SILENT HOMILIES

Before Anyone Knew Their Names

Lucia, Francisco and Jacinta
before Fatima became Fatima



Silent Homilies

Little Treasures

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Before You Begin

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Most people who know Fatima already know how the story ended. Francisco and Jacinta were canonised in 2017. Lucia became a Carmelite nun, lived until 2005, and was declared Venerable in 2023. Their faces are now recognised across the Catholic world.

There was a time when none of that existed. They were simply Lucia, Francisco and Jacinta: three children in a hamlet called Aljustrel, in the parish of Fatima, in central Portugal.

This book does not retell the six apparitions of 1917. It does not explain the Secrets, the Miracle of the Sun, or the later pilgrimages. Those belong to other books. The question here is simpler. Who were they before anyone knew their names?

Most of what we know comes from later sources, especially Lucia's memoirs, written years after the events. Family memories and the later processes for beatification add more. That means we have to be careful. Lucia later remembered. Early testimony describes. Some details are less certain. Where the evidence is thin, the book will say so.

Fatima is an approved private revelation. It does not add a new Gospel. This book is not about proving or unpacking that revelation. It is about three children who existed before the world started looking at them.

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Chapter 1

A village nobody expected the world to visit

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Aljustrel was a hamlet of the parish of Fatima, in the municipality of Vila Nova de Ourém, in the centre of Portugal. Lisbon lay more than a hundred kilometres to the south-west. The land was hilly. Families lived from small farms, olives, livestock and whatever the season allowed. Houses were simple. Roads were poor. Water and weather decided the day.

Fatima, in 1916, was the name of a parish, not of an international shrine. Aljustrel was where the children lived. The Cova da Iria was a piece of pasture belonging to Lucia's family, a hollow among the hills. Valinhos and the Cabeço were nearby places on the same landscape. None of them was famous. Pilgrims did not come. There was no basilica. There was no esplanade.

Portugal had become a republic in 1910. The new political climate was often hostile to the public life of the Church. That matters as background. It does not mean that every village stopped being Catholic. In places like Aljustrel, family prayer, Sunday Mass and the parish priest still ordered much of ordinary life.

Outsiders would later speak as if nothing had been there until 1917. The world often notices a place only after something large has happened there. The people who already lived in Aljustrel did not think of their village as empty.

Reflection

Christianity happens in real places. Bethlehem, Nazareth and Calvary were ordinary places before Christians across the world learned their names. Lourdes was a small town before it became a destination for pilgrims. Fatima was a parish before it became a shrine. People already lived in those places. They fetched water, buried their dead and prayed.

Aljustrel did not become real in 1917. It was already the whole world to the children who walked its paths. What changed later was not the soil. What changed was the number of people who had heard of it.

A place does not become valuable only when the world notices it. Most of the places where our own lives happen will never appear on a pilgrim map. They are still the places in which a life before God is actually lived.

A Short Prayer

Lord, teach us to take ordinary places seriously, even when nobody else is looking at them. Amen.

Chapter 2

Two families

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Lucia was the youngest child of António dos Santos and Maria Rosa. The parish register of Fatima records her baptism on 30 March 1907. She had been born in Aljustrel on 22 March, in the evening. There were seven children in the house: six girls and one boy. Maria dos Anjos, the eldest, was already grown and married by 1917. Lucia was the baby of the family and, by later memory, much loved.

The family was rural and working. They were not a great house. They were not landless beggars either. Lucia later said that in Aljustrel the Santos family were among those who owned property. Romantic pictures of absolute poverty do not quite fit. Life was still hard. Work was expected. Money was not abundant.

Francisco and Jacinta were the youngest children of Manuel Pedro Marto, known as Ti Marto, and Olímpia de Jesus. Francisco was born on 11 June 1908 and baptised on 20 June. Jacinta was born on 11 March 1910. Olímpia was the sister of Lucia's father. That is why the three children were first cousins. Olímpia had first been married to José Ferreira Rosa. After his death she married Ti Marto. There were older half-brothers and many other children in the Marto house.

The two houses stood close to each other in Aljustrel. The children ran between them. Lucia later remembered that she had not always wanted the younger cousins under her feet. As they grew, the running back and forth became part of the day.

