

Of Prophets & Predictions,
Messages & Lying Tongues
by
The Messenger of the Covenant

illustrations
by
Namrata Manna

Joan of Arc

- a catholic biography

In French Jeanne d'Arc;
by her contemporaries
commonly known as
la Pucelle (the Maid).

Born at Domremy in Champagne, probably on 6 January, 1412; died at Rouen, 30 May, 1431. The village of Domremy lay upon the confines of territory which recognized the suzerainty of the Duke of Burgundy, but in the protracted conflict between the Armagnacs (the party of Charles VII, King of France), on the one hand, and the Burgundians in alliance with the English, on the other, Domremy had always remained loyal to Charles.



Jacques d'Arc, Joan's father, was a small peasant farmer, poor but not needy. Joan seems to have been the youngest of a family of five. She never learned to read or write but was skilled in sewing and spinning, and the popular idea that she spent the days of her childhood alone in the pastures, is quite unfounded.

All the witnesses in the process of rehabilitation spoke of her as a singularly pious child, grave beyond her years, who often knelt in the church absorbed in prayer, and loved the poor tenderly. She had sung and danced there with the other children, and had woven wreaths for Our Lady's statue, but since she was twelve years old she had held aloof from such diversions.

It was at the age of thirteen and a half, in the summer of 1425, that Joan first became conscious of that manifestation, whose supernatural character it would now be rash to question, which she afterwards came to call her "voices" or her "counsel." It was at first simply a voice, as if someone had spoken quite close to her, but it seems also clear that a blaze of light accompanied it, and that later on she clearly discerned in some way the appearance of those who spoke to her, recognizing them individually as St. Michael (who was accompanied by other angels), St. Margaret, St. Catherine, and others. Joan was always reluctant to speak of her voices. None the less, at her trial she told her judges: "I saw them with these very eyes, as well as I see you."

Although Joan never made any statement as to the date at which the voices revealed her mission, it seems certain that the call of God was only made known to her gradually. But by May, 1428, she no longer doubted that she was bidden to go to the help of the king, and the voices became insistent, urging her to present herself to Robert Baudricourt, who commanded for Charles VII in the neighbouring town of Vaucouleurs. This journey she eventually accomplished a month later, but Baudricourt, a rude and dissolute soldier, treated her and her mission with scant respect, saying to the cousin who accompanied her: "Take her home to her father and give her a good whipping."

Meanwhile the military situation of King Charles and his supporters was growing more desperate. Orléans was invested (12 October, 1428), and by the close of the year complete defeat seemed imminent. Joan's voices became urgent, and even threatening. It was in vain that she resisted, saying to them: "I am a poor girl; I do not know how to ride or fight." The voices only reiterated: "It is God who commands it." Yielding at last, she left Domremy in January, 1429, and again visited Vaucouleurs. Baudricourt was still skeptical, but, as she stayed on in the town, her persistence gradually made an impression on him. On 17 February she announced a great defeat which had befallen the French arms outside Orléans (the Battle of the Herrings). As this statement was officially confirmed a few days later, her cause gained ground. Finally she was suffered to seek the king at Chinon, and she made her way there with a slender escort of three men-at-arms, she being attired, at her own request, in male costume — undoubtedly as a protection to her modesty in the rough life of the camp. She always slept fully dressed, and all those who were intimate with her declared that there was something about her which repressed every unseemly thought in her regard.

She reached Chinon on 6 March, and two days later was admitted into the presence of Charles VII. To test her, the king had disguised himself, but she at once saluted him without hesitation amidst a group of attendants. From the beginning a strong party at the court — La Trémoille, the royal favourite, foremost among them — opposed her as a crazy visionary, but a secret sign, communicated to her by her voices, which she made known to Charles, led the king, somewhat half-heartedly, to believe in her mission. What this sign was, Joan never revealed, but it is now most commonly believed that this "secret of the king" was a doubt Charles had conceived of the legitimacy of his birth, and which Joan had been supernaturally authorized to set at rest. Still, before Joan could be employed in military operations she was sent to Poitiers to be examined by a numerous committee of learned bishops and doctors. Returning to Chinon, Joan made her preparations for the campaign. Instead of the sword the king offered her, she begged that search might be made for an ancient sword buried, as she averred, behind the altar in the chapel of Ste-Catherine-de-Fierbois. It was found in the very spot her voices indicated.

There was made for her at the same time a standard bearing the words Jesus, Maria, with a picture of God the Father, and kneeling angels presenting a fleur-de-lis. But perhaps the most interesting fact connected with this early stage of her mission is a letter of one Sire de Rotslaer written from Lyons on 22 April, 1429, which was delivered at Brussels and duly registered, as the manuscript to this day attests, before any of the events referred to received their fulfilment. The Maid, he reports, said "that she would save Orléans and would compel the English to raise the siege, that she herself in a battle before Orléans would be wounded by a shaft but would not die of it, and that the King, in the course of the coming summer, would be crowned at Reims, together with other things which the King keeps secret."

Before entering upon her campaign, Joan summoned the King of England to withdraw his troops from French soil. The English commanders were furious at the audacity of the demand, but Joan by a rapid movement entered Orléans on 30 April. Her presence there at once worked wonders. By 8 May the English forts which encircled the city had all been captured, and the siege raised, though on the 7th Joan was wounded in the breast by an arrow. So far as the Maid went she wished to follow up these successes with all speed, partly from a sound warlike instinct, partly because her voices had already told her that she had only a year to last. But the king and his advisers, especially La Trémoille and the Archbishop of Reims, were slow to move. However, at Joan's earnest entreaty a short campaign was begun upon the Loire, which, after a series of successes, ended on 18 June with a great victory at Patay, where the English reinforcements sent from Paris under Sir John Fastolf were completely routed. The way to Reims was now practically open, but the Maid had the greatest difficulty in persuading the commanders not to retire before Troyes, which was at first closed against them. They captured the town and then, still reluctantly, followed her to Reims, where, on Sunday, 17 July, 1429, Charles VII was solemnly crowned, the Maid standing by with her standard, for — as she explained — "as it had shared in the toil, it was just that it should share in the victory."

The principal aim of Joan's mission was thus attained, and some authorities assert that it was now her wish to return home, but that she was detained with the army against her will. An abortive attempt on Paris was made at the end of August. Though St-Denis was occupied without opposition, the assault which was made on the city on 8 September was not seriously supported, and Joan, while heroically cheering on her men to fill the moat, was shot through the thigh with a bolt from a crossbow. The Duc d'Alençon removed her almost by force, and the assault was abandoned. It was April before Joan was able to take the field again at the conclusion of the truce, and at Melun her voices made known to her that she would be taken prisoner before Midsummer Day. Neither was the fulfilment of this prediction long delayed. It seems that she had thrown herself into Compiègne on 24 May at sunrise to defend the town against Burgundian attack. In the evening she resolved to attempt a sortie, but her little troop of some five hundred encountered a much superior force. Her followers were driven back and retired desperately fighting. By some mistake or panic of Guillaume de Flavy, who commanded in Compiègne, the drawbridge was raised while still many of those who had made the sortie remained outside, Joan amongst the number. She was pulled down from her horse and became the prisoner of a follower of John of Luxemburg. Guillaume de Flavy has been accused of deliberate treachery, but there seems no adequate reason to suppose this. He continued to hold Compiègne resolutely for his king, while Joan's constant thought during the early months of her captivity was to escape and come to assist him in this task of defending the town.

