detail to his predecessor, Pope John Paul I, who was assassinated not only because he knew this information, but also because he had initiated a purge that involved some changes within the central government and the Vatican Bank, which was reason enough to depose him. Only after the assassination, did the great John Paul II change his mind. He shared this information with me and we got to work. At that time, I was Prefect for the Doctrine of the Faith. Unfortunately, things didn't go as planned. The damage done was irreparable and it was very complicated to remove many high church hierarchs.

And yes, it is true that some steps had already been taken. Freemasonry, which was predominant in the College of Cardinals and in the various dicasteries, had spread its tentacles through alliances not only within the Vatican, but also outside it. We just did what we could and not what we wanted. It is very difficult to work with a hostile government, as I did, and with few allies, against a majority that openly stands up as relativism and modernism, in all its shadows. We soon noticed that there was a climate of open rebellion and disobedience to the Pope, and all this threatened to lead to a great schism within the Church. In the course of my life, and especially during my pontificate, I have experienced terrible and painful moments. Some of them are known only to God. It was never thought that evil could reach the highest levels, and now, Satan feels powerful and lord over everything.

I had learned that there is a very dangerous mafia in the Vatican of Masonic Cardinals pursuing occult interests. They are traitors to the Church, who occupy very important positions and create allies and then destroy the Church and the Catholic faith from within, cardinals and bishops who do not fear God and without conscience kill souls in cold blood, all out of love of power and money, and move further and further away from the true mission entrusted to us by our Lord Jesus Christ. When I looked at the lifeless body of the great John Paul II, I thought of this. And, at that moment, in the depths of my soul, I made the decision to go with emirate and dedicate myself to writing books. I felt that my mission had been accomplished. I had given it my all, and in the best possible way. Moreover, my health was not good. I wanted to continue my contribution to the Church in a calmer and more relaxed

position and keep myself in the background. I was convinced that my task was over after the death of the Holy Father. But, God's plans are not our plans, and He had already decided for me. In the conclave, when I realized with horror during the vote that the choice would fall on my poor humanity, I said to God with resignation from the bottom of my heart, "Lord, don't do this to me!", a phrase that was then adopted by the media, manipulated by some Masonic Cardinals to distort everything and fabricate a destructive and false image of me until my death.

The rumors included that I would tighten the laws of the Church because I was conservative and traditional, and that I would oppose the new modernist air that was emerging at the time, and it was also said that I was a threat to their plans because I opposed relativism.

When I was asked whether or not I accepted the will of God, I replied,  
"Yes, I accept the will of God."

While all the protocols were being processed, I thought to myself that there were people in the group of cardinals who were better qualified than I was, but God in his goodness chose me out of all men, a simple and humble worker in the Lord's vineyard, a phrase I made public on the day of my election as successor to the apostle Peter. I knew very well what was in store for me, and my enemies had grown stronger and more numerous. I was aware of some of the files that Pope Paul VI had created during his pontificate on the Vatican Curia and which we later studied together with my predecessor John Paul II. My wish was to initiate a thorough cleansing, and I knew that this would not be easy, that there would have to be a total reorganization within the Vatican Curia. I was aware that it would most likely cost me my life, as it had cost my predecessors, but I decided to take the more difficult road, supported by the help of some people of faith.

To this end, I began a much-needed purification within the Legionaries of Christ at the time, forcing their founder, Marcial Maciel, to withdraw from all public office. That alone earned me many enemies, not only within the church, but also outside it. [Please see #119, Keypoints #3. Ed. note.]

I knew the greatest purge awaited me. I knew the Curia of the Vatican and all the intrigues that were drawn out there. I knew I wasn't the favorite candidate for Peter's chair, not because of a lack of quality, but because I wouldn't help the Masons in their goals. In the meantime, they would prepare the ideal candidate according to their interests. They needed someone to burn while choosing a candidate who was in line with the powers, and that stopgap was me. —

Here Pope Benedict sighed deeply, and his gaze was like an endless sea of peace.

But God, in his infinite mercy toward his Church, was kind enough to delay the great

mystery of iniquity a little longer, for He knew that this mystery would be revealed after my death, and that I would act in complete freedom, supported by his most faithful associates. The great destroyer of the Church was already on his feet, his name was already heard in the corridors and in the hidden meetings, but he had to wait until he was well prepared and the right moment came, a moment that God had prolonged in his goodness thanks to the prayers of the saints and the righteous souls in the Mystical Body of the Church, simple, peaceful, silent souls with unshakable faith, able to lay down their lives for Jesus Christ, souls who do not give in to evil and who know where the fault lies. These souls are loved by the Lord and are present in great numbers. They are quietly ordained and form a mighty army that walks at the hand of the Mother of God.