Maria Rosa taught catechism in the home. She would not let the children go out to play until the lesson was known. The parish priest, Lucia later wrote, was satisfied with them and even used the older children to help teach others. Faith in these houses was not an extra subject. It sat inside the ordinary work of the family.

Reflection

Long before millions heard Lucia's name, somebody had to teach her the Hail Mary. Maria Rosa is not a famous figure in the later story of Fatima. She taught catechism at home. She would not let the children go out until the lesson was known.

The Church says that parents are the first educators of their children in the faith. A child learns whether Sunday matters by watching what the house does on Sunday. A child learns how to speak to God by hearing other people do it first. The priest still matters. Formal teaching still matters. A great deal has already happened before anyone sits down with a catechism card.

These families were not perfect. Lucia's father was remembered as less regular than her mother. Faith is often handed on by people whose names history will never record.

A Short Prayer

Lord, bless those who first taught us to pray, especially the ones whose names the world will never print. Amen.

Chapter 3

Lucia before she became Sister Lucia

†

Lucia was ten in May 1917. Later photographs and later titles make it easy to forget that. She was the youngest at home and, by several accounts, lively. Ti Marto later said she was a chatterbox, affectionate and mischievous, and that he used to think she would turn out very good or very bad. Father de Marchi, who knew the later story well, said she was not the holy-picture type of pretty child. Other children liked her.

She had a gift for stories. She remembered catechism. She could hold a room of children. That is one reason she later became the one who spoke. It was not only that she heard the Lady. She was already the cousin who talked, remembered and led games.

Lucia later wrote that she loved dancing and festivals. Her sisters dressed her up for feast days. She sang, and if partners were short she would dance the waltz. She also later wrote that after her First Communion some of that taste for the world's amusements lessened. We should let her say that as a later memory, not turn the small girl into a nun in advance.

She made her First Communion at six, earlier than the parish priest first wanted. Lucia later described crying when he told her to wait until she was seven. A visiting Jesuit, Father Cruz, spoke with her and judged that she understood what she was doing. The account is moving. It is also Lucia remembering, years afterwards, a day that marked her. She herself wondered, in the memoir, how much of one remembered detail was reality and how much a child's impression. That honesty is worth

keeping.

When she was old enough, her mother sent her out with the sheep, as older sisters had been sent before her. Childhood in Aljustrel included responsibility. It also included games. Lucia was not a plaster saint. She was a girl who could remember a lesson, start a dance and mind a flock.



Lucia dos Santos
Aljustrel / Fátima, 1917

From a photograph taken after the reported apparitions had begun. No photograph of Lucia from before May 1917 has been used here. Historical photograph. Source noted in Sources.

Reflection

Lucia liked dancing. She liked festivals. She talked. She told stories. She was mischievous. Later she became a Carmelite nun and lived a hidden life for decades. It is tempting to treat that as two different people. The record is less tidy than that.

A call from God does not usually wipe out a personality. It takes the person who is already there and slowly teaches that person how to give herself differently. A girl who could hold a room with a story later became the person whose memory preserved much of what the Church knows about Fatima. That does not prove that God gave her a lively tongue simply so that she could later be a witness. It only shows that grace often works with what is already in the child.

Lucia later said that after her First Communion some of her taste for amusements lessened. She did not say that the child who danced had been a mistake. The girl and the nun belong to one life.

A Short Prayer

Lord, take the people we already are and teach us how to give ourselves to You. Amen.

Chapter 4

Francisco before he became Saint Francisco

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Francisco was nine in May 1917. Lucia later wrote that, apart from his face and his practice of virtue, he did not seem Jacinta's brother. He was quiet where she was lively. He joined the games, but he did not mind losing. If other children claimed the victory he would let them have it.

What he liked was music. Lucia remembered him sitting on a high rock with a reed pipe or penny whistle, playing while the girls sang and danced. He would stay with the tune when they ran off. He liked sunrise and sunset. The children called the sun Our Lord's lamp and the moon Our Lady's. Francisco preferred the sun.

He was kind to animals. Later stories, drawn from Lucia and from family memory, say he hated the robbing of birds' nests and once spent the only coin he had to free a captive bird. Those details come through later telling. They fit the quieter boy the family remembered.

He was not a miniature mystic sitting apart from childhood. He played. He shepherded. He could be slow to fight. After the apparitions his prayer took a particular shape, consolation of Our Lord, which this book will not unfold at length. The boy before that was already himself: musical, peaceable, not eager to win.

