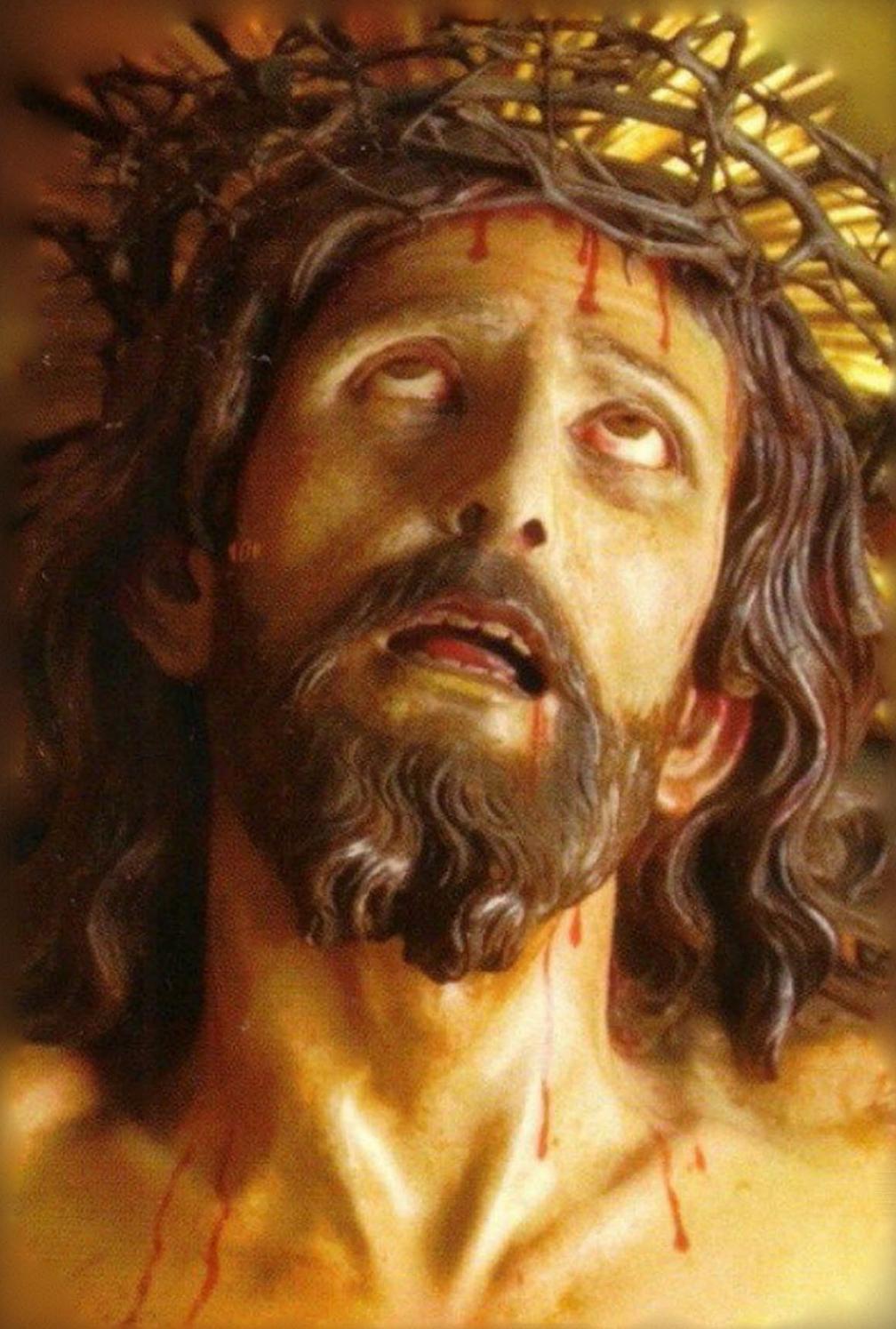


THE HOURS OF THE PASSION OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST THE LAST 24 HOURS

SERVANT OF GOD LUISA PICCARRETA
The Little daughter of the Divine Will



“SOUL, HELP ME!”

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“SOUL, HELP ME!”

Words of a suffering Jesus to Luisa at age 13 in a vision from her balcony of Him carrying the Cross, which sparked in her an insatiable thirst to suffer for Jesus and souls

THE PASSION OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST

THE LAST 24 HOURS

Prima edizione (Naples 20-02-**1915**)

Nihil Obstat: Francesco Sorrentino (Revisore Ecclesiatico)

Imprimatur: A. Can. Laviano, V. G.

Seconda edizione (Naples 20-02-**1916**)

Nihil Obstat: Francesco Sorrentino (Revisore Ecclesiatico)

Imprimatur: A. Can. Laviano, V. G.

Terza edizione (Naples 20-02-**1917**)

Nihil Obstat: Francesco Sorrentino (Revisore Ecclesiatico)

Imprimatur: A. Can. Laviano, V. G.

Quarta edizione (Messina 20-02-**1924**)

Nihil Obstat: D. Prestifillipo, SJ (Revisore Ecclesiatico)

Quinta edizione (Taranto 20-02-**1934**)

Nihil Obstat: Giuseppe Blandamura (Revisore Ecclesiatico)

This book, also written by Luisa Piccarreta before the Lord gave her the mission of the Divine Will, is an integral and essential part of the

“BOOK OF HEAVEN”

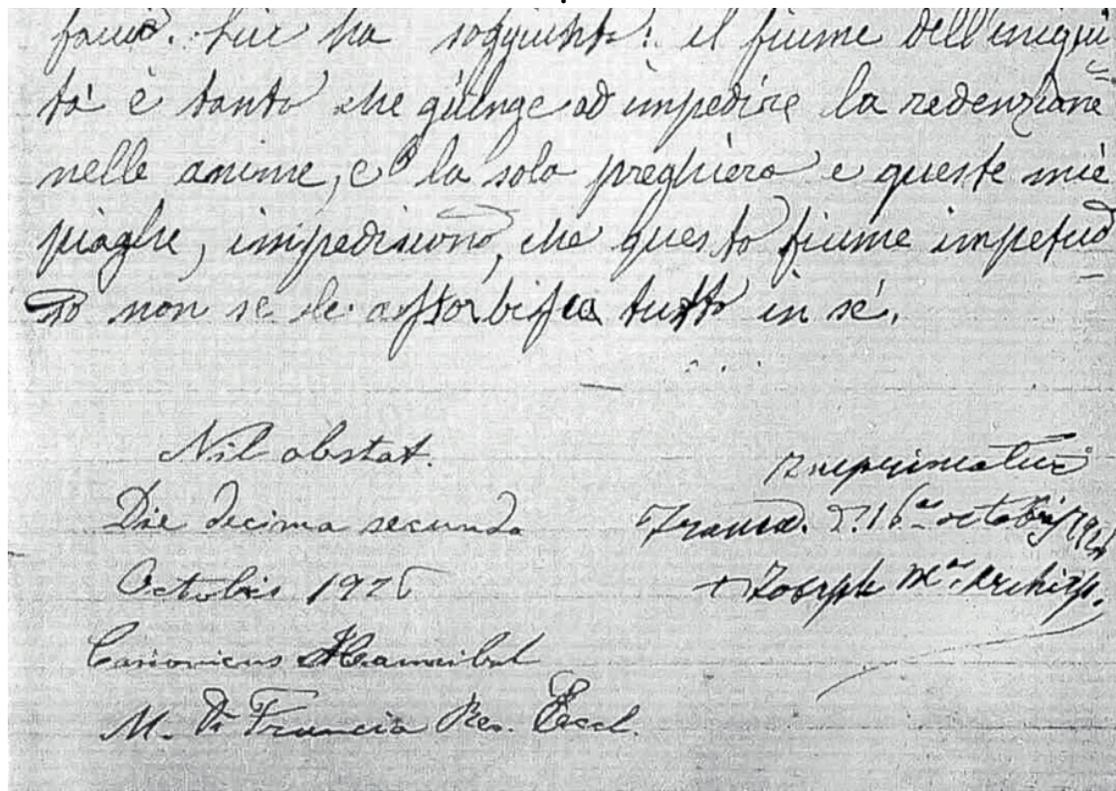
***“THE KINGDOM OF THE DIVINE WILL IN THE MIDST OF THE CREATURES—
THE CALL TO THE CREATURES TO THE ORDER, THE PLACE AND
THE PURPOSE FOR WHICH THEY WERE CREATED BY GOD”***

In 1914, Luisa writes in a letter to the now Saint, Annibale M. di Francia:

"I am finally sending you this handwritten copy of The Hours of the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ. May it all be for His greater Glory. I have also enclosed a few pages where I describe the effects and the beautiful promises that Jesus makes to everyone who meditates these Hours of the Passion. I believe that if whoever meditates on them is a sinner, he will convert; if he is imperfect, he will become perfect; if he is holy, he will become holier; if he is tempted, he will find victory; if suffering, he will find strength, medicine, and comfort in these Hours; if weak and poor, he will find a spiritual food and a mirror in which to look at himself continually and so become beautiful and similar to Jesus, our model".

"Father, this book should be read while kneeling; it is Jesus Christ Who is speaking!" --Pope Saint Pius X to the now Saint, Annibale di Francia

Copy of the Nihil Obstat and Imprimatur from one of her Volumes



**THIS BOOK, AS CLEARLY MANIFESTED BY OUR LORD TO LUISA, IS
THE DIVINE INTRODUCTION TO THE TRUTHS AND KNOWLEDGE
REVEALED IN THE **BOOK OF HEAVEN****

History of her Cause for Beatification and Canonization
(updated to July 23, 2010)

The Truths and Knowledge in this book, and in her other writings, were communicated by Jesus Christ our Lord, to the now **Servant of God**, Luisa Piccarreta, whose Cause for Beatification was opened by the Church on **November 24, 1994, Feast of Christ the King, as a result to the directive given on Holy Saturday, April 2, 1994, by then Cardinal Joseph Ratzinger, Prefect for the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith, and with the vote and approval of the now Blessed, Pope John Paul II.**

Luisa, under strict obedience to her confessors, wrote them over a period of **40 years**. These writings were stored in the Archives of the Vatican for almost 60 years, until they were made available to the Tribunal of the Cause for Beatification on **February 2, 1996, Feast of the Presentation. Before 1927**, the writings of Luisa up to that date (the first 19 Volumes, and the Hours of the Passion), had already been granted a **“Nihil Obstat”** by the **now Saint, Annibale Maria di Francia**, (Archdiocesan Censor), and the **Imprimatur** of the Archbishop of her Diocese, Mons. Giuseppe M. Leo.

On June 2, 1997, the Rev. Antonio Resta, Rector of the Theological Institute of the Pontificate of Southern Italy, sent his evaluation of the writings to the **Tribunal of the Cause for Beatification** in answer to the petition of examination made by the Tribunal to him and to another **independently commissioned theologian**. **On December 18, 1997**, the Rev. Cosimo Reho, Professor of Dogmatic Theology, also submitted his evaluation. These two renowned theologians, both gave their **POSITIVE** verdicts to these writings.

On October 29, 2005, His Excellency, Mons. Giovanni Battista Pichierri, Archbishop of Trani, Barletta—Bisceglie, and titolare of Nazareth, in Corato, Italy, having finalized the diocesan investigation (“inchiesta diocesana”) regarding the fame of sanctity of Luisa, with the compilation of testimonies and documents, and having received a POSITIVE verdict from the two theologians previously commissioned by the Diocese, remitted his definitive judgment in favor of the sanctity of the Servant of God Luisa Piccarreta to the Holy Father.

In a communiqué of **2008** -(Communiqué n. 2 (Prot. n. 098/08/c3), regarding the process for Beatification and Canonization of the Servant of God Luisa Piccarreta)-, the reverend Archbishop informed “that **the Congregation for the Cause of Saints**, in anticipation of the issuance of the decree regarding the judicial validity of the diocesan investigation (“inchiesta diocesana”), **had submitted the writings of the Servant of God for examination to two other Theological Censors** (whose names must remain secret), in conformity with the canonical normative and the standing praxis”.

The Dicastery ordered the completion of this requisite in order to be able to issue the decree on the judicial validity of the diocesan investigation and thus initiate the Roman process. The theological censors, named by the Church, must examine the writings and give their assurance that there is nothing in them contrary to the Faith and Tradition of the Church, and must describe in their pronouncements the personality and the spirituality of the Servant of God.

After almost three years of expectation, the following news was received: Corato, (Italy), July 23, 2010—Sor Assunta Marigliano, President of the Pious Association “Luisa Piccarreta—Piccoli figli del Divino Volere”, with its seat in Corato, Italy, and responsible for the promotion of the Cause for Beatification and Canonization of the Servant of God, Luisa Piccarreta, made known today, unofficially, great news regarding the Cause of Luisa, which fills us with great joy. **Today we have learned that ALSO the second theologian commissioned by the Holy See for the revision of the writings of the Servant of God, Luisa Piccarreta, has finished his work and has given his official verdict: POSITIVE.**

-IMPORTANT NOTICE TO OUR ENGLISH SPEAKING READERS- FEBRUARY 2, 2023

IN LIGHT OF THE TRANSCENDENTAL IMPORTANCE OF WHAT IS CONTAINED IN THESE WRITINGS, AND OF THE SCRIPTURE AND CHURCH APPROVED PROPHECIES AND EVENTS THAT ARE ALREADY BEING FULFILLED IN THE ENTIRE WORLD AND IN THE CHURCH, **A LIMITED EDITION OF A HARD COVER "BOOK OF HEAVEN" HAS BEEN PRINTED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ENGLISH ON REGULAR PAPER (Home Edition) AND NOW ALSO ON BIBLE PAPER (Easy to Carry Edition).** IT CONTAINS **ALL 36 VOLUMES, THE TOTALITY OF THE TRUTHS AND KNOWLEDGE MANIFESTED BY OUR LORD TO THE SERVANT OF GOD, LUISA PICCARRETA, OVER A 40 YEAR PERIOD.**

IT WILL BE AVAILABLE ONLY UNTIL THE CHURCH PUBLISHES THE OFFICIAL ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF THE BOOK.

BOOK MAY BE DOWNLOADED FREE AT OUR WEBPAGE

WWW.FIAT-FIAT-FIAT.COM

ALSO AVAILABLE IN PRINT THROUGH WWW.FIAT-FIAT-FIAT.COM



Letter of Luisa to Saint Annibale M. di Francia

Most Reverend Father,

I am finally sending you the Hours of the Passion, now written, and all for the glory of Our Lord. **I also include another sheet which contains the effects, and the beautiful promises which Jesus makes to anyone who does these Hours of the Passion.** I believe that if one who meditates them is a sinner, he will convert; if he is imperfect, he will become perfect; if he is holy, he will become more holy; if he is tempted, he will find victory; if he is suffering, in these Hours he will find the strength, the medicine, the comfort. And if his soul is weak and poor, he will find spiritual food and the mirror in which he will reflect himself continuously to be embellished and to become similar to Jesus, our model. The satisfaction that blessed Jesus receives from the meditation of these Hours is so great, that He would want at least one copy of these meditations to be present and practiced in each city or town.

In fact, it would happen, then, as if Jesus heard His own voice and His prayers being reproduced in those reparations, just as the ones He raised to His Father during the 24 hours of His sorrowful Passion. And if this were done in each town or city at least, by as many souls, Jesus seems to make me understand that Divine Justice would be placated in part, and in these sad times of torments and bloodshed, Its scourges would be stopped, in part, and as though dampened. I let you, Reverend Father, make appeal to all; may you complete, in this way, the little work that my lovable Jesus had me do.

I also tell you that the purpose of these Hours of the Passion is not so much that of narrating the story of the Passion, because there are many books that treat this pious topic, and it would not be necessary to make another one. But rather, the purpose is the reparation, uniting the different points of the Passion of Our Lord with the diversity of the many offenses, and making worthy reparation for them together with Jesus, almost making up for all that the other creatures owe Him. From this, the different ways of reparation present in these Hours: in some sections it blesses, in others one compassionates, in others one praises, in others one comforts suffering Jesus, in others one compensates, in others one supplicates, prays and asks.

Therefore, I leave it to you, Reverend Father, to make known the purpose of these writings with a preface.

St. Annibale: "The sheet about which the author of these Hours of the Passion speaks at the beginning of her letter, here transcribed, contains what the Lord told her, and is reported here below:

* * *

The following selection from the Writings of Luisa in the **BOOK OF HEAVEN**, contains the passages which are referred to in the letter, and some additional ones, which were written at a later time.

June 5, 1905 Volume 6

Crosses are baptismal founts.

This morning, upon coming, blessed Jesus told me:

"My daughter, crosses and mortifications are as many baptismal founts, and any kind of cross which is dipped in the thought of my Passion loses half of its bitterness, and its weight diminishes by half."

And He disappeared like a flash. I continued to do certain adorations and reparations in my interior, and He came back, adding:

"What is not my consolation in seeing what my Humanity did many centuries ago being redone in you! In fact, anything which I established that each soul should do, was done before in my Humanity. If the soul corresponds to Me, she does again within herself, that which I did for her; but if she does not, it remains done only in Me, and I feel an inexpressible bitterness."

November 9, 1906 Volume 7

Effects of meditating continuously on the Passion.

Finding myself in my usual state, I was thinking about the Passion of Our Lord; and while I was doing this, He came and told me:

"My daughter, one who meditates continuously on my Passion and feels sorrow for it and compassion for Me, pleases Me so much that I feel as though comforted for all that I suffered in the course of my Passion; and by always meditating on it, the soul arrives at preparing a continuous food. In this food there are many different spices and flavors, which form different effects. So, if in the course of my Passion they gave Me ropes and chains to tie Me, the soul releases Me and gives Me freedom. They despised Me, spat on Me, and dishonored Me; she appreciates Me, cleans Me of that spittle, and honors Me. They stripped Me and scourged Me; she heals Me and clothes Me.

*They crowned Me with thorns, mocking Me as king, embittered my mouth with bile, and crucified Me; while the soul, meditating on all my pains, crowns Me with glory and honors Me as her king, fills my mouth with sweetness, giving Me the most delicious food, which is the memory of my own works; and un-nailing Me from the Cross, she makes Me rise again in her heart. And every time she does so, I give her a new life of grace as recompense. She is my food, and I become her continuous food. **So, the thing that pleases Me the most is meditating continuously on my Passion.**"*

April 10, 1913 Volume 11

The recompense for those who do the Hours of the Passion.

This morning my always lovable Jesus came, and hugging me to His Heart, told me:

"My daughter, one who always thinks about my Passion forms a fount within her heart, and the more she thinks about It, the larger this fount becomes. And just as the waters that spring up are waters common to everyone, in the same way, this fount of my Passion which is formed in her heart, serves for the good of the soul, for my glory, and for the good of all creatures."

And I: 'Tell me, my Good, what will You give as recompense to those who will do the Hours of the Passion the way You taught them to me?'

And He:

"My daughter, I will look at these Hours, not as yours, but as done by Me. I will give you my same merits, as if I were in the act of suffering my Passion; and the same effects, according to the dispositions of the souls. This, while they are on earth - and I could not give them a greater reward. Then, in Heaven, I will place these souls in front of Me, darting through them with darts of love and of contentment for as many times as they did the Hours of my Passion; and they will dart through Me. What a sweet enchantment this will be for all the Blessed!"....

September 6, 1913 Volume 11

The Hours of the Passion are the very prayers of Jesus.

I was thinking about the Hours of the Passion, which have now been written, and how they are without any indulgence. So, those who do them gain nothing, while there are many prayers enriched with many indulgences. While I was thinking of this, my always lovable Jesus, all kindness, told me:

"My daughter, through the prayers with indulgences one gains something, but the Hours of my Passion, which are my very prayers, my reparations, and all love, have come out of the very depth of my Heart. Have you perhaps forgotten how many times I have united Myself with you to do them together, and I have changed chastisements into graces over the whole earth? So, my satisfaction is such and so great, that instead of the indulgence, I give the soul a handful of Love, which contains incalculable prices of infinite value. And besides, when things are done out of pure love, my love finds its outpouring, and it is not insignificant that the creature gives relief and outpouring to the Love of the Creator."

October 1914 Volume 11

The effectiveness of these Hours depends on whether the soul does them in union with Jesus and in His Will. How Jesus desires that souls do the Hours of the Passion.

I was writing the Hours of the Passion, and I thought to myself: 'How many sacrifices in order to write these blessed Hours of the Passion, especially to put on paper certain interior acts which had passed only between me and Jesus. What will be the recompense that He will give to me?' And Jesus, letting me hear His tender and sweet voice, told me:

"My daughter, as recompense for having written the Hours of my Passion, for each word you have written I will give you a kiss - a soul."

And I: 'My love; this is for me; and what will You give to those who will do them?'

And Jesus: ***"If they do them together with Me and with my own Will, I will also give them a soul for each word they will recite, because the greater or lesser effectiveness of these Hours of my Passion is in the greater or lesser union that they have with Me. By doing them with my Will, the creature hides within my Volition, and since it is my Volition that acts, I can produce all the goods I want, even through one word alone; and this, for each time you will do them."***

Another time I was lamenting to Jesus, because after so many sacrifices to write these Hours of the Passion, very few were the souls who were doing them. And He:

*"My daughter, do not lament - even if there were only one, you should be content. **Would I not have suffered my whole Passion even if one soul alone were to be saved? The same for you. One should never omit good because few avail themselves of it; all the harm is for those who do not take advantage of it.** And just as my Passion made my Humanity acquire the merit as if all were saved, even though not all are saved, because my Will was to save everyone, and I received merit according to what I wanted, not according to the profit which creatures would draw; the same for you: **you will be rewarded depending on whether your will was identified with my Will in wanting to do good to all.** All the harm is for those who, though being able to, do not do them."*

*These Hours are the most precious of all, **because they are nothing less than the repetition of what I did in the course of my mortal life, and what I continue to do in the Most Holy Sacrament. When I hear these Hours of my Passion, I hear my own voice, my own prayers. In that soul I see my Will - that is, wanting the good of all and repairing for all - and I feel drawn to dwell in her, to be able to do what she herself does within her.** Oh, how I would love that even one single soul for each town did these Hours of my Passion! I would hear Myself in each town, and my Justice, greatly indignant during these times, would be placated in part."*

I add that one day I was doing the Hour in which the Celestial Mother gave burial to Jesus, and I followed Her to keep Her company in Her bitter desolation, to compassionate Her. I did not usually do this Hour all the times - only sometimes. Now, I was undecided about whether I should do it or not, and blessed Jesus, all love, and as though praying me, told me:

"My daughter, I do not want you to omit it. You will do it for love of Me, in honor of my Mother. Know that every time you do it, my Mother feels as if She were on earth in person, repeating Her life, and therefore She receives that glory and love which She gave Me while on earth; and I feel as if my Mother were on earth again - Her maternal tenderness, Her love and all the glory that She gave Me. So, I will consider you as a mother."

Then, as He embraced me, I heard Him say to me, very softly: "*My mother, mama*"; and He whispered to me all that sweet Mother did and suffered in this Hour - and I followed Her. From that time on, helped by His grace, I have never omitted it again.

November 4, 1914 Volume 11

The new and continuous way to meditate the Passion.

I was doing the Hours of the Passion and Jesus, all pleased, told me:

*"My daughter, if you knew what great satisfaction I feel in seeing you repeating these Hours of my Passion - always repeating them, over and over again - you would be happy. It is true that my Saints have meditated on my Passion and have comprehended how much I suffered, melting in tears of compassion, so much so, as to feel consumed for love of my pains; but not in such a continuous way, and repeated many times in this order. Therefore I can say that you are the first one to give Me this pleasure, so great and special, as you keep fragmenting within you - hour by hour - my life and what I suffered. And I feel so drawn that, hour by hour, I give you this food and I eat the same food with you, **doing what you do together with you. Know, however, that I will reward you abundantly with new light and new graces; and even after your death, each time souls on earth will do these Hours of my Passion, in Heaven I will clothe you with ever new light and glory.**"*

November 6, 1914 Volume 11

The soul who does the Hours of the Passion makes the life of Jesus her own, and does His same office.

As I continued the usual Hours of the Passion, my lovable Jesus told me:

"My daughter, the world is in continuous act of renewing my Passion; and since my immensity envelopes everything, inside and outside the creatures, from their contact I am forced to receive nails, thorns, scourges, scorns, spit and all the rest which I suffered in the Passion - and still more. Now, at the contact with souls who do these Hours of my Passion I feel the nails being removed, the thorns shattered, the wounds soothed, the spit taken away. I feel I am repaid in good for the evil that others do to Me, and in feeling that their contact does no harm to Me, but good, I lean more and more on them."

In addition to this, returning to speak about these Hours of the Passion, blessed Jesus said:

"My daughter, know that by doing these Hours the soul takes my thoughts and makes them her own; she takes my reparations, prayers, desires, affections, and even my most intimate fibers, and makes them her own. And rising up between Heaven and earth, she does my same office, and as co-Redemptrix, she says with Me: 'Ecce ego, mitte me [Here I am, send me] - I want to repair for all, answer for all, and impetrate good for all'."

April 23, 1916 Volume 11

At each thought about the Passion of Jesus, the soul draws light from His Humanity.

Continuing in my usual state, my adorable Jesus made Himself seen all surrounded with light, which came out from within His Most Holy Humanity, and embellished Him in such a way as to form an enchanting and enrapturing sight. I remained surprised, and He told me:

"My daughter, each pain I suffered, each drop of Blood, each wound, prayer, word, action, step, etc., produced a light within my Humanity, which embellished Me in such a way as to keep all the Blessed enraptured. Now, at each thought that the soul has about my Passion, at each act of compassion, reparation, etc., she does nothing other than draw light from my Humanity, and be embellished in my likeness. So, each additional thought about my Passion will be one more light which will bring her eternal joy."

October 13, 1916 Volume 11

How the Angels are around the soul who does the Hours of the Passion. These Hours are sweet little sips that souls give to Jesus.

I was doing the Hours of the Passion, and blessed Jesus told me:

"My daughter, in the course of my mortal life, thousands and thousands of Angels were the cortege of my Humanity, gathering everything I did – my steps, my works, my words, and even my sighs, my pains, the drops of my Blood – in sum, everything. They were the Angels in charge of my custody, and of paying Me honor; obedient to my every wish, they would rise to and descend from Heaven, to bring to the Father what I was doing. Now these Angels have a special office, and as the soul remembers my Life, my Passion, my Blood, my wounds, my prayers, they come around this soul and gather her words, her prayers, her acts of compassion for Me, her tears and her offerings; they unite them to mine, and they bring them before my Majesty to renew for Me the glory of my own Life. The delight of the Angels is so great that, reverent, they listen to what the soul says, and pray together with her. So, with what attention and respect must the soul do these Hours, thinking that the Angels hang upon her lips to repeat after her what she says."

Then He added:

*"After the so much bitterness that creatures give Me, these Hours are sweet little sips that souls give Me; but for the many bitter sips I receive, the sweet ones are too few. **Therefore, more diffusion, more diffusion!"***

December 9, 1916 Volume 11

Jesus wants to find Himself and what He did in the soul. With this intention the soul must do the Hours of the Passion and every action.

I was afflicted because of the privations of my sweet Jesus; and if He comes, while I breathe a little bit of life, I am left more afflicted in seeing Him more afflicted than I am. He does not want to hear about placating Himself, because creatures force Him, and snatch more scourges from Him. But while He scourges, He cries over the lot of man, and He hides deep inside my heart, almost not to see what man suffers. It seems that one can no longer live in these sad times; yet, it seems that this is only the beginning.

Then, as I was worried about my hard and sad lot of having to be so very often without Him, my sweet Jesus came, and throwing one arm around my neck, told me:

*"My daughter, do not increase my pains by worrying – they are already too many. I do not expect this from you; on the contrary, I want you to make my pains, my prayers and all of Myself your own, in such a way that I may find in you another Me. In these times I want great satisfactions, and only one who makes Me his own can give them to Me. **That which the Father found in Me – glory, delight, love, satisfactions whole and perfect, and for the good of all – I want to find in these souls, like as many other Jesus that match Me.** These intentions you must repeat in each Hour of the Passion that you do, in each action – in everything. If I do not find my satisfactions – ah, it is over for the world! The scourges will pour down in torrents. Ah, my daughter! Ah, my daughter!"*

And He disappeared.

February 2, 1917 Volume 11

The world has become unbalanced because it has lost the thought of the Passion.

As I was in my usual state, I found myself outside of myself, and I found my always lovable Jesus, all dripping with blood, with a horrible crown of thorns, looking at me with difficulty through the thorns. He told me:

*"My daughter, **the world has become unbalanced because it has lost the thought of my Passion.** In darkness, it has not found the light of my Passion which would illuminate it; and as it would make known to it my love and how much souls cost Me, it might turn to loving the One who has truly loved it; and the light of my Passion, guiding it, would put it on its guard against all dangers. In weakness, it has not found the strength of my Passion which would sustain it. In impatience, it has not found the mirror of my patience which would infuse in it calm and resignation; and in the face of my patience, feeling ashamed, it would make it its duty to dominate itself. In pains, it has not found the comfort of the pains of a God which, sustaining its pains, would infuse in it love of suffering. In sin, it has not found my sanctity which, placing itself in front of it, would infuse in it hate of sin.*

Ah! man has made an abuse of everything, because in everything he has moved away from the One who could help him. This is why the world has lost balance. It behaved like a child who no longer wanted to recognize his mother; or like a disciple who, denying his master, no longer wanted to listen to his teachings, or learn his lessons. What will happen to this child and to this disciple? They will be the sorrow of themselves, and the terror and sorrow of society. Such has man become – terror and sorrow; but a sorrow without pity. Ah! man is getting worse and worse, and I cry over him with tears of blood!"

May 16, 1917 Volume 12

Effects of the Hours of the Passion. There is not a soul who enters Purgatory without carrying the mark of the Hours of the Passion.

Finding myself in my usual state, I was fusing all of myself in my sweet Jesus, and then I poured all of myself into the creatures, in order to give the whole of Jesus to all. And my lovable Jesus told me: "My daughter, every time the creature fuses herself in Me, she gives the influence of Divine Life to all creatures; and according to their own needs, the creatures obtain their effects: those who are weak, feel strength; those who are obstinate in sin, receive light; those who suffer, receive comfort; and so with all the rest."

Then, I found myself outside of myself. I was in the midst of many souls - they seemed to be purging souls and Saints - who were speaking to me and mentioning one person known to me, who died not too long ago. And they said to me: 'He feels happy in seeing that there is not a soul who enters Purgatory without carrying the mark of the Hours of the Passion. Surrounded by the cortege of these Hours and helped by them, the souls take a safe place. And there is not a soul who flies into Heaven, without being accompanied by these Hours of the Passion. These Hours make a continuous dew pour down from Heaven to earth, into Purgatory, and even into Heaven.'

On hearing this, I said to myself: 'Maybe my beloved Jesus, in order to keep the word He had given - that for each word of the Hours of the Passion He would give a soul - is allowing that there be not a saved soul who does not benefit from these Hours.'

Afterwards, I returned into myself, and as I found my sweet Jesus, I asked Him whether that was true. And He:

"These Hours are the order of the Universe; they put Heaven and earth in harmony, and restrain Me from sending the world to ruin. I feel my Blood, my wounds, my Love and all I did, being placed in circulation; and they flow over all to save all. As souls do these Hours of the Passion, I feel my Blood, my wounds, my anxieties to save souls, being put in motion, and I feel my own Life being repeated. How could creatures obtain any good if not by means of these Hours? Why do you doubt? This thing is not yours, but mine. You have been the strained and weak instrument."

July 12, 1918 Volume 12

Effects of the Passion of Jesus.

I was praying for a dying soul with a certain fear and anxiety, when my lovable Jesus came and told me:

"My daughter, why do you fear? Don't you know that for each word on my Passion, for each thought, compassion, reparation, memory of my pains - as many ways of electric communication open between Me and the soul, and therefore the soul keeps adorning herself with as many different beauties? She has done the Hours of my Passion, and I will receive her as daughter of my Passion, clothed with my Blood and adorned with my wounds. This flower has grown inside your heart, so I bless it and I receive it in my Heart, as a favorite flower."

And while He was saying this, a flower came out of my heart, and took flight toward Jesus.

October 21, 1921 Volume 13

Everything that Jesus did and suffered is in continuous act of giving itself to man. All the remedies needed for the whole humanity are in His Life and Passion.