Then an angelic smile appeared on Pope Benedict's face, and he continued:

That I was an inadequate instrument was not unknown to God, for He gives His strength, and strength to bear the cross with love, as He himself has done, and this was a comfort to my soul, which was already beginning to feel the rejection by the majority of the members of the College of Cardinals and the civil authorities, and was aware that the battle had only just begun. My suffering as Pope began on the first day of my election. When I stepped on the balcony and saw the roar of a sea of souls, I understood my fate. God had me in his grip.

When I was dressed as Peter's successor, a shiver ran over me.

Throughout my body, I felt like a lame lamb being led to the slaughter.

Over the course of my life, I have come to realize that the Lord's ways are not easy and are littered with roses and thistles.

It is dangerous to believe that one can choose any path, that they all lead to the truth. This is a great mistake on the part of the person who is currently "leading" the Church. I'm talking about Francis. He can promote this kind of regime and division within. In a way, this means accepting communion with relativism, an ideology that I have condemned countless times, and with revolutionary ideologies that seek to impose the powers of the world by force. The grave errors propagated by the Church from the desecrated throne of Peter drive souls to suicide. In an act of hellish violence, evil has already been done and cannot be undone, only God can save his Church from falling into the abyss, and I had already seen this clearly during the sessions of the Second Vatican Council. There I had a vision of the future of the errors that had arisen from that moment on, thanks to the misinterpretation of the council and the many purple wolves that had infiltrated, and which had certainly entered through the schism in the Church during the pontificate of John XXIII.

All my life, I have fought against relativism, and in many of my writings I have condemned these kinds of revolutionary theories that are against God. It saddened me personally to see how most cardinals, except for a few, adopted this ideology. And, that is precisely why they eagerly sought reforms within the Church, reforms that would include my elimination, for I was their greatest obstacle. I would have felt their boundless hatred of me, and had it

not been for the mercy of God, who was always with me, I would certainly have succumbed to these attacks. They had several occasions to kill me, but God preserved me, for my hour had not yet come until the day when I would be eliminated. I knew that with my death the sheep would spread, but I was sure that the Divine Shepherd would gather them in His flock. I was only an instrument in the plan of salvation, nothing more, and soon the great purification would come. It is our Lord Jesus Christ who is truly in charge of His Church. After my death, there was great confusion. Somehow, God allowed the wickedness of the hearts of those who claim to be true disciples of Christ, and who in reality become the Judas of this age, to cause even more confusion and division within the Church.

On my 95th birthday, among many other slander talk, it was said: This is the Pope who did not want to be Pope. I heard it myself live from some cardinals. I felt tired and exhausted, I was deprived of all enlightenment and comfort. I was on the road to Calvary with our Lord and embraced the cross of the Redeemer. I knew that soon my hour would come. I experienced the prison of loneliness, the fear of not being able to speak openly except through codes and parables.

I experienced the prison of guarding by a prison guard who I knew could not be trusted. I was overwhelmed and without comfort, but I tried to imitate our master as best I could. And I did not refuse the bitter cup that was offered to me, always with the grace of God, with all my trust in Jesus Christ and distrustful of my own strength. I knew that Judas Iscariot was by my side day and night, and that he would soon betray me with a treacherous kiss. Yet I did not reject him, for I saw the hand of God in everything, although, like a meek lamb led to the slaughter, I was dumb and did not open my mouth except to bless and forgive.

Judas Iscariot was amazed at Jesus, the divine Master, because he did not live up to his expectations as a political warrior, but was a peace-loving, humble and meek man. Somehow I saw myself as a reflection of this image, I was meek and humble, a man of peace, and this confused many who challenged me. Many put me to the test, but the most disturbing was my jailer, my own secretary.

In the past, I had had the terrible experience of being betrayed by my friends. My jailer pretended to be my friend, pretended to repent, pretended to be by my side, but at the end of my life, I was endowed with a keen discernment of spirits and knew that I could not trust him and the people who lived with me day and night. My prison in exile was the Mater Ecclesiae Monastery, and there was a special reason for that. God saw to it that I was inside, as his rightful shepherd, and not outside, to support the Church, to pray and live in penance, through a seemingly hidden and silent life, without any comfort except the occasional visits that my jailer allowed because he had to obey his Lord, who saw to it that I was isolated, devoid of communication with the world. But, I could never be deprived of communication with God.

