

Blessed is Her Name

The History and Divine Life of the Blessed Virgin Mary

Inspired by

**The Mystical City of God by
Sister Mary of Jesus of Agreda**

by

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DEDICATION

To the Mother of All and to all those who know that in the end
Her Immaculate Heart will triumph.

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PREFACE

Blessed is Her Name is a prose adaptation of an “inspired” screenplay written by Barbara Oleynick in 2000. It is based on the spiritual writings of Mary of Jesus of Ágreda, a devout Franciscan nun from Agreda, Spain, commonly known as Maria de Ágreda (1602– 1665). Born into a family dedicated to God, her mother and she entered the convent of The Immaculate Conception in January 1619 while her father and two brothers became Franciscan friars - she was unexpectedly made Abbess at twenty-five by papal dispensation. Dying with a reputation for sanctity, her cause for canonization was introduced just seven years later, on June 21, 1672, by the Congregation of Rites at the Court of Spain.

Her lasting prominence stems not merely from her holy life but from her work “The Mystical City of God”. Conceived in 1627, nine years after joining the convent, it was initiated at her confessor’s command and the first 400 pages were produced in only twenty days. Although she initially sought to suppress its publication, a copy was sent to Philip IV - who had long expressed interest in it. Later, following another confessor’s instruction, she burned all her writings, only to restart the work in 1655 and complete it by 1660; it was printed posthumously in Madrid in 1670.

Claiming to record divine revelations,

The Mystical City of God details the mysteries of the Divine Life and Death of the Virgin Mary, celebrated as Mother of Humanity and Queen of Heaven. Originally a 4000-page Spanish text divided into four volumes, it was later translated into German in 1885 by the Redemptorist Fathers. Inspired by the German edition, Chicago priest Father George J. Blatter learned Spanish to produce an English translation, first published in 1912.

In September of 1999, Barbara began work-shopping her thesis from NYU a musical called *The Miracle of Fatima*. While visiting a local Catholic book store she experienced a serendipitous encounter when *The Mystical City of God* literally fell off a bookstore shelf onto her foot. Struck by the work, she read it throughout the year, often rereading chapters of the 1000-page tome. She began writing a screenplay, something she had never done before on December 8, 2000, and finishing on December 25th. This new narrative adaptation of that screenplay brings the history and divine life of the Virgin Mother of God to a wider audience. For the time has come for Her to Triumph!

CHAPTER ONE

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

In the year 25 B.C. the village of Nazareth hummed with energy, its narrow streets teeming energy with merchants calling out their wares and children weaving through the crowds in playful bursts of laughter. The rhythmic clang of a blacksmith's hammer echoed against stone walls, mingling with the chatter of vendors haggling over prices. The air was rich with the scent of warm, freshly baked bread, mingled with the earthy aroma of spices, cinnamon, cumin, and cardamom, spilling from woven baskets. Sunlight glinted off clay rooftops, and the distant bleating of goats blended into the symphony of daily life, painting a scene of a town alive with purpose and tradition.

A group of women clothed in long, flowing linen tunics of deep blues, muted reds and earthy natural creams clustered in the village

square, their voices weaving together in a lively chorus of laughter and conversation. They encircled two younger women, both heavy with child, their hands brushing gently over rounded bellies as they murmured blessings and shared knowing smiles. The air crackled with excitement, the warmth of sisterhood wrapping around them like a comforting shawl. Sunlight danced on their faces, highlighting eyes gleaming with anticipation, while the rhythmic swish of woven skirts and the faint scent of lavender and baked figs carried through the breeze, marking the moment as one of joy, hope, and the promise of new life.

An older couple moved deliberately through the bustling crowd, their presence steady yet subdued. Joachim, his frame still strong despite the weight of years, carried himself with quiet dignity, his weathered hands

clasped behind his back as he matched his wife's careful steps. Beside him, Anne walked with a grace dulled by sorrow, her lined face shadowed by an ache too deep for words. Her eyes, once bright with youth, now held a distant, wistful gaze, reflecting burdens carried in silence. The folds of her earth-toned cloak fluttered slightly with each step, the fabric worn yet dignified, much like the woman herself.

As they approached the group of women, Joachim noticed the way Anne's gaze lingered on the pregnant women, her hand instinctively moving to rest on her own barren stomach. He leaned close, his voice a gentle murmur.

"Anne... don't."

Anne forced a smile, though her eyes betrayed her pain. "Joachim, I am fine. Come, let us wish them well. They are soon to receive such wonderful gifts from God. How blessed are they!"

They approached the group, and the women's laughter faltered, their eyes darting uncomfortably to Anne. She greeted them with a warm smile, though her heart ached her words were sincere.

"You are due soon, Rachel, and you as well, Susanna. What do you think, another boy for each this time? Shall I pray for daughters for you?"

One of the women, her tone sharp and unkind, replied, "You should pray for yourself, Anne."

The group erupted into laughter, their voices cutting through the air like a knife. Another woman, emboldened by the first's cruelty, turned to Joachim.

