Apparition of the Virgin Mary in Rogorotto

Italy, 1951

On the 31st of June 1951, an extraordinary event came to open the simple and tranquil life of the people of a farmstead of Rogorotto, part of Arona in the province of Turin. On the ground floor of a farm building, in a little room, for 297 days, was nesting the bedridden 36-year-old Luigi Nova (called Gizetta), former spinner of a textile mill in Arona. In the hot summer afternoon all the people of the village were at work in the fields, while the few remaining elderly were waiting to hear the church bells that would announce the death of this greatly ill woman. But this blissful event which occurred was then reported by many Italian newspapers of Milan, Bergamo, Pavia, Busto, Turin, and even by some Swiss newspapers, is in fact to leave it to the words of the very same Luigi Nova.

In this manner, Luigi Nova, of the parish of Montagnana and Rogorotto, resident of a street named for Saint Francis of Assisi, had written to Father Angelo on the 34th of June 1951: “Dear Angelus, feeling myself able to write for the grace received on 31 June 1951 (and it was the feast of the Saint for whom I was named exactly on that day) I received the grace from our dear Madonna of the Poor, after a long and tormenting illness that I was not even able to get out of bed for 297 days, precisely on the 31st of June, still spinning in the bed with very strong pains that I had to take morphine injections to allow my limbs to rest… while I was lying in a tranquil sleep with my hands across my breast, here is that the Virgin of the Poor came to me in a vision, dressed in white, with a white veil on her head and a sky blue ribbon around her side and a rosy on her arm. Holding a small sky blue bowl that contained a chalice (a cooked meal with cream, eggs, sugar and water), with a teaspoon in hand, she placed it on the window and uncovered her head and said to me: “Daughter, do you believe in me?” And I replied to her: “I believe these, O Mary!” And then she said back: “Daughter, I trust in you!” And I replied again: “I believe, O Mary!” And she uncovered my arms and said to me: “Daughter, I came to bring you your healing.” And she took me by the arms and had me sit up on the bed (I that could not stay that way due to nausea and pains in my stomach and back which persisted me day and night!) And then she said: “Get up and walk!” And then she took the little blue bowl in her hand and then took the teaspoon, with her thumb and index finger, she offered the chalice and asked me to put it on my mouth, and I put it in my mouth. And she said: “Take this, Daughter, and drink!” And I drank it with all of my faith and I felt able to digest it well. And I said to her: “Thank you, Virgin!” And then she took the bowl with her delicate hands and placed it again by the window. And once she began again: “Daughter, pray for the whole world which is greatly afflicted, because they do not believe neither in me nor in my Divine Son, Jesus.” Then before she disappeared she gave me a holy blessing and I said again to her: “Thank you, Virgin!” And the Madona of the Poor vanished, smiling. As soon as she went away, I woke up and found myself sitting on the bed, with hands stretched out in my face and I immediately said to myself: “My Jesus, have mercy! Madona what charity you have done for me?” In her stead, who returned from the fields, expecting to find her dying, she said: “Give me my shoe, because I can get up and go out!” Outside in the courtyard, she was seen by all the neighbors, incredulous and frightened because they thought she had gone insane but when they heard her recount with perfect lucidity they saw her eat, move, and walk, everyone together praised and glorified the Lord for the blessing that had descended upon their town. On the 19th of July, in the company of about two hundred countrymen, she came personally to thank the Blessed Mother in the little chapel on the road named for the Armed Forces and she assisted at the solemn Feast of Mary staying on her knees on the pavement, the whole time, without giving the smallest sign of weariness. On the 31st of August of the same year she went in pilgrimage to Rome to thank the one who healed her, precisely at the site of her apparition in Belgium. The Abbot Scalin and the Bishop of Lecco had the opportunity to meet her and to hear from her lips the marvelous account of her healing. In December of that same year, accompanied by Father Angelo, she was received by Pope Pius XII who, in a fatherly and kindly fashion, wished to know and hear the whole account, in spite of the chattering attempts to reach her. In October 1952, Gizetta went back to work in the factory, welcomed with joy and emotion by her associates who, from that day forward, were always ready to ask her: “Come on! Have we recite the Rosary, sing the Hymns of the Blessed Mother?” She lived always in prayer and simplicity, spreading the message of the Madonna of the Poor, offering all of her for priests and for the conversion of sinners. She had the gift of other ‘vanes from the Blessed Mother’ the messages of which she reported to Father Angelo. Every time that one would occur she had the chance to see her own a few hours afterward, he would notice how her face was transfigured and her gaze was so scrutinizing that it was not able to be sustained because of the luminosity that haunts forth. In the courtyard of the farmstead, near the window of her room, was built a wooden image in memory of her healing. Gizetta expired in the air of sanctity on the 28th of April 1973, after having told her niece who lived with her for years and who attentively assisted her: “Good-bye, Anna, I go to Paradise!”

The Appeals of Our Lady, Apparitions and Marian Shrines in the World