He and Jacinta were illiterate in the ordinary school sense. Their knowledge was oral, practical and local. That did not make him unintelligent. It meant his world was the hills, the house, the parish and the people he knew.



Francisco Marto
Aljustrel / Fátima, 1917

From the same 1917 group photograph. It shows Francisco after attention had already begun to gather around the children. Historical photograph. Source noted in Sources.

Reflection

Francisco did not particularly need to win. He liked music. He was quieter than Jacinta. He could stay with a tune when the others ran off. Later his prayer became more hidden and more still. That does not prove that the quiet boy was already a mystic. A temperament is not the same thing as holiness.

God sometimes works with the kind of person we already are, rather than against it. Peter is not John. Martha is not Mary. Francis of Assisi is not Thomas Aquinas. The Church has room for the person who speaks and the person who keeps still.

Francisco did not have to become loud in order to become holy. A quiet child can be overlooked in a family and in a parish. We should be slower to assume that the child who does not push himself forward has nothing to give.

A Short Prayer

Saint Francisco, pray for children who are quiet and easily overlooked. Amen.

Chapter 5

Jacinta before she became Saint Jacinta

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Jacinta was seven in May 1917, the youngest of the three. Lucia's memoirs give her more pages of childhood than they give almost anyone else. That is affection as well as history. We see Jacinta through a cousin who loved her and who was writing years later.

She was lively. She liked dancing. Lucia said she brought a special grace to it. She liked singing, sometimes from a high place so that her voice would carry. The name that echoed best, Lucia remembered, was Maria. She liked her hair tidy. Her mother later said she was not as plump as Francisco, that her eyes were light, and that the family could keep the children shod.

She could be determined. When Lucia first went out alone with the sheep, Jacinta found the absence hard and pleaded to go as well. She could be affectionate and also sharp. Lucia did not hide every fault. Fairness requires that. A child who later offered great sacrifices was first a child who wanted company, games and her own way at times.

The later accounts of her intense response to sin and to the vision of hell belong after May 1917. They should not be read backwards into every early game. The girl who danced on the hill is the same girl. The intensity came later, into a temperament that was already warm and strong.



Jacinta Marto
Aljustrel / Fátima, 1917

From the same 1917 group photograph, taken after the reported apparitions had begun. Historical photograph. Source noted in Sources.

Reflection

Jacinta loved strongly. She could be demanding. She liked company. She danced. Later that same intensity became part of a spiritual life that still startles people who read it.

Grace does not need to erase a person's character in order to make that person holy. It did not need to make Jacinta less intense. It had to teach her what was worth giving that intensity to. A child who could not bear to be left behind later found it hard to leave Our Lord, and the conversion of sinners, alone.

That does not mean every strong feeling is holiness. Jacinta had ordinary faults. Lucia did not hide them. God can take a particular child, with her warmth and her stubbornness, and slowly teach her how to love what is worth loving.

A Short Prayer

Saint Jacinta, pray for children whose feelings run strong. Amen.

Chapter 6

Sheep, hills and children's work

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Shepherding was work. In these families it was a task given to children when they were old enough and when an older sister or brother was needed elsewhere. Lucia later wrote that she was sent out as her mother had sent the others at that age. Carolina was then old enough to go out to other work. The flock had to be taken to pasture, watched, watered and brought home.

The children walked. They chose ground for the day. They met at places with local names: the pond at the Barreiro, the Cabeço, Valinhos, the Cova da Iria. The Cova was family pasture before it was a shrine. Weather mattered. Animals strayed. A child who lost sheep was not playing a charming game. The family economy depended on the animals coming back.

They took food with them. Lucia remembered sharing lunch with the sheep so that the animals would stay near and the children could play. That memory tells us something useful. They were responsible for the sheep, but they were still children who wanted time to play.

An exact timetable for a typical morning cannot be reconstructed as if someone had kept a diary in 1916. What can be said is enough. These children were not on holiday. Rural childhood in that place included work that modern city childhood often postpones for years.

Reflection

These children had responsibilities before anyone considered them important. They looked after animals that could wander away. If the flock did not come home, the family felt it.

Most of the important work in a Catholic life is done before anybody applauds it. Parents feed children. Someone sits with a person who is ill. A priest in a small parish hears confessions and buries the same families year after year. None of that waits for recognition.