I was thinking about the Passion of my sweet Jesus, and upon coming, He told me:

"My daughter, every time the soul thinks about my Passion, remembers what I suffered, or compassionates Me, she renews the application of my pains within herself. My Blood rises to inundate her, and my wounds place themselves on the path to heal her if she is wounded, or to embellish her if she is healthy – and all my merits, to enrich her. The traffic she produces is amazing - it is as if she placed everything I did and suffered on a counter, earning twice as much."

*In fact, everything I did and suffered is in continuous act of giving itself to man, just as the sun is in continuous act of giving light and heat to the earth. My work is not subject to exhaustion; **if the soul just wants it so, and as many times as she wants it, she receives the fruit of my Life. So, if she remembers my Passion twenty, a hundred, a thousand times, so many more times will she enjoy its effects.** But how few are those who make a treasure of it! With all the good of my Passion, one can see souls who are weak, blind, deaf, mute, crippled - living cadavers, such as to be disgusting. This, because my Passion is put into oblivion.*

My pains, my wounds, my Blood are strength which removes weaknesses, light which gives sight to the blind, tongue which loosens tongues and opens the hearing, ways which straightens the crippled, life which raises the cadavers. All the remedies needed for the whole of humanity are in my Life and Passion.

But the creature despises the medicine and does not care about the remedies; and so one can see, in spite of all my Redemption, the state of man perishing, as though affected by an incurable illness. But that which grieves Me the most is to see religious people who tire themselves out in order to acquire doctrines, speculations, stories - but about my Passion, nothing. So, many times my Passion is banished from churches, from the mouths of priests; therefore, their speech is without light, and the peoples remain more starved than before."...

October 24, 1925 Volume 18

One who thinks about the Passion of Jesus, keeps Jesus company. But one who lives in the Divine Will, finds the Passion of Jesus in act, and repeats It within herself.

..."My daughter, thinking about my Passion, compassionating Me in my pains, is very pleasing to Me. I feel I am not alone in my pains, but I have with Me the company of the creature, because of whom I suffer, and whom I love so much; and as I have her with Me, my suffering becomes sweeter for Me. How hard is isolation in suffering! When I see Myself alone, I have no one to whom to entrust my pains, nor anyone to whom to give the fruit which my pains contain; and so I remain as though drowned with pains and love. Therefore, as my love can endure no more, I come to You, to suffer within you, and you with Me, the pains of my Passion, in act, in order to repeat what I did and suffered in my Humanity.

To repeat my Passion in act in the creature is different from one who only thinks about and compassionates my pains. The first is an act of my Life, which takes my place in order to repeat my pains, and I feel I am given back the effects and the value of a Divine Life. On the other hand, when one thinks about my pains and compassionates Me, it is the mere company of the creature that I feel. But do you know in whom I can repeat the pains of my Passion in act? In one who has my Will as center of life.

My Will alone is one single act which has no succession of acts. This single act is as though fixed to one point which never moves; and this point is Eternity. And while being one single act, prime act, endless act, Its circumference is so immense that nothing can escape It; It embraces everything and everyone with one single embrace, because everything starts from that prime act, as one single act. So, the Creation, the Redemption and the Sanctification are one single act for the Divinity; and only because it is one single act, it has the power to make all acts its own, as if they were one alone. Now, one who lives in my Will possesses this single act, and it is no wonder that she takes part in the pains of my Passion, as though in act...."

OTHER RELEVANT EXTRACTS

September 2, 1899, Volume 2

"My daughter, keep the light of my Passion ever before your mind, for in seeing my most bitter pains, yours will seem small to you; and in considering the cause for which I suffered so many immense pains, which was sin, your smallest defects will seem grave to you. On the other hand, if you do not reflect yourself in Me, the littlest pains will seem heavy to you, and you will hold grave defects as nothing."
And He disappeared.

February 8, 1902 Meanings of the Passion of Jesus.

This morning, on coming, my adorable Jesus shared with me part of His Passion. Now, while I was in suffering, in order to cheer me the Lord told me:

"My daughter, the first meaning of the Passion contains glory, praise, honor, thanksgiving, reparation to the Divinity. The second is the salvation of souls and all the graces which are needed to obtain this purpose. So, for one who participates in the pains of my Passion, her life contains these same meanings within itself. Not only this, but she takes the same form as my Humanity; and since my Humanity is united with the Divinity, the soul who participates in my pains is also in contact with the Divinity and can obtain whatever she wants.

Even more, her pains are like keys to open the divine treasures. This, for as long as she lives down here; and then a distinct glory is also reserved for her above the Heavens, which is given to her by my Humanity and Divinity, in such a way as to resemble my very light and glory; as well as a more special glory for the whole Celestial Court, which will be given to It through this soul, because of what I have communicated to her. In fact, the more the souls have become like Me in the pains, the more light and glory will come out from within the Divinity; and here is how the whole Celestial Court participates in this glory."

May the Lord be always blessed, and may everything be for His glory and honor.

May 30, 1904 The Passion serves as garment for man. Pride transforms the images of God into demons.

“My daughter, how much ruin pride causes in souls! It is enough to tell you that it forms a wall of division between the creature and God, and from images of Me it transforms them into demons. And then, if the fact that creatures are so blinded that they themselves do not understand nor see the abyss they are in, grieves you and saddens you so much, and you take so much to heart that I help them, **my Passion serves as garment for man, which covers his greatest miseries, embellishes him and gives back to him all the good of which he had deprived himself and had lost because of sin. So I give it to you as gift, that you may use it for yourself and for whomever you want.**”

January 13, 1907

Jesus wanted to suffer in His Humanity in order to redo the human nature.

“My daughter, how much I love souls! Listen: the human nature was corrupted, humiliated, without hope of glory and of resurgence, and I wanted to suffer all humiliations in my Humanity. In a special way, I wanted to be stripped, scourged, and let my flesh fall off in shreds under the scourges, almost undoing my Humanity, in order to redo the humanity of creatures, and to make it rise again full of life, of honor and of glory to eternal life. What more could I do which I have not done?”

March 24, 1913

Jesus is the contentment of contentments. The Celestial Mother was filled with Jesus through Her constant thinking of His Passion.

I add that I was thinking to myself about the sweet Mama, and Jesus told me:

“My daughter, the thought of my Passion never escaped my dear Mother, and by dint of repeating it, she filled all of Herself with Me, completely. The same happens to the soul: by dint of repeating what I suffered, she arrives at filling herself with Me.”

THE PASSION OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST THE LAST 24 HOURS

*“These hours of the Passion are not just a reading, and not even a devotion, **but a formation of Life: the interior Life of Jesus.** In this way, day after day we will feel more and more that Jesus is truly Living in us – **not just our life, but His very Divine Life.**” St. Annibale di Francia*

***Personal Note** – More than just meditating these hours, **let us LIVE them with Our Lord**, for everything that He did in His Humanity was done in His Divinity, hence, it is Eternally present; It

has no past, nor future. **By fusing ourselves with Him in His Divine Will (Book of Heaven)**, He makes us **participants** of all that He does, and **He dwells in us and we dwell in Him**, with all that this encompasses (*Catechism of the Catholic Church #521, Ephesians 2: 18 and 2 Peter 1: 4*). There is no better way to Glorify God and do reparation to Him, than by doing these hours of His Passion. **This is the beginning of LIVING in His Divine Will (“BOOK OF HEAVEN”)**, which will gradually restore us to the order, the place and the purpose for which He created us and bring to plenitude His Work of Creation, Redemption and Sanctification, His Kingdom ON EARTH as is Heaven, thereby fulfilling the Our Father Prayer in Matthew 6: 10.

***Preparation before each hour**

O my Lord Jesus Christ, prostrate before your Divine Presence, I implore your most loving Heart to admit me to the sorrowful meditation of the 24 hours, in which for love of us You wanted to suffer so much, in your adorable body and in your most holy soul, until death on the Cross. O please, give me help, grace, love, deep compassion and understanding of your sufferings, as I now meditate the ____ Hour.

And for those which I cannot meditate, I offer You my will to meditate them, and I willingly intend to meditate them in all the hours in which I must dedicate myself to my duties, or sleep. Accept, O merciful Lord, my loving intention, and let it be beneficial for me and for all, so that I truly do in a saintly way, all that I wish to practice.

I give You thanks, O my Jesus, for calling me to union with You by means of prayer. And to please You more, I take your thoughts, your Heart, and with these I want to pray, **fusing myself totally in your Will and in your Love**, and stretching out my arms to embrace You and resting my head on your Heart, I begin...

Thanksgiving after each hour

My lovable Jesus, You have called me in this hour of your Passion to keep You company, and I have come. I seemed to hear You praying, anguished and sorrowful, and heard how, with the most eloquent and moving words, you made atonement and suffered, pleading for the salvation of souls.

I tried to follow You in everything; and now, having to leave You for my usual obligations, I feel the need to say to You, *‘Thank You’* and *‘I bless You.’*

Yes, O Jesus, I repeat to You *‘Thank You’* thousands and thousands of times, and *‘I bless You’* for all that You have done and suffered for me and for all. *I thank You* and *I bless You* for every drop of Blood You shed, for every breath, for every heartbeat, for every step, word and glance, for every bitterness and offense which You endured. In everything, O my Jesus, I want to give You a *‘Thank You’* and an *‘I bless You.’*

Please, O Jesus, let my whole being send You a continuous flow of gratitude and blessings, so as to draw upon me and upon everyone, the continuous flow of your blessings and graces. Please, O Jesus, press me to your Heart, and with your most holy hands seal every particle of my being with your *'I bless you'*, so that nothing other than a continuous hymn of love may come to You from me.

Sweet Love of mine, having to attend to my obligations, I remain in Your Heart. I fear to leave, but you will keep me within Your Heart, Is it not true? Our fused heartbeats will continue without ceasing, in such a way that will give me Life, Love and close and inseparable Union with You. Oh, I pray to You, my sweet Jesus, that if you see that at some time I am about to leave you, let your heartbeats be felt more strongly in mine, and let your hands hold me more tightly to your Heart, let your eyes gaze into mine and unleash darts of fire, so that, feeling you near, I allow myself to be drawn to a much greater union with You. Oh, my Jesus, keep me on guard so that I do not stray from your side. Oh, seal me, embrace me, bless me, and do together with me all that I must now do....

First Hour

From 5 to 6 PM

Jesus takes leave of His Most Holy Mother

O Celestial Mother, the hour of our final separation is approaching, and I come to You. O Mother, give me your love and your reparations; give me your sorrow, because together with You I want to follow, step by step, the adored Jesus.

And now Jesus comes to You, and You, with heart overflowing with love, run towards Him, and in seeing Him so pale and sad, your Heart aches with pain, your strength leaves You and You are about to collapse at His feet.

O my sweet Mother, do You know why our adorable Jesus has come to You? Ah, He has come to say the last good-bye, to speak to You His last word, to receive your last embrace!

O Mother, I cling to You with all the tenderness of which my poor heart is capable, so that close and united to You, I too may receive the embraces of our adored Jesus. Will You perhaps disdain me? Isn't it rather a comfort for your Heart to have a soul near You who would share your sufferings, affections and reparations?

O Jesus, in this hour so harrowing for your most tender Heart, what a lesson of filial and loving obedience to your Mother You give us! What a sweet harmony there is between You and Mother Mary! What a sweet enchantment of Love rises up to the throne of the Eternal One and extends for the salvation of all creatures of the earth!

O my Celestial Mother, Do You know what our adored Jesus wants from You? He wants your last blessing. It is true that from every particle of your being nothing but blessings and praises come out for your Creator; but Jesus, in taking leave of You, wants to hear those sweet words: *"I bless You, O Son"*. He wants to hear that *"I bless You"* that removes all the blasphemies from His hearing, and descends, sweetly and gently, into His Heart. And as if to form a shield from all the offenses of the creatures, Jesus wants from you your words *"I bless You"*...

And I too unite myself to You, O sweet Mother, and upon the wings of the wind, I want to go around the heavens to ask the Father, the Holy Spirit and all the Angels, for an *"I bless You"* for Jesus, so that, as I go to Him, I may bring Him Their blessings. And here on earth, I want to go to all creatures and obtain from every lip, from every heartbeat, from every step, from every breath, from every glance, from every thought - blessings and praises for Jesus. And if no one wants to give them to me, I intend to give them to Him for them.

O sweet Mother, after going to ask for an *"I bless You"*, from the Sacrosanct Trinity, from the Angels and all creatures, from the light of the sun, the fragrance of the flowers, the waves of the sea, every breath of wind, every spark of fire, from every moving leaf, the twinkling of the stars and every movement of nature, I come to You and I unite all my blessings to yours.

My sweet Mother, I see that You receive comfort and relief, and that You offer Jesus all my blessings in reparation for the blasphemies and the maledictions which He receives from creatures. But as I offer You everything, I hear your trembling voice saying: *"Son, bless me too!"*

And I also say: O my sweet Love, Jesus, bless me also when You bless your Mother; bless my thoughts, my heart, my hands, my works, my steps, and blessing your Mother, bless all creatures.

O my Mother, in looking at the face of our sorrowful Jesus, pale, sad and anguished, the thoughts of the pain which He is about to suffer is awaken in You. You foresee His face covered with spit and You bless it; You see His head pierced by the thorns, His eyes blindfolded, His body tortured by the scourges, His hands and feet pierced by the nails, and wherever He is about to go, You follow Him with your blessings. And I too will follow Him together with You. When Jesus is struck by the scourges, crowned with thorns, slapped, pierced by the nails, everywhere He will find my *"I bless You"* together with yours.

O Jesus, O Mother, I want to console You. Immense is your pain in these last moments. So immense, that the suffering of your Heart seems to tear the Heart of your Mother.

O Mother, tear out my heart from the earth and bind it tightly to Jesus, so that, held closely to Him, I may take part in His pain, and as You hold each other tightly, as You embrace, as You exchange the last glances, the last kisses, may I, being in the middle of your two Hearts, receive your last kisses, your last embraces. Don't You see that in spite of my misery and my coldness, I cannot be without You?

Jesus, Mother, keep me close to You; give me your Love, give me your Will. Dart throughout my poor heart, hold me tightly in your arms; and now, together with You, O sweet Mother, I want to follow, step by step, our adored Jesus, with the intention of giving Him consolation, relief, love and reparation for everyone.

O Jesus, together with your Mother, I kiss your left foot, asking You to forgive me and all humanity, for all the times we have not walked toward God.

I kiss your right foot: forgive me and all your children, for all the times we have not followed the perfection You wanted from us. I kiss your left hand asking You to communicate to us your purity.

I kiss your right hand asking You to bless all my heartbeats, thoughts and affections, so that with the value of your blessing, they all may be sanctified. And in blessing me, bless o Jesus all humanity, and with your blessing, seal the salvation of their souls.

O Jesus, together with your Mother I embrace You, and kissing your Heart, I pray to You to place my heart between your two Hearts, that it may be nourished continuously by your love, by your sorrows, by your very affections and desires, by your very Life. Amen.

Second Hour

From 6 to 7 PM

Jesus departs from His Most Holy Mother and sets out for the Cenacle

My adorable Jesus, as I take part together with You, in your sufferings and in those of your afflicted Mother, I see that You are about to leave to go where the Will of the Father calls You. The Love between Son and Mother is so great as to render You inseparable, and so You remain in the Heart of your Mother, and the Queen and sweet Mother remains in Your Heart, otherwise, it would have been impossible for You to separate. But then, blessing each other, You give Her the last kiss to strengthen Her in the bitter pain She is about to suffer; and giving Her your last good-bye, You leave.

But the paleness of your face, your trembling lips, your suffocated voice -- as if though wanting to burst into tears in saying good-bye -- ah, everything tells me how much You love Her and how much You suffer in leaving Her!

O, what sorrow these souls give You in rejecting from their hearts the Love You want to give them and content themselves with the love of others!

My amiable Love, as I make reparation with You, allow me to remain with your Mother in order to console Her and sustain Her when You leave. Then I will hasten my steps to come and catch up to You.

But to my greatest sorrow, I see that my anguishing Mother shivers, and Her pain is such that, as She tries to say good-bye to Her Son, Her voice dies on Her lips, and She is unable to utter a word. She is about to faint, and in Her delirious love, She says: *“My Son, my Son! I bless You! What an agonizing separation – more cruel than any death!”* But the grief prevents Her from uttering a word, and makes Her mute.

Disconsolate Queen, let me sustain You, dry your tears and console You in your agonizing sorrow! My Mother, I will not leave You alone; and You - take me with You and teach me, in these moments so painful for You and for Jesus, what I have to do, how to defend Him and make reparation to Him and console Him, and whether I must lay down my life to defend His.

No, no, I will not move from under your mantle. At your signal, I will fly to Jesus; I will bring Him your Love, your affections and your kisses, together with mine, and I will place them in each wound, in every drop of His Blood, in every pain and insult, so that, by feeling in each pain the kisses and the Love of His Mother, His sufferings may be sweetened. Then I will come again under your mantle, bringing You His kisses, so as to sweeten your pierced Heart. My Mother, my heart is pounding; I want to go to Jesus. And as I kiss your maternal hands, bless me as You blessed Jesus, and permit me to go to Him.

My sweet Jesus, Love discovers your steps for me and I catch up to You as You walk along the streets of Jerusalem together with your beloved disciples. I look at You and I see You still pale. I hear your voice, sweet, yes, but sad, with a sadness that breaks the hearts of your disciples, who are disturbed.

“This is the last time”, You say, “that I walk along these streets on my own. Tomorrow I will walk through them bound and dragged among thousands of insults”. And pointing out the places where You will be most insulted and mistreated, You continue, saying: “My life down here is about to end, just as the sun is now setting, and tomorrow at this hour I will no longer be here... But, just as the sun rises, so will I on the third day!”

At hearing your words, the Apostles are even more sadden, and do not know what to respond. But You add: *“Courage, do not be disheartened; I will not leave you, I will be always with you. But it is necessary that I die for the good of all.”*

And in saying these words, You are moved, and with trembling voice You continue instructing them. And before enclosing Yourself in the cenacle, You look at the sun which is setting, just as your life is setting, and You offer your steps for those who find themselves at the setting of their lives, giving them the grace to let them set it in You, and making reparation for those who, in spite of the distastes and disillusion of life, are still obstinate in not surrendering to You.

Then You look at Jerusalem again, the center of your miracles and of the predilections of your Heart, which in return is preparing for You the Cross and sharpening the nails to commit Deicide; and You tremble, your Heart breaks - and You cry over its destruction.

And with this, You make reparations for those souls consecrated to You, who with so much care, You tried to convert into wonders of your Love, but ungrateful they do not correspond to You, and by that, they make You suffer even greater distress... I want to make reparation, together with You, to sweeten this wound to your Heart.

But I see that You remain horrified before the sight of Jerusalem, and retiring your gaze, You enter the cenacle...

My Love, hold me tightly to your Heart, that I may make your sorrow my own, and offer it together with You. And You, look with pity upon my soul, and pouring your Love into it - bless me.

Third Hour

From 7 to 8 PM

The Legal Supper

O Jesus, You now arrive at the cenacle with your beloved disciples and are at the table with them. How much sweetness, how much affability You show through your entire person as You lower Yourself to take material food for the last time! Here everything is Love in You; and also in this act, You not only make reparation for the sins of gluttony, but You obtain for us the sanctification of food. And in the same way that this food is converted into strength, You obtain for us sanctity, even in the most mundane and ordinary things in our lives.

Jesus, my Life, your sweet and penetrating gaze seems to scrutinize all of the Apostles, and even in this act of taking food, your Heart becomes pierced in seeing your dear Apostles still weak and vacillating, especially the perfidious Judas, who has already put a foot into hell. And You, from the bottom of your Heart, greatly distressed, say: *"What is the benefit of my Blood? Here is a soul so favored by Me – yet, he is lost!"*

And You look at him with your eyes resplendent with light and Love, as though wanting to make him understand the great evil he is about to commit. But your supreme charity makes You bear this sorrow and not make it manifest even to your beloved disciples...

And while You grieve for Judas, your Heart fills with joy in seeing, on your left, your beloved disciple John; so much that, unable to contain your Love any longer, drawing him sweetly to Yourself, You let him place his head upon your Heart, letting him experience paradise in advance.

It is in this solemn hour that in these two disciples, two peoples are represented, the reprobate and the elect; the reprobate in Judas, who already experiences hell in his heart; the elect in John, who rests and delights in You. O my sweet Good Jesus, I too place myself at Your side, and together with your beloved disciple I want to place my weary head upon your adorable Heart, praying to You to let me experience the delights of Heaven, also on this earth, so that, enraptured by the sweet harmonies of your Heart, the earth may no longer be earth for me, but Heaven.

But in the midst of these most sweet and divine harmonies, I hear sorrowful heartbeats escaping from You: these are for the souls that will be lost!

Let your heartbeat, flowing through theirs, make them feel the heartbeats of the life of Heaven, just as your beloved disciple John felt them; so that, attracted by the gentleness and sweetness of your Love, they may all surrender to You.

O Jesus, as I remain in your Heart, feed me as You fed your Apostles: the food of Love, the food of the Divine Word, the food of your Divine Will, and never O my Jesus, deny me this food, which You so desire to give me in order that your very Life may be formed in me.

My sweet Good Jesus, while I remain at Your side, I see that the food You are taking with your dear disciples is a lamb. It is a lamb that represents You, and just as in this lamb there is no vital humor left by the action of the fire, so also You, mystical Lamb, having to consume Yourself completely for all creatures by force of Love, will conserve not even a drop of blood in Yourself, but will pour it all out for Love of us.

O Jesus, there is nothing You do that does not portray vividly your most sorrowful Passion, which You keep always present in your mind, in your Heart - in everything. And this teaches me that if I too always have the thought of your Passion in my mind and in my heart, You would never deny me the food of your Love. How much I thank You O Lord!

O my Jesus, not one act escapes You which does not keep me present in You and which does not intend to do me a special good. So I pray to You that your Passion be always in my mind, in my heart, in my gaze, in my steps and in my acts, so that, wherever I turn, inside and outside of myself, I find You always present to me.

And Lord, give me the grace to never forget what You have borne and suffered for me. May this be for me as a magnet which, drawing my whole being to You, will never again allow me to separate from You.

Fourth Hour

From 8 to 9 PM

The Eucharistic Supper

My sweet Love, always insatiable in your Love, I see that as You finish the Passover supper together with your beloved disciples, You rise from the table, and in union with them, You raise the hymn of thanksgiving to the Father for having given you food, wanting with this, to make reparation for all the lack of gratitude of most creatures, as well as in gratitude for all the means He gives us for the preservation of our corporal life.

This is why You, O Jesus, in anything that You do, touch or see, You always have on your lips the words, *"Thanks be to You, O Father"*. I too, Jesus, united with You, will take the words from your very lips, and I will say, always and in everything: *"Thank You, O Father for myself and for all others"*, in order to continue making reparations for the lack of thanksgiving.

The washing of the feet

But, O my Jesus, it seems that your love has no respite. I see that You have your beloved disciples sit down again; You take a pail of water, wrap a white towel around your waist and kneel at the Apostles' feet, in a gesture so humble as to draw the attention of all Heaven, make It remain ecstatic. The Apostles themselves remain almost motionless in seeing You prostrate at their feet... But tell me, my Love, what do You want? What do You hope to accomplish with this act so humble? Humility never before seen, and never again to be seen!

"Ah, my child, I want all souls, and this is why, prostrate at their feet like a poor beggar, I ask them, I beseech them, and, crying, I extend my snares of Love around them in order to win them over!"

Prostrate at their feet, with this pail of water mixed with my tears, I want to cleanse them of any imperfection and prepare them to receive Me in the Sacrament.

This act is so important to me, that I do not want to entrust this office to the angels, and not even to my dear Mother, but I Myself want to purify them, even to the most intimate fibers of the Apostles, in order to dispose them to receive the fruit of the Sacrament; and in the Apostles I intend to prepare all souls.

I want to make reparation for all the holy works and for the administration of Sacraments, especially those made by priests with a spirit of pride, empty of Divine Spirit, and empty of disinterest.

Ah, how many good works reach Me more to dishonor Me than to honor Me! More to embitter Me than to please Me! More to give Me death than to give Me life!

These are the offenses that sadden Me most. Ah, yes, my child, count all the most intimate offenses which they give Me, and atone with my own reparations. Console the embittered suffering of my Heart."

O my afflicted Good Jesus, I make your Life my own, and together with You I want to make reparation for all these offenses. I want to enter into the most intimate and hidden places of your Divine Heart and make reparation with your own Heart for the most intimate and secret offenses, especially those which You receive from your dearest ones.

O my Jesus, I want to follow You in everything, and together with You I want to go to all the souls who are about to receive You in the Eucharist, and enter into their hearts.

And with my hands together with yours, and with these tears of yours and this water with which You washed the feet of the Apostles, let us wash the souls who are to receive You; let us purify their hearts; let us ignite a flame in them, and shake off the dust with which they are soiled, so that, when they receive You, You may find in them your contentment, instead of bitter suffering.

But, my affectionate Good Jesus, while You are all attentive on washing the feet of the Apostles, I look at You, and I see another sorrow which pierces your Most Holy Heart. These Apostles represent for You, all the future children of the Church, and each of them represents the series of each of the evils that will come to be in the Church, hence, the series of each one of your sorrows.

In some, weaknesses, in some, deceits; in some, hypocrisies, in others, excessive love for interests; in Saint Peter the lack of firmness as well as all the offenses of the leaders of the Church; in Saint John the offenses of your most faithful ones; in Judas all of the apostates, with all the series of grave evils that they commit and cause...

Ah, your Heart is suffocated by pain and by Love; so much so, that unable to sustain Yourself, You pause at the feet of each Apostle and burst into tears, praying and making reparation for each one of these offenses, and imploring the appropriate remedy.

My Jesus, I too unite myself to You; I make mine your prayers, your reparations and your appropriate remedies for each soul. I want to mix my tears with yours, so that You may never be alone, but may always have me with You, to share in your pains and suffering.

But, my sweet Love, as You continue to wash the feet of the Apostles, I see that You are now at the feet of Judas. I hear your labored breath. I see that You not only cry, but sob, and as You wash those feet, You kiss them, You press them to your Heart; and unable to speak with your voice because it is suffocated by crying, You look at him with eyes swollen with tears, and say to him with your Heart: *“My child, O please, I beg you with the voice of my tears - do not go to hell! Give Me your soul, which I ask of you prostrate at your feet.*

Tell Me, what do you want? What is your purpose? I will give you everything, provided that you do not lose yourself. O please, spare this sorrow to Me, your God!”

And again, You press those feet to your Heart... But in seeing the hardness of Judas, your Heart is anguished, your Love suffocates You, and You are about to faint... My Heart and my Life, allow me to sustain You in my arms. I now understand that these are your loving stratagems, which You use with each obstinate sinner...

Ah, I pray to You, o loving Heart, as I console You and make reparation for the offenses that You receive from the souls who are obstinate in not wanting to convert, let us go together around the earth, and wherever there are obstinate sinners, let us give them your tears to soften them, your kisses and your embraces of love to enchain them to You, in such a way that they will not be able to escape, and with this I will console You for the pain of the loss of Judas.

Institution of the Eucharist

My Jesus, my joy and delight, I see that your Love runs, and runs rapidly. You stand up, sorrowful as You are, and You almost run to the table where there is bread and wine ready for the Consecration. I see that You assume an aspect all new and never before seen; your Divine Person acquires a tender, loving, affectionate appearance; your eyes gleam with light, more than if they were suns; your face is radiant and resplendent; your lips are smiling and burning with Love; your creative hands assume the attitude of creating. I see You, my Love, all transformed: your Divinity seems to overflow from your Humanity.

Ah, Jesus, this aspect of yours, never before seen, draws the attention of all the Apostles. They are caught by such a sweet enchantment and do not even dare to breathe. Your sweet Mother runs in spirit to the foot of the table, to contemplate and participate in the wonders of your Love. The Angels descend from Heaven, asking themselves: *“What is this? What is this? This is true folly, authentic excesses! God, who creates, not heaven or earth, but Himself. And where? In the most wretched material of a little bread and a little wine.”*

But while they are all around You, Oh insatiable Love, I see that You take the bread in your hands... You offer it to the Father... and I hear your most sweet voice say: *“Holy Father, thanks be to You for always answering your Son. O Holy Father, concur with Me. One day, You sent Me from Heaven to earth to be incarnated in the womb of my Mother to come to save Our children.*

Now, allow Me to be incarnated in each Host, to continue their salvation and be Life for each one of my children... Do You see, O Father? Few hours of my life are left, and who would have the heart to leave my children orphaned and alone? Many are their enemies - the darkness, the passions, the weaknesses to which they are subject... Who will help them?

O please, I beg You, let Me stay in each Host, to be Life to each one, and to put their enemies to flight and be their light, their strength and help in everything. Otherwise, where shall they go? Who will help them? Our works are eternal, my Love is irresistible, hence, I cannot leave my children, nor do I want to."

The Father is moved at the tender and affectionate voice of the Son. He descends from Heaven... He is already on the altar, and united with the Holy Spirit, concurs with the Son. And Jesus, with sonorous and moving voice, pronounces the words of the Consecration, and without leaving Himself, creates Himself in that bread and wine...

Then You give Yourself in communion to your Apostles, and surely, our celestial Mother was not deprived of receiving You. Ah, Jesus, the heavens bow down and all send to You an act of adoration in your new state of profound annihilation.

But, O sweet Jesus, your Love is satiated and satisfied, having nothing more to do. And I see, O my Good, on this altar, all the consecrated Hosts that will perpetuate Your Presence until the end of centuries, and in each Host, your entire sorrowful Passion, is displayed, because the creatures, even at the excesses of your Love, prepare for You excesses of ingratitude and enormous crimes. And I, O Heart of my heart, want to be always with You in each Tabernacle, in all the cyboria and in each consecrated Host which will ever exist until the end of the world, in order to give You my acts of reparation, in the measure of the offenses You receive.

O Jesus, I come before You, I kiss your majestic forehead... but in kissing You, I feel in my lips the piercing of your thorns that encircle Your head. Because, O my Jesus, in this Holy Host, they do not limit your thorns, as they are limited during your Passion... I see that the creatures come into your Presence, and instead of offering You the homage of their good thoughts, they send You their evil thoughts, and You lower your head again as You did in the Passion, receiving and bearing the thorns of these evil thoughts that they have in Your Presence .

Oh my Love, I also lower my head with You to share in your sorrow and I place all my thoughts in your mind in order to pull out these thorns which hurt You and sadden You so much. May each one of my thoughts flow in each one of your thoughts, to make an act of reparation for each evil thought, and in this way console your afflicted thoughts.

Jesus, my Good, I kiss your beautiful eyes... I see You in this Holy Host, with those beautiful eyes awaiting all those who come into your Presence, to gaze at them with Your loving Gaze, anxious to obtain the correspondence of love in their gazes.

But how many come before You, and instead of looking at You and searching for You, look at things which distract them from You, and so deprive You of the pleasure You feel in the mutual exchange of gazes of love... and You cry, and as I kiss You, I feel my lips moistened with your tears.

My Jesus, do not cry; I want to place my eyes in Yours to take part in this suffering of Yours and to weep with You... And to give You reparation for all the cold and distracted gazes, I offer You my gazes of love, always fixed on You.

Jesus, my Love, I kiss your most holy ears; I see You all attentive on listening to what the creatures want from You, in order to console them. But, instead, they send to your ears prayers badly said, full of mistrust and suspicion, prayers done out of routine, lifeless, and in this Holy Host, your hearing is abused more than in your Passion. O my Jesus, I want to take all the harmonies of Heaven and place them in your ears so as to make reparation to You for all these abuses, and I want to place my hearing in yours, not only to share this suffering with You, but to be always attentive to what You want, to what You suffer, to give You immediately my continuous act of reparation, and to console You.

Jesus, my Life, I kiss your most holy Face... I see it bleeding, livid and swollen. The souls, O Jesus, come before the Holy Host, and with their indecent postures and evil conversations in Your Presence, instead of giving You honor, they give You slaps and spittle. And You, just like in the Passion, receive them all with peace and patience, and You bear them all...

O my Jesus, I want to place my face not only close to Yours, to caress You and kiss You when they give You those slaps, and to clean away the spit, but I want to put my face within Yours to share with You these sufferings; even more, I want to make of my being, many tiny little pieces, as if each was a kneeling statue, and place them before You as many souls who continuously adore You, in order to make reparations for the dishonors You receive from all your children before Your Presence in the Holy Host.