The more I suffered, the closer I came to the beating of Christ's heart.

My life became a constant prayer of intercession. I discovered the way to be truly free,

and that was through prayer. My mind was never trapped as some would have liked. My decaying body was tortured and treated with drugs that threatened rather than improved my health, bringing me closer to eternity bit by bit.

I was aware of everything that was happening around me. God gave me clarity in his goodness, even though I was in such a painful situation. As the rightful representative of Christ, the only Shepherd, I was held captive by my executioners. Those who one day appointed me shepherd of shepherds were the same ones who would crucify me a short time later, just as it had happened to our Lord Jesus on Palm Sunday.

It is precisely in our human limitations and weaknesses that we are called to be conformed to Christ. With every minute that passed, I could clearly read my life in the light of Christ. Step by step I saw the fulfillment of the prophecies, and at the end of my life I saw myself more in heaven than on earth. I fully realized that I could be more useful to the Church if I went to God than if I stayed here in this valley of tears. And, this thought alone encouraged me to carry the cross forward out of love for Him who gave himself completely to the cross out of love for me.

This is my public confession. I, Benedict XVI, Vicar of Christ, the last and legitimate successor of the Apostle Peter, to whom the Lord has given the key to the Kingdom of Heaven, have been thrown into prison like Peter. Because I proclaimed the truth, I have become hateful to the powers of the world, who with obvious cruelty have broken my clay body, but have freed my immortal spirit, which now enjoys the blessed sight of God, the reward of those who remain faithful to His Son, Jesus Christ, to whom all honor and glory belongs forever.

I would have felt their boundless hatred of me, and had it not been for the mercy of God, who was always with me, I would certainly have succumbed to these attacks. They had several occasions to kill me, but God preserved me, for my hour had not yet come until the day when I would be eliminated. I knew that with my death the sheep would spread, but I was sure that the Divine Shepherd would gather them in His flock. I was only an instrument in the plan of salvation, nothing more, and soon the great purification would come. It is our Lord Jesus Christ who is truly in charge of His Church. After my death there was great confusion. Somehow, God allowed the wickedness of the hearts of those who claim to be true disciples of Christ, and who in reality become the Judas of this age, to cause even more confusion and division within the Church.

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With speed and cunning, they staged a coup d'état, and convened a conclave to choose my supposed successor, bypassing my authority. In the conclave, there was a majority of Masonic Cardinals, a long organized attempt to undermine the College of Cardinals, for which there is irrefutable evidence with extensive information. The infiltration was led by Masonic allies in the United States, and at the behest of that country's then-president, Barak Obama, pressure was put on the conclave demanding that I be replaced by their candidate because the world's major elites--and China in particular--demanded it. They had frozen the Vatican bank and even threatened to kill me if I didn't resign the next morning. It was an untenable situation that floated like a sharp sword in my soul.

It is clear that the media was manipulated by the Vatican to destroy my image and make the world hate me. The country of the United States contributed the most to my coup. Every time I said a word, there was great uproar among the Cardinals, especially among the German clergy, who were among the first to raise their hands against me, and then I said to myself: a son who raises his hand against his father and causes a violent schism and encourages other communities to follow his example of stubborn rebellion. This situation reached such an unbearable and discouraging level for me that the Holy Spirit of God inspired me in prayer to decide to continue my Peter ministry in a different way, not so much actively and publicly as contemplative and prayerful. In this way I managed to divert attention from me within the central administration of the Curia of the Vatican, as they demanded of me, and thus avert the greatest schism of all time.

As Supreme Pontifex, I stood alone, without the support of anyone except a few loyal cardinals. Suddenly, I was alone with God, and I realized that when human words have no effect, there is only one way out: prayer. And, that's what I did. I immersed myself in prayer, lived in repentance, which was torture for my modernist enemies, the friends of pederasty and all those revolutionary ideologies that go against God's law and all Christian morality. I, with the help of divine grace, have turned the bitter into the sweet, and have taken advantage of the suffering for the good of the whole Church and her Mystical Body entrusted to me. It is precisely in human weakness and limitation that we are called to live in accordance with Christ. They manipulated the course of my life and made me a despicable person to the world, who had to be replaced as soon as possible. They spread the untrue rumor that I had protected pedophile priests, when the reality was very different.