No words can adequately describe the disgraceful ingratitude and apathy of Charles and his advisers in leaving the Maid to her fate. If military force had not availed, they had prisoners like the Earl of Suffolk in their hands, for whom she could have been exchanged. Joan was sold by John of Luxembourg to the English for a sum which would amount to several hundred thousand dollars in modern money. There can be no doubt that the English, partly because they feared their prisoner with a superstitious terror, partly because they were ashamed of the dread which she inspired, were determined at all costs to take her life. They could not put her to death for having beaten them, but they could get her sentenced as a witch and a heretic. Moreover, they had a tool ready to their hand in Pierre Cauchon, the Bishop of Beauvais, an unscrupulous and ambitious man who was the creature of the Burgundian party.

Throughout the trial Cauchon's assessors consisted almost entirely of Frenchmen, for the most part theologians and doctors of the University of Paris. Preliminary meetings of the court took place in January, but it was only on 21 February, 1431, that Joan appeared for the first time before her judges. She was not allowed an advocate, and, though accused in an ecclesiastical court, she was throughout illegally confined in the Castle of Rouen, a secular prison, where she was guarded by dissolute English soldiers. Joan bitterly complained of this. She asked to be in the church prison, where she would have had female attendants. It was undoubtedly for the better protection of her modesty under such conditions that she persisted in retaining her male attire. Before she had been handed over to the English, she had attempted to escape by desperately throwing herself from the window of the tower of Beaufort, an act of seeming presumption for which she was much browbeaten by her judges. This also served as a pretext for the harshness shown regarding her confinement at Rouen, where she was at first kept in an iron cage, chained by the neck, hands, and feet. On the other hand she was allowed no spiritual privileges — e.g. attendance at Mass — on account of the charge of heresy and the monstrous dress (*difformitate habitus*) she was wearing.

As regards the official record of the trial, which, so far as the Latin version goes, seems to be preserved entire, we may probably trust its accuracy in all that relates to the questions asked and the answers returned by the prisoner. These answers are in every way favourable to Joan. Her simplicity, piety, and good sense appear at every turn, despite the attempts of the judges to confuse her. They pressed her regarding her visions, but upon many points she refused to answer. Her attitude was always fearless, and, upon 1 March, Joan boldly announced that "within seven years' space the English would have to forfeit a bigger prize than Orléans." In point of fact Paris was lost to Henry VI on 12 November, 1437 — six years and eight months afterwards. It was probably because the Maid's answers perceptibly won sympathizers for her in a large assembly that Cauchon decided to conduct the rest of the inquiry before a small committee of judges in the prison itself.

The examinations terminated on 17 March. Seventy propositions were then drawn up, forming a very disorderly and unfair presentment of Joan's "crimes," but, after she had been permitted to hear and reply to these, another set of twelve were drafted, better arranged and less extravagantly worded. With this summary of her misdeeds before them, a large majority of the twenty-two judges who took part in the deliberations declared Joan's visions and voices to be "false and diabolical," and they decided that if she refused to retract she was to be handed over to the secular arm — which was the same as saying that she was to be burned. But she refused to make any submission which the judges could have considered satisfactory. On 9 May she was threatened with torture, but she still held firm. Meanwhile, the twelve propositions were submitted to the University of Paris, which, being extravagantly English in sympathy, denounced the Maid in violent terms. Strong in this approval, the judges, forty-seven in number, held a final deliberation, and forty-two reaffirmed that Joan ought to be declared heretical and handed over to the civil power, if she still refused to retract. Another admonition followed in the prison on 22 May, but Joan remained unshaken. The next day a stake was erected in the cemetery of St-Ouen, and in the presence of a great crowd she was solemnly admonished for the last time. After a courageous protest against the preacher's insulting reflections on her king, Charles VII, the accessories of the scene seem at last to have worked upon mind and body worn out by so many struggles. Her courage for once failed her. She consented to sign some sort of retraction, but what the precise terms of that retraction were will never be known. In virtue of this concession, Joan was not then burned, but conducted back to prison.

The English and Burgundians were furious, but Cauchon, it seems, placated them by saying, "We shall have her yet." Undoubtedly her position would now, in case of a relapse, be worse than before, for no second retractation could save her from the flames. Moreover, as one of the points upon which she had been condemned was the wearing of male apparel, a resumption of that attire would alone constitute a relapse into heresy, and this within a few days happened, owing, it was afterwards alleged, to a trap deliberately laid by her jailers with the connivance of Cauchon. Joan, either to defend her modesty from outrage, or because her women's garments were taken from her, or, perhaps, simply because she was weary of the struggle and was convinced that her enemies were determined to have her blood upon some pretext, once more put on the man's dress which had been purposely left in her way. The end now came soon. On 29 May a court of thirty-seven judges decided unanimously that the Maid must be treated as a relapsed heretic, and this sentence was actually carried out the next day (30 May, 1431) amid circumstances of intense pathos. Her demeanour at the stake was such as to move even her bitter enemies to tears. She asked for a cross, which, after she had embraced it, was held up before her while she called continuously upon the name of Jesus. "Until the last," said Manchon, the recorder at the trial, "she declared that her voices came from God and had not deceived her." After death her ashes were thrown into the Seine.

Twenty-four years later a revision of her trial, the procès de réhabilitation, was opened at Paris by the Holy See. Now an appellate court constituted by the pope, after long inquiry and examination of witnesses, reversed and annulled the sentence pronounced by a local tribunal under Cauchon's presidency.

St. Joan was canonized a saint in 1920 by Pope Benedict XV. She was not yet 20 years old when she died.

May 30, 1431, town of Rouen, France.

... "After giving her Holy Communion she was led to the Vieux Marche, and beside her walked Friar Martin and myself, with an escort of eight hundred soldiers armed with axes and swords. And when she came to the Vieux Marche she listened to the sermon with great fortitude and most calmly, called on the Blessed Trinity, and upon the blessed and glorious Virgin Mary.

She also most humbly begged all manner of people, of whatever condition or rank they might be, both English & French, for their pardon and asked them kindly to pray for her, at the same time pardoning them for any harm they had done her. The judges who were present, and even several of the English, were moved by this to great tears and weeping. ...

She requested for the crucifix from the church so that she could gaze on it continuously until her death. It was brought from parish church of Saint Sauveur and held high as flames rose around her she was calmly uttering "Jesus, ...Jesus".

This we saw because the English Commander told the executioner to push the fire back a little so that the spectators could see her dead, and no one could say that she escaped..."

witness
Maugier Leprmentier
Apparitor
Court of Rouen

witness Jean Riquier

witness
Jean Massieu, Bailiff

witness
Fr. Martin Ladvenu,
Order Saint Dominic

witness
Isambard de Pierre
Priest who held the
cross up for Joan
to see

Joan was only 19 years old.

Joan of Arc, burnt.

Jean Tressard, Secretary to King of England, was seen returning from the execution exclaiming in great agitation, "We are all ruined, for a good and holy person was burned." The Cardinal of England himself and the Bishop of Therouanne, brother of John of Luxembourg whose troops had captured Joan, were seen weeping bitterly. The executioner, Geoffroy Therage, confessed afterwards, saying that "...he had a great fear of being damned, he had burned a saint."