My Jesus, I kiss your most holy mouth... I see that in descending Sacramentally into the hearts of those who receive You, You are forced to rest on their tongues, and oh, how demeaning it is to find so many cutting, impure and evil tongues. You feel as though poisoned by these tongues, and it is even worse when You descend into their hearts! O Jesus, if it were possible, I would want to be in the mouth of each person, to turn into praises all the offenses You receive from them!

My exhausted Good Jesus, I kiss your most holy neck. I see You tired, exhausted, and all occupied in your efforts of Love. Tell me, what are you doing? And You say: *"My child, in this Host I work from morning to night, forming continuous chains of love, and as souls come to Me, I bind them to my Heart. But do you know what they do to Me?"*

Many feel offended by my chains, and free themselves by force, shattering my loving chains; and since these chains are linked to my Heart, I am tortured and become delirious.

Then, in breaking my chains to pieces, they render my work in this Sacrament useless, seeking instead the chains of other creatures and the chains of sin. And they do this even in my Presence, using Me in order to reach their own intentions. This grieves Me so much as to make Me weak and delirious.”

How much compassion I feel for You, O Jesus! Your Love gives You so much anguish... Ah, I pray You to console You for Your work and give You reparation when your loving chains are shatter to pieces by these souls, I ask You to chain my heart with all those chains to be able to give You all my correspondence of love for every one of them.

My Jesus, my Divine Archer, I kiss your chest. And so great and so intense is the fire You contain in it, that in order to give a little vent to those flames that elevate so high, You, wanting to take a little break from your work, You begin to play with the souls who come to You, shooting arrows of Love which come out from your chest to wound them. Your game is to form arrows, darts, spears, and when they strike the souls, they form Your festivity and they form Your entertainment.

But many, O Jesus, reject them, sending You arrows of coldness, darts of lukewarmness, and spears of ingratitude in return. And You remain so afflicted that You cry because the creatures make You fail in your entertainment of Love. Oh Jesus, here is my chest, ready to receive not only your arrows destined for me, but also those which the other souls reject... so that You will not again be defeated in your entertainments, and in correspondence, I want to give You reparation for the coldness, the lukewarmness, and the ingratitude that You receive from them.

Oh Jesus, I kiss your left hand, and I want to make reparation for all the illicit or unholy touches made in your Presence, and I pray You will always hold me tightly to your Heart!

Oh Jesus, I kiss your right hand, and I want to make reparation for all the sacrileges, especially the Masses badly celebrated... How many times, my Love, You are forced to descend from Heaven, called by the Priestly powers, into unworthy hands, and even though You feel nausea for being in those hands, Love forces You to remain.

Even more, in some of your ministers, You find the ones who renew your Passion, because, with their enormous crimes and sacrileges, they renew the Deicide! Jesus, I am frightened at this thought! But, alas, just as in the Passion You were in the hands of your enemies, You are now in those unworthy hands, like a meek lamb, waiting again for your death.

Oh Jesus, how much You suffer! You would like a loving hand to free You from those bloodthirsty hands. O Jesus, when You are in those hands, I pray You call me near You in order to make reparation to You.

I want to cover You with the purity of the Angels, I will perfume You with their virtues so as to reduce the nausea You feel in being in those hands, and I will offer You my heart as escape and refuge. While You are in my heart, I will pray for priests, that they may be your worthy Ministers, so that they will not put your Sacramental Life in danger.

O Jesus, I kiss your left foot, and I want to make reparation for those who receive You out of habit and without the necessary dispositions.

O Jesus, I kiss your right foot, and I want to make reparations for those who receive You in order to offend You. O please Lord, when they dare to do this, I pray You to renew the miracle You made to Longinus. Just as You healed him and converted him at the touch of the Blood which gushed forth from your Heart, pierced by his lance; in the same way, at your Sacramental touch, convert their offenses into Love.

Oh Jesus, I kiss your most sweet Heart, the place where all the offenses are concentrated... and I want to make reparation for everything and for all, to correspond to You with love, and always in union with You, to share in your suffering.

Ah, I supplicate You, if I forget to make reparation for any offense, I pray You to imprison me in your Heart and in your Will, so that nothing escapes me.... I will also pray the sweet Mother to keep me always with Her, in order to make reparation for everything, and for everyone.

Together we will kiss You, and as your defense, we will drive away from You the waves of bitterness that disgracefully You receive from creatures.

O Jesus, remember that I too am a poor prisoner, If it is so true that your prison are much tighter than the brief space of a host, so enclose me in your Heart, and with the chains of your Love, do not only imprison me, but bind to You, one by one, my thoughts, my affections, my desires. Chain my hands and my feet to your Heart, that I may have no other hands and feet but Yours!

And so, my Love, my prison will be your Heart, my chains will be your Love; the fences preventing me from absolutely from going out will be your Most Holy Will; Its flames will be my food, my breath, my all... And so, I will see nothing but flames and I will touch nothing but fire; that will give me death and Life, just as You suffer in the Holy Host, and in this way, I give You my life. And while I remain imprisoned in You, You will be become free in me. Is this not your intent in imprisoning Yourself in the Host, so that You may be freed by the souls who receive You, becoming alive in them? And now, as a sign of Love, bless me and give a kiss and I will embrace You and remain in You.

O my sweet Heart, I see that after You have instituted the Most Holy Sacrament and have seen the enormous ingratitude and the innumerable offenses of souls before so many excesses of your Love, although wounded and totally distressed, You do not draw back; rather, in the immensity of your Love You would like to overwhelm them.

I see You, O Jesus, as You give Yourself in the Holy Host to your Apostles, and then You add that they too must do what You have done, hence giving them the authority to consecrate. In doing this You ordain them priests instituting this as another Sacrament.

By doing this, You make reparation for everything: the sermons badly given, the Sacraments administered and received without disposition, and therefore without good effects; the mistaken vocations of priests, on their part and on the part of those who ordain them, when they do not use all means in order to discern true vocations. Ah, nothing escapes You, O Jesus, and I want to follow You and to make reparation for all these offenses.

Then, after You have done this and have given fulfillment to everything, You, together with your Apostles, set out for the Garden of Gethsemani to continue your sorrowful Passion. And I will follow You in everything, to keep You faithful company.

Fifth Hour

From 9 to 10 PM

First Hour of Agony in the Garden of Gethsemani

My afflicted Jesus, I feel drawn to this Garden as by an electric current. Ah, I understand that You call me, and as if by a powerful magnet, I feel my wounded heart attracted, and I run, thinking to myself: 'What are these attractions of love that I feel within me? Ah, it is my persecuted Jesus, who finds Himself in such a state of sorrow that He feels the need of my company.' And I run, I fly to Him,

But what is it? I feel apprehensive on entering into this Garden... It is the darkness of the night, the intensity of the cold, the slow moving of the leaves which, like mournful voices, warn of sufferings, sadness and death for my sorrowful Jesus.

The sweet twinkling of the stars that like weeping eyes are looking intently, and echoing the tears of Jesus, reproach my ingratitude. And I tremble, and in the darkness I search for Him, and I call Him: '*Jesus, where are You? You call me, and now do not let Yourself be seen? You call me, and You hide?*'

Everything is terror, everything is fright and profound silence... I put all my attention in my hearing, and I perceive a labored breath, and it is inevitably Jesus Who I find. But what a dismal change has taken place! No longer does He show the aspect of the sweet Jesus of the Eucharistic Supper, Whose face shone with captivating and dazzling beauty; but now He is sad, with a mortal sadness that eclipses His beauty...

He is already in agony, and I feel so disturbed to think that I may no longer hear His voice, since it seems as if He is dying, and so I embrace His feet, and making myself bold, I draw near His arms and I place my hand on His forehead so as to sustain Him, and softly, I call Him: *'Jesus, Jesus.'*

And then, responding to my voice, He looks at me and says:

"My child, are you here? I was waiting for you, as the total abandonment of everyone is the sadness which oppresses Me most. And I waited for you, to make you the witness of my sufferings, and to let you drink, together with Me, the chalice of sorrow which, in a little while, my Heavenly Father will send to Me through the Angel.

We will sip from it together, it will not be a chalice of consolation, but of intense bitterness, and I feel the necessity that a few souls who love Me, would drink at least a few drops.

This is why I called you, so that you may accept and share with Me My sufferings, and assure Me that you will not leave Me alone in such great abandonment."

'Ah, yes my anguished Jesus, we will drink together the chalice of your sorrow; we will suffer your pains, and I will never separate from your side!'

Then my afflicted Jesus, after I had assured Him, enters into mortal agony, and suffers pains and sorrows never before seen or heard of. And I, unable to bear it all and wanting to give Him compassion and lighten His suffering, say to Him: 'Tell me, why are You so sad, so afflicted and alone in this Garden and in this night? This is the last night of your life on earth; only a few minutes are left for You to begin your Passion...I thought I would find at least the Celestial Mother, the loving Magdalene, Your faithful Apostles; but on the contrary, I find You all alone, crushed by a sadness which gives You a relentless death, but without making You die. Oh my Good and my All, You do not respond? Speak to me!'

But it seems You are at a loss for words, so great is the sadness which oppresses You. Oh my Jesus, that gaze of yours, full of light, yes, but so afflicted and turbulent, that it seems You are looking for help... your face so pale, your lips parched with Love, your Divine Person, trembling from head to foot, your Heart, palpating so intensely, and those heartbeats of Yours searching for souls are so labored that it seems that from one moment to the other, You are going to die...everything tells me that You are alone, and You want my company...!

And here You have me, O Jesus, my entire being here for You and with You! But my heart can not stand to see You thrown to the ground. I take You in my arms, I hold You close to my heart; I want to count, one by one, your anxieties, and, one by one, the offenses presented before You, in order to give You relief for everything, reparation for everything; to give You at least, my compassion for everything that you suffer.

But, O my Jesus, as I hold You in my arms, your sufferings increase. I feel fire flowing in your veins, I feel that your Blood boils, wanting to burst from your veins. Tell me, my Love, what is it? I do not see scourges, nor thorns, nor nails, nor a Cross; yet, as I place my head upon your Heart, I feel that cruel thorns pierce your head, that ruthless scourges spare not even one small particle of You, neither inside nor outside of your Divine Person, and this makes your hands contorted and disfigured, more than if it were done by nails. Tell me, my sweet Good Jesus, who has so much power, even in your inner Self, to be able to torment You so much and make You suffer as many deaths for as many torments as are given You? Ah, it seems that blessed Jesus opens His lips, lifeless and dying, and says to me:

“My child, do you want to know who is that torments Me more than the executioners themselves? what’s more, those are nothing compared to this! It is the Eternal Love, which, wanting primacy in everything, is making Me suffer, all at once, and in the most intimate way, what the executioners will make Me suffer little by little.

Ah, my child, it is Love which has complete prevalence over Me and within Me. Love is for Me the nail, Love is the scourge, Love is the crown of thorns, Love is for Me, everything. Love is my perennial Passion, while the passion that men will give Me is limited in time... Ah, my child, enter into my Heart, come to lose yourself in my Love, and only in my Love will you comprehend how much I have suffered and how much I have loved you, and only in my Love you will learn to love Me and to suffer only for Love.”

O my Jesus, since You call me into your Heart to show me what Love has made You suffer, I enter into It, and as I enter, I see the portents of love which crown your head, not with material thorns, but with thorns of fire; which scourge You, not with lashes of thongs, but with lashes of fire; which crucify You, with nails, not made of iron, but of fire.

Everything is fire, which penetrates deep into your bones and into your very marrow, into your entire Being, and distilling all of your Most Holy Humanity into fire, it gives You mortal pains, evidently far greater than the very passion itself, and with it, prepares a bath of Love for all the souls who will want to be washed of all stains and sins, and acquire the right to be children of Love.

Oh, Love without end, I feel like drawing back before such immensity of Love, and I see that to be able to enter into Love and to comprehend it, I should be all Love! O my Jesus, and I am not! But since You want my company, and You want me to be one with You, I pray You to convert me totally into Love.

And I pray that You crown my head and each one of my thoughts with the crown of Love. I implore You, O Jesus, to scourge my soul, my body, my powers, my feelings, my desires, my affections, in sum, everything in me, with the scourge of Love; so that, in everything, I may be scourged and sealed by Love. Oh endless Love, let there be nothing in me which does not take Life from Love.

O Jesus, center of all Love, I beg You to nail my hands and my feet, with the nails of Love, so that, completely nailed by Love, Love I may become, Love I may comprehend, with Love I may be clothed, with Love I may be nourished, and Love may keep me completely nailed within You, so that nothing, inside and outside of me, may dare to divert me and take me away from Love, O Jesus!

Sixth Hour

From 10 to 11 PM

Second Hour of Agony in the Garden of Gethsemani

O my sweet Jesus, one hour has already passed since You came to this Garden. Love took primacy over everything, making You suffer, all at once, everything that the executioners will make You suffer through the whole course of your most sorrowful Passion. Even more, It supplemented it and made You suffer for what they cannot do to You, and into the most inner parts of your Divine Person.

O my Jesus, I see You now staggering in your steps, yet, You still want to walk. Tell me, O my Good, where do You want to go? Ah, now I understand – to see your beloved disciples. I too want to accompany You, so that if You stagger, I may sustain You.

But, O my Jesus, more bitterness for your Heart: they are already sleeping, and You, always compassionate, call them, wake them up, and with Love all paternal, admonish them and recommend to them vigil and prayer. Then You return to the Garden, but You carry another wound in your Heart. In that wound I see, Oh my Love, all the wounds of the souls consecrated to You, who, because of temptation, state of mind, or lack of mortification, instead of embracing You, keeping vigil and praying, abandon themselves to their own means, and, remaining sleepy, instead of progressing in Love and in union with You, they regress. How much compassion I feel for You, oh loving passionate Lord, and I make reparation to You for all of the ingratitude of your most faithful ones. These are the offenses which most sadden your adorable Heart, and their bitterness is such and so great, that it makes You delirious with sorrow.

But, Oh Love without limits, your love, which boils in your veins, conquers all and forgives all. I see You prostrate on the ground and You pray, offering Yourself, making reparation and wanting to glorify the Father in everything for the offenses given to Him by His children. I too, O my Jesus, prostrate myself with You, and with You I want to do what You do.

But, O my Jesus, delight of my heart, I see that the multitudes of all our sins, our miseries, our weaknesses, the most enormous crimes, the darkest ingratitude, come to find You, assail You, crush You, wound You, bite You. And You, what do You do? The Blood which boils in your veins confronts all these offenses, bursts from the veins and pours out in copious torrents, soaking You completely. It flows to the ground, giving Blood for offenses, Life for death...

Ah, to what state I see You reduced! You are about to expire! Oh, my Good, my sweet Life Jesus, do not die! Raise your face from the ground, which has been soaked with your Most Precious Blood! Come into my arms! And let me die in your place!

But I hear the trembling and moribund voice of my sweet Jesus, which says: *“Father, if it is possible, let this chalice pass from Me; yet, not my will, but Yours be done!”*

It is now the second time I hear this from my sweet Jesus. But what do You want to make me understand from this *“Father, if it is possible, let this chalice pass from Me”*? O Jesus, all the rebellions of all the creatures make themselves present to You; You see rejected by almost all of them that *“Fiat Voluntas Tua”*, that *“Your Will be done”*, which should be the Life of each creature, and they, instead of finding Life, find death. And You, wanting to give Life to all, and make a solemn reparation to the Father for the rebellions of His children, as many as three times You repeat: *“Father, if it is possible, let this chalice pass from Me.” That means: “The bitter chalice of the souls, who separating from Our Will, will be lost.” “This chalice for Me, is very sorrowful; however, not my will, but Yours be done.”*

But as You say this, your sorrow is so intense and so great, that You are reduced to the extreme, it makes You agonize, and You are about to breathe your last breath.

O my Jesus, my Good, since You are in my arms, I want to unite myself to You; I want to make reparation to You and give You compassion for all the faults and the sins committed against your Most Holy Will, and also pray to You that I may always do everything in your Most Holy Will. May your Will be my breath, my air; may your Will be my heartbeat, my heart, my thought, my Life and my death.

But, please, do not die! Where shall I go without You? To whom shall I turn? Who will help me? Everything will end for me! Ah, do not leave me, keep me as You want, as You best please, but keep me with You, always with You; may it never happen that I be separated from You, even for one instant. Rather, let me soothe You and make reparation to You and give You compassion for all, because I see that all sins, of every kind, weigh upon You.

Therefore, my Love, I kiss your most holy head. But, what do I see? All the evil thoughts; and You feel their horror. For your most sacred head, each evil thought is a thorn which wounds You bitterly. Ah, the crown of thorns which your enemies will place upon You cannot be compared with these! How many crowns of thorns the evil thoughts of creatures place upon your adorable head,? So many that your Blood drips everywhere, from your forehead and from your hair!

Jesus, I give You my compassion, and would like to place upon You so many other crowns of glory, and to soothe You, I offer You all the intelligences of all the angels and your own intelligence, to give You compassion and reparation for all.

O Jesus, I kiss your pious and merciful eyes, and in them I see all the evil gazes of creatures, which make tears and blood flow over your face. I offer You compassion, and I would like to soothe your sight by placing before You all the true pleasures that can be found in Heaven and on earth.

Jesus, my Good, I kiss your most holy ears. But, what do I hear? I hear in them the echo of horrendous blasphemies, of shouts of revenge, and of malicious gossip. There is not one sweet and loving voice which resounds in your most chaste hearing... Oh insatiable Love, I give You compassion, and I want to console You by making resound always in Your ears all the harmonies of Heaven, the most sweet voice of our dear Mother, the ardent accents of Mary Magdalene, and of all the souls who love You.

Jesus, my Life, I want to give You a more fervent kiss on your face, whose beauty has no equal. Ah, this is the face before which the Angels do not even dare to lift their gaze. And its beauty is such and so intense that it enraptures them. Yet, your children, yes, dare to dirty it with spit, beat it with slaps, and trample it under their feet. O My Love, what audacity! I would like to scream so loudly at them as to put them in flight! I give You compassion, and in order to make reparation for these insults, I go to the Most Holy Trinity, to ask for the Kiss of the Father and of the Holy Spirit, and the inimitable caresses of Their creative hands.

I also go to the Celestial Mother, so that She may give me Her kisses, the caresses of Her maternal hands, and Her profound adorations; I go also to all the souls consecrated to You, and I offer them all to You in reparation for the offenses given to your most holy Face.

My sweet Good, I kiss your most holy mouth, but I feel it embittered by horrible blasphemies, by the nausea of drunkenness and gluttony, by obscene conversations, by prayers done badly, by evil teachings, and by all the evil that man does with his words. Jesus, I give You compassion, and I want to sweeten your mouth by offering You all the angelic praises and the good use of the word made by your holy children.

My oppressed Love, I kiss your neck, and I see it bound with the ropes and chains of all the attachments and sins of creatures. I give You compassion, and to lighten Your suffering, I offer You the inseparable union of the Divine Persons, and fusing myself in this Union, I extend my arms toward You, and forming a sweet chain of Love around your neck, I want to remove from You these attachments and sins, which almost suffocate You; and to console You, I press You tightly to my heart.

Divine Fortress, I kiss your most holy shoulders. I see them lacerated, and your flesh torn away in pieces by the scandals and the evil examples of your children. I give You compassion, and to relieve You, I offer You your most holy examples, the examples of the Queen Mother, and those of all Your saints. And I, O my Jesus, letting my kisses flow through all of these wounds, want to enclose in them all the souls who, for scandalous motives, have been snatched from your Heart, healing this way the torn flesh of your Most Holy Humanity.

My exhausted Jesus, I kiss your chest, which I see wounded by coldness, lukewarmness, lack of correspondence and the ingratitude of all creatures. I console You, and to ease Your pain, I offer You the reciprocal Love of the Father and the Holy Spirit, the perfect correspondence among the Three Divine Persons. And I, submerging myself into your Love, O my Jesus, want to become the defense that rejects all the wounds that your children cause You with their sins; and taking with me your Love, I want to wound them with It, so that they may never again dare to offend You, and I want to pour It on your chest, to soothe You and to heal You.

My Jesus, I kiss your creative hands. I see all the evil actions of creatures, which, like so many other nails, pierce your most holy hands, in such a way that You are pierced, not with three nails, as on the Cross, but with as many nails for as many evil acts as the creatures commit.

I give You compassion, and to lighten Your suffering, I offer You all the holy works and the courage of the martyrs in giving their blood and life for love of You. In sum, O my Jesus, I would like to offer You all good acts, to remove from You the many nails of the evil acts.

O my Jesus, I kiss your most holy feet, always untiring in searching for souls. I see that in them You enclose all the steps of your children, but You feel many of them escaping, and You would like to keep every one of them.

By each of their evil steps, You feel a nail being driven into You, and You want to use these very nails in order to nail them into Your love; and the pain You feel, and the effort You make in order to nail them to your love is so intense and so great, that You cringe all over. Oh my Jesus, I give You compassion, and to console You, I offer You the steps of all the faithful souls, who expose their lives in order to save souls.

O my Jesus, I kiss your Heart. And I see that You continue to agonize, not for what your enemies will make You suffer, no, but for the pain which all the offenses of Your children cause You...

In these hours You want to give primacy to Love, the second place to all sins, for which You expiate, offer reparation, glorify the Father, and appease Divine Justice; and the third place to your enemies. In this way, You show that the passion which your enemies will make You suffer, will be nothing but a shadow of the double and most bitter Passion which Love, and then sin, make You suffer. And this is why I see, all concentrated in your Heart, the lance of Love, the lance of sin; and you wait for the third one, the lance of your enemies. Your Heart, suffocated by Love, suffers violent contractions, impatient affections of love, desires which consume You, and heartbeats of fire that want to give Life to every heart.

And it is precisely here, in your Heart, that You feel all the pain that Your children cause You, who, with their evil desires, disordinate affections, profaned heartbeats, instead of wanting Your Love, look for other loves...

My Jesus, how much You suffer! I see You so weakened, submerged in the waves of our iniquities. I give You compassion, and I want to soothe the suffering of your Heart, three times pierced, by offering You the eternal sweetness and the most sweet love of our dear Mother Mary.

And now, O my Jesus, let my poor heart draw Life from Your Heart, that I may live only with Your Heart; and in each offense You will ever receive, let me be ever ready to offer You consolation, comfort, reparation, an act of Love never interrupted.

Seventh Hour

From 11 PM to Midnight

Third Hour of Agony in the Garden of Gethsemani

My sweet Good, my heart can no longer bear it... I look at You and I see that You continue to agonize; blood flows, in torrents, from your entire body, and with such abundance, that unable to remain standing, You have fallen into a pool of blood. O my Love, my heart breaks in seeing You so weak and exhausted!

Your adorable Face and your creative hands lean on the ground and are smeared with blood. It seems to me that to the rivers of iniquities that creatures send You, You want to answer with rivers of blood, so that these sins may be drowned in it, and with it You may give to each one their pardon.

But, O my Jesus, rise up; what You suffer is too much. Let this be enough from your Love! And as my gentle Jesus seems to be dying in His own Blood, Love gives Him new Life. I see Him move with difficulty. He stands up, and as covered as He is with blood and mud, He seems to want to walk, but not having enough strength, He can barely drag Himself. Sweet Life of mine, let me carry You in my arms. Are You perhaps going to your dear disciples? But how much more is the sorrow of your adorable Heart in finding them asleep again!

And with trembling and feeble voice, You call them: *“My sons, do not sleep! The hour is near. Do you not see to what state I have been reduced? Ah help Me, do not abandon Me in these extreme hours!”*

And almost staggering, You are at the point of falling at their sides, as John extends his arms to sustain You. You are so unrecognizable that, if it were not for the tenderness and sweetness of your voice, they would not have known You. Then, recommending to them to be awake and pray, You return to the Garden, but with a second wound to your Heart. In this wound, my Good Jesus, I see all the sins of those souls who, in spite of the manifestations of your favors, in gifts, kisses and caresses, in the nights of the trial, forgetting about your love and your gifts, they have remained drowsy and sleepy, therefore losing the spirit of continuous prayer and vigilance.

My Jesus, it is true that after having seen You, after having enjoyed your gifts, when one is deprived of them, it takes great strength in order to persist. Only a miracle can allow these souls to endure the trial.

Therefore, as I give You compassion for these souls, whose negligence, fickleness and offenses are the most bitter for your Heart, I pray that, in the moment that they would come to taking one single step which might sadden You in the very least, You will surround them with so much Grace as to stop them, so that they do not lose the spirit of continuous prayer!

My sweet Jesus, as You return to the Garden, it seems You cannot take any more. You raise your face covered with Blood and dirt, to Heaven, and You repeat for the third time: *“Father, if it is possible, let this chalice pass from Me...”*

Holy Father, help Me! I need consolation; It is true that because of the sins I have taken upon Myself, I am repugnant, despicable, the last among men before your infinite Majesty; your Justice is angry with Me, but look at Me, O Father, I am still your Son and I form one single entity with You. Ah, help, pity, O Father! Do not leave Me without consolation!”

Then, O my sweet Good, I seem to hear that You call your dear Mother to your help: *“Sweet Mother, hold Me in your arms, as You did when I was a Child! Give Me that milk which I nursed from You, to give Me strength and to sweeten the bitterness of my agony; give Me your Heart, which is all my contentment.*

My Mother, Magdalene, dear Apostles, all of you who love Me, help Me, comfort Me! Do not leave Me alone in these extreme moments; gather all around Me like a crown; give Me the consolation of your company, of your love!”

Jesus, my Love, who can bear to see You in these extreme conditions? What heart would ever be so hard as not to break in seeing You drowning in Your Blood? Who would not pour out torrents of bitter tears, upon hearing your sorrowful voice seeking help and comfort?

My Jesus, be consoled, I see that the Father now sends You an Angel for Your consolation and help, so that You may leave this state of agony and give Yourself into the hands of your enemies. And while You are with the Angel, I will go around Heaven and earth. Permit me to take this Blood that You have shed, that I may give It to all men, as a pledge of salvation for each one, and bring You the consolation of the correspondence of their affections, heartbeats, thoughts, steps and works.

My Celestial Mother, I come to you so that together we may go to all souls, to give to them the Blood of Jesus. Sweet Mother, Jesus wants consolation, and the greatest consolation we can give Him is to bring Him souls...

Magdalene, accompany us; all the Angels, come and see to what state Jesus has been reduced. He wants the consolation of all, and His exhaustion is so great that He disdains no one.

My Jesus, as You drink the chalice filled with intense bitterness, which the Father has sent You, I hear You sigh, moan, become delirious, and with suffocated voice, You say:

“Souls, souls, come, alleviate Me! Take a place in my Humanity; I want you, I long for you! Ah, do not be deaf to my voice, do not render vain my ardent desires, my Blood, my Love, my sufferings! Come, souls, come!”

My delirious Jesus, each one of your moans and sighs is a wound to my heart, a wound which gives me no rest. So I make mine your Blood, your Will, your ardent zeal, your Love, and going around Heaven and earth, I want to go to all the souls, to give them your Blood as a pledge for their salvation, and then bring them to You, to calm your desires, your delirium, and to sweeten the bitterness of your agony. And as I do this, accompany me O Lord with Your gaze.

My Mother, I come to You, because Jesus wants souls, He wants consolation; so give me your maternal hand, and let us go around together throughout the whole world, searching for souls.

Let us enclose in His Blood the affections, the desires, the thoughts, the works, the steps of all His children, and let us ignite their souls with the flames of His Heart, that they may surrender, and in this manner, enclosed in His Blood and transformed in His flames, we will guide them to gather around Jesus, to soothe the pains of His most bitter agony.

My guardian Angel, precede us; You go and dispose the souls who must receive this Blood, so that not one drop of It may remain without Its copious effects. My Mother, hurry, let us take to the path; I see that Jesus follows us with His gaze; I hear His repeated sobs that incite us to hasten our task.

And behold, oh Mother, that at the first steps, we find ourselves at the doors of the houses where the sick are lying. How many wounded limbs; how many sick, who in the atrocity of the pains burst into blasphemies and try to take their own lives...!

Others are seen abandoned by all, and have no one who would offer them a word of consolation, nor the most necessary aids, and so they lament against God even more and they despair. Ah, Mother, I hear the sobs of Jesus, since He sees repaid with offenses, His most delicate predilections of Love, which make the souls suffer to make them resemble Him. Ah, let us give them His Blood, that It may provide them with the necessary help, and with Its light make them understand the good that exists in suffering and the likeness to Jesus they acquire.

And You, my Mother, place Yourself at their side, and as their affectionate Mother, touch their suffering limbs with your maternal hands; soothe their pains; take them in your arms, and pour from your Heart torrents of graces over all their pains. Keep company with the abandoned; console the afflicted. For those who lack the necessary means, dispose generous souls to help them; for those who find themselves under the atrocity of the spasms, obtain for them consolation and repose, so that, relieved, they may bear with more patience all that Jesus disposes for them.

Let us continue to go around, and let us enter into the quarters of the dying. My Mother, what terror! How many souls are about to fall into hell! How many, after a life of sin, want to give the last sorrow to that Loving Heart, repeatedly pierced, sealing their last breath with an act of desperation. Many demons are around them, infusing into their hearts terror and fright of divine judgment, and therefore wage against them the final assault, to try to lead them to hell. They would want to revive the infernal flames of fire in order to enwrap them, and therefore prevent the rising of hope in them.

Others, entangled by the bonds of this earth, are unable to resign themselves to take the last step. O Mother, these are the last moments when they have so much need of help. Don't You see how they tremble, how they debate in the midst of the spasms of agony, how they ask for help and for pity? The earth has already disappeared for them!

Holy Mother, place your maternal hand upon their icy foreheads; receive their last breaths. Let us give the Blood of Jesus to each of the dying, so that, putting the demons in flight, It may dispose them all to receive the last Sacraments, and a good and holy death. Let us give them the consolation of the agonies of Jesus, His kisses, His tears, His wounds. Let us break the ties which keep them entangled; let us make everyone hear the words of forgiveness, and let us put such confidence in their hearts, as to make them throw themselves into the arms of Jesus. So that when Jesus judges them, He will find them covered with His own Blood, abandoned in His arms, and so He then will give His forgiveness to all.

Let us continue to go around, O Mother. Let your maternal gaze look with love upon the earth, and be moved to compassion for many poor creatures who need this Blood... My Mother, I feel compelled to run by the searching gaze of Jesus, because He wants souls. I hear His moans in the depths of my heart, repeating to me: *"My child, help Me, give Me souls!"*

But see, O Mother, how the earth is filled with souls who are about to fall into sin, and Jesus bursts into crying in seeing His Blood suffer new profanations. It would take a miracle to prevent their fall; therefore, let us give them the Blood of Jesus, that they may find in It the strength and the grace not to fall into sin.

One more step, my Mother, and here are souls already fallen into sin, who need a hand in order to stand up again. Jesus loves them, but He looks at them with horror, because they are covered with mud, and His agony becomes more intense.

Let us give them the Blood of Jesus, that they may find the hand which raises them up again. See O Mother, these are souls who need His Blood, souls who are dead to grace. Oh, how deplorable is their state! Heaven looks at them and cries with sorrow; the earth looks on them with disgust; all the elements are against them and would want to destroy them, because they are enemies of the Creator. Oh Mother, the Blood of Jesus contains Life, so let us give It to them, so that, at Its touch, these souls may rise again, and may rise again more beautiful, so as to make all Heaven and all earth smile.

Let us continue to wander, O Mother. See, there are souls who carry the mark of perdition; souls who sin and run away from Jesus; who offend Him and despair of His forgiveness. These are the new Judases, spread throughout the earth, who pierce His Heart, so filled with sorrow. Let us give them the Blood of Jesus, that It may erase from them the mark of perdition, and impress that of salvation.

May It place in their hearts such confidence and love after they have sinned, so as to make them run to the feet of Jesus and cling to His divine feet, never to separate from Him again.

See, O Mother, there are souls who are hurling themselves toward perdition, and there is no one to arrest this race. O please, let us place this Blood before their feet, so that, at Its touch, at Its light, and at Its supplicating voice, which wants to save them, they may draw back and place themselves on the path of salvation...