The children of Aljustrel were not rehearsing to become famous shepherds. They were doing the job they had been given that morning. That is how a great deal of holiness actually looks, long before anyone writes a book about it.

A Short Prayer

Lord, bless the work that is done before anyone thinks to praise it. Amen.

Chapter 7

Games, songs, dancing and ordinary childhood

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Lucia later remembered popular entertainments, feast-day clothes, songs and dancing. Francisco played the pipe. Jacinta danced. They invented games on the hills. They shortened the Rosary so that play could start sooner, calling only the names of the prayers as the beads went through their fingers. That last detail is not very pious. It is very childlike. Lucia recorded it herself.

There were other children in Aljustrel. Before 1917 Lucia shepherded with a wider group. From 1917 the cousins were her usual companions. The world of games was local: whoever was free, whichever hill was dry enough, whichever song someone knew.

Catholic biographies sometimes write as if a future saint never laughed. The evidence here points the other way. These children sang. They competed. They got bored with long prayers. They liked festivals. Holiness, when it came more sharply later, did not require the deletion of that earlier joy. It grew in people who already knew how to play.

Reflection

Lucia later recorded that they sometimes shortened the Rosary because they wanted to get back to playing. They passed the beads and said only the names of the prayers. She did not hide that.

Later Fatima became one of the places most strongly associated with the Rosary. Popes have gone there. Millions have prayed there. And yet these children did not begin as experts in prayer. Once they wanted to finish quickly and play.

God did not wait until their prayer was impressive before entering their lives. Prayer can grow. A person can begin badly and still be called further in. That is not the same as pretending that the shortened beads were already a masterpiece.

A Short Prayer

Lord, be patient with the poverty of our prayer, and do not wait for us to become impressive before You come near. Amen.

Chapter 8

School — and the education they did not have

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Formal schooling for Francisco and Jacinta was little or none before the apparitions. They did not read and write as schoolchildren do now. Lucia's own regular schooling came later, after 1917, and more fully after she left Aljustrel. What they had first was oral: catechism at home, stories, songs, the knowledge of animals, weather, paths and people.

Portugal was changing its schools in those years. That larger history need not detain us. What matters is the local fact. These children were not being prepared as witnesses for a modern archive. Their early education was mostly the kind of knowledge needed for ordinary village life.

And yet they became the human source for one of the most discussed religious events of the twentieth century. That does not mean that lack of schooling is a virtue. Schooling matters. It means that intelligence is larger than a classroom. Memory, attention, language, practical judgement and the ability to tell what one has seen are also forms of knowledge.

Lucia's later memoirs show a mind that could order events, describe people and notice detail. That gift was already at work in the child who learned catechism on her mother's lap and told stories to the others. Education had begun. It had not begun at a desk.

Reflection

The Church values learning, and she also values a simple faith. The two are not meant to cancel each other. Not knowing your letters does not make you holy, and a certificate does not by itself make you wise.

Francisco and Jacinta could not read as schoolchildren read now. Lucia's regular schooling came later. That did not make them blank. They knew animals, weather, paths, people and the prayers they had been taught. Schooling still mattered. They also knew things school had not yet taught them.

The Church later examined their testimony with care because the claim was large and the formal schooling small. That was right. Respect does not mean treating a lack of letters as a virtue. It means refusing to assume that only a trained witness can tell the truth.

A Short Prayer

Lord, bless every kind of real knowledge, and keep us from despising either school or the wisdom of those who had little of it. Amen.

Chapter 9

Catholicism at home

†

Fatima did not create the children's Catholic faith out of nothing. They were baptised in the parish church. They learned the Hail Mary as Maria Rosa taught it. The Rosary was known. There were images. There was Sunday. There were feast days. There was the habit of naming the sun and moon in a Catholic way, half play and half piety.

Maria Rosa's catechism lessons are the clearest family detail. She wanted the children ready when the priest asked questions. She also wanted more than rattled answers. Lucia later remembered being used, still a child, to help other children learn. That is domestic Catholicism: demanding, practical, a little proud, and tied to the parish.

Not every Portuguese household lived this way. The republic had supporters in the towns. Some men were slack about religious duties. Lucia's own father was remembered as less regular than her mother. The book should not pretend that Aljustrel was a perfect Catholic village. It was a Catholic village in which some people practised more carefully than others.

