“We saw the angel holding in his left hand a chalice, and suspended in the air above it was a Host from which drops of Blood fell into the chalice…”

October 13, 1917 the pilgrims increased (70,000). They saw the rain stop suddenly, the clouds tear apart, the solar disc face outwards like a silver moon that spun dizzily, similar to a wheel of fire, projecting beams of multi-colored light in every direction, that fantastically lit up the clouds in the sky, the trees, the rocks, the land and reverberated through the immense crowd, paused for a few moments and then again the dance of lights, like a rich and glowing wind-mill. Again a pause and then for the third time fireworks, more varied and colored than ever. The crowd had the impression that the sun was falling from the sky and let out a collective scream “Miracle! Miracle!”.

When everything ended, even the people’s clothes, drenched from a short time before, were perfectly dry.