Let us continue to go around, O Mother. See, there are good souls, innocent souls, in whom Jesus finds His pleasures and His rest in creation. But other creatures are around them with many snares and scandals, to snatch this innocence away, and to turn the pleasures and repose of Jesus into crying and sorrow, as if they had no other aim than to cause continuous suffering to His Divine Heart.

So, let us seal and surround their innocence with the Blood of Jesus, as a wall of defense, so that sin may not enter into them. And with It, put to flight whomever wanted to contaminate them, and preserve them spotless and pure, so that Jesus may find, through them, His rest in creation and all His delights, and for love of them, He may be moved to pity for many other poor souls. My Mother, let us place these souls in the Blood of Jesus; let us bind them, once and again, with the Holy Will of God; let us place them in His arms, and let us bind them to His Heart with the sweet chains of His Love, in order to soothe the sorrow of His mortal agony.

But listen, O Mother, this Blood cries out and wants yet more souls. Let us run together, and let us go to the regions of the heretics and of the unfaithful.. How much sorrow Jesus feels in these regions! He, who is the Life of all, receives not even a tiny act of love in return; He is not known by His very own children. Oh Mother, let us give them His Blood, that It may cast away the darkness of ignorance and of heresy. Let them comprehend that they have a soul, and open the Heavens for them. Then, let us place them all in the Blood of Jesus; let us lead them around Him, like many orphaned and exiled children, who finally find their Father, and in this way, Jesus will feel comforted in His most sorrowful agony.

But Jesus seems to be not yet content, because He wants yet more souls. In these regions of pagans and the unfaithful, He feels the dying souls being snatched from His arms to fall into hell. These souls are now about to breathe their last and fall into the abyss. No one is at their side to save them.

Time is short, the moments are extreme; they will certainly be lost! No, Mother, this Blood will not be shed uselessly for them; therefore, let us quickly fly to them; let us pour the Blood of Jesus over their heads, that It may serve them as baptism and infuse in them faith, hope and Love.

Place Yourself near them, O Mother; make up for all that they lack. Even more, make Yourself seen. In your face shines the beauty of Jesus; your manners are all similar to His; and so, in seeing You, they will certainly be able to know Jesus. Then, press them to your maternal Heart; infuse in them the life of Jesus, which You possess; tell them that, as their Mother, You want them to be happy forever with You in Heaven; and as they breathe their last, receive them into your arms, and let them pass from yours into those of Jesus. And if Jesus, according to the rights of Justice, will show He does not want to receive them, remind Him of the love with which He entrusted them to You at the foot of the Cross. Claim your rights as mother, so that He will not be able to resist your love and prayers, and while making your Heart content, He will also content His ardent desires.

And now, O Mother, let us take this Blood and let us give It to all: to the afflicted, that they may receive consolation, to the poor, that they may suffer resigned to their poverty; to those who are tempted, that they may obtain victory; to the disbelieving, that the virtue of Faith may triumph in them; to the blasphemers, that they may turn the blasphemies into blessings; to the priests, that they may understand their mission and be worthy ministers of Jesus. With this Blood, touch their lips, that they may say no words which are not of glory to God; touch their feet, that they may fly to go in search for souls and lead them to Jesus. Let us give this Blood to the leaders of the nations, that they may be united and feel meekness and love for their subjects.

Let us fly now into Purgatory, and let us give It also to the purging souls, because they so much cry for and claim this Blood for their liberation. Don't You hear, O Mother, their moans, the fidgets of love, the tortures, and how they feel continuously drawn to the Highest Good? See how Jesus Himself wants to purge them more quickly in order to have them with Him? He attracts them with His Love, and they correspond with continuous surges toward Him. But as they find themselves in His presence, unable to yet sustain the purity of His divine gaze, they are forced to draw back and to plunge again into the flames of purifying Love!

My dear Mother, let us descend into this profound prison, and pouring this Blood over them, let us bring them light; let us calm their frenzies of love; let us extinguish the fire that burns them; let us purify their sins; so that, free of every pain, they will fly into the arms of the Most High Good. Let us give this Blood to the most abandoned and forgotten souls, that they may find in It all the suffrages that others deny to them. To all, O Mother, let us give this Blood; let us not deprive any of them, so that, by virtue of It, all may find relief and liberation. Exercise your Queenship in these regions of crying and of lamentations; extend your maternal hands and, one by one, take them out of these ardent flames of suffering, and allow them all to take flight toward Heaven.

And now, let us, too, fly toward Heaven; let us place ourselves at the gates of eternity and allow me, O Mother, to give this Blood also to You, for your greater glory. May this Blood inundate You with new light and with new contentment. And let this light descend through you for the good of all creatures, to give graces and salvation to every one of them.

My Mother, give this Blood also to me; You know how much I need It. With your own maternal hands, retouch me completely with this Blood; and while retouching me, purify my sins, heal my wounds, enrich my poverty; let this Blood circulate in my veins and give me again the Life of Jesus. May It descend into my heart, and transform it into His very Heart; may It embellish me so much that Jesus may find all His contentment in me. Finally, O Mother, let us enter the celestial regions, and let us give this Blood to all the Saints, to all the Angels, that they may receive greater glory, burst into hymns and thanksgivings to Jesus, and praying for us pilgrims on earth, so that by virtue of this Blood, we may one day be reunited with them in Heaven.

And after having given this Blood to all, let us go to Jesus again. Angels, Saints, come with us. Ah, He sighs for souls; He wants to let them all enter into His Humanity, to give to all the fruits of His Blood. Let us place them around Him, and He will feel restored to Life, and recompensed for the most sorrowful agony He has suffered. And now, Holy Mother, let us call all the elements to keep Him company, that they too may give honor to Jesus.

Oh light of the sun, come to dispel the darkness of this night, to give consolation to Jesus. Oh stars, with your twinkling rays, descend from heaven; come and give consolation to Jesus. Flowers of the earth, come with your fragrances; birds, come with your warbling; all elements of the earth, come to comfort Jesus. Come, Oh sea, to refresh and wash Jesus. He is our Creator, our life, our All; come all of you to comfort Him, to pay Him homage as our Sovereign Lord. But, ah, Jesus does not look for light, stars, flowers, birds...He wants souls, souls!

Here they are, Oh my sweet Good Jesus, all here together with me. At Your side is our dear Mother, rest in Her arms; She too will receive consolation holding You in Her lap, because She has participated intensely in your sorrowful agony. Magdalene also is here; Martha is here, and all the souls who love You from all centuries. O Jesus, accept them, and say a word of forgiveness and of Love to all. Bind them all to your Love, so that not one more soul may escape You!

But, it seems to me that You say: *“O child, how many souls escape Me by choice, and fall into eternal ruin! So, how can my sorrow ever be soothed, if I Love one single soul as much as I Love all souls together?”*

Conclusion of the Agony

Agonizing Jesus, it seems that your life is being extinguished. I already hear the rattle of agony, your beautiful eyes eclipsed by the nearness of death, all of your most holy limbs abandoned; and often it seems that You no longer breathe. I feel my heart burst with sorrow. I embrace You and I feel You ice-cold. I touch You and You give no sign of Life! Jesus, are You dead?

Afflicted Mother, Angels of Heaven, come to cry over Jesus, and do not permit that I continue to live without Him. Ah, I cannot! I press Him more tightly to myself, and I hear Him taking another breath, and then, again, He gives no sign of life... I call Him: *“Jesus, Jesus, my Life, do not die!”*

But I already hear the clamor of your enemies, who are coming to take You. Who will defend You in your state?

And He, shaken, appearing to be rising again from death to life, looks at me and says: *“O soul, are you here? Have you then been spectator of my sorrows and of the so many deaths I suffered? Know that in these three hours of most bitter agony in the Garden, I enclosed in Myself all the lives of all My children, and I suffered all their pains and sorrow, and their very death, giving my own Life to each one of them. My agonies will sustain theirs; my suffering and my death will turn into a fount of sweetness and Life for them.*

O How much the souls cost Me! If my Love were at least reciprocated! This is why while I was dying, I would return to breathe again: those were the deaths of my children that I felt within Me!”

My exhausted Jesus, since You also wanted to enclose my life in You, and therefore also my death, I pray You, so that for this Your most bitter agony, You come to my assistance at the moment of my death. I have given You my heart as refuge and rest, my arms to sustain You, and all of my being at your disposal; and – oh, how gladly I would give myself into the hands of your enemies, to die in your place! Come, O life of my Heart, at that moment of my death, to return to me all I have given You: your company, your own Heart as bed and rest, your arms as support, your labored breath to alleviate my labors; in such a way that, in breathing, I will breathe through your breath which, like purifying air, will purify me of any stain of sin, and will dispose me to enter into eternal happiness.

Even more, my sweet Jesus, apply your Most Holy Humanity to my soul, so that, in looking at me, You may see me through Yourself; and in looking at Yourself, You may find nothing for which to judge me. Then, You will bathe me in your Blood; You will clothe me with the white garment of your Most Holy Will; You will transfigure me in the sun of your Love, and giving me the last kiss, You will let me take flight from earth to Heaven.

And now, what I want for myself, do it also for all the agonizing souls; clasp them all in the embrace of Your Love, and giving them the kiss of their union with You, save them all and allow not one to be lost!

My afflicted Good, I offer You this holy Hour in memory of your Passion and Death, to disarm the just wrath of God for so many sins, for the triumph of the Holy Church, for the conversion of all sinners, for peace among all people, especially for our country, for our sanctification, and in suffrage for the souls in Purgatory.

But I see that your enemies are near, and You want to leave me to go to meet them. Jesus, allow me to offer You all the holy kisses of your Most Holy Mother; let me kiss your cheek, which Judas is about to dare to kiss with his infernal kiss. Let me dry your Face, bathed with Blood, upon which slaps and spit are about to pour. And You, hold me tightly to your Heart. Permit me that I never leave You, but allow that I follow You in everything. And You, O my Jesus, bless me and assist me. Amen.

Eighth Hour

From Midnight to 1 AM

Jesus is arrested

O my Jesus, it is already midnight. You hear your enemies approaching; I see You cleaning Yourself and wiping away your Blood, strengthened by the comforts received. I watch as You go to your disciples again. You call them and admonish them, and You take them with You, as You go out to meet your enemies, with your promptness wanting to make reparation for my slowness, my indolence and laziness in working and suffering for Your Love.

But, O sweet Jesus, my Good, what a wrenching scene I see! The first one You meet is the perfidious Judas, who, drawing near You puts his arm around your shoulder, greets You and kisses You. And You, most affectionate Love, do not disdain the kiss of those infernal lips; You embrace him and press him to your Heart, wanting to snatch him from hell, and showing him new Love.

My Jesus, how is it possible not to love You? The tenderness of your Love is such that it should capture every heart to love You; yet, they do not love You! And You, Oh my Jesus, in bearing this kiss of Judas, make reparation for the betrayals, the pretenses, the deceptions under the aspect of friendship and sanctity, especially in priests. Your kiss, moreover, shows that, not to any sinner who comes humbled and repentant before You, would You refuse to pardon.

My most tender Jesus, You now give Yourself into the hands of Your enemies, giving them the power to make You suffer whatever they want. I too, Oh my Jesus, give myself into Your hands, that You may do with me, freely, whatever You please; and together with You, I want to follow Your Will, Your reparations, and suffer Your pains. I want to be always around You, that there may be no offense for which I do not give You reparation; no bitterness which I do not soothe; no spit or blows that You receive, which are not followed by a kiss and a caress of mine. In the falls that You will suffer, my hands will always be ready to help You, to lift You.

So, I want to be always with You, Oh my Jesus; I do not want to leave You alone for even one minute. And to be more certain, place me inside of Yourself, and I will be in your mind, in your gaze, in your Heart, and in all Your Being, to do all that You do, with You. In this way, I will be able to be Your faithful company, and not one of your sufferings will escape me, and I can give You for all, my correspondence of Love in everything.

My sweet Good, I will be at your side to defend You, to learn your teachings, to number each and every one of your words. Ah, how sweetly descend into my heart: the tender words You directed to Judas, *"Friend, why have you come?"* And I realize that You address me too with the same words, not calling me friend, but by the sweet name of 'child': *"Child, why have you come?"*; And I answer: *"Jesus, to love You"*. And *"Why have You come?"*, You repeat to me whenever I pray. *"Why have you come?"*, You repeat to me from the Holy Host when I come to receive You into my heart. And also when I work, or when I take food, or when I suffer, or when I sleep.

What a beautiful call for me and for all souls! But how many, to your *"Why have you come?"*, actually answer: *"I come to offend You!"* Others, pretending not to hear You, give themselves to all kinds of sins, and to your *"Why have you come?"*, respond by going into hell! How much compassion I feel for You, Oh my Jesus! I would like to take the very ropes with which your enemies are about to bind You, in order to bind these souls and spare You this sorrow.

But, again, I hear your most tender voice which says as You go to meet your enemies: *"Who are you looking for?"* And they answer: *"Jesus the Nazarene"*. And You answer them: **"I AM"**. With only this word You say everything, and You let Yourself be known for Who You are; even Your enemies tremble and fall to the ground, as though dead. And You, O Love without equal, repeating again, **"I AM"**, call them back to life, and on your own, turn Yourself over into the hands of Your enemies.

And they, perfidious and ungrateful, instead of falling humbly prostrate at your feet to beg for Your forgiveness, and abusing Your goodness, despising Your graces and prodigies, they lay hands on You, they bind and immobilize You with ropes and chains.

They cast You to the ground and trample You under their feet, they tear out your hair. And You, with unheard-of patience, remain silent, suffering and making reparation for the offenses of those who, in spite of many miracles, do not surrender to your Grace, but become even more obstinate.

With Your ropes and chains, You send pleas to the Father for the grace to break the chains of our sins, and You bind us with sweet chains of Your Love. Then Saint Peter, who wants to defend You, to the point of cutting off the ear of Malchus, You correct lovingly. With this, You want to make reparation for all the good works which are not done with holy prudence, and because of excessive zeal, fall into sin.

My most patient Jesus, it seems that these ropes and chains add something more beautiful to your Divine Person: Your forehead becomes more majestic, so as to draw the attention of your enemies; Your eyes blaze with resplendent light; your Divine Face assumes a supreme peace and sweetness, capable of enamoring your very executioners. With Your suave and penetrating manner, You make them tremble; so much that if they dare to offend You, it is because You, Yourself consent to it.

Oh chained and bound Love, Are you going to allow Yourself to be bound for me, showing greater proof of your Love for me, while I, your little child, remain without chains? No, no; but with your most holy hands, bind me with Your own ropes and chains.

So I pray You, as I kiss your divine forehead, to bind all of my thoughts, my eyes, my ears, my tongue, my heart, my affections, and all of me; and together with me, bind all Your children, so that, in feeling the sweetness of your loving chains, they may never again dare to offend You.

My sweet Good Jesus, it is now one o'clock in the morning. My mind is heavy with lack of sleep. I must do my best to stay awake; but if sleep surprises me, I remain within You, to follow whatever You do; and even more, You Yourself will do it for me. In You, my Jesus, I leave my thoughts, to defend You from Your enemies; my respirations to keep You company; my heartbeats to tell You constantly that I love You, and to give You the Love which others do not; and the drops of my blood, for reparation to You and to restore to You the honor and the esteem which they take away from You with insults, spit and slaps.

My Jesus, bless me and if it is Your Will that I sleep, let me sleep in your adorable Heart; so that by your heartbeats, accelerated by Love or by sorrow, I will be awakened frequently so that our company will never be interrupted...

Ninth Hour

From 1 to 2 AM

Jesus, bound, is thrown into the Cedron stream

My beloved Good Jesus, my poor mind follows You between vigil and sleep. How can I abandon myself completely to sleep, when I see that everyone leaves You and runs away from You?

The Apostles themselves, the fervent Peter, who a little while ago said he wanted to give his life for You; the favorite disciple who, with so much love, You allowed to rest upon your Heart, ah, they all abandon You, and leave You at the mercy of your cruel enemies!

My Jesus, You are alone! Your most pure eyes look around You to see if at least one of those to whom You have done so much good, follows You to give witness to Your Love and to defend You. And discovering that no one, not one has remained faithful to You, your Heart is oppressed, and You burst into sorrowful crying. You feel even more pain for the abandonment of your most faithful friends, than for what the very enemies are doing to You. My Jesus, do not cry; or, let me cry together with You.

And my lovable Jesus seems to say: *"Ah, my child, let us cry together over the fate of so many souls consecrated to Me, who, over little trials, over incidents of life, no longer take care of Me and leave Me alone; for many others, timid and cowardly, who, for lack of courage and trust, abandon Me; for so many priests, who not finding their own enjoyment in holy things and in the administration of the Holy Sacraments, do not care about Me; for many priests who preach, who celebrate Mass, who confess, for love of self interest and for their own glory; and while it seems that they are gathered around Me, they always leave Me alone!"*

Ah, my child, how hard this abandonment is for Me! Not only do my eyes cry, but my Heart bleeds! Oh please, I beg you to make reparation for my bitter pain by promising that you will never leave Me alone."

Yes, O my Jesus, I promise this to You, helped by your grace, and in the firmness and immutability of your Divine Will.

But, as You cry over the abandonment of your dear ones, the enemies spare no outrage in what they can do to You. Oppressed and bound as You are, O my Good, to the point that You cannot even take a step by Yourself, they trample on You; they drag You through those streets full of rocks and thorns; there is no movement that You make that does not make You be knocked against the rocks and be pierced by the thorns. Ah, my Jesus, I see that as they mistreat You, You leave behind You a trail of your precious Blood, and your golden hair which they tear from your head!

My Life and my All, allow me to gather them, that I may bind all the steps of creatures who do not spare wounding You, even at night, but use the cover of the darkness of the night to offend You more, some with their meetings, others with evil pleasures, with theatres and diversions, some use the night even for committing sacrilegious thefts... My Jesus, I unite myself to You to make reparation for all these offenses committed during the night.

But, O my Jesus, we are now at the Cedron stream, and your perfidious enemies push You toward it. They make You bump against the rocks there with such violence that it makes Your most precious Blood spill from your mouth, leaving those rocks sealed with Your Blood...Then, pulling You, they cast You down into that putrid black water, and it enters into Your ears, Your nostrils, and Your mouth,.

Oh, unreachable love, You are bathed and coated with that putrid black, nauseating, cold water; vividly representing the heart-rending sight of souls that commit sin!

Oh, how they become covered, inside and out, by a mantle of filth, so disgusting to Heaven and to whoever could see them, and attracting to them the lightning of Divine Justice!

O, Life of my life, Can there ever be greater love? To wash away from us that mantle of filth, You allow your enemies to throw You into that torrent; and to make reparation for the sacrileges and the coldness of the souls who receive You sacrilegiously, obliging You to enter into their hearts, which are worse than the stream, and making You feel all the nausea of their souls, You also permit these waters to penetrate deep into your entrails; so much that the enemies, fearing that You may be drowned, and to spare You for greater torments, lift You up. But the stench of the water causes them to feel nauseated to even touch You.

My most tender Jesus, You are now out of the stream. My heart cannot bear seeing You so drenched by those repugnant waters. I see You shivering from head to foot from the cold. You look around, searching with your eyes, what You cannot do with your voice, for one at least, who would dry You, clean You and warm You. But, in vain, no one is moved to compassion for You: the enemies mock You and deride You; your own have abandoned You; your sweet Mother is far away, because the Father so disposes...

Here You have me, O Jesus, come into my arms. I want to cry enough to form a bath of tears to clean You and wash You, and with my hands, smooth your disheveled hair... My Love, I want to enclose You in my heart and warm You with the warmth of my affections; I want to perfume You with my incessant wishes; I want to make reparation for all these offenses, and pledge my life together with Yours to save all souls. I want to offer You my heart as a place of repose, to be able to somehow comfort You for the pains and sorrows You have suffered up to now... and then later, we will continue together the path of your Passion.

Tenth Hour

From 2 to 3 AM

Jesus is presented to Annas

Jesus, be always with me. Sweet Mother, let us follow Jesus together. My Jesus, Divine Sentry, You who watch over me in your Heart, and not wanting to continue alone, without me, You wake me up and make me be present with You in the house of Annas...

You are now at the moment in which Annas questions You about your doctrine and your disciples. And You, O Jesus, in order to defend the glory of the Father, open your most sacred mouth, and with sonorous voice full of dignity You answer: *"I have spoken in public, and all those here present have heard Me."*

At these dignified words of Yours, all feel trembling, but their perfidy is so great that a servant, wanting to honor Annas, comes close to You and with a glove of iron, gives You a slap, but so violent that it makes You stagger, and badly bruises your most holy Face.

Now I understand, my sweet Life, why You have awakened me. You were right; Who would sustain You at this moment, as You are about to fall? Your enemies burst into satanic laughter, whistling and clapping, applauding an act so unjust. While You, staggering, have no one to lean on. My Jesus, I embrace You; even more,

I want to be Your support with my being; and I offer You my cheek with courage, ready to bear any suffering for love of Your Love. I give You compassion for this outrage, and united to You I make reparation for the timidity of so many souls, who are too easily discouraged; for all those who, out of fear, do not speak the truth; for the lack of respect merited by priests, and for the murmurings.

But, my afflicted Jesus, I see that Annas sends You to Caiphas. Your enemies hurl You down the stairs, and You, my Love, in this painful fall make reparation for those who at nighttime fall into sin, taking advantage of the darkness, and You call the heretics and the unfaithful to the light of Faith.

I too want to follow You in these reparations, and on the way to Caiphas, I send You my sighs to defend You from your enemies.. And You O my Jesus, continue to be my sentry while I sleep, and awaken me whenever You need me. So, give me your kiss and your blessing, and I kiss your Heart, and in It I continue my sleep.

Eleventh Hour

From 3 to 4 AM

Jesus in the house of Caiphas

My afflicted and abandoned Good Jesus, while my weak nature sleeps in your sorrowful Divine Heart, between vigil and sleep I hear the blows that they give You, and awakening, I say to You: My poor Jesus, abandoned by everyone, with no one to defend You! But from the depths of your Heart I offer You my life to serve as Your support in the moment that they make you trip...; and then I fall asleep again. But another jolt of Love of your Divine Heart wakes me up, and I am deafened by the insults that they make to You, by the loud voices, by the shouting and by the running of people.

My Love, How is it that they are all against You? What have You done that, like many ferocious wolves, they want to tear You apart? I feel my blood freeze in hearing the preparations of your enemies, and I tremble in anguish thinking of what I could do to defend You.

But my afflicted Jesus, keeping me in His Heart, squeezes me more tightly, and says to me: *“My child, I have done nothing wrong...Oh, the crime of Love contains all sacrifices, and Love of unlimited price. We are only at the beginning; remain in my Heart, observe everything, Love Me, be silent, and learn. Let your ice cold blood flow in my veins to give rest to my Blood which is all burning in flames.*

Let your trembling flow into my limbs, so that, fused with Me, you may be strengthened and warmed and feel part of my sufferings, and at the same time acquire strength in seeing Me suffer so much. This will be the most beautiful defense that you can do for Me. Be faithful to Me, and be attentive.”

Sweet Love of mine, the clamor of your enemies is so intense and so great that it no longer permits me to sleep; the blows are more violent each time ...

I hear the noise of the chains with which they have bound You so tightly as to make You bleed from your wrists, and You go leaving footprints of Your blood in those streets.

Remember that my blood is in Yours, and as You shed It, my blood kisses Yours, adores It and makes reparation to It; and as they drag You and the ambience deafens with rude cries and whistles, make my blood be a light to all those who offend You at night, and a magnet to draw all hearts around You, my Love and my All.

And You arrive before Caiphas. Your demeanor is all meek, modest, humble; Your sweetness and patience is so great as to terrorize your enemies; and Caiphas, full of rage, wants to devour You.... Ah, how well can Innocence be distinguished from sin!

My Love, You are before Caiphas as the most guilty, as one who is being condemned. Caiphas asks the witnesses what your crimes are. Ah, better he should have asked about what is your Love! And some accuse You of one thing, some of another, speaking nonsense and contradicting each other; and as they accuse You, the soldiers who are near You tear at your hair, and unload horrible slaps on your most holy Face, that resound through the whole room; they twist your lips, they hit You...and You remain silent and suffer, and if You look at them, the light of your eyes descends into their hearts, and unable to sustain Your gaze, they move far away from You, but others take their place, to make You suffer more.

But in the midst of many accusations and outrages, I see You sharpen your hearing and Your Heart beats more violently, as if it is about to burst with pain. Tell me, my afflicted Good, What is happening now? I see that your Love is so great that You anxiously await all that your enemies are doing to You, and You offer it for our salvation. And your Heart makes reparation in total calm for the calamities, hatreds, false testimonies, the evil done to innocents with premeditation, and You also make reparation for those who offend You by the instigation of leaders, and by the offenses of the ecclesiastics... But now while I am in union with You, I follow your own reparations, I feel a change in You, a new sorrow, never before felt until now. Tell me, tell me, what is happening? Let me participate in everything, O Jesus.

“My child, do you want to know? I hear the voice of Peter who says he does not know Me, then he swore and perjured himself for the third time that he does not know Me. O Peter, what! You do not know Me? Don't you remember with how many gifts I filled you? Ah, if others make Me die of pains, you make Me die of sorrow! Ah, how wrong it was of you to follow Me from a distance, and so expose yourself to this occasion!”

My denied Good, how quickly become known the offenses of those who are the most dear to You! O Jesus, I want to make my heartbeat flow within Yours to soothe the atrocious pain that You suffer. And my heartbeat in Yours swears fidelity and Love to You; and I, with Your heartbeat, repeat and swear thousands and thousands of times that I know You...

But your love is not yet calmed, and You try to look at Peter. At your loving glances, and filled with tears because of his denial, Peter is moved, and he cries and goes away from there. Having led him to safety, You calm Yourself and make reparation for the offenses of the Popes and of the leaders of the Church, especially of those who expose themselves to occasions for sin.

Meanwhile, your enemies continue to accuse You; and in seeing that You do not answer to their accusations, Caiphas says to You: *"I beseech You, by the the living God? tell me, are You truly the Son of God?"*

And You, my Love, having the word of truth always on your lips, with supreme Majesty, and with sonorous and gentle voice, such that all are astounded, and the very demons plunge themselves into the abyss, answer: *"You have said it: Yes, I am the true Son of God, and one day I will descend on the clouds of Heaven to judge all nations."*

At your words, all remain in silence, they shudder with fright... But Caiphas, after recovering from a few instants of fright, reacting with full rage, more than a ferocious beast, says to everyone: *"What need do we have of more witnesses? He has already uttered a great blasphemy! What more are we waiting for to condemn him? He is already guilty to death!"*

And to give greater strength to his words, he tears his vestments with such rage and fury that all, as if they were one, hurl themselves at You, my Good; some punch your head, some tear out your hair, some slap You, some spit on your Face, some trample upon You. The torments that they give You are so intense and so many that the earth trembles and the Heavens are shaken....

My Love and my Life, Jesus, when I see how much they torment You, my poor heart is lacerated by pain. Ah, permit me to come out of your sorrowful Heart, and I, in Your place, confront, all these outrages. Ah, if it were possible for me, I would like to snatch You from the hands of your enemies. But You do not want it, because the salvation of all requires this, and I am forced to resign myself to it.

But, sweet Love of mine, let me at least clean You, fix your hair, remove the spit, wipe away and dry your Blood, and enclose myself in your Heart, because I see that Caiphas, already tired, wants to leave and deliver You into the hands of the soldiers.

Therefore, I bless You O Jesus; and You, Lord, bless me and give me the kiss of your Love, enclose me in the oven of your Divine Heart to reconcile my sleep. I place my mouth on your Heart, so that in breathing, I may kiss You, and according to the diversity of your heartbeats, with more or with less suffering, I may detect whether You are suffering or resting. In that way, protecting You with my arms to keep You defended, I embrace You and stay tightly close to your Heart, and fall asleep.

Twelfth Hour

From 4 to 5 AM

Jesus at the mercy of the soldiers

My Life, most sweet Jesus, as I slept, fused in your Heart, very often I felt the piercing of the thorns which wound your Most Holy Heart. Wanting to wake up with You, that You may have at least one who knows all of Your sufferings and feels compassion for You, I embrace Your Heart more tightly, and feeling Your thorns piercing more vividly, I wake up. But, what do I see? What do I hear? I would like to hide You in my heart so as to put myself in your place, and receive on myself the intense pains, insults and humiliations so incredible, outrages so barbaric, that only your Love could bear. My most patient Jesus, what could You expect from people so inhuman?

I now see that they are making fun of You and they cover your Face with thick spit...The light of your beautiful eyes is eclipsed by the spit; and You, pouring rivers of tears for our salvation, with them wash that spit away from your eyes. But your wicked enemies, with hearts incapable to bear the light of your eyes, cover them with spit again. Others, more daring in evil, open your most sweet mouth and fill it with the most foul spit, to the point that they themselves feel nausea. And since some of that spit flows away, revealing, in part, the majesty of your Face and your divine sweetness, they shudder and feel ashamed of themselves.

And in order to feel more free in their evil ways, they blindfold You with a miserable rag, to be able to hurl themselves, unrestrained at your adorable Person. And so they beat You without pity; they drag You; they trample You under their feet; they repeatedly discharge blows and slaps to your Face and all over your head, scratching You, tearing out your hair, and pushing You from one side to another.

Jesus, my Love, my heart cannot bear seeing You in the midst of so much suffering. You want me to pay attention to everything, but I feel I would rather cover my eyes so as to not see scenes so painful, which would tear the heart from any chest, but Your Love obliges me to watch all that happens to You.

And I see that You utter not a breath, that You say not a word, to defend Yourself; that You are in the hands of these soldiers like a rag, and they can do with You whatever they want. And to see them jumping on You, I fear You may die under their feet...

My Good and my All, the sorrow I feel for your pains is so great, that I would like to shout so loudly as to be heard up in Heaven, to call the Father, the Holy Spirit and all the Angels; and here on earth, from one extreme to another, to call the sweet Mother, and all the souls who love You, so that, forming a circle around You, we may prevent these insolent soldiers from coming near You to insult You and torment You more. And together with You, we make reparation for all the nocturnal sins against your Sacramental Person, especially those committed by members of religious sects, and for all the offenses of the souls who do not remain faithful in the night of the trials.

But I see, Oh my insulted Good, that the soldiers, drunk and tired, would like to rest, and my poor heart, oppressed and lacerated by your so many sufferings, does not want to remain alone with You, it feels the need of more company. Ah, my sweet Mother, be my inseparable company; I hold your hand tightly and kiss it. Strengthen me with your blessing. And Jesus, embracing us together, makes us rest our heads on His suffering Heart to console Him. Oh, Jesus, together with our Mother, I kiss You and I bless You, and in union with Her, we will have a sleep of Love upon your adorable Heart.

Thirteenth Hour

From 5 to 6 AM

Jesus in prison

My Prisoner Jesus, I awaken, and I do not find You. My heart beats very strongly; and is delirious with Love. Tell me, where are You? O my Angel, take me to the house of Caiphas... But for as much as I search for You, I go around, inquire, and investigate everywhere, but I do not find You.

Hurry, my Love, with your hands move the chains with which You keep my heart bound to Yours, and draw me to You, so that attracted to You, I can take flight to throw myself into your arms. My Love, wounded by my voice and wanting my company, I feel already that You draw me to You... But I see that they have put You in prison... My heart exults with joy in finding You, but I feel it wounded with sorrow to see to what state they have reduced You.

I see You with your hands tied behind You to a column, with Your feet immobilized and bound. I see your most holy Face beaten, swollen, and bloodied from the barbaric blows You have received... Your most holy eyes are livid, blackened; your gaze tired and extinguished from the sleepless night; your hair in disorder; your Most Holy Person is totally ravaged, and to add to that, because You are bound, You can not rely on Your own abilities to help Yourself or clean Yourself. And I, O my Jesus, crying and embracing your feet, exclaim: *'O! How they have left You! O Jesus!'*

And Jesus, looking at me, responds: *"Come, O my child, and be attentive to everything you see Me do, so that you can do everything together with Me, so that I will thus be able to continue my Life in you."*

And, astounded, I see that instead of giving Your attention to your sufferings, with indescribable love You dedicate Yourself to glorifying the Father, to give Him satisfaction for all that we are obliged to do; and You call on all souls to gather around You, so that You may take upon Yourself all of their evils and give to them all Your Good... And since the new day is dawning, I hear your sweetest voice say: *“Saintly Father, I give You thanks for all I have suffered, and for all that is left for Me to suffer. And just as this dawn calls forth the day, and the day makes the sun rise, so may the dawn of Graces arise in all hearts, and, as daylight fills them, may I, Divine Sun, surge in all hearts and reign in them all. See, Oh Father, see all these souls? I want to correspond to You for every one of them, for their thoughts, for their words, for their works, for their steps, etc., at the cost of My blood and My death.”*

My Jesus, Love without limit, I unite myself to You and I also thank You for all that You have made me suffer, and for all that is left for me to suffer. And my plea to You is that You make the dawn of Graces surge in all hearts, so that You, Divine Sun, may surge again in all hearts and reign in every one of them.