The children's later reports of an apparition made sense to them inside this world. They already had words for Our Lady, the Rosary, sin, heaven and the parish. Private revelation, if it is received at all, is received by people who already belong to the Church. It does not replace that belonging.

Reflection

Before anyone spoke of Our Lady of Fatima there was already Baptism, Mass, Confession, catechism, the Rosary, Sunday and a parish. That order matters. Private revelation does not replace the Gospel. It does not create another Catholic faith. If the Church receives an approved apparition at all, she receives it inside the life she already has.

The children of Aljustrel did not invent the Hail Mary in a field. They carried words and habits they had learned at home and in church. Their reported experiences in the Cova da Iria happened within a faith that already named Our Lady, sin, heaven and the sacraments.

The extraordinary, when it is genuine, should lead Catholics more deeply into the ordinary means Christ has already given the Church. A pilgrim who loves Fatima and neglects Sunday Mass has missed the direction of the thing. The apparition is not a second religion standing beside the first.

A Short Prayer

Lord, keep us rooted in the faith we already have, and humble about every private claim. Amen.

Chapter 10

Sunday, parish and village faith

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The parish church of Fatima was the children's institutional home. They were baptised there. Lucia made her First Communion there. Sunday Mass, Confession, catechism classes and funerals belonged to that building and to the priest who served it. From a child's height, the Church was a place you walked to, a man you answered, a set of days that broke the working week.

Rural priests in that Portugal had to hold a parish together in a country whose official mood was often unfriendly. The children would not have phrased it like that. They would have known the priest, the church, the feasts and the graves.

There were already older local devotions in the region. Fatima parish was not a blank religious map. What 1917 added was not the first Catholic gesture in those hills. It was a claim that something further had happened in a field the family already used.

Why does Catholicism need a parish when people can pray at home? Because the sacraments are not private inventions. Baptism, Eucharist, Confession and Christian burial need a community that remembers how they are done. A house can teach the Hail Mary. It cannot, by itself, be the whole Church.

Reflection

Before basilicas, pilgrimages and popes came to Fatima, there was a parish church. Someone baptised these children. Someone heard confessions. Someone celebrated Sunday Mass. Someone taught catechism.

A parish can look very unimpressive. That is part of Catholic life. The faith survives through a font, an altar, a confessional, a graveyard, and a Sunday that breaks the week. A house can teach the Hail Mary. It cannot, by itself, be the whole Church.

Most Catholics still live their faith mainly through ordinary parishes. The great shrine came later. The parish was there first.

A Short Prayer

Lord, bless the parishes that carry the faith when nobody is watching. Amen.

Chapter 11

Three children who were not the same

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It is easy to say "the three little shepherds" and stop. They were not interchangeable. Lucia was the eldest, the talker, the storyteller, the one other children followed, the one who later had to speak. Francisco was quieter, musical, unwilling to fight for a prize. Jacinta was younger, warmer, sharper, fond of dancing and of company.

Those differences help to explain later patterns without turning personality into destiny. Lucia could describe what she had seen, Francisco could keep still, and Jacinta could feel a thing intensely and not let it go. After 1917 those traits met a claim that changed their days. The traits themselves were already there.

The Church canonised Francisco and Jacinta, two particular children, in 2017, on the centenary of the apparitions. Lucia's cause is separate. She was declared Venerable in 2023. Precision matters here. They were not "three saints" in the canonical sense. They were three cousins.

Holiness does not require one temperament. Francisco's quietness and Jacinta's intensity were both capable of being formed by grace. The Church has room for both. That is simply what the evidence shows.



Lucia dos Santos, Francisco Marto and Jacinta Marto
Fátima, 1917

One of the best-known photographs of the three children. It was taken after reports of the apparitions had already begun to draw attention to them. The clothing and setting remind us that the images by which the world came to know them were made after their ordinary anonymity had ended. Historical photograph. Source noted in Sources.

Reflection

Parents sometimes compare their children without quite meaning to. One serves at Mass and talks easily about God. Another hardly speaks. One can sit through the Rosary. Another cannot keep still. It is easy to decide that the child who looks religious is the one in whom God is working.

St Paul told the Corinthians that there are varieties of gifts, but the same Spirit. He was writing about the Church, and a family can hear it too. Catholic holiness is not a personality type. A quiet child is not further from God than a talkative one, and a child who cannot sit still has not failed the faith.

