

The Nican Mopohua

The Nican Mopohua was probably written down sometime before Juan Diego's death in 1548 by the mestizo Antonio Valeriano (1520–1605), a student of the renowned missionary-scholar Friar Bernardino de Sahagún. The oldest copy of the Nican Mopohua, dating from the mid-sixteenth century and containing about one-third of the apparition account, resides in the New York Public Library. The account reflects the popular style of speaking used by the Indians at the time of the apparitions. The paper on which the account is written contains watermarks, an indication of the paper's European origin, and it is written using Spanish lettering in vogue at the time.¹

Textually, the account contains a mixture of both Spanish and Náhuatl idioms and expressions characteristic of the time.² Notably, the indigenous elements appear in how the narrative and dialogue between Juan Diego and the Virgin reflect the high forms of indigenous speech, the huehuetlahtolli, the speech of the elders. As the Náhuatl scholar Miguel León-Portilla notes, this suggests that the author was familiar with ancient Indian rhetoric and songs. Náhuatl rhetoric in the account includes the frequent use of poetic phrases (such as "your face, your heart" to mean "your person"), the unique expressions of honor through both titles of rank and diminutive titles of affection (such as "My Mistress, my Lady, my Queen, my littlest Daughter, my little Girl"), and multiple phrases to compound an idea, creating a cascade of images (such as when Juan Diego approaches the beautified Tepeyac hill, saying, "By any chance am I worthy, have I deserved what I hear? Perhaps I am only dreaming it? Perhaps I'm only dozing? Where am I? Where do I find myself?").³ Although this form of speech may seem archaic to our ears, it has been retained in translation to give the reader the chance to experience naturally the rhetorical ebb and flow.⁴

This translation was greatly informed by the translation done by members of the Instituto Superior de Estudios Guadalupanos under the supervision of Msgr. Eduardo Chávez.

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Here is told and set down in order how a short time ago the Perfect Virgin Holy Mary Mother of God, our Queen, miraculously appeared on the Tepeyac, "nose of the hill," widely known as Guadalupe. First she caused herself to be seen by an Indian named Juan Diego, poor but worthy of respect; and then her precious and beloved image appeared before the recently named bishop, Don Fray Juan de Zumárraga.

¹Ten years after the conquest of the water, mountain and city of Mexico, when the arrows and shields were put aside, when there was peace in all the towns, their waters and their mountains.

²Just as it budded, faith now grows green, now opens its corolla, the knowledge of the Giver of life, the true God.

³Then, in the year 1531, a few days into the month of December, it happened that there was an Indian, a *macehual*, a poor man of the people; ⁴his name was Juan Diego, and he lived in Cuauhtitlán, as they call it, ⁵and in all the things of God he belonged to Tlatelolco.

⁶It was Saturday, not yet dawn, when he was coming in pursuit of God and His commandments. ⁷And as he drew near the little hill called Tepeyac, it was beginning to dawn. ⁸There he heard singing on the little hill, like the song of many precious birds. When their voices would stop, it was as if the hill were answering them. Extremely soft and delightful, their songs exceeded those of the *coyoltototl* and the *tzinitzcan* and other precious songbirds.

⁹Juan Diego stopped to look. He said to himself, "By any chance am I worthy, have I deserved what I hear? Perhaps I am only dreaming it? Perhaps I'm only dozing?" ¹⁰Where am I? Where do I find myself? Is it possible that I am in the place our ancient ancestors, our grandparents, told us about: in the land of the flowers, in the land of corn, of our flesh, of our sustenance, perhaps in the land of heaven?"

¹¹He was looking up toward the top of the hill, toward the direction from which the sun rises, toward where the precious heavenly song was coming from.

¹²And then when the singing suddenly stopped, when it could no longer be heard, he heard someone calling him from the top of the hill, someone was saying to him: "Dear Juan, dearest Juan Diego."

¹³Then he dared to go to where the voice was coming from, his heart was not disturbed and he felt extremely happy and contented, he started to climb to the top of the little hill to go see where they were calling him from. ¹⁴When he reached the top of the hill, he beheld a Maiden standing there. ¹⁵She called to him to come close to her.