But I see, my sweet Jesus, that You also make reparation for all the first thoughts, affections and words which are not offered to You at the dawn of each day to give You first honor. And I see that You gather within Yourself, all the thoughts, the affections and the words of all Your children, to give to the Father for them, the reparation and glory they owe Him.

My Jesus, Divine Master, since we have one hour free in this prison and we are alone, I want to do, not only what You do, but I want to clean You, fix your hair, and fuse myself totally in You. So I draw near your most sacred head, and in rearranging your hair, I want to make reparation for so many minds, distraught and full of filth, which have not even a single thought for You; and fusing myself in your mind, I want to gather in You all the thoughts of the creatures and fuse them in your thoughts to find sufficient reparation for all the evil thoughts, and for so many suffocated lights and holy inspirations... I would like to unite all thoughts to be one with Yours, to give You true reparation and perfect glory.

My afflicted Jesus, I kiss your eyes overflowing with tears and sadness.. And since your hands are bound to the column, You cannot wipe these tears away, nor remove the spit with which they smeared You, and because the position in which they have bound You is so excruciating, You can not even close your tired eyes to take even the slightest rest.

My Love, how gladly would I offer You my arms as bed, to give You rest...and I want to dry your eyes, beg your forgiveness making reparation for all the times we have not had the intention of pleasing You, or looking to You to see what You wanted from us, to find out what we were supposed to do, and where You wanted us to go; I want to fuse my eyes in Yours, together with those of all Your children, so as to be able to make reparation with Your own eyes for all the evil we have done with our sight.

My compassionate Jesus, I kiss your most holy ears, to make reparation for the insults of this entire night, and much more still, for the echo of all the offenses of the creatures which resounds in your ears. I ask for your forgiveness, and make reparation for all the times You have called us and we have been deaf to Your voice, pretending not to hear You; and You, my weary Good, have repeated your call... but in vain... I want to fuse my ears and those of all Your children, in Yours, to make our reparation continuous and complete.

Enamored Jesus, I kiss your most holy Face, all bruised and swollen from Your beatings. I ask Your forgiveness and make reparation for all the times You have called us to be victim souls and offer reparation, and we instead, uniting with Your enemies, have given You slaps and spit. My Jesus, I want to fuse my face in Yours, to restore to You your natural beauty, giving You full reparation for all the scorn and contempt imposed on your adorable Majesty.

My embittered Good, I kiss your most sweet mouth, in so much pain from beatings and parched by Love. I want to fuse my tongue and the tongues of all Your children in Yours, to make reparation with your own tongue for all sins and evil conversations carried out. And I want, my thirsty Jesus, to unite all voices and make them one with Yours, so that, when we are at the point of offending You, Your voice, flowing in those of all creatures, may suffocate those voices of sin and turn them into voices of praise and of Love.

Chained Jesus, I kiss your neck, oppressed by those heavy chains and ropes which entwine your chest, going to the back of your shoulders and restraining your arms, they keep You firmly bound to the column. Your hands are already swollen and so bruised from the tightness of the chains, that blood spurts from their wounds... Oh my bound Jesus, allow me to release You, and if You love being bound, I will bind You with Your chains of Love, which, being sweet, will alleviate You instead of making You suffer...and as I release You, I want to fuse myself in your neck, in your chest, in your shoulders, in your hands, in your feet, in order to make reparation together with You for all unholy attachments, and give Your chains of Love to all, so that they will be able to make reparation with You for all coldness, and thus fill the chest of all creatures with Your fire of Love; because I see that Your fire is so great that You are unable to contain it; to make reparation with You for all illicit pleasures and love of comforts, and give to everyone the spirit of sacrifice and Love of suffering...

And I want to fuse myself in Your hands to make reparation for all evil works, for good works done badly and with presumptuousness, and give to all the divine fragrance of your works. I fuse myself in Your feet, enclosing all the steps of all Your children, in reparation for them, and give Your steps to all, to make them walk always in saintly pursuits.

Finally, my sweet Life, as I fuse myself in your Heart, allow me to enclose all affections, heartbeats and desires, to make reparation for them together with You, and to give to everyone Your affections, heartbeats and desires, so that no one may ever again offend You.

But now I hear in my ears the sound of the key turning the lock...: your enemies are returning to take You from the prison... And, Jesus; I cringe in terror! I feel my blood running cold. You will be once again in the hands of your enemies. What will happen to You? But it seems I also hear the sound of the keys turning in the locks of the sacred tabernacles... How many profaned hands come to open them, and perhaps to make You descend into sacrilegious hearts? In how many unworthy hands and hearts You are forced to find Yourself! My prisoner Jesus; I want to be in all of Your prisons of Love, to be a witness when your ministers release You, and to keep You company and make reparation for all the offenses You may receive.

But I see that your enemies are arriving, as You greet the rising sun on the last of Your days, and as they untie You from the column, seeing that You are filled with majesty and that You look at them with so much Love, in return they unload onto your Face slaps and blows so violent, that Your Face fills instantly with the crimson flow of your most precious Blood.

Jesus, my Love, before leaving the prison, in my sorrow I ask You to bless me, in order to give me the strength to follow You along in the rest of your Passion.

Fourteenth Hour

From 6 to 7 AM

Jesus before Caiphas again, who confirms His condemnation to death and sends Him to Pilate

My sorrowful Jesus, You are now out of prison, but You are so exhausted that You stagger at each step. I want to place myself at your side in order to sustain You when I see that You are about to fall.

But I see that the soldiers present You before Caiphas; O my Jesus, and Your appearance is like a Sun in their midst, for even though disfigured, You emanate Light everywhere... I see that Caiphas is elated to see You reduced to such a sorrowful state, and in the reflections of your Light, he becomes even more blinded, and in his fury, he asks You again: *“So, are You truly the Son of God?”*

And You, my Love, with such supreme majesty, with a voice full of grace, and with your usual intonation so sweet and moving, as to enrapture all hearts, respond: *“Yes, I am the true Son of God.”*

And your enemies, in spite of feeling all the power of your word within themselves, suffocating everything, wanting to know nothing else, in one voice, cry out: *"He is guilty! To death with Him! He is guilty! To death with Him!"*

Caiphas confirms the sentence to death, and sends You to Pilate. And You, my condemned Jesus, accept this sentence with so much Love and resignation, so as to almost snatch it from the iniquitous Pontiff. You make reparation for all the sins committed deliberately and with all malice, and also for those who, instead of feeling afflicted with evil, rejoice and exult over sin itself, and this leads them to blindness and suffocates any enlightenment and grace within them.

Jesus, my Life, your reparations and prayers echo in my heart, and I make reparation and offer my prayers together with You.

My sweet Love, I see that, having lost any last bit of esteem they had for You, seeing You sentenced to death, the soldiers add more ropes and chains, and bind You so tightly so as to prevent almost any movement of your Divine Person; and pushing You and dragging You, they take You out of the palace of Caiphas...

Crowds of people await You, but not one to defend You. And You, my Divine Sun, come out into their midst, wanting to wrap them all in your Light... As You move the first steps, wanting to enclose all the steps of the creatures within your steps, You pray and make reparation for those who direct their steps to act with evil purposes: some for revenge, others to kill, others to betray, others to steal, and for so many sinful purposes...

Oh, how all these sins wound your Heart, and in order to prevent so much evil, You pray, You make reparation, and offer Your own Self entirely in atonement.

But, as I follow You, my Sun, Jesus, I see that as soon as You descend from the palace of Caiphas, You, meet Mary, our beautiful and sweet Mother. Your reciprocal gazes meet and wound each other; and even though You both feel relieved in seeing each other, yet there are born now new sorrows: for You, in seeing the beautiful Mother pierced, pale and mourning; and for dear Mother, in seeing You, Divine Sun, eclipsed and covered with so much opprobrium, in tears, and under a mantle of Blood....

But You cannot enjoy the exchange of your gazes for too long, and with the sorrow of being unable to say even a word to each other, your Hearts say everything; and one fused within the other, Your gazes cease, because the soldiers do not allow it. So, trampled upon and dragged, You arrive before Pilate.

My Jesus, I unite myself to your suffering Mother to follow You, to fuse myself, together with Her, in You. And You O Lord, direct your gaze of Love to me, and bless me.

Fifteenth Hour

From 7 to 8 AM

Jesus before Pilate. Pilate sends Him to Herod

My chained Good, Jesus, your enemies, together with the high priests, present You to Pilate; and with apparent sanctity and scrupulosity, but, because they have to celebrate the Passover, they remain outside the atrium... And You, my Love, seeing in the depths of their hearts their malice, make reparation for all the hypocrisies of the religious. I also make reparation together with You. But while You occupy Yourself with their good, to the contrary, they begin to accuse You before Pilate, vomiting all the venom they have against You...

But, showing himself unsatisfied with the accusations they make against You, Pilate calls You aside, to examine you alone, and he asks You: *“Are you the king of the Jews?”*

And You, Jesus, my true King, respond to him: *“My Kingdom is not of this world; otherwise, thousands of legions of Angels would defend Me.”*

And Pilate, moved by the sweetness and the dignity of your words, surprised, says to You: *“So, you are a king?”*

And You: *“You say it, I am, and I have come into the world to teach the Truth.”*

Convinced of your innocence, and without wanting to know anything else, Pilate goes out to the terrazza and says: *“I find no guilt in this man.”*

Enraged, your enemies accuse You of many other things, and You remain silent; You do not defend Yourself. And You make reparation for the weaknesses of the judges, when they are faced by the arrogant; and for their injustices, and You pray for the innocent, oppressed and abandoned.

Then, seeing the fury of your enemies, Pilate sends You to Herod, to get rid of You...

Jesus before Herod

My Divine King, I want to repeat your prayers and reparations, and I want to accompany You to Herod.

I see that your enemies, enraged, would want to devour You, and they lead You among insults, mockeries and jeers. So, they make You arrive like this before Herod, who, swollen with pride, asks You many questions, but You remain silent, and do not respond or even look at him.

And Herod, irritated because he does not see his curiosity satisfied, feeling humiliated by your long silence, declares to all that You are crazy, mindless, and he orders that You be treated as such; and to dishonor You and to scorn you, he has You clothed with a white garment, and he delivers You into the hands of the soldiers, that they may do with You the worst they can...

My innocent Jesus, no one finds fault in You, only your enemies, and because of their hypocritical appearance of religiosity, they do not deserve that the light of Truth might shine in their minds!

My Jesus, infinite Wisdom. How much it costs You, being declared insane! To abuse You, the soldiers cast You to the ground, trample You, smear You with spit, ridicule You, beat You with rods, and the blows are so many that You feel You are dying. The pains, the ignominies, the humiliations they inflict on You, are so great and so many that the Angels weep, and cover their faces with their wings in order not to see these abuses.

And I too, my crazy Jesus, want to call You crazy, but crazy with Love... And your folly of Love is so great that, instead of losing strength, You pray and make reparation for the ambitions of the kings and of the leaders, who aspire to kingdoms for the ruin of the peoples; for the destruction they provoke, for the many slaughters they cause, and for so much blood they cause to be shed for their whims; for all the sins of curiosity and for the sins committed in the courts, and in the military.

Oh, my Jesus, how moving it is to see You pray and make reparations in the midst of so many outrages! Your words resound in my heart, and I follow whatever You do... Let me now place myself at your side and take part in your sufferings, and console You with my love. And driving Your enemies away from You, I take You in my arms to give You strength, and to kiss Your forehead.

My sweet Love, I see that they give You no repose and that Herod sends You back to Pilate. If the coming was painful, going back will be more tragic, because I see that Your enemies are more furious than before, and they are resolved to make You die at any cost.

Therefore, before You leave the palace of Herod, I want to kiss You as a testimony of my love for You in the midst of so many sufferings. And You O Lord, strengthen me with your kiss and with your blessing, so that I may follow You once again before Pilate....

Sixteenth Hour

From 8 to 9 AM

Jesus is brought back to Pilate. Jesus is scourged

My tormented Jesus, my poor tormented heart follows You in Your anguish and sufferings, and in seeing You clothed as a madman, knowing Who You are, Infinite Wisdom Who gives reason and intelligence to all, I feel myself going mad, and I exclaim: *How can it be! Jesus, insane? Jesus, a criminal? And now, You will be relegated after a great criminal, Barabbas!*

My Jesus, infinite Sanctity, once again You find Yourself before Pilate, and in seeing You so dreadfully reduced, clothed as a madman, knowing that not even Herod has condemned You, he becomes more indignant against Your enemies, and is even more convinced of your innocence, and this confirms to him that he should not condemn You. But, still, wanting to please them in something, and to appease the hatred, the fury, the rage, and their ardent thirst for Your Blood, he presents You with Barabbas, to them for their choice. But they cry out: *"We do not want Jesus free, but Barabbas!"* And Pilate, not knowing what to do to calm them, condemns You to the scourging.

My condemned Jesus, my heart breaks in pieces to see that, while your enemies occupy themselves with You to make You die, You, instead, recollected within Yourself, think about giving Life to all. And putting my attention in my hearing, I hear You say: *"Holy Father, look at your Son, clothed as a madman... May this make reparation before You for the madness of so many creatures fallen into sin. May this white garment be like a defense before You, for so many souls who clothe themselves with the dismal garment of sin..."*

Do You see, O Father, their hatred, their fury, the rage they have against Me, which almost makes them lose the light of reason? Do You see the thirst they have for my Blood? So I want to make reparation for all of the hatred, the revenge, the anger, the murders, and implore the light of reason for all.

Look at Me again, my Father; can there be a greater insult? They have relegated Me lower than a great criminal... And I want to make reparation for all these relegations and postponements they do.... Ah, the whole world is full of postponements that are done: some place Us after a vile interest, some after honors, some after vanities, some after pleasures, some after their own attachments, some after dignities, some after gluttonies, and even after sin. All creatures unanimously postpone us, and place Us after even the smallest little trifle. And I am ready to accept being placed after Barabbas, in order to make reparation for the postponements the creatures make of Us, in not giving first place to God."

My Jesus, I feel I am dying with sorrow and confusion in seeing your great Love in the midst of so many sufferings, and the heroism of your virtues in the midst of so many pains and insults. Your words and reparations resound in my poor heart and make so many other wounds, and in my suffering, I repeat your prayers and your reparations. Not even for one instant do I want to separate myself from You, on the contrary, for, so much of all that You do, would then escape me. But now, what do I see? The soldiers take You to a pillar in order to scourge You.

My Love, I follow You; and You, look at me with your loving gaze, and give me the strength to be present at your painful scourging....

Jesus is scourged

My most pure Jesus, You are now near the pillar. Enraged, the soldiers untie You in order to bind You to it. But this is not enough, they strip You of your garments to make a more cruel massacre of your Most Holy Body. My Love, my Life, I feel faint for the sorrow of seeing You almost naked, You tremble from head to foot, and your most holy Face blushes with virginal modesty.

Your confusion, your exhaustion, are such that, unable to remain standing, You are about to collapse at the foot of the pillar... but the soldiers sustain You, not to help You, but to bind You; and they do not let You fall...

Now they take the ropes and bind your arms so tightly that they swell immediately, and blood spurts from your fingers. Then, from the ring of the pillar, they make the ropes and chains pass around your Most Holy Person, down to your feet; they bind You to the pillar so tightly that You cannot make one movement... so as to be able to unleash themselves freely at You,

My stripped Jesus, allow me to vent my distress, for otherwise I can not continue to watch You suffer so much. How can this be? You, who clothe all created things, the sun with light, the heavens with stars, the plants with leaves, the birds with feathers, You, stripped!? What arrogance! What audacity!

But my loving Jesus, through the light He sends forth from His eyes, tells me: *“Be silent, O child, it was necessary that I be stripped, in order to make reparation for many who strip themselves of every modesty, of purity and of innocence; who strip themselves of every good and virtue, and of my Grace, clothing themselves with every brutality, and living like beasts. With my virginal blush I wanted to make reparation for so many dishonesties, luxuries and brutal pleasures. But continue to be attentive to everything I do; pray and make reparation with Me, and... calm yourself.”*

Scourged Jesus, your Love moves from one excess to another... I see that the executioners take the flogs, and beat You without pity, to the point of bruising every part of your Most Holy Body. Their fierceness, their fury in beating You is such that they are already tired, but two others take their place... they take other scourges, and they whip You so viciously that, soon, rivers of Blood begin to pour from your Most Holy Body.

Then they lash it all over, forming furrows... making your entire body endless wounds. But this is not all; two more take their turn, and with hooked iron chains, heavier and sharper, they continue the excruciating massacre. At the first blows, that flesh, beaten and wounded, rips open even more, and parts of it fall to the ground, torn into pieces. Your bones are uncovered, your Blood pours down, so much, as to form a lake of Blood around the pillar.

My Jesus, my scourged Love, while You find yourself under this tempest of blows, I embrace your feet, to take part in your suffering and be covered completely by your most precious Blood. And each blow You receive is a new wound to my heart; and much more, since, putting attention in my ears, I hear your choked moans. But they are barely heard, because the tempest of the blows deafens the air all around. And in those moans, You say: *“All of you who love Me, come to learn the heroism of true love! Come to satiate in my Blood the thirst of your passions, your thirst for so many ambitions, for so many desires and pleasures... for so much sensuality. In this Blood of Mine you will find the remedy for all of your evils.”*

Your moans continue to say: *“Look at Me, O Father, all wounded under the tempest of these blows, but this is not enough; I want to form so many wounds in my Body within the Heaven of my Humanity, to make enough dwellings for all souls to form their salvation within Me, and then let them pass later into the Heaven of the Divinity... My Father, may each blow of these scourges make reparation before You for each kind of sin, one by one, and as they strike Me, let them justify those who commit them. May these blows strike the hearts of My children, and speak to them about my Love for them, to the point of forcing them to surrender to Me.”*

And as You say this, your love is so great, that It almost incites the executioners to beat You even more.

My Jesus, stripped of your own flesh, your Love crushes me, I feel I am going mad. And even though Your love is not tired, the executioners are exhausted and cannot continue this painful massacre....

Now they cut the ropes, and You, almost dead, fall into your own Blood. And in seeing the shreds of your flesh, You feel like dying of grief, because in those detached pieces of flesh You see the lost souls. And your sorrow is such, that You agonize in your own Blood.

My Jesus, allow me to take You in my arms, in order to restore You a little with my love. I kiss You, and with my kiss, I enclose all souls in You, so not one will be lost... and at the same time, You, bless me O Lord.

Seventeenth Hour

From 9 to 10 AM

Jesus is crowned with thorns. Presented to the people: "Ecce Homo!" Jesus is condemned to death

My Jesus, infinite Love, the more I look at You, the more I understand how much You suffer... You are already completely lacerated and there is not one part left in You without wounds. The torturers are enraged even more in seeing that in so much suffering, You look at them with so much love, and that your loving gaze forms a sweet enchantment, as if, in it there were many voices that pray and plead for more suffering and new pains. And although they are inhumane in their actions, but also forced by Your Love, they make You stand on your feet. And unable to stand on Your own, You fall again into your own Blood... then, irritated, with kicks and shoves, they make You reach the place where they will crown You with thorns.

My Love, if You do not sustain me with your gaze of love, I can not continue to see You suffer. I already feel a shiver even in my bones, my heart throbs, I feel I am dying... Jesus, Jesus, help me!

And my lovable Jesus says to me: "Courage my child, do not miss anything of what I suffer. Be attentive to my teachings. I have to re-do man in everything... Sin has removed from man the crown, and has crowned him with opprobrium and with confusion; such that he cannot stand before my Majesty. Sin has dishonored him, making him lose all rights to honors and to glory.

That is why I want to be crowned with thorns, to put this crown over the forehead of man and return to him all the rights to all honor and glory...and before my Father, my thorns will be reparations and voices of defense for many sins of thought, especially pride, and for each created mind, they will be voices of light supplicating that they may not offend Me. Therefore, unite yourself to Me, and pray and make reparations together with Me."

Crowned Jesus, your cruel enemies make You sit; they place an old purple rag on You, they take the crown of thorns, and with infernal fury, they put it on your adorable head. Then, by blows of a rod, they make the thorns penetrate into your forehead, and some of them reach into your eyes, into your ears, into your skull, and even behind your neck. My Love, what torment, what unspeakable pains! How many cruel deaths You suffer!

Your Blood pours down upon your Face, in such a way that one can see nothing but blood. But under those thorns and that Blood, your most holy Face appears, radiant with sweetness, with peace, and with love. And the torturers, wanting to complete the torment, blindfold You, place a reed in your hand as a scepter, and begin their mockeries. They hail You King of the Jews, they beat You on the crown, they slap You, and say to You: "*Guess who hit You!*"

And You remain silent and respond by making reparation for the ambition of those who aspire to kingdoms, to dignities, to honors, and for those who, finding themselves in positions of authority behave badly, they cause the ruin of the people that had been entrusted to them, and their evil examples promote evil and cause the loss of souls...

With this reed You hold in your hand, You repair for so many works, that are good, but empty of a spiritual essence, and even done with evil intentions. In these insults and with this blindfold, You make reparation for those who ridicule the holiest things by discrediting them and profaning them; You also make reparation for those who blindfold the gaze of their intelligence in order not to see the light of Truth. With this blindfold, You implore for us the removal of the blindfolds to all the passions, of the attachments to riches and pleasures...

Jesus, my King, your enemies continue with their insults. The Blood which flows from your most holy head is so much, that reaching your mouth, It prevents You from letting me hear clearly your most sweet voice, so I cannot do what You do. Therefore I come into your arms; I want to sustain your pierced and suffering head, and I want to place my head under those thorns in order to feel their punctures...

But as I say this, my Jesus calls me with His loving gaze, and I run to embrace His Heart, and I try to sustain His head. Oh, what joy it is to be with Jesus, even in the midst of thousands of torments! And then He says to me:

“My child, these thorns say that I want to be constituted King of each heart; to Me belongs every dominion. Take these thorns and puncture your heart; let everything that does not belong to Me, come out... and then leave one thorn nailed inside, as the seal that I am your King, and to prevent any other thing from entering into you. Then, go through all hearts, and puncturing them, make come out of them all airs of pride and the rottenness which they contain, and constitute Me King in every one of them.”

My dear Love, my heart breaks in leaving You; therefore I pray You to close my ears with your thorns, that I may hear only your voice; cover my eyes with your thorns, that I may look at You alone; fill my mouth with your thorns, that my tongue be mute to everything that may offend You and be free to praise You and bless You in everything. O Jesus my King, surround me with thorns, that they may hold me in custody, defend me, and keep me abysmally centered entirely on You.

And now I want to wipe away your Blood and kiss You, because I see that your enemies take You again to Pilate, who will condemn You to death. My Love, help me to follow your Sorrowful Path, and bless me...

Jesus once again before Pilate, who shows Him to the people.

My crowned Jesus, wounded by your love and transfixed by your pains, my poor heart cannot live without You, so I search for You, and I find You before Pilate, once again.

But, what a moving scene! The Heavens are horrified, and hell trembles with fright and rage! Life of my heart, my gaze cannot bear the sight of You, without feeling myself dying. But the power of your Love forces me to look at You, that I may comprehend well your suffering; and I contemplate You, between tears and sighs...

My Jesus, You are almost naked, but instead of with clothes, I see that You are clothed with blood, your flesh torn and destroyed, your bones uncovered, your most holy Face unrecognizable... the thorns nailed in your most holy head reach into your eyes, into your Face, and I see nothing but blood, which pouring down to the ground, forms a bloody torrent behind your feet.

My Jesus, I can hardly recognize You! O, How have they left You! Your state has reached the most profound excess of humiliation and suffering! Ah, I can no longer bear the sight of You so sorrowful! I feel I am dying and I would like to snatch You from the presence of Pilate, to enclose You in my heart and give You rest; I would like to heal your wounds with my love, and flood the whole world with your Blood, so as to enclose all souls in It and bring them to You as a conquest of your suffering...

And You, Oh my patient Jesus, in such suffering, You seem to look at me through the thorns with difficulty, and You say to me:

“My child, come into these bound arms of mine, place your head on my Heart, and you will see pains more intense and severe, because what you see on the outside of my Humanity is nothing but what overflows from my interior pains... Pay attention to the beats of my Heart, and you will hear that I make reparation for the injustices of those who are in command, for the oppressions against the poor and the innocents subordinated to kings, for the pride of those who, in order to preserve dignities, positions, riches, do not hesitate to break any law and do harm to their neighbor, closing their eyes to the light of truth...”

With these thorns I want to shatter the spirit of pride of their lordships; and with the wounds that they form in my head, I want to open my way into their minds, in order to re-order all things in them, according to the light of truth... By remaining so humiliated before this unjust judge, I want to make everyone understand that virtue is the attribute which constitutes man king of himself; and I teach to those who are in command, that virtue alone, united to upright knowledge, is worthy and capable of governing and ruling others, while all other dignities, without virtue, are dangerous and deplorable. My child, echo my reparations, and continue to be attentive to my suffering.”

My Love, I see that in seeing You so badly reduced, Pilate shudders, and deeply moved, he exclaims: *“How can there be so much cruelty in human hearts? Ah, this was not my will in condemning Him to the scourging!”* And wanting to free You from the hands of the enemies, in order to find more convenient reasons, all humbled, averting his gaze from You because he cannot bear your sight, so excessively painful as it is, he questions You again: *“But, tell me, what have you done? Your people gave you into my hands... Tell me, are you a king? Which is your kingdom?”*

At the these questions of Pilate, You, O my Jesus, do not respond, and recollected within Yourself, You think about saving my poor soul, at the cost of so much suffering!

Since You do not answer, Pilate adds: *“Do you not know that it is in my power to release you or to condemn you?”* But You, O my Love, wanting to make the light of truth shine in the mind of Pilate, answer: *“You would have no power over Me, if it did not come to you from above. Therefore, those who gave Me into your hands, have committed a sin graver than yours.”*

Then Pilate, moved by the sweetness of your voice, indecisive as he is, with his heart in a tempest, thinking that the hearts of your enemies would be more compassionate, he decides to show You from the terrazza, hoping that they may be moved to compassion in seeing You so devastated, so as to be able to release You.

Sorrowful Jesus, my heart faints in seeing You follow Pilate... You walk with exhaustion, bent over and under that horrible crown of thorns. Your Blood marks your steps, and as You go out, You hear the tumultuous crowd anxiously awaiting your condemnation. Imposing silence, in order to call the attention of all and to be heard by all, Pilate, with repugnance, takes the two ends of the purple which covers your chest and shoulders. He lifts it, so that all may see how savagely You have been beaten, and says in a loud voice: *“Ecce homo! [Here is the man!] Look at him, he no longer has the features of a man. Observe his wounds; he can no longer be recognized. If he has done evil, he has already suffered enough, even too much. I already regret having made him suffer so much; therefore, let us set him free...”*

My Life, Jesus, allow me to sustain You, I see You stagger under so much pain...Ah, in this solemn moment, Your destiny will be decided. Hearing Pilate’s proclamation, a profound silence comes over Heaven and earth, and in hell... Then immediately, everyone, in a single voice, cries out: *“Crucify Him, crucify Him! At any cost, we want Him dead!”*

Jesus, my Life, I see you cringe...The cry of “Death” descends into your Heart, and among these voices, You recognize the voice of your dear Father, which says: *“My Son, I want You dead, and dead crucified!”*

And, Ah! You hear also your Mother who, though pierced and desolate, echoes your beloved Father: *“Son... I want You dead!”*

The Angels, the Saints, and hell as well, all cry out in unanimous voice: *“Crucify Him, crucify Him!”* in such a way, that there is no one who wants You alive. And O, O, to my greater confusion, pain, and astonishment, I find myself forced by a supreme power to cry out as well: *“Crucify Him!”*

My Jesus, forgive me if I too, a miserable sinful soul, want You dead! But, Ah, Jesus, I pray You to make me die together with You.

And You, Oh my devastated Jesus, moved by my sorrow, seem to say to me: *“My child, stay close to my Heart, and take part in my suffering and in my reparations. This moment is solemn: either My death or the death of all creatures must be decided.*

In this moment, two currents clash within my Heart. In one there are all the souls who, if they want Me dead, it is because they want to find Life in Me; and so, by my acceptance of death for them, they are released from eternal condemnation, and the doors of Heaven open to receive them. In the other current there are those who want Me dead out of hatred and as confirmation of their own condemnation; and my Heart is torn, and feels the death of each one of them, and the very sorrow of hell...

Ah, my Heart cannot bear these bitter pains; I feel death in each heartbeat, in each breath, and I keep repeating: ‘Why will so much blood be shed in vain? Why will my pains be useless for so many?’ Ah, my child, sustain Me, for I can take no more... Take part in my suffering; may your life be a continuous offering for the salvation of souls, so as to soothe these pains so excruciating for Me!”

My Heart, Jesus, your pains are mine, and I echo your reparations... But I see that Pilate is astonished, and he hastens to say: *“How can this be? Should I crucify your king? I find no guilt in him to condemn him.”* And your enemies cry out, deafening the air: *“We have no other king but Caesar, and if you do not condemn Him, you are not a friend of Caesar. Away, away with Him, crucify Him!”*

Not knowing what else to do, for fear of being deposed, Pilate has a bowl of water brought to him, and washing his hands, he says: *“I am innocent for the blood of this just one.”* And he condemns You to death.

But your enemies cry out: *“May His Blood fall upon us and upon our children!”* And in seeing You condemned, they celebrate, they clap their hands, they whistle and shout... while You, O Jesus, make reparation for those who, finding themselves in high positions, for vain fear, and in order not to lose their positions, break the most sacred laws, not caring about the ruin of entire peoples, favoring the evil and condemning the innocent. You make reparation also for those who, after sin, incite Divine Justice to punish them.

But while You make reparation for this, your Heart bleeds with sorrow in seeing your chosen people, struck down by the malediction of Heaven, which they themselves, with full will, have wanted, sealing it with your Blood which they imprecated! Ah, your Heart breaks; allow me to sustain It in my hands, making your reparations and your pains my own. But your Love pushes You even higher and, impatient, You already look for the Cross!

The Eighteenth Hour

From 10 to 11 AM

Jesus embraces the cross

My Jesus, insatiable Love, I see that You give Yourself no peace; I feel your delirium of love and your suffering. Your Heart beats strongly; and in every heartbeat I feel explosions, tortures, violence of Love; and You, unable to contain the fire that devours You, labor in anxiety, moan, sigh, and in every moan I hear You say: “*Cross!*”, and every drop of your Blood repeats: “*Cross!*”, and all your sufferings, through which You swim as though in an interminable sea, repeat among themselves: “*Cross!*” And You exclaim: “*O Cross beloved and so longed for, You alone will save my children, and I concentrate in You all my Love!*”

Second Crowning with Thorns.

At this time, your enemies take You back into the Praetorium, and remove the purple mantle, wanting to clothe You again with your own garments. But, oh! how intense is Your sorrow! It would be easier for me to die than to see You suffer so much! The garment is snagged in the crown of thorns, and they are unable to pull it off. So, with cruelty never before seen, they tear off everything together, garment and crown. At the cruel tearing, many thorns break, remaining embedded in your most holy head. Blood pours down in torrents, and your pain is such that You moan. But the enemies, heedless of the tortures, clothe You with your own garments, and then put the crown back, pressing it violently again onto your head. The thorns are driven into your eyes, into your ears, there is not one part of your most holy head that does not feel their piercing. Your pain is so intense that You stagger under those cruel hands, shivering from head to foot; You are about to die with spasms of atrocious pain, and with your languishing eyes, filled with blood, with difficulty You look at Me, pleading for help to endure so much pain!

My Jesus, King of Sorrows, let me sustain You and hold You tightly to my heart. I would like to take the fire that devours You so as to make ashes of your enemies, and rescue You; but You don't want it, because your yearnings for the Cross become even more ardent, and You want to immolate Yourself on It as soon as possible, even for the benefit of your enemies...