These three cousins were already different before anyone outside the hamlet knew their names. Grace did not have to turn them into the same child three times.

A Short Prayer

Lord, do not let us mistake one kind of child for the only kind You can love. Amen.

Chapter 12

The last ordinary days

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In the spring of 1917 the children still woke in the same houses. They still took the sheep out when they were told. They still knew the paths to the Cova da Iria as pasture, not as a destination for the world. They did not know that millions would walk those paths. They did not know that popes would come, that two of them would be canonised, that Lucia would live as a nun into another century, or that their faces would be printed on holy cards.

On 12 May 1917 they were three children of Aljustrel. On 13 May they reported that a Lady had appeared to them in the Cova while they were with the sheep.

This book stops at that threshold. What they reported, how the parish and the country responded, and what the Church later judged, belong to the next chapter of a different book. The children who walked out that morning were the children described here: cousins, workers, players, already Catholic, not yet famous.

Reflection

Would anyone watching these three children on 12 May 1917 have thought their lives historically important? Almost certainly not. Fatima is unusual because people who were unknown became known. Christianity makes a larger claim than that. A human life does not need an audience in order to matter.

Most Christians will never have biographies. Most photographs will not survive for a century. That does not make a person's life any less important to God. Baptism already says that a person is known. The hidden years of Christ at Nazareth say the same thing. So does the feast of All Saints, which remembers far more people than the calendar can name.

God does not wait for publicity before a life counts.

A Short Prayer

Lord, teach us to honour people who will never be photographed. Amen.

A Last Word

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The photographs in this book were taken after the reported apparitions had begun. That is the honest thing to say. We do not have a family snapshot from the quiet years. We have the faces the world learned once the quiet had ended.

Even so, look at them as children. Lucia, Francisco and Jacinta had homes, parents, cousins, sheep, games and a parish before they had a shrine. Their later story is not smaller because that is true. It is more believable.

Before anyone knew their names, they already had names. Scripture says it plainly enough. The Lord says, I have called you by name. The world learned these three names later. God did not.

Saint Francisco and Saint Jacinta, pray for us.

Lord, we thank you for the life and witness of Venerable Lucia.

Our Lady of Fatima, pray for us.

Sources and Further Reading

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Sister Lúcia dos Santos, Fatima in Lucia's Own Words (Memoirs I–IV), Sanctuary of Fatima editions. Childhood material especially in the Second and Fourth Memoirs.

Santuário de Fátima, official historical and biographical notes on Lúcia dos Santos, Francisco Marto and Jacinta Marto.

Parish baptismal register of Fátima, 30 March 1907, for Lucia; baptismal dates of Francisco (20 June 1908) and Jacinta as recorded in parish and sanctuary sources.

Congregation for the Causes of Saints / Dicastery for the Causes of Saints: beatification of Francisco and Jacinta, 13 May 2000; canonisation, 13 May 2017; decree of heroic virtue for Lucia, 22 June 2023 (Venerable).

Catechism of the Catholic Church, *66–67*, on private revelation.

John de Marchi, early narrative based on local testimony; use with the usual caution toward later popular retelling.

Photographs: widely reproduced 1917 plates of the three children, including the group portrait taken after the reported apparitions had begun. Captions in this book note that chronology. Historical photographs remain subject to the rights of their original holders where those rights still exist.

If you would like to help another Little Treasure begin

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This book started with a fairly small question. What were these three children like before anyone knew their names?

Finding an honest answer took considerably longer. Old accounts had to be read. Details had to be compared. Historical photographs had to be checked. Later devotional traditions had to be distinguished from what we can reasonably know about three children growing up in Aljustrel.

That kind of work takes time and resources. I want Silent Homilies and the Little Treasures to remain freely available to anyone who wants to read them. Researching, writing, checking, editing, designing and keeping the project available online all have a practical cost.

If you enjoyed meeting Lucia, Francisco and Jacinta in a slightly different way, and if you are able to help me continue this work, I would be truly grateful. It would not simply help with the book you have just finished. It would help me begin researching and preparing the next Little Treasure.

You are not paying for this book. You are helping the next one to be written.

If you choose to help, thank you. It gives me the time and resources to open another question, follow the sources, and prepare the next Little Treasure for everyone to read freely.

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