¹⁶And when he reached where she was, he was filled with admiration for the way her perfect grandeur exceeded all imagination: ¹⁷her clothing was shining like the sun, as if it were sending out waves of light. ¹⁸And the stones, the crag on which she stood, seemed to be giving out rays ¹⁹like precious jades, like jewels they [the stones] gleamed. ²⁰The earth seemed to shine with the brilliance of a rainbow in the mist. ²¹And the mesquites, prickly pear, and the other little plants that are generally up there seemed like quetzal feathers. Their foliage looked like turquoise. And their trunks, their thorns, their prickles, were shining like gold.

²²He prostrated himself in her presence and listened to her venerable breath, her venerable words, which were extremely affable, extremely noble, as if from someone who was drawing him toward her and loved him. ²³She said to him: "Listen my son, my youngest son, Juanito, where are you going?" ²⁴And he answered her: "My Lady, my Queen, my Little Girl, I am going as far as your little house in Mexico Tlatelolco, to follow the things of God that are to us given, that are taught to us by our priests, those who are the images of the Lord, Our Lord."

²⁵Then she spoke with him, she revealed her precious will; ²⁶she said to him: "Know, know for sure my dearest and youngest son, that I am truly the ever perfect Holy Virgin Mary, who has the honor to be the Mother of the one true God for whom we all live, the Creator of people, the Lord of all around us and of what is close to us, the Lord of Heaven, the Lord of Earth."

“I want very much that they build my sacred little house here, ²⁷in which I will show Him, I will exalt Him upon making Him manifest, ²⁸I will give Him to all people in all my personal love, Him that is my compassionate gaze, Him that is my help, Him that is my salvation.

²⁹“Because truly I am honored to be your compassionate mother, ³⁰yours and that of all the people that live together in this land, ³¹and also of all the other various lineages of men; those who love me, those who cry to me, those who seek me, those who trust in me. ³²Because there [at my sacred house] truly will I hear their cry, their sadness, in order to remedy, to cure all their various troubles, their miseries, their pains.

³³“And to bring about what my compassionate and merciful gaze would achieve, go to the palace of the Bishop of Mexico, and tell him how I have sent you, so that you may reveal to him how I very much want him to build me a house here, to erect my temple on the plain; tell him everything, all you have seen and marveled at, and what you have heard. ³⁴And know for sure that I will appreciate it very much and reward it, ³⁵that because of it I will enrich you, I will glorify you; ³⁶and because of it you will deserve very much how I will reward your fatigue, your service in going to petition the matter for which I am sending you. ³⁷Now, my dearest son, you have heard my breath, my word; go, do what you are responsible for doing.”

³⁸And immediately he prostrated himself in her presence, and he said to her: “My Lady, My Little Girl, now I will go to make your venerable breath, your venerable word, a reality; for now, I leave you, I, your humble servant.”

³⁹Then he came down the hill to put her errand into action; he returned to the path and went straight to Mexico City. ⁴⁰When he reached the center of the city, he went directly to the palace of the Bishop, the Governing Priest, who had just recently arrived; his name was Don Fray Juan de Zumárraga, a Franciscan Priest.

⁴¹And as soon as he got there, he tried to see him [the Bishop], he begged his [the Bishop’s] servants, his helpers, to go and tell him that he needed to see him. ⁴²After a long time, when finally the Reverend Bishop ordered that he [Juan Diego] enter, they [the Bishop’s servants] came to call him. ⁴³And as soon as he [Juan Diego] entered, first he knelt before him [the Bishop], he prostrated himself, then he revealed to him, he told him of the precious breath, the precious word of the Queen of Heaven, her message, and he also told him everything that made him marvel, what he saw, what he heard.

⁴⁴But the Bishop, having heard his whole story, his message, as if he didn’t particularly believe it to be true, ⁴⁵answered him, he said to him: “My son, you will come again. At that time I will still hear you calmly, I will look at it carefully from the very beginning, I will consider the reason why you have come, what is your will, what is your wish.”

⁴⁶He [Juan Diego] left; he left sad because the errand entrusted to him was not immediately accepted. ⁴⁷Then he returned, at the end of the day, he went straight from there to the top of the little hill, ⁴⁸and he arrived before Her, the Queen of Heaven: there, exactly where she had appeared to him the first time, she was waiting for him.