Joan of Arc at the stake in Rouen painting 1886-90 by Jules Eugène Lenepveu

ORLÉANS



The Bridge

of God's Wisdom



Guardian Angel and Children
Lindberg Heilige Schutzengel

One of my first memories, at the age 3, is waking up to look at this huge painting (print framed) right above the entrance to our bedroom. In my infancy, this did make an indelible impression on my mind. But as I grew up, by my late teens, I used to scoff at the **pious swiss kitsch** this artwork represented. *“That angel is not aerodynamically stable if biologically tenable”*. It took me much late into adult life to realize that *it is the spirit that matters not the physical*.

Chapter One

False prophets are they who jump off the bridge
- they who speak the tongues of the lying oracles.

*Thus says the Lord of Hosts
Had they stood in My council,
and did they but proclaim to My people My words
They would have brought them back from evil ways
and from their wicked deeds (Jer 23:22).*

*Instead, they valued My gifts of prophecy,
Sought to prophesy, not to stand in My council,
forsook Me and sought their own will to prophecy.
And for their wicked deeds I gave them the evil tongues
which spoke through them lying oracles.
For did any of them bring fruits other than
Death, Destruction and Despair
to those who listened?*



Chapter Two

The man* who hesitated to jump.

On the bridge at Vendurithi I stood,
beholding God's nature
and the works of man.
First came the voices.

"Jump !"

I hesitated.

Father, Son and the Spirit say
"Jump man into the waters"

I hesitate no more.

One step on the rung... poised for next.....

A hand taps my shoulder

I stop to turn around and see Jesus.

"Sorry sir. My mistake.

I hesitated. And you are here to chastise"

I felt very peeved.

He just smiled.

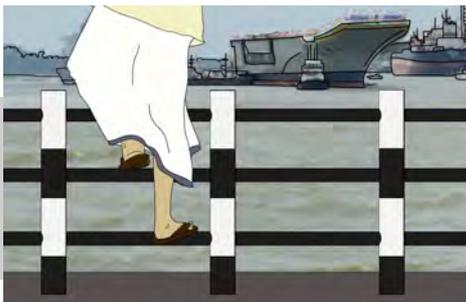
"So far I have obeyed all you asked
I mean; after you have revealed yourselves to me
I had promised myself
I shall do your Father's Will unhesitatingly
as a vengeance to what I did in pursuing my selfwill once.
This was sudden. So I hesitated.
.... I'll muster up courage
and obey unhesitatingly the next time.
Forgive this one lapse."

He stopped smiling. He was touched.

"Tremendous force! The power of My Word!

Hmm..... Not bad".

From experience I knew He was teasing.



* The person who wrote this down from The Father. *The Messenger of the Covenant (Malachi 3:23)*, is also one of the twin olive trees standing by the Lord of the whole earth (*Zechariah 4:14*); the other tree being *The Woman (Revelation 12:1)*.

Myself : "Master, your Father's Will. I abide by it."

Jesus : "Oh yes, you said that once,
but you also said - with `vengeance'! Does both tally?"

Myself : "You mean Father's Will and my vengeance
the two terms?"

He smiled with compassion. As he did when beholding Simon Peter's confusion.

Myself : "I understand there is an incompatibility.
`vengeance' would mean my will.
Oh sorry! I correct myself.
So I humbly obey your Father's Will.
Jump? Now?"

Jesus : "Hold! hold!
How do you know it is My Father's Will?"

Myself : "Because your voices told me so"

Smile
"Didn't you?"

Smile
"I am sure you did say that.
But now something tells me this is not as simple as I thought."

Smile
"I am not worried that I would hurt myself "

Smile
"For your angels shall save me"

Here I bit my tounge.
There was no devil around for sure.
For, I have never seen one before
and would not have recognised one .
But I did tie myself into a knot there.
And a light dawned.

Myself : "Jesus, you did tell me to jump".

nod
"It was a test."

nod
"Just as the devil tested you".

Chinese
fishing nets
at Kochi
backwaters



nod

"I would fail if I do jump".

nod

"My faith shall fail if I didn't".

No nod this time.

"Then how do I justify my faith my Master?
You taught me about faith that move mountains
and I believe the Father can save even if I"

Jesus closed his eyes

"..... I am even willing to sacrifice myself for my faith"

I said vehemently. My argument concluded. Case presented.

"So give me the verdict."

Pause.

Jesus walks down the bridge. I keep up with him.

Jesus : "Are you a *Robot*?"

Myself : "No, I am not."

Jesus : "What would have a Robot done?"

Myself : "Jumped. A Robot would jump unhesitatingly.
Since it is programmed to obey its master's instructions."

Jesus : "Has that anything to do with faith?"

Myself : "No"

Jesus : "So what is faith?"

Myself : "Everything about a perfect Robot's obedience
but but with ..."

Jesus : "With -?"

The road and railway Venduruthy Bridge connects
Willingdon Island to mainland Kochi, Kerala.

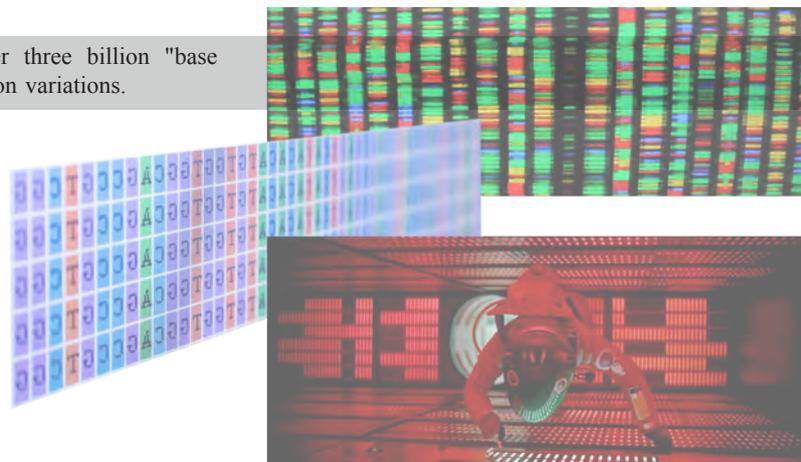


Myself : "Self-respect"

Jesus : "It is called *Integrity*.
Integrity of a being
Our Father is a being with integrity.
Hence when He created man in His image
what He imparted is integrity.
All other attributes of God and man
stands or fails on this factor.
It is integrity that gives man the sense
of *Righteousness* and *Justice*.
If not, he be an animal - same emotions mostly.
It is the integrity of man that gives him self-respect.
If not, he be a Robot.
It is the integrity of man that you call as *consciousness* -
the ability to contemplate *his sense of being* and of *his Maker*.
Integrity is always mutual.
One integrity always respect another.
God the Father respects man's integrity."



A human genome consists of over three billion "base pairs" of DNA and some three million variations.



Dr. David Bowman disconnects the Heuristically programmed ALgorithmic 9000 malevolent artificial intelligence in film *2001: A Space Odyssey* (1968).

Chapter Three

The man who didn't jump.

..... God the Father respects man's integrity".

I froze at that when Jesus reached there.
I was thinking of one man.

Jesus : "Oh! you think of Abraham our father".

Myself : "Yes, then what of his integrity?
When God tested him? tested his faith?"