But as I hold You tightly to my heart, holding me tightly to Yours, You tell me: “*My child, let Me pour out my Love; and together with Me, make reparation for those who in doing good, yet dishonor Me. These men clothe Me with my own garments in order to discredit Me even more before the people, trying to convince them that I am a criminal. In appearance, the action of clothing Me was good, but in its essence it was evil. Ah, how many do good works, administer Sacraments or receive them frequently, but with human, and even evil purposes.*

But since good, done badly, leads to hardness, I want to be crowned for the second time, with pains sharper than the first time, in order to shatter this hardness, and with my thorns, draw the creatures to Myself.

Ah, my child, this second crowning is much more painful. I feel my head swimming in the midst of thorns; at every movement I make, or at every blow they give Me, I suffer many cruel deaths, and in this way, I make reparation for the malice of the offenses.

I make reparation for those, who, in whatever interior state they find themselves, instead of thinking of their own sanctification, they dissipate and reject my Grace, giving Me more piercing thorns, and I am forced to moan, to cry tears of blood, and to sigh for their salvation.

Ah, I do everything to love them, and the creatures do everything to offend Me! You, at least, my child, do not leave Me alone in my suffering and in my reparations.”

Jesus embraces the Cross.

My devastated Good, with You I make reparations, with You I suffer. But I see that your enemies hurl You down the stairs; the crowd awaits You with fury and eagerness; they make You find the prepared Cross, for which You long with many sighs. And You, with love, gaze on It, and with a decided step approach It and embrace It. But, first, You kiss It, and as a shiver of joy runs through your Most Holy Humanity, with highest contentment You gaze on It again, measuring Its length and width. In It, You establish the portion for each and every creature. You dower them all, enough to bind them to the Divinity with a bond of marriage, and make them heirs to the Kingdom of Heaven.

Then, unable to contain the love with which You love them, You kiss the Cross again, and say: *“Adored Cross, finally I embrace you. You were the longing of my Heart, the martyrdom of my love. But you, O Cross, have delayed until now, while my steps were always toward you. Holy Cross, you were the goal of my desires, the purpose of my existence down here on earth. In you I concentrate my whole Being, in you I put all my children, and you will be their life and their light, their defense, their custody and their strength. You will assist them in everything, and will bring them gloriously to Me in Heaven. O Cross, Pulpit of Wisdom, you alone will teach true sanctity; you alone will form the heroes, the athletes, the martyrs, the Saints. Beautiful Cross, you are my Throne, and since I have to leave the earth, you will remain in my place. To you I give all souls as dowry, keep them for Me, save them for Me; I entrust them to you!”*

In saying this, You eagerly let It be placed upon your most holy shoulders. Ah, my Jesus, the Cross is too light for your Love, but the weight of the Cross is united to the weight of our enormous and immense sins, as enormous and immense as the extension of the Heavens.

And You, my wearied Good, You feel crushed under the weight of so many sins. Your soul is horrified at their sight, and feels the pain corresponding to each sin. Your Sanctity is shocked by so much ugliness, and as the Cross weighs upon your shoulders, You stagger, You pant, and your Most Holy Humanity breaks out in a mortal sweat. O please, my Love, I don't have the heart to leave You alone, I want to share with You the weight of the cross; and to alleviate the weight of the sins, I tightly embrace your feet...

I want to give You, in the name of each and every one of Your children, love for those who do not love You, praises for those who despise You, blessings, gratitude and obedience on behalf of all. I promise that in any offense You receive, I want to offer You my whole being in reparation, to do the acts opposite to the offenses the creatures give You, and to console You with my kisses and continuous acts of love...

But I see that I am too miserable, therefore, I need You to be able to make real reparation to You. Therefore I unite myself to your Most Holy Humanity, and together with You I unite my thoughts to yours in order to make reparation for my evil thoughts and those of all; my eyes to yours, to make reparation for the evil glances; my mouth to yours, to make reparation for the blasphemies and the evil conversations; my heart to yours, to make reparation for the evil tendencies, desires and affections. In a word, I want to make reparation for everything that your Most Holy Humanity atones, uniting myself to the immensity of your Love for all, and to the immense good You do for all. But I am not yet content, so I also want to unite myself to your Divinity, and dissolve my nothingness in It, and in this way give You everything...

I give You your Love to quench your bitterness; I give You your Heart to relieve You from our coldness, lack of correspondence, our ingratitude, and our paucity of love for the creatures. I give You your Harmonies to cheer your hearing from the deafening blasphemies it receives. I give You your Beauty to relieve You from the ugliness of our souls, when we muddy ourselves in sin.

I give You your Purity to relieve You from the lack of righteous intention, and from the mud and decay You see in many souls. I give You your Immensity to relieve You from the voluntary constraints into which souls put themselves. I give You your Ardor to burn all sins and all hearts, so that all may love You, and no one may offend You, ever again. In sum, I give You all that You are, to give You infinite satisfaction, eternal, immense and infinite Love.

The Way to Calvary.

My most patient Jesus, I see You take the first steps under the enormous weight of the Cross. I unite my steps to yours, and when You, weak, bled dry and staggering, are about to fall, I will be at your side to sustain You; I will place my shoulders beneath the Cross, so as to share Its weight with You. Do not disdain me, but accept me as your faithful companion.

Oh Jesus, You look at me, and I see that You make reparation for those who do not carry their crosses with resignation, but rather, they swear, get irritated, commit suicide, and commit murders. And for all, You implore their love and resignation to their crosses. But your pain is such that You feel crushed under the Cross. You have taken only the first steps, and You already fall under It. As You fall, You knock against the stones; the thorns are driven more into your head, and all your wounds are exacerbated, and pour out new Blood. And since You do not have the strength to get up, your enemies, irritated, try to make You stand with kicks and shoves.

My fallen Love, let me help You to stand up, let me kiss You, dry your Blood, and make reparation together with You for those who sin out of ignorance, fragility and weakness. I pray You to give help to these souls.

My Life, Jesus, making You suffer unheard-of spasms, your enemies have managed to put You on your feet, and as You walk, staggering, I hear your labored breathing. Your Heart beats more strongly and new pains pierce It cruelly. You shake your head in order to clear your eyes of the blood that fills them, and You gaze anxiously...

Ah, my Jesus, I understand everything – It is your Mother, who is searching for You like a moaning dove, wants to say a word to You, and receive your last gaze, and You feel Her pains, Her lacerated heart in Yours, moved and wounded by Her love and by Yours. You see Her pushing Her way through the crowd, wanting at any cost to see You, to embrace You, to give You the last good-bye.

But You are even more pierced through in seeing Her mortal paleness, and all of your sufferings reproduced in Her by the force of Love. If She continues to live, it is only by a miracle of your Omnipotence. You move your steps toward hers, but You can hardly exchange a glance!

O, suffering of the two Hearts! The soldiers notice it, and with blows and shoving, prevent Mother and Son from exchanging the last good-bye. The torment of both is so intense that your Mother remains petrified by the pain, and is about to die. Faithful John and the pious women sustain Her, as You fall again under the Cross.

Then, your sorrowful Mother does with Her soul what She cannot do with Her Body, because She is prevented: She enters into You, makes the Will of the Eternal One Her own, and associating Herself in all your suffering, performs the office of your Mother, kisses You, makes reparation to You, soothes You, and pours the balm of Her sorrowful Love into all your wounds!

My suffering Jesus, I too unite with the pierced Mother. I make mine all your suffering, and every drop of your Blood my own; in each wound I want to act as mother to You, and together with Her, and with You, I make reparation for all the dangerous encounters, and for those who expose themselves to occasions of sin, or, forced by necessity to be exposed, are entrapped by sin.

Meanwhile, You moan, fallen under the Cross. The soldiers fear that You may die under the weight of so much torment, and from the shedding of so much Blood. In spite of this, by lashes and kicks, with difficulty, they manage to put You on your feet again. And You make reparation for our repeated falls into sin, for mortal sins committed by every class of people, and You pray for obstinate sinners, shedding tears of blood for their conversion.

My shattered Love, as I follow You in these reparations, I see that You are no longer able to sustain the enormous weight of the Cross...You stagger...And with the continuous blows that You receive, the thorns penetrate more and more into your most holy head. The Cross, with its heavy weight, digs into your shoulder, to the extent of forming a wound so deep that your bones are exposed.

At every step, it seems that You are dying, and because of all this, it should be impossible for You to move any further. But your Love, which can do and overcome everything, gives You strength, and as You feel the Cross penetrate into your shoulder, You make reparation for hidden sins; those which, not being atoned, increase the cruelty of your sufferings. My Jesus, let me place my shoulder under the Cross to alleviate You and make reparation with You for all hidden sins.

Then your enemies, for fear that You may die under It, force the Cyrenean to help You carry the Cross. Unwilling and complaining, he helps You, not out of love, but by force. Then in Your Heart resound like an enormous echo, all the complaints of those who suffer, the lack of resignation, the rebellions, the anger and despising of suffering.

But You are even more sorrowed in seeing that souls consecrated to You, whom You call to be your help and companions in your suffering, escape You, and if You embrace them to Yourself in Your suffering, ah, they wriggle free from your arms to look for pleasures, and so they leave You alone, in pain and suffering!

My Jesus, while I offer reparations with You, I pray You to hold me in your arms, but so tightly that there may be no pain that You suffer in which I do not take part, so as to transform me in them and compensate You for the abandonment of all creatures.

My shattered Jesus, all bent over You can hardly walk; but I see that You stop and try to look. My Loving Heart, what is it? What are You looking for? Ah, it is Veronica, who, fearless and courageous, with a cloth dries your Face all covered with blood, and You leave your Face impressed on it, as a sign of gratitude...

My generous Jesus, I too want to dry You, but not with a cloth; I want to present my entire self to alleviate You, I want to enter into your interior and give You, O Jesus, heartbeat for heartbeat, breath for breath, affection for affection, desire for desire. I want to dive into your Most Holy Intelligence, and making all these heartbeats, breaths, affections and desires run in the immensity of your Will, I want to multiply them infinitely.

I want, O my Jesus, to form waves of heartbeats, so that not one evil heartbeat may resound in your Heart, and so, to soothe all your intimate suffering. I want to form waves of affections and desires to cast away all evil affections and desires which might, even slightly, sadden your Heart.

Still more, O my Jesus, I want in the same way to form waves of breaths and thoughts, to cast away any breath or thought that could slightly displease You... I will be very attentive, O Jesus, so that nothing else may afflict You, adding more suffering to your interior pains. O my Jesus, let all of my interior swim in the immensity of yours; in this way I will be able to find enough Love and Divine Will, so that no evil love may enter your interior, nor a will which may displease You.

O my Jesus, to be more certain, I pray You to seal my thoughts with Yours, my will with Yours, my desires with Yours, my affections and heartbeats with Yours; so that, being sealed, they may take no life but from You.

In the meantime, Your enemies, disapproving of this act of Veronica, flog You, push You, and shove You on the way! A few more steps and You stop again. Even under the weight of so much suffering, your Love does not stop, and on seeing the pious women weeping because of your pains, You forget Yourself and console them, saying: *"Daughters, do not weep over my pains, but over your sins and over your children"*. What a sublime teaching! How sweet is your word! O Jesus, with You I make reparation for the lack of charity, and I ask You for the grace of making me forget myself, to remember nothing but You alone.

On hearing You speak, your enemies become furious, they pull You by the ropes, and push You with such rage as to make You fall. As You fall, You knock against the stones: the weight of the Cross crushes You, and You feel You are dying! Let me sustain You, and protect your most holy Face with my hands. I see You touch the ground and gasp in your own Blood. But your enemies want to make You stand; they pull You by the ropes, they lift You by your hair, they kick You - but all in vain.

You are dying, my Jesus! What pain! My heart breaks with grief! Almost dragging You, they take You up to Mount Calvary. As they drag You, I hear You make reparation for all the offenses of the souls consecrated to You, which weigh upon You so much that, as much as You try to stand, You cannot! And so, dragged and trampled upon, You reach Calvary, leaving behind where You pass, red footprints of your precious Blood.

Jesus is stripped and crowned with thorns for the third time.

But new sufferings await You here at Calvary. They strip You again, tearing off both garment and crown of thorns. Ah, You groan in feeling the thorns being torn from inside your head. And as they pull your garment, they tear also the lacerated flesh attached to it. The wounds rip open, your Blood flows to the ground in torrents; the pain is so intense that, almost dead, You fall.

But nobody is moved to compassion for You, my Good Jesus! On the contrary, with bestial fury they put the crown of thorns on You again. They nail it on with blows, and the torture they cause You because of the lacerations and the tearing of your hair matted in the coagulated blood, is such that only the Angels could tell what You suffer, while, horrified, they turn their celestial gaze away, and weep!

My stripped Jesus, allow me to hold You to my heart to warm You, as I see that You are shivering and an icy mortal sweat invades your Most Holy Humanity. How I would like to give You my life, my blood to take the place of yours, which You have lost to give me life!

And barely looking at me with His languished and agonizing eyes, Jesus seems to tell me: *“My child, how much souls cost Me! This is the place where I wait for everyone in order to save them, where I want to make reparation for the sins of those who come to degrade themselves lower than beasts, and are so obstinate in offending Me as to reach the point of not being able to live without committing sins. Their reason becomes blinded, and they sin wildly.*

This is why they crown Me with thorns for the third time. And by being stripped, I make reparations for those who wear luxurious and indecent clothing, for the sins against modesty, and for those who are so bound to riches, honors and pleasures, as to make of them a god for their hearts.

Ah, yes, each one of these offenses is a death that I feel; and if I do not die, it is because the Will of my Eternal Father has not yet decreed the moment of my death!”

My stripped Good Jesus, while I make reparation with You, I pray You to strip me of everything with your most holy hands, and not to allow that any bad affection may enter into my heart. Watch over it; surround it with your sufferings; fill it with your Love. May my life be nothing but the repetition of Yours; confirm my stripping with your blessing; bless me from your Heart, and give me the strength to be present at your sorrowful crucifixion, so I will be crucified with You!

The Nineteenth Hour

From 11 AM to 12 PM

Jesus is Crucified

First Part: The Crucifixion.

Jesus, my Love, You have already been stripped of your garments; your Most Holy Body is so lacerated that You look like a fleeced lamb. I see You trembling from your head to your feet, and You are unable to remain standing, then, as Your enemies prepare for You the cross, You fall to the ground on that hill. My Good Jesus and my All, my heart is oppressed with pain in seeing how Your Blood floods from all parts of your Most Holy Body, and you are all covered with wounds from your head to your feet.

Your enemies, tired, but not satisfied, in stripping Your clothes have ripped the crown of thorns from your head, to your unspeakable pain, and then again they drive it onto You with unheard-of pain, piercing Your Most Holy Head with new wounds. Ah, you are making reparation for the treachery and obstinacy of sinners, especially those who sin of pride... Jesus, I see that if Love had not lifted You even higher, You would surely have died already from the sheer pain You suffer in this third coronation with the crown of thorns. But I see that you can no longer endure the pain, and with those eyes, veiled by blood, You look to see if at least there is one, who will come close to You to sustain You in so much suffering and confusion....

My sweet Good Jesus, here You are not alone, as You were in the night of Your Passion. Here your sorrowful Mother is present; her heart pierced and torn with intense sorrow, and she suffers as many deaths for as many pains as You suffer...O my Jesus, here also, is the loving Magdalene driven to desperation by the plight of your sufferings, and ever faithful John, who appears silenced by the intensity of the pain of Your Passion. This is the hill of those who love You, and You could not be alone. But, tell me my Love, who do You want, to sustain You in so much pain? Oh, please, allow me to be the one to sustain You. I am the one most needy of all...

Your dear Mother and the others cede to me the post, and here I am, O Jesus, I come to You, I embrace You, and I pray You to rest your head on my shoulder, to let me feel in my head your thorns. I want to put my head next to Yours, not only to feel Your thorns, but also to wash with Your most precious blood, which pours from Your head, all my thoughts, so that my every thought will be in the act of making reparation for every offensive thought committed by Your children.

O my Love, hold me close to You; for I want to kiss, one by one, the drops of Blood which flow down your most holy Face, and as I adore these drops, one by one, I pray You that every drop of Your blood may be a light for every mind created, so that not one may offend You with evil thoughts....

And as I hold You close and have you rest on me, I look at You, Oh Jesus, and I see that You look at the Cross that your enemies are preparing for You. You hear the blows of the hammer that makes the holes where they will nail You to the Cross. O Jesus, I feel how Your Heart palpates violently, yearning to lay Yourself upon that bed of pain most desired by You, even with the most indescribable pain, to seal in You the salvation of our souls. And I hear You say:

“My Love, my beloved Cross, my precious bed, you have been my martyrdom in Life and now you are my rest. O Cross, receive Me soon into your arms, I am impatient in waiting! Holy Cross, upon you I shall give fulfillment to all. Hurry, O Cross, fulfill my ardent desires, which consume Me, in order to give Life to souls, and these Lives will be sealed by you, O Cross. Delay no more; I anxiously yearn to extend Myself on You in order to open Heaven to all my children, and to close hell to them.

O Cross, it is true that You are my battle, but You are also my victory and my complete triumph. In You I will concede abundant inheritances, victories, triumphs and crowns to my children....”

But who could ever tell of all that my sweet Jesus says to the Cross?

As Jesus pours Himself out to the Cross, His enemies command Him to extend Himself upon It; and He obeys immediately their demand, and this in order to make reparation for our disobedience.

My dear Love, before You extend Yourself on the Cross, allow me to hold You more tightly to my heart, that I may give You a kiss, and You may give me a kiss. Hear me, O Jesus, I do not want to leave You; I want to stay with You, to extend myself also on the Cross and remain nailed to It together with You. True love does not tolerate any sort of separation, and You will pardon the audacity of my love, and concede to me that I remain so that I may be crucified with You....

See, my tender Love, I am not the only one to ask this of You, but also your sorrowful Mother, the loving Magdalene, the chosen one, John; we all say to You that it would be more bearable to be nailed with You to Your Cross, than to be here and to see You crucified alone... Therefore, in union with You I offer myself to the Eternal Father, - identified with your Will, with your Love, with your reparations, with your own Heart, and with all your sufferings.

Ah, it seems that my suffering Jesus says to me: *“My child, you have anticipated my Love; this is my Will: that all those who love Me, be crucified with Me. Ah, yes, you too come, and extend yourself on the Cross with Me; I will make you life of my Life, I will hold you as the chosen one of my Heart.”*

My sweet Good Jesus, behold Yourself on the Cross, looking with so much Love and sweetness at your executioners - who already hold nails and hammers in their hands ready to pierce You - so as to make to them a sweet invitation to hasten the crucifixion. And even though they feel repugnance at the task, with inhumane ferocity they grab your right hand, hold the nail in place, and with blows of the hammer, make it come out the opposite side of the Cross. The pain You suffer is so great and intense that You cringe, O my Jesus; the light of your eyes is eclipsed, and your most holy Face turns pale and livid.

Blessed right hand of my Jesus, I kiss you, I give you compassion, I adore you and I thank you for myself and for all.... For as many blows as you receive, just as many souls I ask You to free at this moment from eternal damnation. For as many drops of Blood as You shed, as many souls I pray You to wash in this most precious Blood of Yours.

And for the atrocious pain You suffer, especially as they nail You to the Cross, I ask You to open Heavens to all, and to bless all creatures. May your blessing call all sinners to conversion, and all heretics and unfaithful to the light of Faith.

Oh Jesus, my sweet Life, your torment has only just begun, and here your executioners, having finished the nailing of your right hand, with unheard-of cruelty grab your left hand, and in order to make it reach the mark of the hole, with violence, pull it so savagely that the joints of your arms and shoulders are dislocated, and for the violence of the pain, your legs contract convulsively.

Left hand of my Jesus, I kiss you, I give you compassion, I adore you, I thank you, and, for the blows you receive and for the bitter pains you suffer as they drive the nail through, I ask you to concede at this moment, to many purging souls, their liberation from Purgatory to fly to Heaven. And for the Blood You shed, I pray You to extinguish the flames that torment those souls. May this Blood be a refreshing and restorative bath for all, to purge them of all stains and dispose them to the Beatific Vision.

My Love and my All, for this intensely acute pain You suffer as they pound the nail into your left hand, I ask You to close hell to all souls, and to hold back the rays of Divine Justice, irritated, disgracefully, by our own sins, O Jesus, let Divine Justice be appeased, so that the divine chastisements may not rain down over the earth, and the treasures of Divine Mercy may be opened for the benefit of all. So, I pray You to hold us close in Your arms....

Now You have been totally immobilized and we have remained free to be able to do everything. That is why I place the world and all generations into Your arms, and I pray You, O my Love, with the voices of your own Blood, to deny no one your forgiveness, and by the merits of your most precious Blood, I beg You to concede salvation and Graces to all, excluding not even one soul.

Jesus, my Love, your enemies are not yet content. With diabolical ferocity, they grab your most holy feet, always tirelessly in search of souls, and, contorted as they were by the great pain suffered in the tearing of your arms, they stretch them so viciously that your knees, your hips and all the bones of your chest, are dislocated. My heart cannot bear this, my dear Good Jesus...

Because of the intensity of the pain, I see your beautiful eyes, eclipsed and veiled with Blood, go blank, your livid and swollen lips contort, your cheeks hollow, your teeth chatter, while your chest struggles for breath, and by the force and tension of the brutal stretching You have endured, the rhythm of Your Heart has been totally disrupted.... Ah, my Love, how willingly I desire to take your place, to spare You so much pain! I want to extend myself in all your members to give You relief, a kiss, to comfort You, and to make reparation for all.

My Jesus, I see that they put your feet one on top of the other, and drive a nail through them both, but to add to Your pain, a dull nail without a point... Oh, my Jesus, permit me, that as the nail pierces your feet, I put in your right foot all the priests, so they will be light for all people, especially those priests who do not live a good and holy life; and in the left foot, I put all the people, so they receive the light of the priests, respect them and are obedient to them; and in the same way that the nail pierces your feet, so let it pierce the priests and the people, so that neither one nor the other, can be separated from you...

Blessed feet of my Jesus, I kiss you, I adore you, I thank you; and for the most atrocious pains you suffered in Your stretching on the Cross, for the disjuncting of all Your bones, and for the Blood you shed, I implore you to enclose all souls in your most sacred wounds.

O Jesus, do not disdain anyone. May your nails crucify our will, intelligence and memory, so that they can not ever separate from You; may they crucify our hearts, so that they may always be fixed in You alone; may they crucify all our feelings, so that they may have no taste for anything that does not come from You.

O my crucified Jesus, I see You all covered in blood, You swim in a bath of Blood, and these drops of Blood only cry out to You continuously for souls. And in every one of these drops of your Blood I see present all the souls from all the centuries, such, that You contain us all within You, O Jesus. By the power of this Blood, I ask You, O Jesus, that not one may run away from You ever again!

O my Jesus, as the executioners finish nailing your feet, I come close to your Heart; I see that You cannot take any more, but your Love cries out more loudly and demands: *"Sufferings, even more sufferings!"*

My Jesus, I embrace Your Heart, I kiss You, I give You compassion, I adore You and I thank You for myself and for all. Jesus, I want to rest my head upon your Heart, to feel what You feel in this most painful Crucifixion. Ah, I hear that every blow of the hammer resounds in Your Heart; Your Heart is the center of everything— from It your pains begin, and in It they end. Ah, if it were not already decreed that a lance would pierce your Heart, the flames of your Love and the Blood that boils around Your Heart would open the way, and would have already made It explode. These flames and this Blood call to loving souls to make their happy dwelling place in your Heart, and I, O Jesus, for love of this Heart and of your most precious Blood, ask You for sanctity for all these souls, for all Your loving souls. O Jesus, do not allow them ever to go out of your Heart, and with your Grace, multiply the vocations of loving souls and victim souls, who continue your Life on earth. You want to give a special place in your Heart to those souls who love You; make them never lose this place.

O Jesus, may the flames of your Heart burn me and consume me; may your Blood embellish me; may your Love keep me always nailed to Love, with suffering and with reparation.

O my Jesus, the executioners have now nailed your hands and feet to the Cross, and turning It over in order to bend the nails, they force your adorable Face to touch the ground, soaked with your own Blood; and You, with your divine lips, kiss it. With this kiss, O my sweet Love, You want to kiss all souls and bind them to your Love, sealing their salvation. O Jesus, let me take your place, so that your most holy body does not touch that ground, even though it is soaked with Your most precious Blood; and while your executioners bend the nails with their pounding, let these blows wound me as well, and nail me completely to your Love.

My Jesus, as the thorns are driven deeper and deeper into your head, I want to offer You, all my thoughts, so that, like affectionate kisses, they may console You and mitigate the bitterness of your thorns.

O Jesus, I see that your enemies are not yet satiated with insulting You and deriding You, and I want to comfort your Divine Gaze with my gaze of love.

Your tongue is almost attached to your palate because of the bitterness of the bile and parching thirst. In order to quench your thirst, O my Jesus, You would want all the hearts of Your children overflowing with love, but not having them, You burn more and more for them. My sweet Love, I want to send You rivers of love, to soothe in some way the bitterness of the bile and your ardent thirst.

O Jesus, I see that at every movement You make the wounds of your hands rip open more and more, and the pain becomes more intense and sharp. My dear Good, to relieve and soothe this pain I offer You the holy works of all creatures. Oh Jesus, how much You suffer in your most holy feet! It seems that all the movements of your Most Sacred Body reverberate in them, and no one is near You to relieve You and alleviate in part the bitterness of your sufferings! My most sweet Life, I would want to gather the steps of all creatures of all generations, past, present and future, and direct them all to You, to come to console You in your unbearable sufferings.

O my Jesus, alas, how tortured is your poor Heart! How can I comfort You in so much pain? I will diffuse myself in You; I will place my heart in Yours, my ardent desires in Yours, so that any evil desire may be destroyed. I will diffuse my love in Yours, so that by means of your fire, the hearts of all creatures may be burned, and the profaned and sinful loves destroyed. Your Most Sacred Heart will thus be comforted, and from now on I promise You, O Jesus, always to remain nailed to this most loving Heart, with the nails of your desires, of your love and of your Will.

O my Jesus – You are Crucified; I am crucified in You. Do not allow me, even slightly, to unnailed myself from You, but let me always be nailed to You to be able to love You and make reparation for all, and to soothe the pain which Your children give You with their sins...

Second Part: Jesus Nailed to the Cross.

My good Jesus, I see that your enemies lift the heavy wood of the Cross and let It drop into the hole they had prepared; and You, my sweet Love, remain suspended between Heaven and earth. In this solemn moment, You turn to the Father, and with weak and feeble voice, You say to Him: *“Holy Father, here I am, loaded down with all the sins of the world. There is not one sin which does not fall upon Me, therefore, no longer unload the scourges of your Divine Justice upon man, but upon Me, your Son. O Father, allow Me to bind all souls to this Cross, and to plead forgiveness for them with the voices of my Blood and my wounds”*.

“O Father, do You not see to what state I have been reduced? By this Cross, by virtue of these pains, concede true conversion, peace, forgiveness and sanctity to all. Retain your fury against poor humanity, against my children. They are blind, and know not what they are doing. Look well at Me, to what I have been reduced because of them; if You are not moved to compassion for them, may You at least be softened by this Face of mine, dirtied with spit, covered with Blood, bruised and swollen by the so many slaps and blows received.

Have pity, my Father! I was the most beautiful of all, and now I am all disfigured, to the point that I no longer recognize Myself. I have become the abomination of all; and so, at any cost, I want to save the poor creature!”

My Crucified Love, I too, want to follow You before the throne of the Eternal, and together with You I want to disarm Divine Justice. I make mine Your most holy humanity, I unite my will with Yours, and together with You, I want to do all that You do. Even more, allow my thoughts to run in Yours; my Love, my Will, my desires in Yours; allow my heartbeats to run in Your Heart and all my being in You, so that You let nothing escape, and I repeat act for act, and word for word, all that You do.

But I see, my crucified Good Jesus, that You, seeing the Divine Father greatly indignant against His children, You bow down before Him and hide all of us within Your most holy Humanity, keeping us safe, so that the Father, seeing us in You, does not separate us from Himself. And if He looks at the souls with anger, it is because all they have all disfigured the beautiful image that He created, and have no other thoughts than to alienate Him and offend Him.

And of their intelligence, which they should use to understand Him, they form, to the contrary, a den where all sins are nested... And You, oh my Jesus, to appease Him, attract His attention to look at Your most holy head pierced in the midst of atrocious sufferings, which in Your mind have as if nailed, all the intelligences of the creatures, and for which, and for each one, You offer expiation in order to satisfy Divine Justice. O! How these thorns are before the Divine Majesty as merciful voices that excuse all the evil thoughts of the creatures!

My Jesus, my thoughts will be one with Yours; so that with You I pray, implore, make reparation, and excuse before the Divine Majesty, all the evil that all the creatures do with their intelligence. Permit me to take Your thorns and Your own Intelligence, and allow me to go around and around with You to all the creatures, and unite Your Intelligence to theirs, and with the sanctity of Your Intelligence, return to them the first Intelligence just as it was created by You, and that with Your thorns, the mind of each and every one of the creatures may be pierced and return to you the dominion and the government of all...

Ah yes, o my Jesus, You alone will dominate each thought, each affection in all the people; You alone will rule each thing, and it is only in this way, that the face of the earth, that now causes horror and fright, will be renewed.

But I realize, crucified Jesus, that You still see the Divine Father very indignant, and that He looks at the poor creatures and sees them all so muddied with sins and covered with the most repugnant filthiness, that they are disgusting to all Heaven. O! How horrifying it is to the purity of the Divine gaze, Who hardly recognizes this poor creature as a work of His hands! What's more, it seems they appear as so many other monsters that occupy the earth, and that attract the indignation of the gaze of the Father... But You, O my Jesus, to appease Him, You try to soften Him, by exchanging their eyes for Yours, making the Father see them covered with blood and swollen with tears; and You cry before the Divine Majesty to move Him to compassion for the disgrace of so many poor creatures, and I hear You tell Him:

"My Father, it is true that the ungrateful creatures continue to dirty themselves each time more, with sins, until they no longer deserve Your paternal gaze; but look at me, oh Father: I want to cry so much before You, that I form a bath of tears and blood to wash away the impurities with which they have covered themselves. My Father, do You perhaps want to reject me? No! You can not; I am Your Son! And at the same time that I am Your Son, I am also the Head of all Your children, and they are my members.... Let us save them! O Father, let us save them!"

My Jesus, Love without end, I would like to have Your eyes in order to cry before the Supreme Majesty for the loss of so many poor creatures... and for these times that are so sad. Allow me to take your tears and your own gaze, which are one with mine, and go around to all of them. And to move them to compassion for their own souls, and also for Your Love, O my Jesus, I will make them see that You cry because of them, and that as they go spreading mud, You have prepared Your tears and Your Blood to wash them... and in this way, in seeing You cry, they will surrender.

Ah, with these tears of Yours, permit me to wash away all the impurities of your children, so that I make these tears descend into their hearts and soften so many souls hardened by sin, conquer the obstinacy of their hearts, and make Your gaze penetrate into them, making them lift their gaze to Heaven and love You, and to never again let them laze over the earth to offend you. In this way, the Divine Father will not disdain gazing at the poor humanity.

Crucified Jesus, I see that the indignation of the Divine Father still is not appeased; because, while His paternal benevolence is moved by so much Love for the poor creatures, Love that fills Heaven and earth with so many trials of love and benefits for them, to such an extent one could say, that in every step and act of the creature, one feels the running of Love and the Graces of that Paternal Heart, and yet, the creature, always ungrateful, does not want to recognize His benevolence, but instead, makes affronts to so much Love by filling Heaven and earth with insults, scorn, and audacities, and reaches the point of trampling the Father's Love under his tainted feet, wanting to destroy It if he could, and all of this to idolize his own self!

Ah, all these offenses penetrate even into Heaven and come before the Divine Majesty. Who, O, how He is outraged and indignant in seeing this most vile creature who comes to insult Him and offend Him in every way possible!

But You, O my Jesus, always attentive to defend us, with the enrapturing force of Your Love, force the Father to behold Your Most Holy Face, covered with all those insults and deprecations, and You say to Him:

"My Father, do not reject these poor creatures; if You reject them, You reject me. Ah, appease Yourself! All these offenses, I carry in my Face, that responds to You for all... My Father, subdue your furor against poor humanity; they are blind, and do not know what they do.