⁴⁹As soon as he saw her, he prostrated himself before her, he threw himself to the ground, and he said to her: ⁵⁰“My Mistress, my Lady, my Queen, my littlest Daughter, my little Girl, I went to where you sent me to carry out your venerable breath, your venerable word. Although I entered with difficulty to the place where the Governing Priest is, I saw him, and before him I placed your venerable breath, your venerable word, as you ordered me to do. ⁵¹He received me kindly and listened with attention, but, from the way he answered me, it’s as if his heart didn’t recognize it, he doesn’t think it’s true. ⁵²He said to me: ‘You will come again, and at that time I will still hear you calmly, I will look at it carefully from the very beginning, I will consider the reason why you have come, what is your will, what is your wish. ⁵³We shall see,’ the way he answered me; it’s as though your venerable divine house that you want them to build here, that maybe I just made it up, or maybe that it doesn’t come from your venerable lips.

⁵⁴“So I beg you, my Lady, my Queen, my little Girl, to have one of the nobles who are held in esteem, one who is known, respected, honored, have him carry on, take your venerable breath, your venerable word, so that he will be believed. ⁵⁵Because I am really just a man from the country, I’m the porter’s rope, I’m a back frame, just a tail, a wing; I myself need to be led, carried on someone’s back; there, where you sent me, it is not my place to go or to stay, my little Girl, my littlest Daughter, my Lady, my Girl. ⁵⁶Please, excuse me, I will afflict your face, your heart; I will fall into your anger, your displeasure, my Lady Mistress.”

⁵⁷The Perfect Virgin, worthy of honor and veneration, answered him: ⁵⁸“Listen my youngest son, know for sure that I have no lack of servants, of messengers, to whom I can give the task of carrying my breath, my word, so that they carry out my will; ⁵⁹but it is necessary that you, personally, go and plead, that by your intercession, my wish, my will, become a reality. ⁶⁰And I beg you, my youngest son, and I strictly order you, to go again tomorrow to see the Bishop. ⁶¹And in my name, make him know, make him hear my wish, my will, so that he will bring into being, he will build, my sacred house that I ask of him. ⁶²And carefully tell him again how I, personally, the ever Virgin Holy Mary, I, who am the Mother of God, sent you as my messenger.”

⁶³For his part, Juan Diego responded and said to her: “My Lady, my Queen, my Little Girl, let me not anguish you or grieve your face, your heart; truly with gladness I will go to carry out your venerable breath, your venerable word; I absolutely will not fail to do it, nor does the road trouble me. ⁶⁴I will go now, to carry out your will, but maybe I won’t be heard and, if heard, maybe I won’t be believed. ⁶⁵But truly, tomorrow afternoon, when the sun goes down, I will come to return to your venerable breath, to your venerable word, what the Governing Priest answers to me. ⁶⁶Now I respectfully say goodbye to you, my youngest Daughter, my young Girl, Lady, my Little Girl, rest a little more.” ⁶⁷And then he went to his house to rest.

⁶⁸On the following day, Sunday, while it was still nighttime, everything was still dark, he went to Tlatelolco directly from his house, he came to learn about divine things and to be counted in roll call; then he went to see the Governing Priest.

⁶⁹And around ten he was ready, he had been to Mass and was counted in the roll, and everyone had left. ⁷⁰But he, Juan Diego, then went to the palace, the Reverend Bishop’s house. ⁷¹And as soon as he arrived, he went through the whole struggle to see him and, after much effort, he saw him again. ⁷²He knelt at his feet, he wept, he became sad as he spoke to him, as he revealed to

him the venerable breath, the venerable word, of the Queen of Heaven. ⁷³He hoped the errand would be believed, the will of the Perfect Virgin, to make for Her, to build for Her, Her sacred little house, where She had said, where She wanted it.

⁷⁴And the Governing Bishop asked him many, many things, he interrogated him, in order to be certain about where he had seen Her, what She was like. He told absolutely everything to the Reverend Bishop. ⁷⁵And although he told him absolutely everything that he had seen, that he had marveled at, that it appeared perfectly clear that She was the Perfect Virgin, the Kind, Wondrous Mother of Our Savior, Our Lord Jesus Christ; ⁷⁶nevertheless his wish was not fulfilled. ⁷⁷The Bishop said that not only on his [Juan Diego's] word would his petition be carried out, would what he requested happen, ⁷⁸but that some other sign was very necessary if he were to believe how the Queen of Heaven, personally, was sending him [Juan Diego] as Her messenger.