In imitation of Christ, the divine Master, I remained silent and did not open my mouth. I relied on divine intervention, placed myself in the hands of the righteous Judge, and like a meek lamb, I was led to the slaughter to shed my blood for the good of the Church. As a true pastor of the Catholic Church, I did not back down, even though I was called a traitor by the manipulated and generously paid information of the various media. My enemies said that the Church would harden with me and that I intended to return to the pre-conciliar era.

I was the most reviled and discredited Pope. My name caused gnashing of teeth in the corridors of the Vatican Curia. Among the many slanders that were spread about me was that I was a coward who would get off the cross and flee from the wolves. Everything I said in public or in private was twisted with the sole intention of organizing a coup. Another said: He is the worst Pope we have ever had, and so one by one, the swords [were] drilled into my heart. Faced with the harsh reality I saw, I went my way, and that way was to follow Christ to Calvary. The disobedience of the College of Cardinals reached such a level that I could not possibly rule.



As a shepherd, I was always respectful, cordial, and polite in my dealings with everyone, without exception. In return, I received contempt, slander, and insults. My so-called personal secretary was not my confidant, on the contrary, I knew he could not be trusted. He was my executioner, an open microphone for my enemies. It was Francis who had me locked up in solitary confinement and heavy guard. Apparently, he feared that I would say something that would damage his reputation. He feared that I would reveal the truth and thwart his secret plans to destroy the Catholic Church. I made that clear to George Gänswein when I told him: It seems that Pope Francis no longer trusts me.

Even the carefully selected and trained nuns who accompanied me could not be trusted. I felt very lonely, I was literally in a prison. More than once, I wept before the Blessed Sacrament, looked to Christ and asked for the strength not to give in, and for the wisdom to do God's will in all things.

My secretary George (*above*) saw me do it. It was in the second year of my exile in prison and exactly on my secretary's birthday, when I spoke these words: George, today is a special day for you. He said to me, "Thank you, Your Holiness," and he looked at me with a fixed gaze. I continued: You know that my true program of government was not to do my will, but to listen to the Word and will of the Lord, together with the whole Church, and to be led by Him. He replied, "Yes, Holy Father, I know."

"Well, today I want to tell you that it is our Lord Jesus Christ Who, in this hour of our history, in this moment of my apparent uselessness, leads the Church, and will bring it to a happy end, because He has promised that the powers of hell will not overpower the Church. Do you believe what I'm telling you?" He said, "Yes, Your Holiness," and there was a great silence around us and we looked at each other. For the first and only time, I saw in his gaze a trace of genuine friendship. At that moment I prayed to the Lord in the depths of my soul for

the conversion of George and all my enemies, and I said in the depths of my heart, "Lord forgive them, for they know not what they are doing."

I was certainly in Mary's school of silence, which kept everything in her heart, and among the many things I learned in that painful exile was silence. Silence is not weakness, silence is not fear or cowardice, silence is the wisdom of God, it is prudence. And, the truly wise person is the one who knows how and when to shut up, not the one who talks a lot. And, there are times when the Holy Spirit prompts to speak or remain silent. The silence of the righteous prompts the righteousness of God to act, for we put ourselves in the hands of God, the righteous judge. When I began my pontificate, I made it clear that I listen to God's Word with the Church, always do His holy will, am always docile to His Word, always willing to forgive as often as necessary and give a second chance, for it is the soul who must insist on a true shepherd who always avoids judgment not to be judged, and who is willing to correct when it does as needed; and, while I recognize that one has human weaknesses, and I had them, it is also true that I have never let go of the hand of God, who was always in the boat with me. And, although there were many storms, I never distrusted the power of God. Despite my many failures, I always remained faithful to the Lord and repeated in my heart the words of Peter: Lord, You know, You know that I love You.

It was very painful for my broken humanity to discover that they were slowly poisoning me, for I heard my master George Gänswein, without them noticing, giving instructions from Francis to the nuns who served me. I heard him say: keep giving him the medicine, do everything so that it seems natural, suspect nothing, do not ask questions, orders from above, do not worry, you will be well rewarded. I pretended not to notice anything, and from that moment on, every food or medicine I was given was torture. I avoided eating it for fear that it might have been poisoned. And, this lack of food was even more damaging to my already weak health. I always blessed the drugs because I was sure they replaced them.

My life in prison, which had lasted almost 10 years, was coming to an end. God was in a hurry with me. Even if I had wanted to speak clearly, I could not have done it. They wouldn't even have believed me.

They would have twisted my words. I had no one around me to trust. It was a very stressful situation, so God enlightened me, so that I could somehow communicate through codes and parables, through the books, hoping that at least someone would understand the way I spoke.