So just take a good look at Me, at how I have been demeaned for their cause. If You are not moved to compassion by their miserable humanity, be touched by my Face smeared with spittle, covered with blood, deathly pallid, and swollen by so many slaps and blows that I have received...Have mercy, my Father! I was the most beautiful of the sons of man and now, I am so disfigured that I am unrecognizable; I am humiliation to all. That is why, at any price, I want the creatures to be saved!"

My Jesus, but how is it possible that You love us so much? Your love crushes my poor heart, but wanting to follow You in everything, let me take this most holy Face of Yours and keep It with me, to show It continually with Its disfiguration, to the Father, to move Him to compassion for this poor humanity so oppressed that it lies near death, from the chastisements of Divine Justice.

And allow me to go in the midst of the creatures, to make them see Your Face so disfigured because of them, and move them to compassion for their own souls and for Your Love; and with the light that emanates from your Face, and with the enrapturing power of your Love, make them understand Who You are, and who they are who dare to offend You, and make their souls resurge from the depths of so many sins in which they live dead to Your Graces, making them all prostrate themselves before You, to adore You and glorify You.

My adorable Crucified Jesus, the creatures continue to irritate Divine Justice unceasingly, and with their tongues make resound the echo of horrible blasphemies, voices of curses and maledictions, evil conversations, deceptive plots between them to prepare the best way to destroy themselves, and bring about horrible slaughters and assassinations... Ah, all these voices deafen the earth, and penetrating even into Heaven, deafen the Divine Hearing, and God, weary of these evil echoes that the creatures send Him, feels that He would like to rid Himself of them and throw them far away from Him, because all these voices curse and cry out for vengeance and justice against their own selves. O, how Divine Justice feels compelled to discharge its chastisements! Oh how Its furor is ignited against the creature for so many horrendous blasphemies!

But You, O my Jesus, loving us with infinite Love, confront these evil voices with Your omnipotent and creative voice, and make your most sweet voice resound in the Hearing of the Father to make reparation to Him for the troubles the creatures give Him, and with so many other voices of blessings, of praises, You proclaim: "Mercy, Graces, Love for the poor creature!" And to appease Him more, You show Him Your most holy mouth and say to Him:

"My Father, look at Me once again, do not listen to the voices of the creatures, but to mine; I am the One Who gives You satisfaction for all. Therefore I pray You to look at the creatures, but to look at them in Me, for if You look at them outside of Me, what will happen to them? They are weak, ignorant, capable of doing only evil, filled with all miseries.

Have mercy, mercy on the poor creatures. I will respond to You for them with my tongue embittered by bile, parched with thirst and burned and scorched by Love..."

My sorrowful Jesus, my voice in Yours also wants to confront all these offenses. Let me take Your tongue, Your lips, and go among all the creatures and touch their tongues with Yours, so that feeling the bitterness in Your tongue, in the moment that they offend You, they will not blaspheme again, if not because of love, at least because of the bitterness that they will feel....; let me touch their lips with Yours so that making them feel in Your lips the fire of guilt, and making Your omnipotent voice resound within their chests, the current of all the evil voices will be detained, and all the human voices will be changed into voices of blessings and of praises.

My Crucified Good Jesus, in spite of all Your love and Your pain, the creatures still do not surrender; on the contrary, scorning You, they add sins and more sins, committing enormous sacrileges, murders, suicides, frauds, deceits, cruelties and betrayals. Ah, all these evil works make the paternal arms heavier with Justice, and the Heavenly Father, unable to sustain their weight, is about to let them fall, raining down fury and destruction over the earth. And You, O my Jesus, to free the creatures from the divine fury, fearing to see them destroyed, You stretch out your arms to the Father, helping Him with Your arms to sustain the weight, so He does not let His arms fall and destroy the creatures; appeasing His anger and impeding the action of Divine Justice.

And to move Him to compassion for this miserable humanity, and to soften Him, You say to Him in Your most persuasive voice: *“My Father, look at my hands, so torn apart, and these nails that pierce them through, which hold me nailed together with all these evil works. Ah, in these hands I feel all the pain that these evil works give Me.*

Are You not relieved, O my Father, with my pains? Are these perhaps not enough to satisfy You? These arms of mine, disjointed and with open bleeding flesh will always be chains that bind all the poor creatures to Me, so that not one can escape, unless there is one who should manage to tear away and struggle from Me by sheer force. And these arms of mine will be loving chains that will bind You, too my Father, to prevent You from destroying the poor creatures. Even more, they will draw You ever closer to the creatures so that You may pour Your graces and mercies abundantly over them!”

My Jesus, your Love is a sweet enchantment for me, and It moves me to do all that You do. So, give me Your arms, for I want to impede, together with You, at the cost of any pain, that Divine Justice intervenes against this poor Humanity. With the Blood that seeps from your hands I want to extinguish the fire of sin that ignites Divine Justice, and to calm Its furor.

And to move the Father to show greater mercy with the creatures, permit me to place in your arms, the devastated ones, the laments of so many poor wounded bodies, the many suffering and oppressed hearts, and allow me to go among the creatures and hold them all in Your arms so they all will return to Your Heart. Permit me, that with the power of your creative hands, I may hold back the current of so many evil and sinful works, and deter everyone from doing evil.

My lovable crucified Jesus, the creatures are not yet content in offending You. They want to drink to the bottom, all the filth of sin, and run wildly along the path of evil; to plunge from sin to sin, disobeying and disregarding Your Laws, and not knowing You, they rebel even more against You, and almost solely to give You pain, they want to go to hell.

Oh, how this makes the Supreme Majesty so indignant! And You, O my Jesus, triumphing over everything, even over the obstinacy of Your children, in order to appease the Divine Father, You show Him your Most Holy Humanity, lacerated, disjointed, torn apart, and devastated in a horrible way; Your most holy feet, which contain all the steps of the creatures, pierced through, which give You a mortal pain so great, that they become contorted by the atrocity of the spasms.

And now, I hear your voice, more moving than ever, as though at the point of breathing its last, that solely by force of Love and pain, wants to win over the creature and triumph over the Paternal Heart and says:

“My Father, look at Me, from head to foot; there is not one part of Me which is left whole. I have no place left to open new wounds to procure more sufferings. If You can not placate Yourself at this spectacle of Love and suffering, who will ever be able to appease You? Oh creatures, if you do not surrender to so much Love, what hope remains for your conversion? These wounds and this Blood of Mine will be voices that constantly call to descend from Heaven to earth, Graces of repentance, pardon, and compassion for all humanity!”

My loving crucified Jesus, I see that You can take no more. The terrible tension that You suffer on the Cross, the continual moving of your bones that dislocate more and more at the slightest movement, your flesh that tears open more and more, the repeated offenses that they add, repeating Your passion and death in a more painful way, the ardent thirst that consumes You, the interior pains that suffocate You with bitterness, pain and Love. And, in so much suffering that You still endure, the human ingratitude affronts You and penetrates like an impetuous wave even into Your pierced Heart, crushing You so much, that your Most Holy Humanity, unable to bear the weight of so many martyrdoms, is about to succumb, and delirious with Love and suffering, cries out for help and pity!

Crucified Jesus, could it be possible that You, who rule everything and give Life to all, ask for help? Ah, how I would like to penetrate into each drop of your most precious Blood, and pour forth my own to soothe each one of your wounds, to mitigate the pain of each thorn, and lessen the pain of their sting, and to alleviate in every interior pain of your Heart the intensity of your suffering! I would like to give You life for Life. If it were possible, I would want to unnailed You from the Cross and put myself in your place... but I see that I am nothing and can do nothing. I am too insignificant. Therefore, give me Yourself; I will take Life in You, and in You, I will give You Yourself. Only in this way my anguish will be satisfied.

Devastated Jesus, I see that the life of your Most Holy Humanity is now coming to an end, in order for our Redemption to be fulfilled. You have need of help, but Divine help. So You throw Yourself into the arms of Your Father and ask for help and pity. Oh, how tender is the Divine Father in looking at the horrendous destruction of your Most Holy Humanity, the terrible effect that sin has had on your most holy members! And to satisfy your yearnings of Love, He holds You to His Paternal Heart, and gives You the necessary help to accomplish our Redemption.

And as He holds You tightly, You feel again in your Heart, more intensely, the blows of the nails, the lashes of the scourging, the tearing open of the wounds, the piercing of the thorns.

Oh, how the Father is moved! How indignant He becomes in seeing that all these pains are given to Your Heart, even by souls consecrated to You! And in His sorrow, He says to You:

“Is it possible, my Son, that not even those chosen by You are with You? On the contrary, it seems that these souls ask for refuge and a hiding place in your Heart in order to embitter You and give You a more painful death. And what is worse, all these pains they give to You, are hidden and covered by hypocrisy. Ah, Son, I can no longer contain my indignation at the ingratitude of these souls, who grieve Me more than all the other creatures together!”

But You, O my Jesus, triumphant in everything, defend these souls, and with the immense Love of your Heart, make reparation for the waves of bitterness and mortal wounds that these souls send You. And to appease the Father, You say to Him:

“My Father, look at this Heart of Mine: May all these pains satisfy You; and the more bitter they are, the more power they may have over your Paternal Heart, to obtain Graces, light, and pardon for them... My Father, do not reject them; they will be my defenders who will continue my Life upon earth.”

O my most loving Father, consider that if it is true that my Humanity has reached the pinnacle of its suffering, my Heart also bursts with the bitterness, the intimate sufferings, and unheard of torments I have suffered over the entire 34 years since my Incarnation...

You know, O Father, the intensity of these interior sufferings, so painful that they would have been capable of making me die at any moment of sheer pain, were it not for Our Omnipotence that sustained me and prolonged my demise until this extreme agony...

Ah, if all the sufferings of my most holy Humanity, which I have offered to You until now to appease Your Justice over all and to bring Your triumphant Mercy over all, were not enough for You; I now present to You in a particular way, through the faults and deviations of souls consecrated to Us, this, my devastated Heart, shattered, oppressed, and torn apart, tread underfoot in the winepress of every instant of my mortal life...

Ah, observe, my Father, this is the Heart that has loved You with Infinite Love, that always has lived burning with Love for my brothers, your children in Me...this is the most generous Heart with which I have yearned to suffer, to give You complete satisfaction for all the sins of mankind. Have mercy on its desolations, on its continual sufferings, on its repulsion, its anxieties, on its sadness until death...

Perchance, oh my Father, has there ever been a single heartbeat of my Heart that has not sought Your Glory, and the salvation of all my brothers, even at the cost of sufferings and of bloodshed? Have there not always come out of this, my ever oppressed Heart, ardent prayers and pleas, sighs, moans, cries, with which for the span of almost 34 years, I have wept and cried out for Mercy in Your presence?

You have heard me, O my Father, an infinity of times, and for an infinity of souls, and I give You an infinity of gratitude..., but look, O my Father, how my Heart can not be calmed in its sufferings, even for a single soul that might escape its Love, because We Love a single soul as much as all the souls together... And to say that we must draw our last breath on this sorrowful gallows watching even souls consecrated to us perish miserably?

I am dying in a sea of anguish for the iniquity and for the eternal loss of perfidious Judas, who was so hardened and ungrateful to me, that he rejected all my loving and delicate fineness in detail of coming to make him Priest and Bishop, just as my other Apostles.

Ah, my Father, enough of this abyss of sufferings, enough!...O, how many souls I see, elected by Us to this sacred vocation, who want to imitate Judas...one more, one less! Help me, my Father, help me, I can no longer sustain all these sufferings! Look, see if there is a fiber of my Heart, a single fiber that is not tormented more than all the ravaging devastation of my Divine Body! Look, see if all the blood spilling out of Me does not flow from all the other wounds, but more from my Heart, that is so torn apart by my Love and sufferings!

Mercy, my Father, mercy, not for Me, for I want to suffer and endure everything to the infinite for the poor creatures, but mercy for all the souls, especially for those called to be my Spouses, to be my Priests. Hear, oh Father, my Heart, that feeling its Life ebbing away, accelerates its fiery heartbeats and cries out:

“My Father, for my innumerable sufferings, I beg you for effective graces of repentance, and true conversion for all these unfortunate souls so that not one may be lost! I thirst, my Father, I thirst for all souls...but especially for these; I thirst even more for suffering, to save each one of these souls! I have always done Your Will, my Father, and now, this is My Will, and it is also Yours, ah, may it be the perfect fulfillment by my Love to Me, Your most beloved Son in Whom You are well pleased!”

Oh, my Jesus, I unite myself with Your pleas, to Your enduring sufferings, to Your afflicted Love. Give me Your Heart so that I may feel Your own thirst for the souls consecrated to You, and let me restore to You the love and affections of them all... Permit me to go to all these souls and bring them Your Heart, so that with Its contact, the cold ones will be enflamed, the lukewarm ones moved, the lost ones will feel Your call anew, and a return of Graces will reach those who had rejected them.

Your Heart is suffocated by pain and bitterness in seeing unfulfilled, for lack of their correspondence, so many designs that You had for these souls. And also, to see that to so many other souls who should receive Life and Salvation by means of these souls, must suffer the sad consequences...

So I want to show them Your Heart, so embittered because of them, and shoot into them darts of flame from Your Heart; I want to make them listen to Your pleas and all your sufferings for them, so that it will not be possible for them not to surrender to You; and they will return repentant to Your feet, and Your loving designs for them will be fulfilled; they will gather around You and within You, now not to offend You, but to give You reparation, to console You and defend You.

My Life, my Crucified Jesus, I see that You continue to agonize on the Cross, but that your Love is still not satisfied, and that It wants to give fulfillment to all Divine Designs. I also agonize with You, and I call to all: "Angels, Saints, come to Mount Calvary, to contemplate the excesses, and the extremes of the Love of God! Let us kiss His bleeding wounds; let us adore them; let us sustain those lacerated limbs; let us show gratitude to Jesus for our Redemption. Behold also the pierced Mother, who feels so much suffering and death in Her Immaculate Heart, for all the suffering that She sees in Her Son and God.

Her own clothes are soaked with His Blood, which flows over all Mount Calvary. And we, all together, take this Blood, pleading with the sorrowful Mother to unite with us in going through the entire world, to help all humanity.

Let us rescue those who are in danger of death, that they may not perish; lift those who have fallen, that they may rise up again; help those who might fall, so that they will not. Let us give this Blood to the many poor blind, to make them resplendent with the light of truth.

In a special way, let us go into the midst of the poor soldiers, to be their vigilant sentries, and if they are about to be struck by the bullets of the enemy, let us receive them into our arms, to comfort them. And if they are abandoned by all, if they are desperate with their sad destiny, let us give them this Blood that they may be resigned, and the atrocity of their pain may be lessened. And if we see that there are souls who are about to fall into hell, let us give them this Divine Blood, which contains the price of Redemption, and snatch them away from Satan!

And while I hold Jesus tightly to my heart in order to keep Him defended from everything, I will hold everyone to His Heart, so that all may obtain effective graces of conversion, strength and salvation".

O Jesus, I see that your Blood flows in torrents from your hands and from your feet. The Angels, weeping, surround You like a crown, admiring the portents of your immense Love. I see at the foot of the Cross; Your sweet Mother, pierced by pain, Your beloved Magdalene, Your chosen one, John, all petrified in a stupor of ecstasy, Love, and pain! O Jesus, I unite myself to You and I tightly embrace your Cross; I take all your Blood and I pour It into my heart.

And when I see your Justice irritated against sinners, I will show You this Blood to appease It. When I want the conversion of souls obstinate in sin, I will show You this Blood, and by virtue of It You would not reject my prayer, because in my hands, I hold its pledge to be heard.

And now, my Crucified Good Jesus, in the name of all generations, past, present and future, together with our Mother and with all the Angels, I prostrate myself before You saying: *“We adore You, O Christ, and we bless You, because by your Holy Cross You have redeemed the world.”*

Twentieth Hour

From 12 to 1 PM

First Hour of Agony on the Cross. The first word of Jesus

My Crucified Good Jesus, I see You on the Cross, as on the Throne of your triumph, in the act of conquering everything and all hearts, and of drawing them so closely to You, that all may feel your superhuman power... Horrified at so great a crime, nature prostrates before You, and waits in silence for a word from You, to pay You honor and let your dominion be recognized. The sun, weeping, withdraws its light, unable to sustain the sight of You, so very sorrowful. Hell is terrified and waits in silence. Everything is silence.

Your pierced Mother, your faithful ones, are all mute, and petrified at the sight of your torn and disjointed Humanity, and silently, they wait for a word from You. Your Humanity, in a sea of sorrow for its atrocious spasms of agony; remains silent, so silent that they fear at each breath, that You are going to die ...

What more? Even your perfidious enemies and the ruthless executioners, who, up to a little while ago were offending You, mocking You, calling You impostor, criminal; even the thieves who were blaspheming You, they are all silent, mute. Remorse invades them, and if they try to launch an insult against You, it dies on their lips...

But penetrating into your interior, I see that Love is growing, It suffocates You, overflows, and You cannot contain It. And forced by your Love, that torments You more than the suffering itself, with a strong and moving voice You speak as God, Who You are. You raise your agonizing eyes to Heaven, and exclaim: *“FATHER, FORGIVE THEM, FOR THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO!”* And, again, You remain in silence, immersed in unheard-of pains and suffering.

Crucified Jesus, how can so much love be possible? Ah, after so many pains and insults, your first word is of forgiveness; and You excuse us before the Father for so many sins! Ah, You make this word descend into each heart after every sin, and You are the first to offer forgiveness... But how many reject it and do not accept it; your Love is then given to delirium, because You anxiously desire to give your pardon and the kiss of Peace to all!

At this word of Yours, hell trembles and recognizes You as God; nature and everyone is astonished, recognizing your Divinity, your inextinguishable Love, and silently wait to see where It reaches. And not only your voice, but also your Blood and your wounds cry out to every heart after each sin: *“Come into my arms, for I forgive you, and the seal of forgiveness is the price of my Blood.”*

O my lovable Jesus, repeat this word again to so many sinners in the whole world. Implore mercy for all; apply the infinite merits of your most precious Blood for all, for everyone. O good Jesus, continue to appease Divine Justice and concede your Grace to those who, finding themselves in the act of having to forgive, do not feel the strength to do it...

My adored, Crucified Jesus, in these three hours of most bitter agony, You want to give fulfillment to everything; and while You remain silent, on this Cross, I see that in your interior You want to satisfy the Father in everything and for everyone. You thank Him for all, You atone to Him for all, You ask forgiveness for all, and for all You implore the Grace that they may never again offend You. In order to obtain this from the Father You re-live all your Life, from the first instant of your Conception, up to your last breath... My Jesus, endless Love, let me re-live all your life together with You, and with our inconsolable Mother...

My sweet Jesus, I thank You for the many thorns that pierced your adorable head, for the drops of Blood shed by them, for the blows to Your head You have received, and for the hair they have torn from You. I thank You for all the good You have done and implored for all, for the enlightenments and the good inspirations You have given us all, and for all the times You have forgiven all our sins of thought, of pride, of conceit and of selfishness. I ask your forgiveness in the name of all, O my Jesus, for all the times we have crowned You with thorns; for all the drops of Blood we made You shed from your most sacred head; for all the times we have not corresponded to your inspirations. For the sake of all these pains suffered by You, I ask You, O Jesus, for the Grace to never again commit sins of thought.

I also want to offer You everything You suffered in your most holy head, in order to give You all the glory that the creatures would have given You, had they made good use of their intelligence.

O my Jesus, I adore your most holy eyes... and I thank You for all the tears and the Blood they have shed, for the cruel piercing of the thorns, for the insults, the derisions and the contempt You bore during all of your Passion. I ask your forgiveness for all those who use their sight to offend You and betray You, supplicating You, in virtue of the pains suffered in your most sacred eyes, to give us the Grace that not one soul may ever again offend You with evil gazes....

I also want to offer You all that You Yourself suffered in your most holy eyes, to give You all the glory that the creatures would have given You if their gazes were fixed only on Heaven, on the Divinity and on You, O my Jesus.

I adore Your most holy ears; I give You my gratitude for all that You suffered as those malicious people on Calvary deafened You with shouts and mockeries. I ask your forgiveness in the name of all, for all the evil conversations which are heard, and I pray that the ears of all men may be opened to the Eternal Truth, to the voice of Grace, and that no one may offend You, ever again, with the sense of hearing... I also want to offer You, in the same way, all that You Yourself suffered in Your most holy hearing... to give You all the glory that the souls would have given You, if they had always made holy use of their sense of hearing according to Your Will.

Oh my Jesus, I adore and kiss your most holy Face...and I express my gratitude to You for all that You suffered from the spit, the slaps and the mockeries received, and for all the times You allowed Yourself to be trampled by your enemies. And in the name of all, I beg your forgiveness for the innumerable times that we have dared to offend You, praying, that by virtue of Your endurance of these slaps and that spit, that You let your Divinity be recognized, praised and glorified by all... Even more, Oh my Jesus, I, myself, want to go throughout the whole world, from east to west, from south to north, to collect all the voices of all the creatures and convert every one of them, into just as many acts of praise, of love and of adoration for You.

Also, I want, O my Jesus, to bring You all the hearts of all souls, so that You may pour into them light and truth, love and compassion for your Divine Person; and as You pardon them all, I pray that You do not to allow anyone to offend You ever again... and if possible, even at the cost of my own blood. I want to offer You everything that You, Yourself, suffered in your most holy Face, to give You all the glory that the souls would have given You, if no one had dared to offend You.

I adore your most holy mouth...and I give You thanks for your first tender cries for the milk You nursed from Your Most Holy Mother, for all the words You uttered, for so many sweet loving kisses You gave to Her, for the nourishment You received, for all the pleas and supplications You elevated to the Father; and I ask your forgiveness for the bitter bile You tasted and the ardent thirst You suffered on the Cross, for so many unkind comments, the sinful and mundane conversations entertained, and so many blasphemies pronounced.

I want to offer You in addition, all Your holy words, in reparation for their cruel or uncharitable choice of words, the mortification of your sense of taste; in reparation for their gluttonies, for Your endurance of verbal abuse in Your Passion and for all the offenses given You by harsh or insensitive use of the tongue.

I offer You everything You suffered in your most holy mouth, to give You all the glory that the creatures would have given You, if none of them had dared to offend You with the sense of taste and with the abuse of their tongue.

O Jesus, I give You thanks for everything, and in the name of all your children. I elevate to You hymns of eternal and infinite thanksgiving and gratitude. O my Jesus, I want to offer You everything You have suffered in your Most Holy Person, to give You all the glory that all creatures would have given You, had they conformed their lives to Yours.

I give You thanks and praise, O Jesus, for everything You have suffered in your most holy shoulders, for all the blows You have received, for all the wounds You have allowed to be opened over your Most Sacred Body, and for the endless drops of Blood You have shed. I ask your forgiveness in the name of all, for all the times in which, for love of comforts, You have been offended by illicit and sinful pleasures.

I offer You your painful scourging in reparation for all the sins committed with all the senses, for love of one's own enjoyment, for sensible pleasures for one's own self and all natural self-satisfactions.

I also offer You all that You have suffered in your shoulders, to give You all the glory that the creatures would have given You, if they had tried to please You alone, in everything, and had always sought shelter in the shade of your Divine Protection.

My Jesus, I kiss your left foot...and I give You thanks for all the steps You took during your mortal life, and for all the times You exhausted your holy limbs, in Your tireless search for souls to lead to your Heart; and I offer You, O my Jesus, all of my actions, steps and movements, for the intention of giving You reparation for everything and for everyone.

I ask your forgiveness for those who do not act with righteous intention. I unite my actions to yours so that mine receive Holiness from Yours, and I offer them to You, united to all the works You did in your Most Holy Humanity, to give You all the glory that the creatures would have given You, had they acted in a saintly way and with upright purpose.

O my Jesus, I kiss your right foot, and I give You thanks for all You have suffered and continue to suffer for me, especially in this hour, when You are suspended on the Cross...I thank You for the excruciating effect that the nails have in your wounds, which tear them open more and more with the weight of your Most Sacred Body.

I ask your forgiveness for all the rebellions and disobedience committed by your children, offering You the pains of your most holy feet in reparation for these offenses, to give You all the glory that they would have given You, had they remained subject to You in everything.

O my Jesus, I kiss your most holy left hand, and I thank You for all that You have suffered for me, for so many times that You have appeased Divine Justice for me, making reparation for everything.

I kiss your right hand, and I give You thanks for all the good You have done and continue doing for all, and especially, I thank You for the works of Creation, of Redemption and of Sanctification. I ask your forgiveness in the name of all, for all the times we have been ungrateful for the gifts of your unlimited benefits; and for so many acts we have done without upright intention. In reparation for all these offenses, I offer You all the perfection and holiness of your works, to give You all the glory that the creatures would have given You, had they corresponded to all of these benefits.

O my Jesus, I kiss your Most Sacred Heart, and I give You thanks for all You have suffered, ardently yearned for, and desired in your Love of all humanity and of each one in particular... I ask your forgiveness for so many unholy desires, and for the affections and tendencies which are not good... Forgive us, O Jesus, for so many who neglect your Love, favoring instead the love of creatures. And to give You all the glory that we have denied You, I offer You everything that your most adorable Heart has done and continues to do.

Twenty-first Hour

From 1 to 2 PM

Second Hour of Agony on the Cross

Second word

My pierced Love, as I pray with You, the enrapturing power of your Love and of your sufferings keeps my gaze fixed on You, but my heart breaks in seeing You suffer so much... You agonize with Love and with pain, and the flames that burn your Heart rise so high that they are in the act of devouring You and reducing You to ashes.

Your repressed Love is stronger than death itself, and wanting to pour It out, looking at the thief on your right You steal him from Hell, as with your Grace You touch his heart, and that thief feels himself totally changed; he recognizes You; he professes You are God, and full of contrition, says to You: *"Lord, remember me when You are in your Kingdom."* And You do not hesitate to answer: *"TODAY YOU WILL BE WITH ME IN PARADISE"*, making of him the first triumph of your Love.

But I see that, in your Love, You are not only stealing the heart of that thief alone, but also the hearts of many who are dying. Ah, You place at their disposal your Blood, your Love, your merits, and You use all divine devices and strategies in order to touch their hearts and steal them all for Yourself... But, also here, your Love is hindered...How many rejections, how much lack of trust, how much desperation! And the pain is so great that once again, You are reduced to silence...

I want to make reparation, O my Jesus, for those who despair of receiving Divine Mercy at the point of death... My sweet Love, inspire them all with trust and unlimited confidence in You, especially those who find themselves in the anguished agony of dying; and by virtue of your Word, concede to them light, strength and assistance, to be able to die in a holy way, and fly from this earth up to Heaven. O Jesus, in your Most Holy Body, in your Blood, in your wounds, you contain all souls, every one of them, and by the merits of Your most precious Blood, do not allow even one soul to be lost. May your Blood cry out to them all, today, together with Your Word: *"TODAY YOU WILL BE WITH ME IN PARADISE."*

Third word

My tortured and Crucified, Jesus, your suffering increases more and more. Ah, on this Cross You are the true King of Sorrows, and in the midst of so much suffering, not one soul escapes You; even more, You give your own Life to each one.

But your love perceives Itself hindered, despised, neglected by souls, and unable to pour out to them, It becomes even more intense, and procures for You unspeakable tortures; and in these tortures, It keeps investigating what more It can give to man, and to win him over, It makes You say: *"Look, Oh soul, how much I have loved you! If you do not want to have pity on yourself, at least have pity on my Love!"*

In the meantime, seeing that You have nothing left to give him, because You have given him everything, You turn your languid gaze to your Mother. She too feels more than agony because of your sufferings; and the Love that tortures Her is so great, as to render Her crucified, just like You... Mother and Son understand each other... then You sigh with satisfaction and console Yourself in seeing that You can give your Mother to the creature; and considering in John, the whole of mankind, with a voice so tender as to move all hearts, You say: *"WOMAN, BEHOLD YOUR SON"*; and to John: *"BEHOLD YOUR MOTHER."*

Your voice descends into Her maternal Heart, and together with the voice of your Blood, it continues to say: *"My Mother, I entrust all of my children to You; feel for them all the Love that You feel for Me. May all your maternal care and tenderness be for my children. You will save them all for Me."* Your Mother accepts... but Your sufferings are so intense that once again, they reduce You to silence.

O my Jesus, I want to make reparation for the offenses given to the Most Holy Virgin, for the blasphemies and the ingratitude of so many who do not want to recognize the benefits You have granted us by giving Her to us as Mother.

How can we thank You for such a great benefit? I take recourse to You, O Jesus, and in gratitude, I offer Your own Blood, your wounds, and the infinite Love of your Heart... O Most Holy Virgin, how moved You are, to hear the voice of your Son Jesus, leaving You to us as Mother of us all!

We give You thanks, Oh blessed Virgin, and in order to thank You as You deserve, we offer You the very gratitude of your Jesus. O sweet Mother, be our Mother, take us in your care, and do not allow us to offend You even slightly. Keep us always bound to Jesus; with your hands, tie us, all of us, to Him, that we may not leave Him ever again. With your own intentions, I want to make reparation for all, for all the offenses given to your Jesus and to You, my sweet Mother!

O my Jesus, as You continue, immersed in so much suffering, You plead even more for the cause of salvation of souls; and I, for my part, will not remain indifferent, but I want to go through all your wounds, kiss them, heal them, and submerge myself in your Blood, to be able to say together with You: “*Souls, souls!*” I want to support your pierced and sorrowful head in reparation, and ask You for mercy, Love and forgiveness for all.

Fourth word

My suffering Jesus, as I am abandoned and held tight in Your Heart counting Your sorrows, I see that a convulsive tremor invades Your most Holy Humanity; Your limbs are shaking, as if one wanted to detach from the other; and amid contortions, because of the atrocious spasms, You cry out loudly: “MY GOD, MY GOD, WHY HAVE YOU ABANDONED ME?” At this cry, everyone trembles; the darkness becomes denser; and your Mother, petrified, turns pale and almost faints!

My Life! My All! My Jesus, what do I see? Ah, You are near death, and even your own sufferings, so faithful to You, are about to leave You; and at the same time, after so much suffering, with immense sorrow You see that not all souls are incorporated in You. On the contrary, You see that many will be lost, and You feel their painful separation, as if they were being torn away from Your limbs... And You, having to satisfy Divine Justice also for them, feel the death of each one of them, and even the very pains they will suffer in hell. And You cry out loudly, to all hearts:

“Do not abandon Me!. If you want me to suffer more, I am ready, but do not separate yourselves from my Humanity. This is the sorrow of all sorrows, it is the death of all deaths! Everything else would be nothing for me, if I did not have to suffer your separation from Me! Ah, have pity on my Blood, on my wounds, on my death! This cry will be continuous in your hearts: Ah!, do not abandon Me!”

My Love, how I grieve together with You... You are asphyxiating; your most holy head drops on your chest; life is abandoning You...

My Love, I feel I am dying; But I, too, want to cry out with You: “Souls, souls!” I will not separate myself from this Cross, from these wounds of Yours, so that I may ask for souls; and if You want, I will descend into the hearts of all creatures, I will surround them with your sufferings, so that they may not escape me, and if it were possible, I would like to place myself at the gate of hell, to make all the souls who want to go there, reverse themselves, and to conduct them to your Heart. But You agonize and remain silent, and I cry for your approaching death...

O my Jesus, I console You, I press your Heart tightly to mine, I kiss It, and I look at It with all the tenderness I am now capable of; and to procure for You greater relief, I make mine your Divine Tenderness, and with It, I want to give You compassion, with It I want to change my heart into rivers of sweetness and pour it into Your Heart, to soothe the distress that You feel because of the loss of souls. This cry of yours, O my Jesus, is truly painful.

More than the abandonment of the Father, it is the loss of souls who move away from You, that makes this painful lament escape from your Heart! O my Jesus, increase Your Graces in everyone, so that not one soul may be lost; and may my reparation be for the good of those souls who are in danger of being lost, so that not one will be lost.

I also pray You, O my Jesus, by virtue of this extreme abandonment You suffer, to give help to so many loving victim souls, who, as they are your companions in your abandonment, You seem to deprive them of Yourself, leaving them in the dark. O Jesus, may their sufferings be like prayers that call all devoted souls to come close to You, and alleviate Your pain.