"Joachim, I have a lovely younger sister. She is ready and quite ripe for giving you the child you need. Our law says you may take a new wife if the old becomes like a withered piece of land."

Joachim's jaw tightened, but he said nothing. Instead, he gently guided Anne away from the group, his heart breaking at the look of pain etched across her face.

The vibrant colors of the day gave way to the cool, silvery light of a full moon. The village of Nazareth lay quiet under the starlit sky, the stone homes casting long shadows in the moonlight until it came to rest on the humble dwelling of Joachim and Anne.

Kneeling in prayer, their heads bowed and hands clasped in quiet devotion. The room was hushed, save for the soft murmur of their voices rising like incense to the heavens. Joachim's voice, steady and reverent, broke the silence first. He began, his words heavy with both hope and longing

"Almighty Father, we continue to pray for the coming of the Messiah. The One who will be the salvation of humanity. May His word be all that man knows and lives by. Your wrath is held back in times when it seems so needed, how great is Your love for Your children, Lord. Yet, they do not fear your might, nor do they honor the glory of Your greatness."

Anne's voice joined his, softer but no less fervent, her words trembling with the weight of years of unanswered prayers. *"Most Holy Father, Lord of all, I continue in my prayer to bear a child so that we might honor the laws of our faith. This child we would dedicate to You. We pray this be Thy will and that it be done."*

Their prayers lingered in the air, a sacred offering of faith and surrender, as the flickering light of a single oil lamp cast their shadows against the walls. Their prayers would be answered in ways neither could have imagined.

Ten years pass since Joachim and Anne first began their fervent prayers for a child. The seasons had turned, and now the village lay

blanketed in the quiet stillness of winter. The landscape, once vibrant with summer's warmth, was now stark and cold, the trees bare and the earth hardened by frost. Inside their humble home, the years had etched their marks upon Joachim and Anne. Their faces bore the lines of time, their hair streaked with silver, yet their faith remained unshaken.

Once again, they knelt in prayer, their voices rising in unison, a testament to their enduring devotion. But this time, as they prayed, a sudden and radiant light filled the room, engulfing them in its brilliance. Before them appeared a young and strikingly handsome man, his presence both ethereal and tangible. It was the angel Gabriel, his form glowing with divine light, his voice gentle yet commanding.

"I am Gabriel, sent by the Holy Trinity with this message - you, Joachim and Anne, who have shown yourselves to be devout servants, who in continuous prayer for the redemption of humanity and the coming of the Messiah, have come to Our presence and have been heard in Our clemency. So too has been heard your prayer for a child. Our promise to you, by the favor of Our right hand, is that you will receive the Fruit of Benediction. Anne, although sterile, shall miraculously conceive a daughter, to whom We give the name of Mary. She will be blessed among women. All nations shall know her as The Blessed. For love has softened the heart of the Almighty and has hastened His mercies toward man. This daughter shall be wonderful in all her doings and in all her life. From her childhood, let her be consecrated to God, as you have promised. She shall be elect, exalted, powerful, and full of the Holy Spirit. For the Conception of the Child, all heaven and earth shall rejoice."

The light around Anne grew even brighter, and Gabriel turned to her, speaking privately. *"We will create in you a perfect work, which is the object of Our Omnipotence, and a pattern of the perfection intended for Our children, and the finishing crown of creation. In Her, who shall be*

free of sin, we deposit all the graces and good given and then lost by the first man. You alone will know that Mary shall be the

portal of life and salvation for the sons of Adam.”

With that, the angel Gabriel disappeared, and the light surrounding the couple faded, leaving them in stunned silence.

Winter gave way to the gentle warmth of late summer. Anne, now visibly with child, worked in her garden, her hands tending to the plants with care. Above her, a fleeting whiteness lingered in the air, an indistinct yet palpable presence. Anne hummed softly with a face radiant with joy. A neighbor passing by paused to greet her.

“*It won’t be long now, will it, Anne?*” the woman asked, her tone curious and warm.

Anne smiled, resting a hand on her rounded belly. “*The end of summer is still two months away.*”

“*And what do you think? A boy? A girl?*”

Anne laughed softly with eyes sparkling. “*A miracle at my age!*”

The two women shared a laugh, their voices carrying on the breeze.

CHAPTER TWO

THE BOWELS OF HELL

Deep beneath the earth, the bowels of hell seethed with an unrelenting, insatiable fury. Flames roared like living beasts, their tongues of fire licking at the jagged, blackened rock, casting wild, flickering shadows that danced like tormented souls. The very ground pulsed with heat, cracked and molten, oozing with rivers of liquid fire that carved a path through the abyss. The air was thick with the acrid stench of sulfur and the echoes of anguished wails, their sorrow woven into the very fabric of the infernal expanse. Darkness loomed in the spaces between the flames, not the absence of light, but a consuming, suffocating void, pressing against the damned like an unseen hand. It was a place of endless torment, where time lost meaning and despair clung to the air like a choking fog, wrapping itself around all who dared to fall into its grasp.