⁷⁹As soon as Juan Diego heard that, he said to the Bishop: ⁸⁰“Señor Governor, think about what the sign you ask for will be, because then I will go ask for it of the Queen of Heaven who sent me.” ⁸¹And as the Bishop saw that he [Juan Diego] was in agreement, that he did not hesitate or doubt in the slightest, he dismissed him. ⁸²And as soon as he [Juan Diego] had left, the Bishop ordered some of his own household staff, in whom he had absolute trust, to go and follow him, to carefully observe where he went, whom he saw, and with whom he spoke. ⁸³And this they did. And Juan Diego went straight along, following the path. ⁸⁴But those who followed him, where the ravine opens, near Tepeyac, on the wooden bridge, came to lose him. And although they searched for him everywhere, they didn't see him anywhere.

⁸⁵And so they turned back, not just because they had made terrible fools of themselves, but also because he had frustrated their attempt, he [Juan Diego] had made them angry. ⁸⁶So they went to tell the Reverend Bishop, they put into his head that he shouldn't believe him [Juan Diego], they told him how he was only telling him lies, that he was only making up what he came to tell him, or that he was only dreaming or imagining what he was telling him, what he was asking of him. ⁸⁷So they decided that if he came again, if he returned, they would grab him right there, and punish him severely, so that he would never again tell lies or get people all riled up.

⁸⁸Meanwhile, Juan Diego was with the Most Holy Virgin, telling Her the response he brought from the Reverend Bishop: ⁸⁹and, when She heard it, She said to him: ⁹⁰“That's fine, my little son, you will come back here tomorrow so that you may take the Bishop the sign he has asked you for; ⁹¹with that he will believe you, and he will no longer have any doubts about all this, nor will he be suspicious of you; ⁹²and know, my little son, that I will reward the care, the work and the fatigue that you have put into this for me; ⁹³so go now; I will be waiting for you here tomorrow.”

⁹⁴And on the following day, Monday, when Juan Diego was to take some sign in order to be believed, he did not return. ⁹⁵Because when he arrived at his house, the sickness had struck an uncle of his, named Juan Bernardino, who had become very ill. ⁹⁶He [Juan Diego] went to get the doctor, who treated him, but it was too late; he was dying. ⁹⁷And when night fell, his uncle begged him that, when it was still the early hours of the morning, when it was still dark, he [Juan Diego] go to Tlatelolco to call one of the priests to come and hear his [Juan Bernardino's]

confession, to get him ready, ⁹⁸because it was in his heart that it was truly now time, that now he would die, because he would no longer get up, he would no longer get well.

⁹⁹And Tuesday, when it was still very dark, he left from there, from his house, to go to Tlatelolco to call a priest, ¹⁰⁰and when he reached the side of the little hill, at the foot of Tepeyácac, the end of the mountain range, where the road comes out, towards where the sun sets, where he had always gone before, he said: ¹⁰¹“If I follow the road straight ahead, I don’t want this Noble Lady to see me because, for sure, just like before, She’ll stop me so I can take the sign to the Governing Priest for Her, as She ordered me to do. ¹⁰²First we must get rid of our first affliction; first I must quickly call the priest since my poor uncle anxiously awaits him.” ¹⁰³He immediately went around the hill, climbed up the middle, crossing over it, and emerged towards where the sun rises; so he could quickly arrive in Mexico City, so that the Queen of Heaven would not stop him. ¹⁰⁴He thought that where he made the turn the one who sees everywhere perfectly would not see him.

¹⁰⁵But he saw how She was coming down from up on the hill, and that from there she had been looking at him, from where she saw him before. ¹⁰⁶She came to meet him beside the hill, she came to block his way; she said to him: ¹⁰⁷“My youngest son, what’s going on? Where are you going? Where are you headed?” ¹⁰⁸And he, perhaps he grieved a little, or perhaps he became ashamed? Or perhaps he became afraid of the situation, became fearful? ¹⁰⁹He prostrated himself before Her, he greeted Her, he said to Her: ¹¹⁰“My little Maiden, my youngest Daughter, my Little Girl, I hope you are happy; how are you this morning? Does your beloved little body feel well, my Lady, my Girl?”

