

A Conversation between Two Witnesses*

Translated from Spanish by Father François Turner

July 19, 1987 marks the 25th anniversary of the "Miracle of the Visible Host" that took place at Garabandal. Among the witnesses to the prodigy were Alejandro Damians, a businessman from Barcelona, Spain, and Dr. Jean Caux, a cosmetic surgeon from Paris. Both men came to film this special event that had been announced by Conchita 15 days in advance. As it turned out, Mr. Damians, with only a borrowed camera and illumination from a flashlight held by one of the bystanders, was able to film a few moments of the miracle, while Dr. Caux, with all his professional equipment, was not.



Dr. Caux shot a lot of film footage in Garabandal but was unable to film the Miracle of the Visible Host.



In an interview with NEEDLES (Spring 1972), Alejandro Damians spoke of his experience in filming the miracle: "Because I am a bit tall, the people behind me kept saying, 'Get down!' and then someone hit me over the head with something a few times. I crouched over and Conchita was on her knees. . . . I took the camera out of the bag. I looked through the lens and without making any adjustments or anything, I made sure I could see Conchita's head and shot." (see page 12)

On August 15, 1963, in the village of Garabandal, the following conversation took place between these two valuable witnesses.

The Conversation

Dr. Caux: Was it you who made the film of the visible Communion? I had hoped to see and converse with you. Does it bother you if I ask you a few questions?

Mr. Damians: I am happy to meet you also and I'll willingly answer whatever you may ask.

Caux: I have read your report about

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the film and would like to have more details, if this is possible?

Damians: You must take into account that the report is incomplete; there is something that I could not put into it, perhaps the best part. It was what I felt deeply and about which I truly cannot write.

Caux: Please tell me, was the Host really thicker than usual?

Damians: I don't think so. What I did see, was that it sort of fell on the sides, so that from the profile it appeared thicker than usual, but it really wasn't. At any rate, I would swear that it wasn't.

Caux: Were you watching all the time?

Damians: As long as I stood close to the girl, I did not stop looking at her tongue, and I assure you I did not stop looking a single instant; of course, I may have blinked, but this does not take more than a tiny fraction of a second. What I did see is that, with the speed of light, the Host took shape on the tongue. It would be said more exactly in an instant.

Caux: Why didn't you film the event from the beginning?

Damians: I was dumbfounded, absorbed, and didn't grasp what was happening. Truthfully, it didn't enter my mind. I don't even remember why I was photographing. I took out the camera and caught the last seconds of the miracle.

Caux: Do you think there is a possibility of deceit?

Damians: If this were demonstrated to me, I wouldn't believe anymore in Garabandal. My faith would not undergo the least variation. At the utmost, I might be of the opinion that some unscrupulous persons have speculated on holy things. But, I say, there could not have been any deceit.

Caux: Did you think of touching it (the Host)?

Damians: No.

Caux: Was the tongue in normal position?

Damians: I would say it was held out more than usual.

Caux: Allow me to ask a question that I have desired to ask you for a long time. Did you feel at that moment a joy so enormous, so far out of this world, that you couldn't share it with anyone and that you wouldn't exchange it for anything in this world, not even for a billion pesetas? And, if such is the case, did you share it with anyone?

Damians: You are asking me a question which I have asked myself in nearly the same words. I would not exchange the bliss which I felt in those moments neither for a billion pesetas nor for anything in the world. It was a joy, deep and intense, which I cannot explain nor share with anyone. Something utterly different from the ordinary; *something for which I would give my life*, and which did not permit me afterwards to follow the young girl in ecstasy, nor my wife nor anyone, but forced me to go into a corner and weep in silence.

Caux: Thank you, I am delighted, for this is what I was thinking. There are still two things I would like to know: why was your joy so profound; and if you were in a state of grace that day. If it bothers you to answer, don't, and forgive me.