On the occasion of my 95th birthday, Francis came to visit me, brought a bottle of wine with caramel paste and asked if he could be alone with me. I never thought his cynicism and capacity for evil were so outspoken. Again, I saw his hatred of me, of the Church and, above all, of boundless hatred of the Mother of God. I had always considered myself a peaceful and diplomatic person: What could I do? Only suffering in silence, in great solitude, for at the end of my life I found myself in perfect agreement with the suffering Christ, Who had also been abandoned by all divine help. That was part of my catharsis. I understood. My

office as Christ's vicar required a great purification.

Much had been entrusted to me, and soon I would have to answer to God for all my administration. I had to answer, not only for my soul as a baptized Christian, but for the whole church. What a great responsibility, what a heavy cross I had to bear as Pope. From that moment on, everything was clear to me, and this realization made me doubly uncomfortable.

Under the seal of confession and in his usual flattering attitude of false brotherhood, Bergoglio, or rather Francis, told me in a mocking tone, and in his very cynical, and ruthless way, that he liked to have the Church in his hands, that he would completely destroy her and bury the Eucharist forever.

He said: I will wipe your God off the face of the earth. I have many allies to help me, not only from within but, also from without. The Curia kneels at my feet, and the College of Cardinals, they are faithful dogs, as you know. You can't deny that they are faithful, that they obey, and he smiled mischievously. "I brought them here for you, and in case you don't know, I'll confirm it for you. Consider it a favor on my part. I'm not as bad as they say." He smiled again; this time icy.

His gaze frightened me, and having him in front of me was like seeing Satan. He confessed to me that one of his goals was to throw mud at the Mother of God, to eradicate dogma if possible, and to trample on the Eucharist. He told me that he would eradicate the extraordinary rite in one fell swoop, leaving only the current rite with its many prophecies and sacrileges. Eventually, the new rite was worked out by a Freemason who was an expert in liturgy, and he confessed to me, that he felt joy when he went to the Tepeyac and insulted the Queen of Heaven, face to face. He talked about Mexico. And, then he took great pleasure in the pantomime he performed with a supposed devotion of Russia and the world to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. He said to me, coming even closer and with irony: "Do you want to know who I have invoked for the beloved image of Our Lady of Fatima?" I replied to him that it was not necessary. He told me he would tell me anyway because he knew it would hurt me: "I have called upon the King of Darkness, you understand?" I stayed in complete silence, then he said, "Oh grandfather, I admit I had a lot of fun, but it's time to end the farce. The Catholics are ignorant and mindless, and it is good that they should continue like this, obedient and submissive to everything that is said to them." And, he smiled again.

He confessed to me that it gave him the most satisfaction to see me suffer. He told me that he liked it, and that I was his prey, that he had my life in his hands, that he could lock me up for good at any moment, that it wasn't the first time he did it, and that he didn't mind. He said: Do you know what euthanasia is? And, he smiled, shook his head, and said with a look, "Are you in pain?" I was shocked by everything I heard him say. I could not believe such wickedness, in his heart there was only hatred, and from his lips came nothing, but

horror.

Immediately he said to me, "Holy Father, do not worry, your suffering will soon be shortened, I promise you." And, I looked at him, and answered: "You fear God not." And he said to me, "I know no fear," and he added, "What is fear?"

I said to myself, "He is the destroyer of the Church, and it is clear that he was under the influence of Satan." Then my thoughts flew to Fatima, and tears came to my eyes. I was sure that my days were numbered and that the curtain of my life would soon fall.

The person responsible for shortening those days was my jailer. My seemingly loyal secretary Gänswain. This task had been entrusted to him, and he had to fulfill it without leaving the slightest suspicion of murder. The day before my death, my secretary received a phone call.

It was Francis, and he said this phrase, "It's time," and he hung up. I had heard it because he was near me and he thought I was asleep. I did not resist my executioner. I waited patiently for my end. What else could I have said or done since I was completely isolated and guarded 24 hours a day, since they were really in charge within the Vatican and they, who are now in the majority thanks to Francis, manipulated information and published a truth that was modified and generously paid by the Vatican itself.

It is no secret that throughout history, many Popes were murdered and poisoned by the same Masonic cardinals who had infiltrated the central government. After they became secretaries of state, many of these murders were dismissed as natural death or heart attack, and to dispel any suspicion, they were canonized. To name just one example: the files of Pope John Paul I and the great John Paul II, on whom they had made several failed assassination attempts, and who was eventually silenced with an unnecessary and conveniently performed laryngectomy. Finally, I am here, and I can assure you that there are many ways to kill.