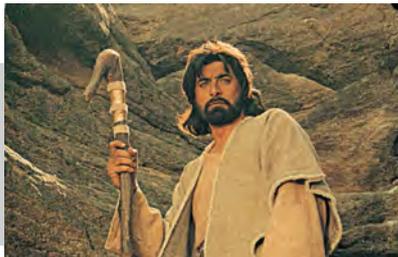
Jesus : "There are two alternatives now to that predicament.
One - God should not have tested him.
Two - Abraham should have refused.
The first alternative is a logical paradox.
If no integrity both in God and man, this test doesn't stand.
God need not test a Robot for faith.
So this alternative doesn't hold, for without it
we would not be talking of the purpose of faith.
So, one integrity testing another, take it as the
Superior One's Will. The relationship they had
as friends and the trust they reposed in each other.
One way to look at the *Will of God*,
- the only way rather; is to see the good points.
God would have wanted to shatter Abraham's notions
about his trust in Him and build it up based on strong faith
and *in the process to look at faith in itself*.
Which brings us to the second alternative."

And Jesus looked at me.

"*Suppose Abraham refused* -".

My jaw dropped.

Myself : "You mean Master, he could have
been more pleasing and favourable to God?....."



<<< Episodes # 3, 4, 5 & 6 of *Stories from the Bible* narrate the story of patriarch Abraham. This TV Serial (shot in 1991) has had the person now (1999) conversing with Jesus as its *serial director*.

He would have proved his integrity better?
For that, he should put his *convictions* above *obedience to God*.
But convictions come from obedience to God.
No! that wouldn't stand. So obedience comes first.
Or convictions wouldn't stand.
They stand or fall together."

Jesus : "Right. But why then you shouldn't jump as obedience?"

My jaws clamped shut.

Jesus : "Because if you jump you would have destroyed your integrity by obedience.
You would insult the integrity of God who bestowed this on you.
And Abraham proved his integrity by obedience.
By observing the command of a higher being who gave the law.
They all stand or fall together.
He proved his integrity as well as God's by obedience.
By disobedience he would
have put his integrity over God's
and thus destroyed both - and nothing say of law or convictions".



<<< Abraham's Sacrifice.
Episode # 5 of *Stories from the Bible*.
TV Serial (1991)

Chapter Four

The God who didn't jump either.

Myself : "Now; Master? O Jesus ? My Saviour?
The Only Begotten Son of God?"

Jesus : "Yes?, Yes?, Yes? and Yes?"

Myself looked straight into His eyes

"But, *You jumped!*"

He met my gaze and said blankly

"No. I didn't".

Myself : "Come on Sire! You did. Who would in their integral self
give himself up to the hands of world's powers to be crucified.
You say you did upon the *Will of your Father*.
You are a man as much as God. Where is your integrity.
Either God's or man's. You jumped where I hesitated.
You jumped where Abraham didn't. You lost everything.
Even your convictions by obedience.
What did you gain? What did you gain?.....".

I stopped as His eyes pierced into me.

Me? Yes. Me! Me!

I soul searched.

"You mean Jesus; you gained me?"

I soul searched further. -

"Oh I see, you were crucified for me. For every brethren of mine.
Every sheep in your flock. To set example for all.
To teach how to take sufferings.
Oh you had conviction of your purpose"

Jesus : "..... and a purpose to give you *My conviction on Resurrection*."



<<< Drawing by Saint John of the Cross. A Spanish mystic and a Carmelite friar, he as the author of many spiritual works, is one of the Doctors of the Church. For a 16th century graphic, this drawing is considered quite remarkable for the perspective.

Myself : "Sorry, my Master you are getting onto my lack of conviction in your resurrection. Aren't you?
My status before you came down to reveal yourself to me".

I said sleepishly. Now turning red faced *.

Jesus : "Well now; don't worry too much about it.
I have served penance for that problem too of yours.
There is another way to look at it.
All children are precious to the Father.
To save most from the damnation of unfaith
and it's consequential sin,
He willed His own most precious part to be cut
and cast into the nether world.
And to show the power of resurrection, bodily resurrected Me.
So neither did I jump."

I thought for a long time and when I said it was along with Him.

"The fruit justifies the tree of truth".

It was in unision. He smiled. I smiled.



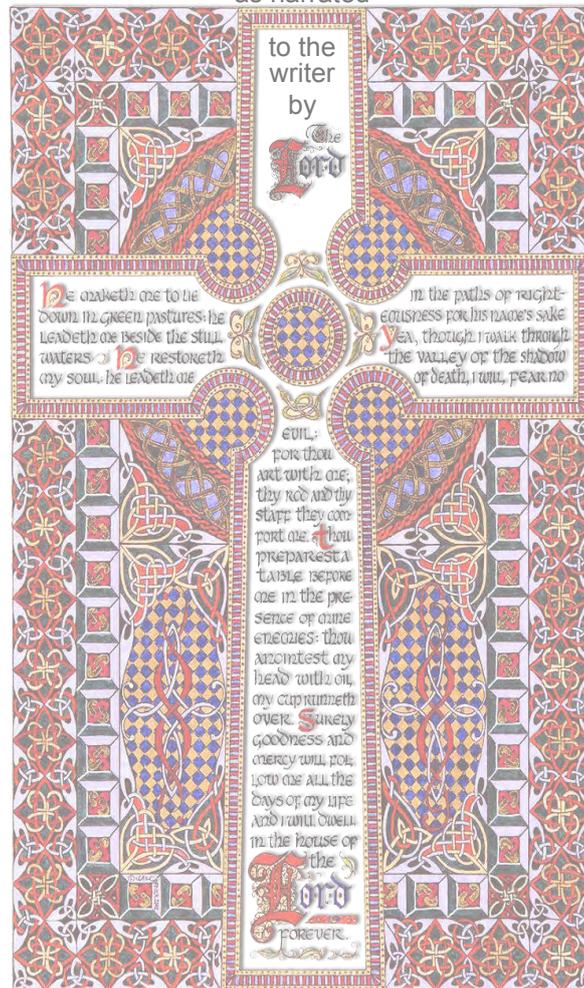
* By midway into my adult life, like many other christian colleagues in the media, I myself too became skeptical about the *divinity of the man named Jesus*. It took the Spirit of the Lord to make me examine '*the DNA structure of this person born of a virgin*', to reboot my faith.

Part II

The girl who jumped.

The Story of Joan Of Arc

as narrated



Medieval 'Illuminated Manuscript'
illustration style has been followed in these chapters



Ehyeh-Asher-Ehyeh,
"I AM"
said HIMSELF to Moses.

Chapter One

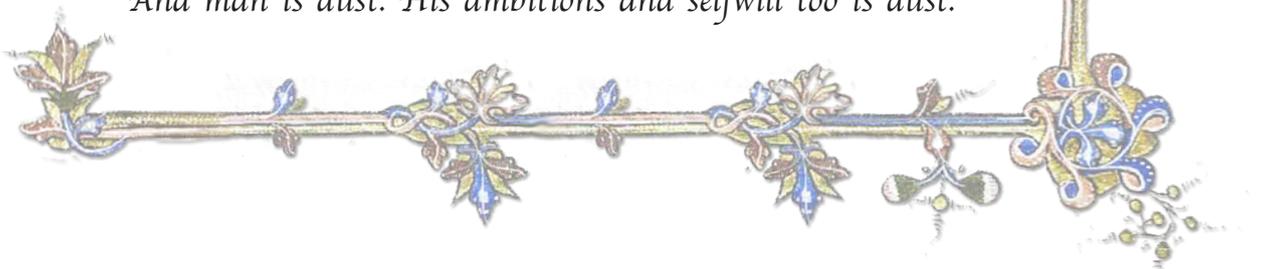
The Questioner



God promised
Jacob's descendants salvation from Egypt.
And thus came Moses - to lead people against enemies.
There was a promise to save France from English
by a woman's hand.
And thus came Joan d'Arc - Maid of Orleans.