¹¹¹“Though it grieves me, I will cause your face and your heart anguish: I must tell you, my little Girl, that one of your servants, my uncle, is very ill. ¹¹²A terrible sickness has taken hold of him; he will surely die from it soon. ¹¹³And now I shall go quickly to your little house in Mexico, to call one of the ones beloved of Our Lord, one of our priests, so that he will go to hear his [my uncle’s] confession and prepare him. ¹¹⁴Because in reality for this we were born, we who came to await the task of our death.

¹¹⁵“But, while I am going to do this, afterwards I will return here again to go carry your venerable breath, your venerable word, Lady, my Little Girl. ¹¹⁶Forgive me, be patient with me a little longer, because I am not deceiving you with this, my youngest Daughter, my Little Girl, tomorrow without fail I will come in all haste.”

¹¹⁷As soon as She heard Juan Diego’s words, the Merciful Perfect Virgin answered him:

¹¹⁸“Listen, put it into your heart, my youngest son, that what frightened you, what afflicted you is nothing; do not let it disturb your face, your heart; do not fear this sickness or any other sickness, nor any sharp or hurtful thing. ¹¹⁹Am I not here, I who have the honor to be your mother? Are you not in my shadow and under my protection? Am I not the source of your joy? Are you not in the hollow of my mantle, in the crossing of my arms? Do you need anything more?”

¹²⁰“Let nothing else worry you, disturb you; don’t grieve over your uncle’s illness, because he will not die of it for now, you may be certain that he is already healed.” ¹²¹(And at that very moment his uncle was healed, as he later found out). ¹²²And Juan Diego, when he heard the

venerable breath, the venerable word, of the Queen of Heaven, he was greatly comforted by it, his heart became peaceful; ¹²³and he begged her to send him immediately as messenger to see the Governing Bishop, to take him Her sign, for proof, so that he [the Bishop] would believe.

¹²⁴And the Queen of Heaven ordered him then to go to the top of the little hill, where he had seen her before. ¹²⁵She said to him: "Go up, my youngest son, to the top of the hill, to where you saw me and I told you what to do; ¹²⁶there you will see spread out several kinds of flowers: cut them, gather them, put them all together: then come right down; bring them here, into my presence."

¹²⁷And then Juan Diego climbed the little hill, ¹²⁸and when he reached the top, he marveled at how many flowers were spread out there, their blossoms were open, flowers of every kind, lovely and beautiful, like those of Castille, when it was not yet their season ¹²⁹because it was when the frost was worst. ¹³⁰The flowers were giving off an extremely soft fragrance, like precious pearls, as if filled with the night's dew. ¹³¹Right away he began to cut them, gathered them all and put them in the hollow of his tilma. ¹³²The top of the little hill was certainly not a place in which any flowers grew, because it was rocky, there were burs, thorny plants, prickly pear, and an abundance of mesquite bushes. ¹³³And though some small grasses might grow, it was then the month of December, in which the ice eats everything up and destroys it.

¹³⁴And immediately he came back down, he came to bring the Heavenly Maiden the different kinds of flowers which he had gone up to cut. ¹³⁵And when She saw them, She took them with her venerable hands; ¹³⁶then She put them back in the hollow of Juan Diego's tilma and said to him: ¹³⁷"My youngest son, these different kinds of flowers are the proof, the sign that you will take to the Bishop; ¹³⁸you will tell him from me that in them he is to see my wish and that therefore he is to carry out my wish, my will; ¹³⁹and you, you who are my messenger, in you I place my absolute trust. ¹⁴⁰And I strictly order you that only alone, in the Bishop's presence, will you open your tilma and show him what you are carrying; ¹⁴¹and you will tell him everything exactly, you will tell him that I ordered you to climb to the top of the little hill to cut the flowers, and everything you saw and admired; ¹⁴²so that you can convince the Governing Priest, so that he will then do what is entrusted to him, to build my little sacred house that I have asked for."

¹⁴³And as soon as the Heavenly Queen gave him Her orders, he returned to the path, he went straight to Mexico, and now he went happily, ¹⁴⁴his heart was tranquil now, because it was going to come out fine, the flowers would see to that. ¹⁴⁵Along the way, he was very careful of what was in the hollow of his tilma, lest he lose something. ¹⁴⁶As he went, he enjoyed the fragrance of the different kinds of exquisite flowers.