Lucifer, his form towering and menacing, paced back and forth, his movements agitated. Suddenly, he threw his head back and let out a gut-wrenching roar, his voice echoing through the abyss. He spread his hand open, peering into it, and the image of Anne and her neighbor laughing appeared. He saw Anne place her hand on her pregnant belly, her joy unmistakable.

Lucifer's hand clenched into a fist, and he let out a guttural moan, his rage palpable.

Later, inside her home, Anne sat by the window, her fingers deftly stitching a delicate baby garment. The golden afternoon light spilled through the wooden shutters, casting warm, dappled patterns across the earthen floor. A gentle breeze stirred the fabric in her lap, carrying the faint scent of rosemary and freshly baked bread. The quiet hum of village life drifted in from outside, distant voices, the occasional bleat

of a goat, but within these walls, all was calm, a sanctuary of quiet devotion.

Then, without warning, the air shifted. The warmth drained from the room, replaced by an unnatural chill that prickled against her skin. The soft light dimmed as if the very sun recoiled. A weight settled over her chest, thick and suffocating. The flickering oil lamp trembled, its flame shrinking, as a darkness, richer than shadow, pooled in the farthest corner.

And then, he was there.

Lucifer emerged, his presence warping the space around him, a figure of terrible beauty and consuming dread. His eyes, like smoldering embers, bore into her, and though his face was carved with the perfection of an angel, it was marred by something deeper, an ancient rage, a sorrow twisted into something cruel. The very air around him pulsed with an unseen force, pressing against her, threatening to suffocate the peace that had moments before filled the room. Anne's needle slipped from her fingers, forgotten, as she stared into the face of darkness itself.

His appearance was more man-like than beast, though his presence was no less terrifying. He began to berate her, his voice dripping with malice.

"Look at you, such an old, withered woman with child. And Joachim is even older than you are. It's not his, is it? You adulteress. You please me. You, who pray to God with such piety, carry your sin in your belly."

Anne fell to her knees, weeping, her hands instinctively covering her belly to protect her unborn child. Before Lucifer could unleash a single word, a sudden radiance shattered the oppressive gloom. In an instant, two celestial beings descended, their presence illuminating the room with a brilliance that defied the very darkness seeping from the fallen angel's form.

One angel swept down with breathtaking swiftness, its massive wings unfurling like a shield of pure light, enveloping Anne in a barrier of divine protection. The air around her, once thick with dread, now

hummed with an unearthly warmth, a soothing strength that pushed back the suffocating grip of evil.

The second angel stood firm, towering before Lucifer with a presence that radiated unwavering authority. Its eyes burned with the fire of heaven itself, its robes gleaming like molten gold. Without hesitation, the angel's voice rang out, rich and commanding, each word thrumming with the power of the Almighty.

"You will not enter this house again," the angel declared, its voice shaking the very air. *"Do you not see? Anne is guarded by us, servants of the Lord. Depart, for you have no claim here!"*

The very walls of the home seemed to vibrate with the weight of the pronouncement. The darkness recoiled, hissing like a wounded serpent, and Lucifer's once-imposing form wavered, his fury met with an immovable force.

Lucifer's eyes narrowed, his voice laced with venom. *"Why does He guard such a wretched woman who carries a bastard child? He scrapes the bottom of the barrel for believers."*

The angel's voice was firm. *"Leave and know that Anne is never alone."*

Lucifer's form began to dissipate, but his voice lingered, a chilling echo. *"And I am watching. I am always watching."*

As his presence vanished, his voice spiraled into the abyss, a haunting reminder of his relentless malice. *"Why does the likes of such disturb me so? I will end her life if need be. Whatever it takes to return to a state of peace."*

CHAPTER THREE

THE BIRTH OF MARY

Two months later, the village of Nazareth lay bathed in the soft glow of a full moon, its light casting long shadows across the landscape. The night was still, the air crisp with the promise of dawn. On a hillside overlooking the village, Joachim knelt in prayer, his silhouette stark against the moonlit sky. His hands clasped, his head bowed as he quietly expressed his gratitude and requests.

The moon's gentle beam filtered into a room of his small stone house where Anne lay in the throes of labor. Yet, unlike the usual cries and struggles of childbirth, the room was filled with an otherworldly calm. Anne sat upright, her face serene, as if untouched by the pains of labor. Midwives moved about the room, their expressions a mix of awe and confusion.

"Anne," one midwife murmured, her voice tinged with wonder, "I have never seen such a thing. Not one pain. Strange, is it not, Sister?"

The second midwife chuckled softly, though her eyes betrayed her amazement. *"Perhaps it is her age. If I had known it would be so easy, I would have waited myself. Look, the child is coming forth."*

Anne, calm and composed, reached out as the midwife gently placed the newborn in her arms. The newborn girl was swaddled in the soft linen prepared for her arrival, her delicate form cradled with the utmost care. Yet, as she lay nestled in her mother's arms, something beyond the ordinary unfolded, her skin seemed to glow with a light not of this world, a gentle, celestial radiance that only Anne and the angels could perceive. It shimmered like the first blush of dawn, subtle yet undeniable, a quiet declaration of the divine touch upon her life.