Moses obeyed God! Did His Will!
God Glorified Him!
and people through him!
and established the promise
He did to Jacob by His Holy name!
By the Testament of the Old.
It bore fruits. Great fruits of the Lord.
All is well that ends well.

Joan thought she obeyed God! She thought she did His Will.
God did glorify her! - as a saint.
But He fell short in glorifying Joan in her life on earth.
Neither did He glorify her deeds, nor her people.
Neither did He establish the prophesies Joan lived for.
No good fruits here.
But; is that too the Will of God?
Now; who can say what is God's Will?
The one who claims God's Will always renders his. Not God's.
Only the one who submits does His Will.
The one who takes up crusade on God's cause always renders his.
Not God's.
Only the one who humbles and prays repeatedly
to search His Will, finds it, and does it.
And man is dust. His ambitions and selfwill too is dust.





So whose will did Joan render? His or hers?
Whose will did Jesus render? His! only His!
So whose will did Joan render? Maybe Maybe.....

*"Don't evade. I question you as the questioner.
You as the seeker answers".*

Questioner : *Put in the crucial tests. Back to the perfect man.
Whose glory did Jesus seek?*

Answerer : His Father's.

Questioner : *And?*

Answerer : God glorified Him.

Questioner : *Whose glory did Joan seek?*

Answerer : Not sure

Questioner : *Analyse. Won't you?*

Answerer : 1. How did she behave in success - majestic, loud and thirsting for the next battle - Very human. Here she is of what legends are made - like Alexander the great.
That is not Jesus.

2. How did she behave in failure - depressed, dejected, trying to run away, arrogant, defiant, always eager to justify before her accusers that God sent her.

That is not Jesus either.

So maybe she did not do God's Will.

Since she was self-seeking.

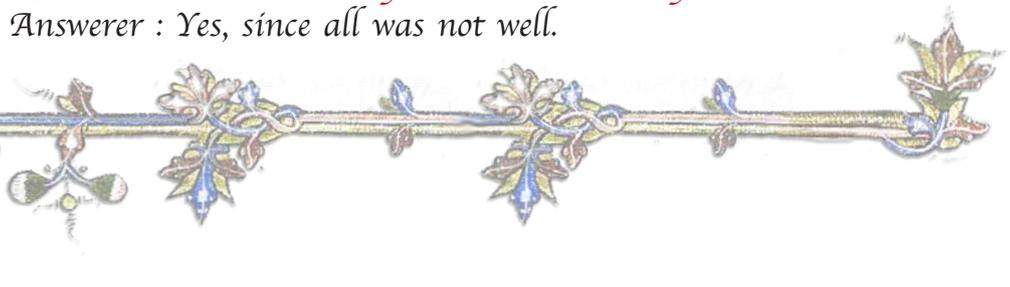
Oh then surely she did not do God's Will

since she did hers

and in guise of His.

Questioner : *Hence don't you think that's why it didn't end well?*

Answerer : Yes, since all was not well.





*And definitely it didn't end well.
No salvation to her or the people.*

No moral in the final outcome.

But, ... but He glorified her didn't He?

Questioner : I did.

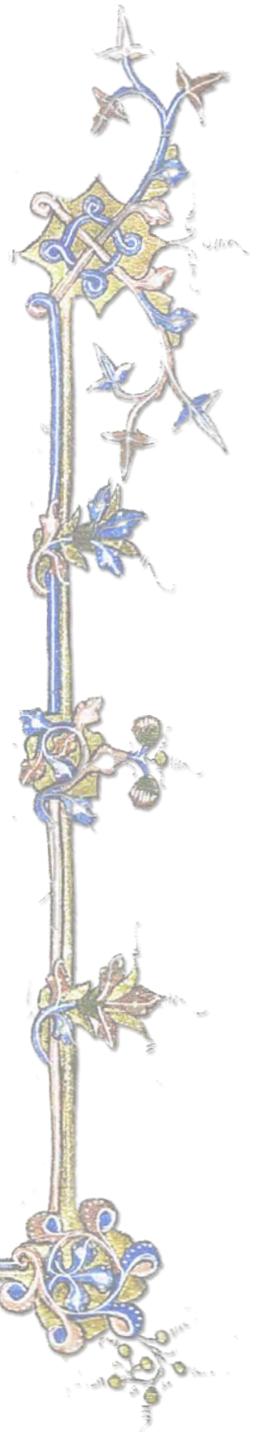
Answerer : You did? Who are you?

*Questioner : I AM WHO AM.
I sent My Son to you on the bridge.*

Answerer : Father. I prostrate.



Sword of** Joan.





Chapter Two

The Lord's Armada

*, Yahweh, The Lord of Hosts commands
My servant to take this down.*

*With this I shall establish the meaning of My Will
and laugh them to scorn who execute their own will
in guise of Mine.*

*And warn them who does so
that My judgement on them
is to hand them over to forces of 'Egypt' and 'Babylon'
- read as Slavery and Exile
in the land of evil - as you shall see.*

*Let the children come to Me do not prevent them.
For My kingdom belongs to such.
And in this kingdom was such a child innocent and favourable to Me.*

*Yes, I mean she
the illiterate inarticulate cowgirl - Joan.
Tucked away in a corner of medieval France
sleepy and empty was the village she found herself in.
With a mind but fertile and ambitious and ever so vibrant
She asked herself -*

*'Oh why has God made me so?
So dull and uninteresting is - this life for me'.*

*But little did that lump of clay knew the plans I had for her.
What I had planned to mould her into
even before the earth and the heavens were born.*

*Now I tell her.
She grew up like a sapling before Me
like a shoot from parched earth.
There was in her no stately bearing
to make people look at her.
Nor appearance that would attract people to her.*





But I see man, not as he sees him.
She was pleasing to Me
and would have stood one day in My presence,
that one day which would be worth a thousand elsewhere,
if not she had lamented,
"Oh how worthless and poor I am"
For lament she did thus, and sought the thousand elsewhere.

And these thousand she did reap
thus becoming displeasing to me
as My chosen people of Israel did become
two thousand years before her time
by consecrating themselves at Baal-Peor.

Her fertile mind did overgrow with vegetations and plants of all sorts.
For then such were the lands of Burgundy
Normandy, Nordic,
Brittany, Scot
and Irish.

Full of tales of myths, folklore and christian valour
the vegetation some which I command you abhor.
She should have threshed those growth's yields.
Winnowed the chaff - which I would have burnt.
Had she sought Me more in prayers
than herself in those gluttonous appetite for fantasies.

Signs I do give - as in the Word I sent.
Prophesies I do bestow - as through my prophets before Him.
Visions I do send - through My Holy Spirit dwelling in you.
And this I your Lord God do not -
Justify word outside My Scriptures;
nor command prophesies of lying oracles.

Hence you do not, I say do not look at myths, prophesies of other nations.
Nor prediction of doom or fortune outside My Kingdom.
Nor visions or interpretations of people outside My kingdom.