¹⁴⁷When he arrived at the Bishop's house, the doorkeeper and the Governing Priest's other servants went to meet him. ¹⁴⁸He begged them to tell him that he wanted to see him, but none of them was willing; they didn't want to listen to him, or perhaps because it was still very dark. ¹⁴⁹Or maybe because they knew him by now, and all he did was bother and inconvenience them. ¹⁵⁰And their companions [the other servants] had already told them about him, the ones who lost him when they were following him. ¹⁵¹For a long, long time he [Juan Diego] waited for his request to be granted. ¹⁵²And when they [the servants] saw that he was simply standing there for a very long time, with his head down, doing nothing, in case he should be called, and how he was carrying something in the hollow of his tilma; then they came close to him to see what it was he was bringing and thus to satisfy their curiosity.

¹⁵³And when Juan Diego saw that there was no way he could hide from them what he was carrying, and that therefore they would harass him, push him, or perhaps beat him, he gave them a little peek and they saw that it was flowers. ¹⁵⁴And when they saw that they [the flowers] were all fine, different flowers, like those from Castille, and that it wasn't the season for them to be blooming, they admired them [the flowers] greatly, how fresh they were, with their buds open, how good they smelled, beautiful. ¹⁵⁵And they wanted to grab them and pull a few out. ¹⁵⁶They dared to try to take them three times, but there was no way they could do it, ¹⁵⁷because when they tried, they couldn't see them [the flowers] anymore, instead they looked painted or embroidered or sewn into the tilma.

¹⁵⁸They [the servants] went immediately to tell the Governing Bishop what they had seen, ¹⁵⁹and how the lowly Indian who had come the other times wanted to see him, and that he had been waiting a very long time there for permission, because he wanted to see him [the Bishop]. ¹⁶⁰And the Governing Bishop, as soon as he heard this, already had it in his heart that that was the sign to convince him, so he would carry out the work that the humble man had asked of him. ¹⁶¹He immediately ordered that they [the servants] let him in to see him. ¹⁶²And, having entered, he [Juan Diego] prostrated himself in his [the Bishop's] presence, as he had done before. ¹⁶³And again he [Juan Diego] told him about all he had seen, what he had admired, and his message. ¹⁶⁴He said to him: "My Lord, Governor, I have truly done it, I carried out your orders; ¹⁶⁵I went to tell the Lady, my Mistress, the Heavenly Maiden, Saint Mary, the Beloved Mother of God, that you asked for a sign in order to believe me, so that you would make her sacred little house, there where She asked that you build it; ¹⁶⁶and I also told Her I had given you my word to come and bring you some sign, some proof of Her venerable will, as you told me to do. ¹⁶⁷And She listened well to your venerable breath, your venerable word, and was pleased to receive your request for the sign, the proof, so that Her beloved will can be done, can be carried out. ¹⁶⁸And now, when it was still nighttime, She ordered me to come again to see you; ¹⁶⁹and I asked Her for Her sign so that I would be believed, as She said she would give to me, and immediately She kept her promise. ¹⁷⁰And She sent me to the top of the little hill where I had seen Her before, to cut some different flowers there, like those from Castille. ¹⁷¹And when I had cut them, I took them down to Her below; ¹⁷²and with Her venerable hands she took them. ¹⁷³Then, again, She put them in the hollow of my tilma, ¹⁷⁴so that I would come to bring them to you, so that I would deliver them to you personally. ¹⁷⁵Although I knew well that the top of the hill isn't a place where flowers grow, because it's just rocks, burs, thorny plants, wild prickly pear and mesquite bushes, I didn't doubt because of that; I didn't hesitate because of that. ¹⁷⁶When I reached the top of the little hill, I saw that it was now the Flowered Land [paradise]. ¹⁷⁷There had sprung forth various flowers, like Castillian roses, the finest that there are, full of dew, splendid; so I went to cut them. ¹⁷⁸And She told me that I should give them to you from Her, and that in this way I would prove it; so that you would see the sign you requested in order to carry out Her venerable will, ¹⁷⁹and so that it would be clear that my word, my message, is the truth. ¹⁸⁰Here they are; please receive them."