Damians: I will willingly answer you. I was in the grace of God. Hence my emotion didn't come from the miracle as such, nor from seeing the girl with something white on the tongue. Some people say that the Host had a cross in the center, others that the cross was double. I didn't see anything of the sort. I am going to tell you something great: my impression of what I saw was of meeting the true God. And therefore I would not exchange it for anything in the world. If God wants me to see the

miracle, I will be delighted. But if not, I don't believe that anything in the world could produce in me a deeper impression than the one I had of having seen *Him* in that solemn and greatest moment of my life.

Caux: You make me happy on the one hand, and sad on the other, as I felt the same thing, but the complete reverse. Believe me, I had prepared everything to film the event, and was more ready than ever. But it all went wrong, and I could not film at all. It was only at the last moment, at the last fraction of a second, that I was able to see the Host which disappeared, swallowed by the girl. At that moment I felt a dreadful, inexplicable sorrow which choked me because *I could but catch a glimpse of God as He fled from me*, (with a feeling of regret all the greater because Conchita had allowed me, in a letter, to film the miracle). It was only at that moment I thought that I was in the state of mortal sin. I also wept, but out of sorrow, because *at that moment I understood what hell and sin were*, because I saw no hope of relief for my sorrow and feeling of disgrace. My wife wanted to comfort me, but I could not explain. Anyway she could not have understood. It was a sorrow too great to be shared or consoled, and I believe that only if God allows me to see the Miracle, and I remain by Him in His grace, will this sorrow leave me. This sorrow was so deep that I believe it would have killed me. It still pierces my heart. You will now understand why for me, who did not feel your joy but only sorrow, it doesn't matter whether people call me mad or anything else, as long as I serve God in this affair and will be able to see the Miracle which will relieve me of the dagger of suffering which pierced me on that day. (I could not join the crowd which shouted with enthusi-

In 1976, Joey Lomangino and Conchita's mother, Aniceta, stood on the exact spot in Garabandal where the Miracle of the Visible Host took place during the early morning hours of July 19, 1962.



asm 'the Host, the Host'. I was deprived of this joy and of what they had seen, except at the last moment.) I also noticed that the villagers avoided me; I thought they saw my sin. (It seemed to Dr. Caux that only Mr. Damians and himself left the crowd to weep.)

Damians: I understand everything. I

assure you that it wasn't mere impression, when you thought the villagers meant you harm. What is certain is that the people thought you had come with a woman who wasn't your wife; they thought she was a brief encounter companion. They even asked me to try to send you away. I now understand why God did

not let me do it. You stayed and thus suffered more than from whatever the villagers might have done to you.

Caux: You are right, but I will tell you that in spite of the suffering being immense, I prefer not to have been dismissed and having had to go through it. I know now what God is and what He wants of me. I know the hell of not seeing God, and how this pain was relieved through confession. This pain being such that I would not hesitate to give my whole fortune to be relieved from it. It was relieved by the hope of seeing the Miracle and its God-given fruits. You will understand that if I went somewhat mad for God—*fou de Dieu*—no one can be shocked if I reach the apex of human madness working for this cause which made me feel something so deep, unknown and terribly great and which, I hope, will leave me the day of the Miracle. Believe me, the sight of hell moves me to the point of causing me to move the world, announcing to it the coming Miracle in order that it may be saved. I anxiously work toward that event as if I were the only one to know of it. Eight days before, I shall spend my time bringing to Garabandal my parents, my wife,* daughter and my brothers who intend to come anyway.

Believe me, my family was first to think it was madness. My brother, for instance, has just now visited the village and he believes. It is a grace of God that people no longer think me mad, but you can be sure that I do not mind what they think of me.

ONLY GOD MATTERS TO ME.** □

*Dr. Caux's wife, Claude, died of cancer on January 1, 1985.

**After returning to France, where he went to confession, Dr. Caux recovered his peace and a new life. He also remembered a startling fact: after the miracle of the Host, Conchita, walking backwards, came toward him even though he had hidden himself from the crowd. Then, with her back to him, she gave him the crucifix to kiss three times.

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