His gaze was a glimpse into infinity, that of Benedict XVI. "I couldn't believe," Sister Benedicta says, "what I heard. I felt a great pain in my heart and a great indignation, but there I was, sitting on the edge of the bed, in complete silence, writing as if I were the Pope's secretary and saying to myself: What a horror, my God. What a lowness." Then the Holy Father looked at me and said, "Be strong and keep writing. I still have a lot to say--all of this is already part of the story. Write, daughter." I said, "I listen to you, Holy Father."

And he went on:

As Pope, I always wore the white soutane, hoping that the world would realize that I had never resigned and that I was under pressure to act and make decisions for the good of the Church. In the few conversations I could have, I always expressed myself in a veiled way so as not to arouse the suspicion of my enemies who were constantly watching me, and I had to be very careful. My enemies were numerous and had many microphones. Now I enjoy great peace, for God is righteous and He always chooses the right time. These are times when many think they own and know the truth. The truth is only one: Christ, and to Him alone we must always remain faithful, even if it costs us [our] life, as it does with me.

On December 8, 2022, with a gesture of confidence and goodwill, I informed my secretary that I had written several letters and my last encyclical *Mary Coredemptrix, Mediatrix and Advocate*. I said this, strongly encouraged by my predecessor, the great John Paul II, a faithful defender of Mary Coredemptrix at the foot of the Cross, I told my secretary where they were. His surprise was not long in coming. He told me: Letters?!, and at the same time he told me with an obligatory smile that he thanked me for the vote of confidence. I pointed out to him that these letters were confidential and addressed mainly to the central government, the Curia of the Vatican, the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith and the Liturgy, the College of Cardinals, Cardinals Gerhard Ludwig Müller, Raymond Leo Burke, Cardinal Zen, Cardinal Robert Sarah, the Priestly Fraternity of Saint Pius X and St. Peter.

I wrote a letter to priests and seminarians urging them to always strive to be exemplary priests, animated by constant and intense prayer cultivating chastity and intimacy with Christ, and I emphasized that the priest must be conformed to the heart of Christ and that only in this way can the priesthood be successful and bear apostolic fruit, and advised them never to be seduced by the logic of career and power words I have often said to priests and seminarians. Finally, I urged them not to make the mistake of taking communion in hand and doing penance according to Our Lady's request. I also wrote letters to the *Institutes of Consecrated Life*, to journalists around the world, and to my good friend, the theologian Giulio Colombi. Finally, I addressed an open letter to the People of God. I urged George that these letters be published three days after my death, and he gave me his word.

In my task of imitating Christ, who had with him to the end the treacherous and perfidious Judas Iscariot, an image of the traitors who would be seen in my Church, I also had George, to whom I showed sincere affection, trust and patience until the last moment, desiring the well-being of his soul and his conversion, even though I knew I would soon see him commit the worst betrayal and the greatest murder.

Knowing that my secretary would betray me, I wisely decided to give a copy of these letters to my great friend Giulio Colombi on his last visit, which was granted to me by a miracle of God after much supplication by my secretary Gänswain. Discreetly and without arousing suspicion, I quickly explained to Giulio what was going on and asked him to publish these documents after my imminent death and to give a copy to each member of the College of Cardinals, so that they in turn could make the right decisions and convene a lawful conclave after my death.

Motivated by this act of trust that I showed my secretary, he secretly and treacherously communicated everything to Francis, the letters and the encyclical, the encyclical *Mary Coredemptrix*, which I had written and in which I **dogmatically proclaimed** the co-salvation of the Mother of God. Without him noticing, and thanks to the volume of his phone, I could hear Francis give the order to burn everything, and he added: We must not leave any-

thing that could be compromising, to which he replied: I will, and he hung up. He didn't know I had heard everything. [However, Giulio Colombi died on January 1, 2023, the day after Benedict's death, ed.]. Knowing of the betrayal of my secretary George Gänswein and as a last chance for him to justify himself before God, I explicitly recommended to him the encyclical I wrote on March 25, 2022, in which after three years, day and night, in deep prayer and asking God to enlighten his servant with his Holy Spirit, I solemnly and dogmatically declared the role, knowing the complete and accurate documentation that lies in the archives and accompanies this new Marian dogma, revealed to the Blessed Virgin Mary as the spiritual Mother of all peoples, among her three main aspects as Coredemptrix, Mediatrix and Advocate, which enable her to fully exercise her spiritual motherhood, a gift given to her by her Son Jesus Christ on the cross for all mankind of all times.