¹⁸¹And then he opened his white tilma, in the hollow of which were the flowers. ¹⁸²And all the different flowers, like those from Castille, fell to the floor. ¹⁸³Then and there his tilma became the sign, there suddenly appeared the Beloved Image of the Perfect Virgin Saint Mary, Mother of God, in the form and figure in which it is now, ¹⁸⁴where it is preserved in her beloved little house, in her sacred little house in Tepeyac, which is called Guadalupe. ¹⁸⁵And as soon as the

Governing Bishop and all those who were there saw it, they knelt, they were full of awe,¹⁸⁶ they stood up to see it, they were moved, their hearts were troubled, their hearts as well as their minds were raised.¹⁸⁷ And the Governing Bishop, in tears, with sadness, begged Her, he asked Her forgiveness for not having carried out Her venerable will, Her venerable breath, Her venerable word.

¹⁸⁸And the Bishop got up, and untied Juan Diego's garment, his tilma, from his neck where it was tied,¹⁸⁹ on which appeared the venerable sign of the Heavenly Queen. ¹⁹⁰And then he took it and placed it in his private chapel. ¹⁹¹And Juan Diego still stayed for the day in the Bishop's house, who still kept him there. ¹⁹²And on the next day he [the Bishop] said to him: "Come, let's go so you can show me where it is that the venerable will of the Queen of Heaven wants Her chapel built." ¹⁹³Immediately the order was given to make it, to build it. ¹⁹⁴And Juan Diego, as soon as he showed where the Lady of Heaven had ordered that Her sacred little house be built, asked for permission to leave. ¹⁹⁵He wanted to go home in order to see his uncle, Juan Bernardino, who was very ill when he left him, when he had gone to call on one of the priests in Tlatelolco to hear his confession and prepare him, the one whom the Queen of Heaven had said was already cured. ¹⁹⁶But they didn't let him go alone, instead people went with him to his house. ¹⁹⁷And when they arrived they saw that his venerable uncle was healthy, absolutely nothing pained him. ¹⁹⁸And he, for his part, greatly admired the way in which his nephew was so accompanied and honored. ¹⁹⁹He asked his nephew why this was happening, that they so honored him; ²⁰⁰and he [Juan Diego] told him [Juan Bernardino] how, when he left to go call on a priest to hear his confession, to prepare him, there in Tepeyácac the Lady of Heaven appeared to him. ²⁰¹And She sent him to Mexico City to see the Governing Bishop, so that there he would build Her house in Tepeyácac.

²⁰²And She told him not to worry, because his uncle was already cured, and this very much consoled him. ²⁰³His uncle told him it was true, that She healed him at that exact moment, ²⁰⁴and he saw Her in exactly the same way She had appeared to his nephew. ²⁰⁵And She told him that she was also sending him to Mexico City to see the Bishop; ²⁰⁶and that also, when he went to see him, he should reveal absolutely everything to him, he should tell him what he had seen ²⁰⁷and the wonderful way in which She had healed him, ²⁰⁸ and that he should properly name Her Beloved Image thus: THE PERFECT VIRGIN, SAINT MARY OF GUADALUPE.

²⁰⁹And right away they took Juan Bernardino into the presence of the Governing Bishop, so that he could come to speak to him, to give him his testimony. ²¹⁰And together with his nephew Juan Diego, the Bishop lodged them in his house for a few days, ²¹¹while the sacred little house of the Heavenly Maiden was built there in Tepeyac, where She revealed Herself to Juan Diego. ²¹²And after some time, the Reverend Bishop moved the beloved Image of the Heavenly Maiden to the main church. ²¹³He [the Bishop] took it from his palace, from his chapel where it had been, so that everyone could see and admire Her precious Image. ²¹⁴And absolutely everyone, the entire city, without exception, trembled when they went to behold, to admire Her precious Image. ²¹⁵They came to acknowledge it as something divine. ²¹⁶They came to offer Her their prayers. ²¹⁷They marveled at the miraculous way it had appeared ²¹⁸since absolutely no one on Earth had painted Her beloved Image.

“Appendix A: The Nican Mopohua,” in Carl Anderson and Eduardo Chávez, *Our Lady of Guadalupe: Mother of the Civilization of Love* (New York: Doubleday, 2009), pp. 171-183.
[Nican Mopohua].