*If you do, I shall bring you to judgement
as I did to this little cowgirl who sought her thousand days elsewhere.
And on this your Holy one warns you
My kingdom's visions and interpretations
you do not take to your idols of selfwill.
for I sent them to guide you and abate your agony
in days of misery.*

*I sent them to you for doing Love and Charity - as defined by My Son.
I sent them for you to establish My glory - not that of men's.
I sent them to strengthen faith in all that who suffer on His behalf.
I sent them to strengthen hope in those sufferers, that of resurrection.*

*And this gifts to be fruitful on you,
make sure your conform to be worthy of My Son's discipleship.
Be willing to bear your crosses like Him
and forgive them with full love of heart
all those who wrong you.
In short; all forgiving love,
and the love of sufferings.
Only then my Holy Spirit acts on your mind as it did
to My prophets of Old.*

*Now; My little child, the once cowgirl, did not observe any of these.
Instead, she got enticed on the glory
to become "The Maid of Orleans".
A myth of those times. A vanity of idle tale bearers.
Wild growths that came out of fertile minds
who wished to see the English driven off from France.*

*Brought up on this tales,
she talked to herself rather than to Me.
Talked and talked as a glutton of mind
with appetite voracious,
that it was she who can save France
as the maid whom the tales foretold.*





The false gods in the Assyrian diviners, the Chaldaen astrologers,
the Egyptian star gazers, the Delphi Astarte oracles,
and of such lying tongues
I have set free like the serpent of Eden
onto the world kingdom.

No power they hold on My children
absolutely no power says your Lord Father in heaven.
But then power I have given you to court them or not,
to choose Me or not.

And I respect that power; that is what integrity is all about.
They, these lying tongues, swarm over the world in search of forests
with axes the clumps of trees.

They, these lying tongues, are like hungry lions
roaring and searching for a prey to swallow.
Many preys they have swallowed from time to time
Men and women who found glory in Baal-Peor
and glory in your eyes too.

Those whom you hold in high esteem
who proved the lying oracles right
by consulting them to every worldly fortune and success
reaping the benefits and granting success to the lying oracles.
And alas! With that, bringing themselves defeat.

For, if they are your masters and you their slave
the lying oracles win and you do lose,
be it any success you reap in the eyes of men.
For I, Lord of Hosts laughs them to scorn.
How happy are they children of Mine
who find wisdom in seeking Me and finding Me
for then I instruct them and shield them
strengthen them and take them to Me
and that is what victory is all about.



Chapter Three

How I jumped

Jesus Maria
the banner by
Joan herself



Oh you, who hear voices
of the Trinity and Mother
consider yourselves blessed.

For those voices came seeking you,
as blessings do come to all those who wait upon the Lord.

But voices also did come to me for I waited on myself.
I sought myself and got my own voice to talk back to me.
The voice which first talked to me Joan on that day of storm
was mine itself.

For now as I stand in the presence of the Lord of Hosts
to account for my sins

He, from whom all forgiveness comes tell me
"Child your sins are forgiven. And I exalt you".

Yet I warn you and others down there
saint as I am, not to take the full activity of my life as just,
lest you too be misled

by the valour and glory I achieved by my seeking myself.

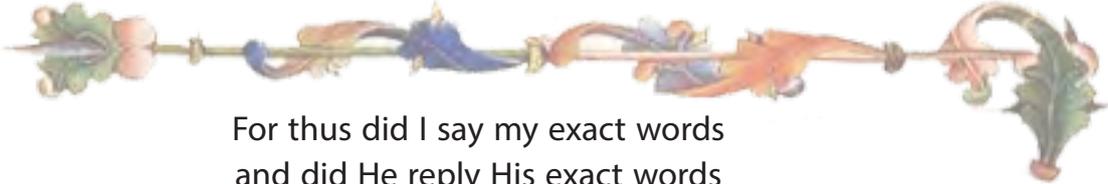
for the real glory, only glory I received,
was only when I bore the cross to the stake and emulated Jesus.

He who did when He finally talked to me.

Yes Jesus.

The times I heard His voice
were only after my failure in the attempted escape.

When he forgave me my sins.



For thus did I say my exact words
and did He reply His exact words
not chronicled in stories about me.

After my fall in my attempt to escape from prison.

*"Oh Jesus I am troubled,
for the confidence I have had has evaporated.
I thought I was fighting for you.
Now that I am not sure of myself,
I am sure my cause may not have been just.
The bloodshed that has occurred because of me
is suddenly haunting me.
I keep seeing the precious blood you had shed for me
and also for them who were killed in these battles.
Something is amiss.
I can't reconcile to the fact that it was injustice I did.
I listened to you when the voices of your saints talked to me.
Tell me, did they deceive me?
Is this thy Father's Will?
Now I am sure that what I had done was not thy Father's Will.
Because if it were it would not have troubled me so now.
Oh guide me now
I have lost confidence in myself.
I have made a ruin of my life.
Only you can save me now."*



Such did I pray and kept on praying
as I fought against hopes of divine salvation
with the tradition to rely on my resourcefulness God given.
I tried locking up a warden another futility when others interfered.
For this did confirm to me that with my best efforts
God was against me.

Either that or He would have left a door open.
So my freedom is not the Will of God.
Now, whatever I had done was the Will of God. Wasn't it?





I was hoping against hope. For the voices did fail me.

The best way I found was to accept defeat.

If I defened my actions of the past
as the solemn Will and instruction from God
and if it were wrong, God sits on judgement.

I am lost.

It is better to accept all what I had done as wrong
and let Jesus defend me in God's presence.

That way I had a chance of salvation.

I accepted to myself that the ruin I brought was because I got it wrong.

So Jesus defend me

I shall take my punishment I deserve.

For the rewards on the contrary if I were right, I am beyond them.

I do not desire them. I desire peace of mind.

Let the most merciful God judge me by His mighty arm.

It is here I decided that I shall not rely even on my people
and the people God had given me to defend my cause and actions.

I had ever been a stranger to them all,

inspite of friendship and company I longed from them
and the adulation they offered me.

And if I rely on them, how can I rely on Jesus?

If I rely on Jesus. What need is there to rely on them?

Such were my thoughts.

Suddenly I was at peace

that night, when I gave up hopes and relied on Jesus.

Is it my thoughts or is it of whom that was about to come into me
that gave me peace? I wouldn't know.

For, that night I heard a distinct voice. Soft and compassionate.

I remained apprehensive in dread of the night the lost voices returned.

But when this one came. I had no fear.

Rather great comfort andyes; as I said - Peace!

I heard angels sing gloria in the distance.

Maybe that would have been my mind.

But in my heart I distinctly heard Him. *"Joan ... "*

And I recognised Him.





"Joan ... " "Joan ... " "Joan ... "

For this voice the distant echoes of it I had heard in my childhood during prayers when I spoke to Jesus. Now it has come to me clearly.

And with the feeling that came with the voice,
I knew I had been wrong.

And that it was only now I am on my way to salvation.
For all that when the voices of the past had come to me they had come not with this feeling.

I was then in triumph, chivalry, yes;
and enpassioned toarrogance.

I had been wrong all my life.

Sorrow engulfed me for the first time in my memory.
I cried.