The encyclical states: "The Blessed Virgin Mary is our Mother in the order of grace, Coredemptrix, Mediatrix and Advocate, whose motherhood is universal and has been addressed to all peoples and races since the creation of the world, beginning with the salvation accomplished by her Son Jesus Christ. In the face of the unprecedented crisis of faith, family, society and peace that characterizes the present state of humanity, the intercession of the Mother of God is needed today more urgently than ever. I am convinced that this papal definition of the spiritual motherhood of the Blessed Virgin Mary will be an extraordinary remedy for the current global crisis that threatens humanity," and I signed it: Benedict PP. XVI, Shepherd of Shepherds.

When I finished writing this encyclical, I received a sign from heaven. In my heart, I was sure my career was over. It was the last thing I would do as Pope, and from that moment on, the countdown had begun. I felt at that moment like the Omega who ended a cycle in the Church and began a new and strong faith persecution.

That last morning I couldn't sleep, I was breathing heavily, my sleepless nights were getting longer and longer. But, I was aware that the Lord was in control. My state of mind was not the best, I felt tired and very overwhelmed by everything I knew was going on, with Francis' confession tormenting me day and night, and that I could not possibly speak given my situation, and especially the seal of confession, which is inviolable. It tormented me to cause an unprecedented scandal. My communication with the world was veiled, it was like a silent scream in my long and painful agony.

Then, came the moment when my secretary Gänswein came in in the early morning hours. He thought I was asleep, because I had had several long nights. He was convinced that he had fooled me all those years we had been forced to live together. To his surprise, I was awake. I prayed the rosary to my good and dear Mother, my companion in this exile, Mary the Coredemptrix. What better companion could there be than she who was always faithful to her Son Jesus Christ and who stood at the foot of the cross?

George came up to me and said, "Your Holiness, can't you sleep? I have to give you this medicine." I was done, and God let me know it was time to go. Then I stared into his eyes. He looked at me and immediately averted his eyes. His gaze was cold, like that of a corpse.

I took heart and said to him, "George, have you ever thought of my death?" He replied, "No, Your Holiness." I said, "You should do that and examine your conscience often, it is very healthy for the soul, life is very short, and one day you will have to answer to God for your life." He said to me, "Your Holiness, why these words?" In a very low tone and with great difficulty breathing, I answered him: "Gänswein, you have been with me for a long time, and you do not know me, yet? What you have to do, do it now and without further ado, but remember that one day you have to answer to God, don't forget that," and we stared at each other in silence.

Then, my secretary was surprised and realized that I had exposed his deception and that it was he who had been deceived. Then, he gave me the injection and told me in my ear, "it's time to end the farce." I was ready and I prayed, and contrary to his wish, I had peace--that peace that only God can give the soul, and I whispered to him, "I forgive you, everything from my heart," and in my agony, my last words were, "Lord, I love You. You know me and you know I love you." And, I fell asleep like someone falling asleep in his mother's arms.

Throughout my painful pontificate, that is, during the eight years of active office and the nearly ten years of contemplative office, I was subjected to harsh criticism and humiliation. All my life I was mercilessly subjected to public ridicule, but the most painful humiliation I experienced when I came to Berlin, and the German bishops and cardinals refused to welcome me. The other and greatest humiliation I experienced was on the part of my executioners on the day of my funeral.

When I accepted the Peter ministry on April 19, 2005, I had that firm certainty that has always accompanied me, the certainty of the Church's life through the Word of God. At that time, as on other occasions, I spoke out publicly. The words that resounded in my heart were these: "Lord, why do you want this from me and what do you want from me? It is a heavy burden that You have placed on my shoulders, but if You ask me with Your word, I will cast out my nets, trusting that You will guide me in spite of all my weaknesses."

"At the end of my life, I can say that the Lord really guided me, that he was close to me, that I could feel his presence every day, that I had moments of joy and light, but also moments that were not easy. I felt like Peter with the apostles in the boat on the Sea of Galilee. The Lord gave us many days with sun and a light breeze, days when there was plenty of fishing, but there were also times when the water was rough and the wind fickle, as in all the history of the Church, and the Lord seemed to be asleep. But, I have always known that the Lord was in that boat, and I have always known that the Church's boat is not mine, not ours, but His, and the Lord does not sink him, it is He who guides him, certainly also by the people he has chosen because he has so willed it. That was and is a certainty that nothing or no one can cloud, and that is why my heart today is full of gratitude to God, because he has never left the whole Church or me without his comfort, his light and his love.