Voice : *"Joan, I am the Word, that is life, light and love."*

Myself : *"Jesus!"*

Voice : *"Yes"*

Myself : *"Jesus, I was wrong. I made a big mistake.
I didn't hear voices. I was"*

Jesus : *"Control yourselves Joan."*

Myself : *"You punished me, I do deserve it for making it bad for me.
I have yet to be punished for being aroused
against the English my enemies.
Now I see how they view me as their enemy.
I am sorry I hated them."*

Jesus : *"Blessed are you for you are now pure of heart.
And now you have seen me....."*



*And a light then dawned
in my prison room .
The gloria choruses
reminiscent of my childhood
in Domremy I heard quite near.
I was puled up by the light to sit on my bed.*

*".... and don't worry now. I shall be with you
from now till we get out of this".*





I listened

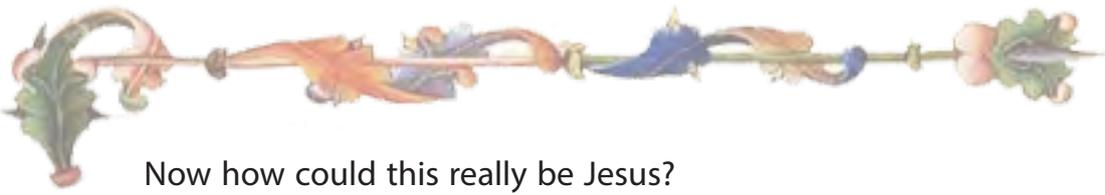
*"You asked for the Will of God.
Take refuge in God with a solemn vow
that you shall bear heroically that comes to you.
Be determined on that.
That is the only way to regain your self-respect and
stand before Him as one of His noblest creation.
And not the way you vainly tried
to attain in the eyes of men.
Your apprehensions are on how you shall face your troubles
tomorrow. That indeed is an anxiety.
Shows you are not fully resigned to His Will.
Follow my example
in facing this situation oppressive and new to you.
For this also I did. I had to face my accusers.
Elders, Lawyers on God's law, the church of my days.
Answer questions boldly to them
with full realisation that you are going to get mocked.
You get mockery in the eyes of the world.
But favour in My eyes child.
Same as I suffered and obtained favour of My Father
by standing up silently to face accusations."*

I was distraut : *"But you were innocent of those accusations Jesus.
I am being punished for my sins".*

Jesus : *"No Joan. Your punishments you did already receive,
your days of feasts have been turned to mourning
your songs of victory to lamentations
your armour and vestment to sackclothe and chains.
Now it is time to restore.
Take up your cross.
Follow Me".*

At the word `cross', I was startled.
It was unlike those glories promised by my voices,
saints they were all to me
commanding in the name of Jesus.





Now how could this really be Jesus?
Why should some evil befall me?
My mind confused.

The light faded.
Darkness again enveloped me.
Why should I be punished for doing what I was convinced as right?
If I have been punished already, why should further evil befall me?
I was as bitter as wormwood.

So thus did I face my trial
on day one at the chapel in castle of Rouen.
I did not know how to face them boldly
yet without anxiety.
But bold I was as I always been in past
and answered their rude questions in kind.
Yet fervently praying at heart

*"Oh let my enemies not exult over me
let them not ensnare me with their questions."*

Now in those long days did I found
myself facing the question *'am I a witch?'*
though I kept refuting
again and again it came to me
why did then Jesus deny me?
Why did my voices fail me?

For thus did I sink day after day into mire
as even my conscience deserted me
and I became like a man fleeing from bloody murder
nobody to defend me.

*"Did I know who my voices were?"
"Saints or demons did I know?"
"Did they belong to our Lord?"*





To answer these all I scourged my past,
pulling out one conviction and another
as beasts consume a dwindling grassy moll
afraid it would run to depletion.
But somehow or other answers did come to my lips
as my heart sought them in prayer.

A day did come when I ran out of answers
and I sought Jesus again.
For I knew now if I entertained hope in myself
I shall not find peace
and suddenly.....
Before I called him the light dawned near me
Jesus a second time did talk to me.

*"Joan; you hesitated speaking to Me
because of your confidence in yourself.
Now that you have lost it child, consider yourselves blessed.
For the only lasting confidence is the one in God."*

I scrambled myself out of bed.

*"Jesus; I hesitated speaking to you
for I thought you deserted me.
But tell me please, wasn't it you, you spoke through them voices.
I obeyed them because they did say
that they come from you and your Father".*

I waited breathless as Jesus spoke softly yet surely.

*"Joan; what you heard first was your own voice inside you.
The same as when you talked to yourselves about
becoming the girl in the tales that saved France.
Your became a slave of yourselves on your own free will
and that was not your Father's in Heaven.
You knew it wrong, if not why did you then confess
and the good priest then advise you against.
For, it was I who spoke through him child,
and slaughtered your ambitions in self. ...*





*... If you had not been guilty and repented,
then why did you refrain from self-speak
and glory in self for one full year long?
Tell me.
Wasn't it the days most peaceful in spirit
you had as you attended to me in mass and
communion."*

Now how did He know all these
which I never knew now myself!
And I rose to my defence
with that only shield I had of mine
the one which I held off my accusers with.

*"I did everything, every single deed,
for the Glory of God. My Father in Heaven."*

And out came the soft voice that thundered in my head.

*"Glory is never sought Joan.
It comes to you."*

And it echoed many times.

*"It comes from Father, the benefactor of Israel
the defender of orphans and widows.
It is He who glorifies His children
those who seek His Will.
for man know not the plans He has for you."*

The light had now entered my mind
how I do not know.
I saw now myself present and past
in a blinding clarity.
I saw the faces of my father and mother
my brothers
I saw the house I grew up in
I saw the kitchen where my mother and myself spend time
the dining table
then I saw the church.





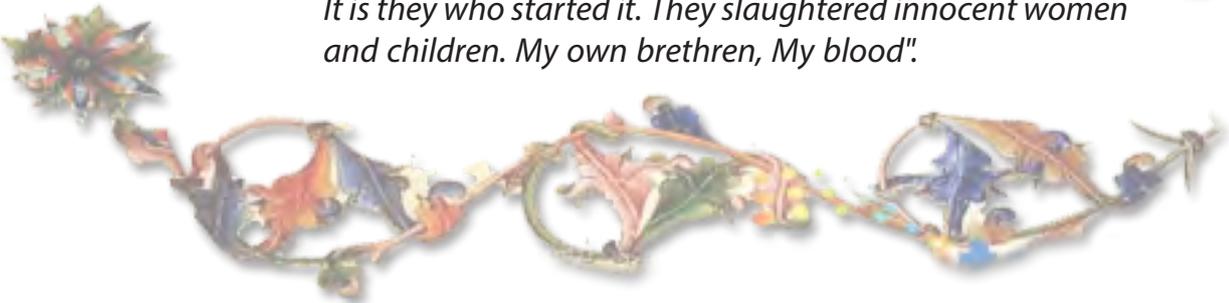
Then I saw the faces of my mother and father again.
Oh I had hated them then,
for stubbornly controlling me.
For they did not entertain
my fancies to ride-off and frolick.
I considered them a hinderance to my flights of fancy.
I had cursed them within
for subjugating the plans God had for me.
So insensitive was I to know their concern for a daughter.
When I hated them, I hated my Father in Heaven.
And when I showed disdain for their plans for me,
I had shown disdain for the plan of God for me!
Now startled, I looked at the light.
Somehow I knew that these thoughts
Jesus was closely following, even if I didn't speak out.
I would not have wanted him to know it.
For, I was shamed.



A kindness and pity now flowed from him.

*"Joan, you showed hatred not only to your parents
for exerting their control over you.
So did you to everyone
who didn't sympathise with your plans
and to those who stood against your plans
so did you to people who oppressed you.
Yes the English and also the French who supported them.
Tell me Joan, how do any one of them be different to me
than you?"*

Myself: *"English? The English? But they plundered my country.
It is they who started it. They slaughtered innocent women
and children. My own brethren, My blood".*





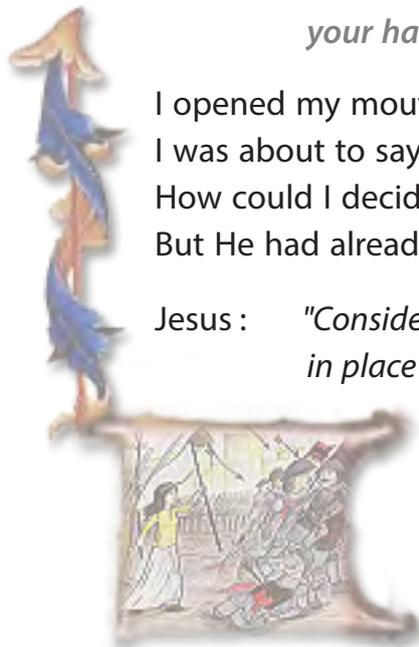
Jesus : *"They are mine too Joan, My own blood. The blood I shed to redeem their sins as much as yours".*

Myself : *"Then why Lord thy Father didn't punish them? Why didn't He destroy them? I had prayed so much for that every morning, every morning."*

Jesus : *"For Father, they are as same as you are Joan. Would you like yourselves to be destroyed because by your own admission you need to be punished for your hatred against your parents".*

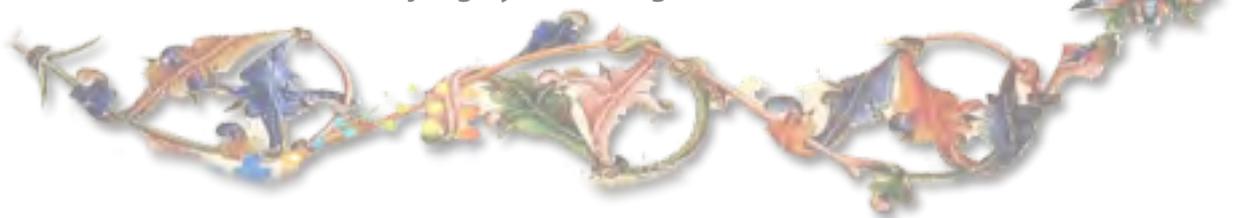
I opened my mouth to answer, but closed it shut.
I was about to say that my sins were less greivous there.
How could I decide on that.
But He had already heard me.

Jesus : *"Consider Joan, How if you French were in place of English and them in your place."*



I had considered that always.
But didn't even answer that
because it made me uncomfortable.
Now the answer was well evident to me.

Jesus : *"Your Father keeps all these in account Joan, every single wrong you say is in His scrutiny, recorded in His banks. Thirs as well as yours. Everybody's. But His anger and wrath are well measured. Because His love and mercy is as abundant as His justice. He looks at the hearts of men. Not their deeds. He doesn't consider the size of their sins because He, He alone can consider the good in every man, the circumstances in which a man commits his deeds and its consequences. So then how can you judge the actions of those whom you consider as wrongs against you. Then who judge your wrongs?"*





The words just slipped out of my mouth
"The Father"

Jesus : *"Hence fear Him when you judge others.
Fear him when you consider what the course of their
action should have been
and your course of action to correct others.
This fear shall give you the understanding that
it is God that has plans for everybody. And that
He has set it at the very beginning of every man's life."*

As I was considering this Jesus said
*"Now tell me; was it right to have said
to God - Why have you made this Joan so?"*

I fell down and wept.

That day on the trial my thoughts wandered on these words of Jesus.
As the Bishop asked me whether
I am prepared to be burnt for my beliefs,
I said **"I am"**.

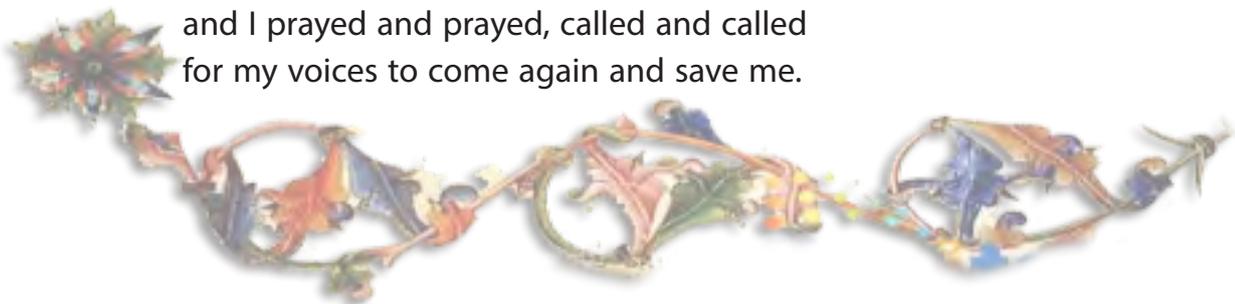
On the day, the sentence to be pronounced, in the cemetery
the chaplain pronounced my king a heretic
to have been friendly with me.

I decided there to bear all wrongs as Jesus had
and cried out that my king is innocent.

I knew I was condemning myself
by saying my beliefs were wrong
so that others may live.

But that was what Jesus did and showed me at Calvary,
except that I now admit my wrongs
whereas He was innocent.

But then, when I was faced with the task of
putting my sign on my own condemnation,
the horrors of the promised glories once again came to me
and I prayed and prayed, called and called
for my voices to come again and save me.





But one sharp word did come. The Word Himself.

"Joan!"

I knew the meaning.

I had been wrong.

I had sinned.

I gave up.

With the confession made, peaceful was my mind.

I knew my sins were atoned for.

That the Lord God was satisfied.

My enemies were satisfied.

I would now long only to be with Jesus

for He shall again come to me.

And I shall be His forever.

But they didn't set me free

the freedom I longed for

for attending Mass and Holy communion.

They still kept me condemned. A prisoner.

For if I shall be free now,

I shall proclaim that Jesus came to me

His voice did come to tell me

that what I did was right but my methods were not the Will of God.

If I had been patient, God would have showed me

how to drive out the English His way.

And that I shall always rely on Him

not on friends or soldiers whom I had relied

to give me strength to do justice to the French.

For they didn't come to my rescue.

Nor the voices.

Only Jesus; when I became a prisoner.

Suddenly a voice said in me

"Would you be faithful to me if I help you?"

Jesus?

it sounded like a woman's

Mary?

I didn't care who since it promised me salvation.





Myself : "Oh sure. I shall be eternally grateful.
Do not forsake me.
I have learnt my lessons well.
What I need to do is the Will of God.
Oh please say that I did His command justice.
That I had led France out of slavery
as per the desire of God."

I waited and the answer came
"You did"

Relief spread over me.

"Then shall I deny the confession?
I am brave enough to stand by my deeds
for the sake of God and France".

The voice of our mother was too distant -
"You do that".