“I have loved each of you, indiscriminately, with that pastoral love that is the heart of every shepherd, especially of [as?] the Bishop of Rome, the successor of the Apostle Peter, every day. I have carried each of you in prayer with the heart of a father. I want my greeting and thanksgiving to reach everyone. I want my heart to expand to the whole world. Now, at the end of my career, I can assure you that the Pope is never alone. The Lord has always been with me. He worked with me. He rested with me. He rejoiced with me at the abundant catch. And, he wept with me. All this was experienced by my heart during my pontificate, until the last day of my death. My yes was a total surrender to God and to his work of redemption. It was a yes forever in the Immaculate Heart of Mary. I never left the cross, as many have claimed, but remained at the side of the crucified Lord in a new way, firmly with Mary at the foot of my Lord’s cross. Now, I want to ask you one last favor.”

“I listen, Your Holiness,” Sister Benedicta replied.

“I want you to publish this in the media without leaving out a detail, as I have written, because everything is of great importance to the Church.

“Do not be afraid, I understand that it is a delicate mission that I ask of you. Can I trust you?”

And the sister answers him: Your Holiness, of course you can count on me, I will be your secretary, if you will allow me. And, he says to her: Do it and don’t be afraid of the possible retaliation this letter may cause. I want it to reach the Vatican Curia, every member of the College of Cardinals. “Holy Father, may I ask you a question,” says the sister, and he replies:

“I’m listening.”

“After your death, a spiritual will was published, presumably yours. Is it true that it is yours?” Pope Benedict replied: “As for my Spiritual Testament, I will tell you that it has been published in an incomplete form. Every Pope is free to write a spiritual will. I wanted to write it in two parts. I decided to do this because I was in a predicament at the time, and especially because there was a risk of schisms within the Church.

“The situation was so complicated that I even risked being locked up in a real prison if I didn’t comply with their demands--the pressure was clearly coming from the United States and the Chinese government.

“This was the reason I couldn’t write a full will and was thinking about writing it in two parts. I called the part that was published Alpha, while I called the second part of the will Omega. This second part was burned along with the letters and the encyclical I had written.

“This second part is the part I just dictated to you.

“That is why this document is very important and it is important that you bring it to light. This task requires your courage.” “I understand, Your Holiness,” said the sister.

“As for my secretary Gänswein, I will tell you that he has again used me to his advantage. I also refer to the book he self-published. Many of his confessions have been conveniently adapted. He’s just trying to entertain without saying what he should say. But that’s irrelevant, now.”

The real testimony, and more than a testimony, is this document that I have just dictated to you and that I leave in writing thanks to you who was the Lord's secretary and is now mine. Before I conclude, I want to send a message of faith to all religious communities through your community. On this day, I invite you, who participate in the life and mission of the Church in the world, above all to nurture a faith capable of illuminating your vocation, so that your life may be an evangelical sign of contradiction for a world that is increasingly moving away from God and his love. A world that wants to live without God, is a world without hope.

Dress, tender children, in Jesus Christ and carry the weapons of light, as the apostle Paul admonishes, and remain awake and watchful.

Always remember that the joy of consecrated life necessarily goes hand in hand with participation in the cross of Christ. The same was true of Mary the Coredemptrix.

On this Feast of Lightmas, I wish that the Good News in you will be lived, witnessed and proclaimed and that it will shine as the word of truth. You are the lightning rod of the Church and stand firmly at the foot of the cross with Mary, the Mother of God.

Tell everyone I'm with God. I go, but I also abide and accompany the Church in her purification as far as Calvary, that she may be adorned with the same glory as the Bridegroom.

Dear friends, God leads his church, he always supports it and especially in difficult times. Never lose that vision of faith that is the only true vision of the way of the Church and the world. May there always be in the heart of each of you the joyful knowledge that the Lord is with us. He will not disappoint us. He is close to us and fills us with his love. I invoke the eternal protection of Mary, the Coredemptrix and the Apostles Peter and Paul for the whole Church, and lovingly grant to all the children of God the Apostolic blessing: *Pater et Filius et Spiritus Sanctus. Amen.*

"Your Holiness," says Sister Benedicta, "and now your signature." He said:  
"Write: 'Benedict PP. XVI.'"



# PICTURE CREDITS

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