Twenty-second Hour

From 2 to 3 PM

Third Hour of Agony on the Cross. The death of Jesus

Fifth word

O my agonizing Crucified Jesus, embracing Your Cross I feel the fire that totally devours your Most Holy Person; Your Heart palpates with such violence that, distending Your chest, it torments You tremendously and so horribly, that all your Most Holy Humanity suffers a transformation which renders You unrecognizable... The Love, from which your Heart is a bon fire, dries You and burns You completely; and You, unable to contain It, feel the intense force of Its torment, that more than your corporal thirst for having shed all of your Blood, torments You with the ardent thirst for the salvation of our souls. Your thirst for us is so great that You would want to drink us like water, in order to save us within You, and this is why, gathering your weakened strength, You cry out: *"I THIRST"*.

And Ah, You repeat these words to every heart saying: "I thirst for your will, for your affections, for your desires, for your Love; Fresher and sweeter water than your Soul You could not give Me.... Ah, do not let Me consume myself in this fire!

My thirst is ardent, such that I not only feel my tongue and my throat parched and dry, to the point that I can no longer articulate a single word, but I also feel my Heart and all my entrails wither. Have pity on my thirst, have pity!" And, delirious as You are from such extreme thirst, You abandon Yourself entirely in the Will of the Father.

Ah, my heart can no longer live in seeing the impiety of your enemies who, instead of water, give You gall and vinegar; and You do not refuse them... Ah, I understand, it is the gall of so many sins, it is the vinegar of our untamed passions that they want to give You, which, instead of refreshing You, will burn and sear You even more... O my Jesus, here is my heart, here are my thoughts, my affections, here is all of my being, to relieve your thirst and soothe your dry and acid mouth.

Everything I have, everything I am, everything is for You, O my Jesus. Should my suffering be necessary in order to save even one solitary soul, here You have me, eager and ready to suffer everything. I offer myself entirely to You, do with me whatever You best please.

I want to make reparation for the desolate sorrow You suffer for all the souls who are lost, and for the tortuous suffering You receive from those who, when You allow them to experience sadness and abandonment, instead of offering them to You to alleviate the burning thirst that consumes You, they abandon themselves to their own selves, and make You suffer even more.

Sixth word

You, and more than anything, the Supreme Will of the Father which wants You to die, no longer allow us to hope that You can continue to live. And I, how will I be able to live without You?

Your strength now abandons You, your eyes become veiled, your face is transformed and covered with mortal pallor... your mouth hangs open, your breath is labored and intermittent, to the point that there is no more hope that You can revive... For the flames that burned within You, are substituted with an iciness and a cold sweat which soaks your forehead; Your muscles and nerves contract more and more with the cruelty of the pains and the gaping wounds of the nails; Your ravaged flesh tears open even more... and I tremble, I feel I am dying... I look at You, O my Good Jesus, and I see the last tears spill from your eyes, messengers of your impending death, while You, with great difficulty, let another word be heard: *"ALL IS CONSUMMATED."*

O my Jesus, You are now completely exhausted; You have nothing left. Love has accomplished its end. And I, have I consumed myself completely for your Love? What thanksgiving shall I not render to You? What shall my gratitude not be for You? O my Jesus, I want to make reparation for all, reparation for the lack of correspondence to your Love, and to console You for the offenses You receive from us while You are on the Cross consuming Yourself with Love for us.

Seventh word

My agonizing Crucified Jesus, You are now about to breathe the last breath of your mortal life; your Most Holy Humanity is already rigid, your Heart seems to beat no more.

With Magdalene, I embrace your feet and, if it were possible, I would give my life to bring Yours back.

Meanwhile, O Jesus, I see that You open your moribund eyes again, and You look around from the Cross, as though wanting to give the last good-bye to all. You look at your perishing Mother, who no longer has motion or voice, for the tremendous pain that She suffers, and You say: *“Good-bye Mother, I am leaving, but I will keep You in my Heart. You, take care of my children and yours.”* You look at Magdalene, inundated with tears, at Your faithful John, and Your look tells them “Goodbye...” You look with love at your very enemies, and with your sweet and agonizing gaze You say to them: *“I forgive you and I give you the kiss of peace.”* Nothing escapes your gaze; You take leave of everyone and forgive everyone.

Then, You gather all your strength, and with a powerful and thundering voice, You cry out: *“FATHER, INTO YOUR HANDS I COMMEND MY SPIRIT”*. And bowing your head, You breathe your last...

My Jesus, at this cry all nature is shaken and weeps for your death... the death of its Creator! The earth trembles violently; and with its tremor, it seems to be weeping and wanting to shake the spirit of all souls to recognize You as true God. The veil of the Temple is torn, the dead rise; the sun, which until now had wept over your sufferings, is horrified and withdraws its light. At this cry, your enemies fall on their knees, and beating their breasts, they say: *“Truly He is the Son of God.”* And your Mother, petrified and waning, suffers pains more ruthless than death.

My lifeless Jesus, with this cry You also place all of us into the hands of the Father, so He does not reject us. That is why You cry out loudly, not only with your voice, but with all your sufferings and with the voice of your Blood: *“Father, into your hands I commend my spirit and all souls.”* My Jesus, I too abandon myself in You; give me the grace to die completely in your Love, in your Will, and I pray that You never allow me, either in life or in death, to go out of your Most Holy Will.

I want to make reparation for all those who do not abandon themselves perfectly in your Most Holy Will, therefore losing or reducing the precious gift of your Redemption. What would not be the sorrow of your Heart, Oh my Jesus, in seeing so many creatures escaping from your arms and abandoning themselves to themselves? Oh my Jesus, Have pity on us all....

I kiss your head crowned with thorns... and I ask your forgiveness for my many thoughts of pride, of ambition and of selfishness. I promise You that every time a thought arises in me which is not completely for You, Oh Jesus, and that I find myself in the act of offending You, immediately I will cry out: *“Jesus, Mary, I surrender my soul to You.”*

O Jesus, I kiss your beautiful eyes, still damp with tears and covered with dried Blood, and I ask your forgiveness for all the times I have offended You with immodest and sinful glances. I promise You that every time my eyes feel the impulse to look at things of the world, immediately I will cry out: *“Jesus, Mary, I surrender my soul to You.”*

O my Jesus, I kiss your most sacred ears, deafened by insults and horrible blasphemies up to the very last instant... and I ask your forgiveness for all the times I have listened to, or made others listen to conversations which move us away from You, and for all the sinful conversations that creatures have.

I promise You that every time I find myself in the act of listening to undesirable conversations, immediately I will cry out: *“Jesus, Mary, I surrender my soul to You.”*

O my Jesus, I kiss your most holy Face, pale, bruised and bleeding... and I ask your forgiveness for the many scorns, offenses and insults You receive from us, most miserable creatures, with our sins. I promise You that every time I have the temptation of not giving You all the glory, the love and the adoration which is due You, immediately I will cry out: *“Jesus, Mary, I surrender my soul to You.”*

O my Jesus, I kiss your most sacred mouth, dry and parched. I ask your forgiveness for all the times I have offended You with my evil conversations; for all the times I have contributed to distressing You and increasing your thirst. I promise You that every time the thought comes to me of making conversations which might offend You, immediately I will cry out: *“Jesus, Mary, I surrender my soul to You.”*

O my Jesus, I kiss your most holy neck, and I can still see the marks of the chains and ropes which have tortured You. I ask your forgiveness for the many bonds and the many attachments of the creatures, which have increased the ropes and the chains around your most holy neck. And I promise You that every time I feel disturbed by attachments, desires and affections which are not solely for You, immediately I will cry out: *“Jesus, Mary, I surrender my soul to You.”*

My Jesus, I kiss your most holy shoulders, and I ask your forgiveness for the many illicit satisfactions; I ask your forgiveness for the many sins committed with the five senses of our body. I promise You that every time the thought comes to me of taking some pleasures or satisfactions which are not for your glory, immediately I will cry out: *“Jesus, Mary, I surrender my soul to You.”*

My Jesus, I kiss your most holy chest, and I ask your forgiveness for all the attitudes of coldness, indifference, torpidity and ingratitude so thoughtlessly neglectful that You receive from us; and I promise You that every time I feel my love for You become cooler, immediately I will cry out: *“Jesus, Mary, I surrender my soul to You.”*

My Jesus, I kiss your most sacred hands. I ask your forgiveness for all the sinful and indifferent works; for so very many acts rendered malicious by love of self and selfishness. I promise You that every time the thought comes to me of not acting only for love of You, immediately I will cry out: *“Jesus, Mary, I surrender my soul to You.”*

O my Jesus, I kiss your most holy feet, and I beg your forgiveness for the many steps, the many paths traveled without righteous intention to please You; for many who move away from You to go in search of the pleasures of the world. I promise You that every time the thought comes to me of separating from You, immediately I will cry out: *“Jesus, Mary, I surrender my soul to You.”*

O Jesus, I kiss your Most Sacred Heart, and I intend to enclose in It, together with my soul, all the souls redeemed by You, so that we all may be saved, not one excluded.

O Jesus, lock me in your Heart, and close the doors, that I may see, desire, and know nothing but You. I promise You that every time the thought comes to me of wanting to go out of Your Heart, immediately I will cry out: *“Jesus, Mary, to You I give my heart and my soul.”*

Twenty-third Hour

From 3 to 4 PM

Jesus, dead, is pierced by the thrust of a lance.

The deposition from the Cross

O my Jesus, You have died! And being in Your Heart, I already begin to enjoy the copious fruits of your Redemption. Even the most resolute unbelievers prostrate themselves before You, beating their breasts in sadness. What they did not do before your Living Body, they do now before Your lifeless Body...

All of nature shudders, the sun eclipses, the earth trembles, the elements are aroused and tumultuous, they seem to take part in Your most sorrowful death.

The angels, in awe with admiration and with love, descend from Heaven by the thousands; they adore You and render You homage of recognition, confessing You as our True God. O my Jesus, I, too unite my adorations to theirs and I offer You my gratitude and all the Love of my poor heart.

But I see that Your Love is still incomplete, not yet satisfied, and to give us a more sure sign of it, You allow a soldier to come close to You, and with the thrust of a lance, he opens Your Heart, making burst forth the last drops of Blood and water that It contains.

O my Jesus, would You not permit this lance to wound my heart as well? Ah yes, let this lance be the one to wound my desires, my thoughts, my heartbeats, and my will, and give me Your Will, Your thoughts, and all Your Life of Love You offer in sacrifice!

Heart of my Jesus wounded by the lance, ah, prepare for all souls, a bath, a refuge for all their hearts, a resting place for all the afflicted.

It is from this wounded Heart, that You make Your beloved Spouse, the Church, emanate forth. From It, You bring into being, the Sacraments, and the Life of the souls. And, I, together with Your most holy Mother, cruelly wounded in Her Heart, want to make reparation for the abuses and the profanities that are committed against the Church. And by virtue of the merits of Your wounded Heart, and of Mary most holy, our sweetest Mother, I pray You enclose everyone in Your most loving Heart and that You protect, defend and illuminate all those who rule the Church.

O my Jesus, after Your most sorrowful death, it seems that I should not have more life of my own, but in this, Your wounded Heart, I will find my Life in a way that whatever I am about to do, I will always take Life from your Divine Heart. I will never again give life to my thoughts, but if they should want life, they will take Life from Your thoughts. My will never again will have life, but if it should want life, it will take its life from Your Most Holy Will. Never again will my love have life, but if it should want life, it would take life from Your Love. Oh my Jesus, may Your Will be mine, since this is Your Will, and this is also mine.

My Jesus, You have given us the ultimate proof of Your Love: Your Pierced Heart. There remains no more for You to do for us, but behold, they now prepare to take You down from the Cross; And I, after having put everything in You, together with Your beloved disciples I want to remove the nails from Your most sacred feet and Your holy hands, and as I unnailed them, You Lord, nail me completely in You.

My Jesus, the first one to receive You when you are down from the Cross, is Your Sorrowful Mother, She tenderly takes You into Her lap and within Her arms, Your pierced head sweetly reposes...

Oh sweet Mother, do not disdain to have me in Your company, and allow me also, together with You, to render my last services to my beloved Jesus... My sweetest Mother, it is true that You surpass me in your Love and in your exquisite tenderness as you touch my Jesus, but I will try to imitate You in the best way possible to comfort our adored Jesus in everything. That is why, together with Your hands, I put mine, and I remove all the thorns that encircle His adorable head, with the intention of uniting with your profound adorations, my own.

Celestial Mother, now Your hands reach the eyes of my Jesus and dispose themselves to remove the coagulated blood from those eyes that one day gave light to the entire world and that now are darkened and extinguished... O Mother, I unite with You, let us kiss them together, and let us adore them profoundly... I see the ears of my Jesus full of blood, pulverized by the blows, wounded by the thorns...

O Mother, let us make our adorations penetrate into those ears that no longer hear and that have also suffered so much for calling so many obstinate and deaf souls to the voices of Grace...O sweet Mother, I see your face bathed in tears, and You so full of sorrow to see the adorable face of Jesus. I unite my sorrow to Yours, and together let us clean away the mud and saliva that have soiled Him so much; Let us adore that face of divine majesty that enamored Heaven and earth and that now gives not any sign of Life...

O sweet Mother, together let us kiss His divine mouth, that divine mouth that with the softness of His word had attracted so many souls to His Heart...O Mother, I want to kiss with your own mouth these livid and bloodied lips...and profoundly adore them.

O sweet Mother, together with You I want to kiss again and again the adorable body of my Jesus, which has been made one endless mass of wounds. Together with You, I use my hands to reassemble these fragments of flesh that still remain on Him, and let us adore Him profoundly...

Let us kiss, O Mother, those creative hands that have worked for us so many miracles...Those hands pierced through, torn apart, that are already cold and with the rigidity of death.

O sweet Mother, let us enclose in those sacrosanct wounds all souls, so that when Jesus resurrects, He will find them all within Him, deposited by You, and in that way none will be lost. O, Mother, let us adore together these deep wounds, in the name of all and with all...

O Heavenly Mother, I see that You come close to kiss the feet of Jesus... How frightening are these wounds! The nails have torn away a great part of the flesh and the skin, and the weight of His most holy body has wounded them horribly...Let us kiss them together, let us adore them profoundly and let us enclose in these wounds all the steps of sinners, so that when they walk they feel the steps of Jesus, that they closely follow them, and never dare to offend Him...

I see, oh sweet Mother, that Your gaze pauses in the Heart of our adored Jesus...What will we do in this Heart? You will show It to me, Mother, and in It You will entomb me, You will close It with the stone and seal It; and here within It, my heart and my life are deposited, and I will remain enclosed here until eternity...Give me Your Love, oh Mother, so that with It, I Love Jesus, and give me Your suffering to intercede with it for all, and to make reparation for every offense that is done to this Heart!

Remember, oh Mother, that when You bury Jesus, I want to be entombed also with Your own hands, so that after being entombed with Him, I can resurrect with Him and with all that is His.

And now some words to You, o sweet Mother; How much compassion I feel for You! With all the effusion of my poor heart I want to gather all the heartbeats, all the desires and all the lives of all the creatures, and prostrate them before You in an act of most fervent love and compassion.

I give You compassion in the extreme sorrow that You have suffered to see Jesus lifeless, crowned with thorns, devastated by the lashings and by the nails..., to see those eyes that no longer see You, those ears that no longer hear Your voice, that mouth that no longer speaks to You, those hands that can never again embrace You, those feet that never left Your side and that even from afar followed Your steps...I want to offer You the very Heart of Jesus, overflowing with Love, to give You compassion as You so deserve and to give consolation to Your most bitter sorrows.

Twenty-fourth Hour

From 4 to 5 PM

The Burial of Jesus. Desolate Mary Most Holy

My sorrowful Mother, I see that You dispose Yourself to the greatest sacrifice of having to entomb your lifeless Son Jesus. And totally resigned to the Will of God, You accompany Him, and with your own hands, You place Him in the sepulcher...

But as You compose those limbs you try to give Him a last good-bye, to give Him the last kiss, You feel your Heart being torn from your chest with pain. Love leaves You nailed to those limbs, and by the force of sorrow and Love, your life is at the point of being extinguished together with your lifeless Son.

Poor Mother, How can You go on without Jesus? He is your Life – your All... nevertheless, it is the Will of the Eternal One that wants it so. Now You will have to fight against two insurmountable powers: Love and the Divine Will... Love has You nailed, in such a way that You cannot separate from Him, but the Divine Will imposes Itself and wants this sacrifice... Poor Mother, How can You go on? How much compassion I feel for You! Ah, Angels of Heaven, come to help Her to pull herself away from the lifeless body of Jesus... otherwise She will die!

But, oh prodigy, while She seemed to be extinguished together with Jesus, I hear Her trembling voice, interrupted by sobs, saying:

“Son, O Beloved Son, this was the only consolation remaining for Me that mitigates my sorrows: your Most Holy Humanity; to be able to pour Myself out on these wounds, adoring them, kissing them... Now this too is taken away from Me, because the Divine Will wants it that way. And I resign Myself.

But know this, my Son, that I want to be with You... and I can not. At the mere thought of being there, my strength disappears from Me and Life abandons Me...O permit me, O Son, that I may receive the strength and Life to bear this cruel separation, let Me be entombed eternally in You, and that for my life, I take Your Life, Your Sorrows, Your Reparations, and All that You are... Ah, solely an interchange of Life between You and Me can give Me the strength to fulfill the sacrifice of separating Myself from You!"

My afflicted Mother, with this decision, I see that You go over those limbs once again, and You rest your head on the head of Jesus. You kiss It, and in that kiss You enclose your thoughts, taking for Yourself His thorns, His afflicted and offended thoughts, and everything that He has suffered in His most holy head.... O, How You would like to animate the Intelligence of Jesus with your own, to give Him life for Life!... And now, You now begin to revive, having taken into your mind, the thoughts and the thorns of Jesus...

Sorrowful Mother, I see You kiss the extinguished eyes of Jesus. And I my heart breaks to see that Jesus no longer looks at You... How many times those divine eyes, gazing at You gave You ecstasy in Paradise and resurrected You from death to Life, But now, to see that they no longer gaze at You, You feel You are dying... So then I see You leave your eyes in those of Jesus, and You take for Yourself His eyes, His tears, and the desolation of that gaze that had suffered so much to see the offenses of His children, and so many insults and rejections.

I see that You also kiss His most holy ears, O my pierced Mother, and, You call Him, and call Him, and say to Him: *"My Son, but is it possible that You no longer hear Me? You, who would hear and attend to my every smallest gesture... And now that I cry out, I call You, Can You not hear Me? Ah, true Love is the most cruel tyrant! You were for Me more than my own life, And now I will have to endure and survive such acerbic pain? And so, O Son, I leave my hearing in Yours, and I take for Myself all that Your most holy ears have suffered, the echo of all the offenses that resounded in them.... Only this can give Me Life: Your sufferings and Your sorrows!"*

And as You say this, the sorrow and the anguish in your Heart is so intense, that You lose your voice and remain petrified... My poor Mother, my poor Mother, how much compassion I feel for You! How many cruel deaths You are suffering!

But O sorrowful Mother, the Divine Will imposes Itself and gives You motion, and You look at the most holy Face of Jesus, You kiss It, and exclaim: *"My adored Son, How You have been disfigured! Ah, if Love had not told Me that You are my Son, my Life, my All, I would not know that it is really You... so unrecognizable You have become! Your natural beauty has been converted into deformity; your rosy cheeks have turned violet; the light, the grace that your beautiful Face irradiated —such that to meet your gaze and to be enraptured was the same thing—has been transformed into the pallor of death, Oh Son, beloved Son, to what state You have been reduced!"*

What a devastating effect sin has had on your most holy members! Ah, How your inseparable Mother would like to restore You to Your original beauty! I want to fuse my face in Yours, and take for Myself your Face, the slaps, the spit, the scorn, and all that You have suffered in your adorable Face. Ah, Son, if You want Me still alive, give Me your sufferings; otherwise I will die!"

And your pain is so great that it suffocates You, it takes away your words, and You become lifeless on the Face of Jesus... Poor Mother, how much compassion I feel for You! My Angels, come to sustain my Mother; Her sorrow is immense, it inundates Her, it drowns Her, and leaves Her no more life or strength. But the Divine Will, breaking these waves of sorrow that drown Her, restores Her life.

You come now to His mouth, and as You kiss it, You feel your lips stinging from the gall so caustic from His mouth; and sobbing, You continue: *"My Son, say a last word to your Mother...But is it possible that I will never again hear Your voice? All of the words You have spoken to Me in Life, like so many arrows, wound my Heart with sorrow and with Love. And now, seeing You mute, they take motion again in my lacerated Heart; and give Me innumerable deaths, and with acute force, it seems they would like to extract from You one last word... and not obtaining it, they torment Me, and they say to Me:*

'So, You will no longer hear Him; You will never again hear His sweet accent, the harmony of His creative word, that, in You created as many Paradises as words that He spoke..." Ah, my Paradise is ended, and I will have nothing but distress! Ah, Son, I want to give You my tongue to reanimate Yours! Ah! Give Me all that You have suffered in your most holy mouth, the acrid stinging of the gall, your ardent thirst, your reparations and pleas, so that, hearing your voice through them, my sorrow could be more bearable, and your Mother could continue to live amid your sorrows."

Agonizing Mother, I see You hasten, because those who surround You want to close the sepulcher. Almost flying, You take the hands of Jesus into yours, You kiss them, You press them to your Heart; and leaving your hands in His, You take for Yourself the pains and the wounds that have torn apart those most holy hands. And reaching the feet of Jesus, and seeing the cruel destruction that the nails have made in them, as You place your feet in them, You take for Yourself those wounds, and You offer Yourself to run in search of sinners in the place of Jesus, in order to snatch them from hell...

Anguished Mother, I see You give the last good-bye to the pierced Heart of Jesus. Here You pause. It is the last assault on your maternal Heart, and You feel that It is being torn from your chest because of the vehemence of Love and sorrow and, by Itself, It runs to enclose Itself in the Most Holy Heart of Jesus.

And You, in seeing Yourself without a heart, hasten to take His Most Holy Heart into you, His Love rejected by so many creatures, His many and most ardent desires not fulfilled because of their ingratitude, and the sufferings and wounds that pierce that Most Holy Heart, which will keep You crucified for the rest of your life. In looking at that wide wound, You kiss it, and taking into Your mouth the last drops of His Blood; You feel the Life of Jesus within You, You feel the strength to endure this cruel separation. Then You embrace Him, and You are about to allow them to close the sepulcher with the stone.

But, my Sorrowful Mother, crying, I pray to You to not yet allow that Jesus be taken out of our sight. Wait for me to first enclose myself in Jesus, and to take His Life into me... If You, who are without stain, All Holy, Full of Grace, cannot live without Jesus, much less can I, who am weakness, misery, and full of sins... How can I live without Jesus? O, Sorrowful Mother, do not leave me alone, take me with You, but first, deposit me entirely within Jesus. Empty me of everything, in order to place Jesus entirely within me, just as You placed Him within Yourself. Begin with me the maternal office which Jesus gave You on the Cross; let my extreme poverty break through to your maternal Heart, and with your own hands, enclose me completely in Jesus.

Enclose the thoughts of Jesus in my mind, so that no other thought may enter into me. Enclose the eyes of Jesus within mine, so that I may never escape from His gaze; and His ears in mine, that I may always listen to Him and do His Most Holy Will in everything.

Place His Face within mine, so that, by contemplating His Face so disfigured for Love of me, I may love Him, give Him compassion and reparation...Put His tongue in mine, that I may speak, pray and teach with the tongue of Jesus; His hands in mine, so that each movement I make and each work I perform may take Life from the works and acts of Jesus. Place His feet in mine, so that each step I take may be Life, salvation, strength, and zeal for all creatures.

And now, my afflicted Mother, allow me to kiss His Heart and to drink of His most precious Blood, and as You enclose His Heart in mine, make me live of His Love, of His desires, of His sufferings. And now, take the rigid right hand of Jesus in yours, and with It, give me His last blessing.

I see that now You permit that the stone closes the sepulcher. And devastated, You kiss it, and crying, You say your last good-bye to Jesus... and then You depart. But your pain is so great, that You remain petrified and cold. My pierced Mother, together with You, I say good-bye to Jesus, and crying, I want to give You my compassion and accompany You in your sorrowful desolation. I want to remain always at your side, to say to You at each sigh, in every sorrow, a word of consolation, to give You a gaze of compassion... I will gather your tears, and if I see that You feel faint, I will sustain You in my arms...

Now I see that You are forced to return to Jerusalem along that same path from which You came. After only a few steps, You find Yourself again before the Cross on which Jesus suffered so much, and died.

You run to embrace It, and in seeing It stained with His Blood, the sufferings that Jesus endured on It are renewed one by one, in your Heart. Unable to contain the pain, between sobs, You exclaim: *“O Cross, how could You be so cruel with my Son? Ah, You have spared Him nothing! What wrong had He done to You? You have not allowed Me, His sorrowful Mother, to give Him even a sip of water when He asked for it, and to His parched mouth You gave gall and vinegar! I felt my pierced Heart melt, and I wanted to offer It to His lips to quench His thirst, but I had the sorrow of seeing Myself rejected.*

O Cross, cruel, yes, but holy, because you have been divinized and sanctified by contact with my Son! Turn that cruelty which You used with Him into compassion for miserable mortals, and for the sorrows and pains He suffered on You, implore grace and strength for the souls who suffer, so that not one of them may be lost because of tribulations and crosses. Souls cost Me too much: they cost Me the life of a Son God, and as Mother and Co-Redemptrix, entrust them to You, O Cross.”

And after kissing It over and over again, You leave... Poor Mother, how much compassion I feel for You! At each step and encounter, new sufferings arise, which increase in their immensity and become more painful; like waves, they inundate You, they drown You; and You feel You are dying at each instant.

A few more steps and You are now at the point at which You met Him this morning, exhausted, under the enormous weight of the Cross, pouring Blood, and with a bundle of thorns on His head, which, bumping against the Cross, penetrated deeper and deeper, giving Him pains of death at each blow.

His gaze, meeting yours, Jesus searched for consolation, but the soldiers pushed Him and made Him fall to deny Him and You, this consolation, and in His fall, He shed new Blood. Now, seeing the ground soaked with It, You throw Yourself down, and as You kiss that Blood, I hear You say:

“My Angels, come to place yourselves as guardians of this Blood, so that not one drop of It may be trodden upon and profaned.”

Sorrowful Mother, allow me to give You my hand to lift You and sustain You, because I see how You agonize in the Blood of Jesus...

As You walk on, You find new sorrows. Everywhere You see traces of His Blood, and You remember the sufferings of Jesus; so You hasten your pace and enclose Yourself in the Cenacle. I too enclose myself in the Cenacle, but my Cenacle is the Most Holy Heart of Jesus, and from His Heart I want to come to Your maternal knees, to keep You company in this hour of cruel desolation. My heart cannot bear to leave You alone in so much sorrow.

Desolate Mother, look at this little daughter of Yours; I am too small, and I can not and do not want to live alone. Take me on Your knees and hold me tight in Your maternal arms, be my Mother. I need Your guidance, your help, Your sustenance...Look at my misery and pour out over me a tear of Yours, and when You see me distracted, hold me tightly to Your maternal Heart, and in me, call again the Life of Jesus...

But as I pray to You, I see that I must pause and give attention to Your acerbic sorrows, and I feel my heart breaking to see that as You move Your head, You feel the thorns that You have taken from Jesus penetrate You more, with the punctures of all our sins of thought, which penetrate even in Your eyes, and make you pour out tears of blood...And as You cry, having in Your eyes, the eyesight of Jesus, before Your eyes go filing by all the offenses of the creatures...

How You feel their bitterness! How You understand what Jesus has suffered, having within You His own sufferings! But one sorrow does not wait for the next, and putting Your attention in Your ears You feel disturbed by the echo of the voices of the creatures, and according to each species of offensive voices of the creatures, they wound You, and You repeat once more: "Son, How much You have suffered!"

Desolate Mother, how much compassion I feel for You! Allow me to clean your face, bathed in tears and blood..., but I feel taken aback on seeing it now covered with bruises, unrecognizable and pallid with a mortal pallor...Ah, I understand, these are the mistreatments that were given to Jesus, and that You have taken upon Yourself, and this makes You suffer so much that, as You move your lips in prayer, or when You let sighs of fire escape your chest, I feel your breath acrid and your lips burning with thirst for Jesus...

My Poor Mother, How much compassion I feel for You! Your sorrows seem to continue to increase ever more, and seem to go hand in hand between them...and taking your hands in mine, I see them pierced by nails... It is precisely in your hands that You feel the sorrow to see the murders, the betrayals, the sacrileges and all the evil works, that repeat the blows, widening the wounds and exacerbating them more and more.

How much compassion I feel for You! You are the true crucified Mother, to the point that not even your feet remain without nails; even more, You feel them not only being nailed, but You feel the nails torn out by so many iniquitous steps, and by the souls who go to hell, and You run after them, that they may not fall into the eternal infernal flames....

But this is not yet all, crucified Mother. All of your sufferings, gathering together, resound, making echo in your Heart, and they pierce It, and not with seven swords, but with thousands and thousands of swords; and much more, because having within You the Divine Heart of Jesus, which contains all hearts, and whose heartbeat encloses all heartbeats, the Divine Heartbeat is saying in Its beats: “*Souls! Love!*”. And You, in this beat that says: “*Souls!*”, You feel flow in your heartbeat all sins, and You feel in You a death for each one of them; while in the heartbeat “*Love!*”, You feel You are giving Life; such that You are in a continuous act of death and of life.

Crucified Mother, as I look at You, I feel great compassion for your sorrows... they are unspeakable. I would like to transform my being into tongue and voice in order to give You compassion; but before so much sorrow, my compassion is nothing. So I call the Angels, the Sacrosanct Trinity, and I pray Them to place all around You their harmonies, their contentment and their beauty, to soothe You and give You Their compassion for your intense sorrows; to sustain You in Their arms, and have Them return all your sufferings transformed into Love.

And now, desolate Mother, I thank You in the name of every soul for everything You have suffered; and I pray You, in virtue of this acerbic desolation of Yours, to come to my assistance at the moment of my death, when my poor soul finds itself alone and abandoned by all, in the midst of a thousand anxieties and fears; come then, to return to me the company which I have given You so many times in life.

Come to my assistance; station Yourself beside me, and put the enemy to flight. Bathe my soul with your tears, cover me with the Blood of Jesus, clothe me with His merits, embellish me and heal me with your sorrows and with all the sufferings and works of Jesus; and by virtue of them, let all my sins disappear, giving me total forgiveness. And as I breathe my last, receive me into your arms, place me under your mantle, hide me from the gaze of the enemy, take me straight to Heaven, and place me in the arms of Jesus. Let us make this agreement, my dear Mother!

And now, I pray that You return the company I have given You today, to all those who are agonizing and near death. Be the Mother of all; these are extreme moments, and great aids are needed. Therefore, do not deny your maternal office to anyone.

One last word: as I leave You, I pray You to enclose me in the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus; and You, my sorrowful Mother, be my sentry, so that Jesus may not put me out of His Heart; and even if I wanted, that I may not be able to leave. And now, I kiss your maternal hand and ask you for your blessing. **AMEN!**



“I HAVE MUCH MORE TO TELL YOU, but you cannot bear it now, but when He comes, The Spirit of Truth, He will guide you to ALL TRUTH.” John 16:12,13 ***“Beloved, we are God’s children now; but what we shall be has not yet been revealed. We know that when it is revealed we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.”*** 1John 3:2

“Now this is Eternal Life, that they should KNOW YOU, the only TRUE God, and the One whom You sent, Jesus Christ.” John 17:3 For ***“In Christ, God has made known to us the Mystery of His Will...as a plan to be realized at the fullness of time: to sum up all things in Christ, in Heaven and ON EARTH.”*** Ephesians 1:9,10 ***“FOR THE EARTH SHALL BE FILLED WITH THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE LORD...”*** Isaiah 11:9 ***“For He must Reign until He has put all His enemies under His feet... ..so that God may be ALL in all.”*** 1Corinthians 15:25, 28

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“I am finally sending you this handwritten copy of The Hours of the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ. May it all be for His greater Glory. I have also enclosed a few pages where I describe the effects and the beautiful promises that Jesus makes to everyone who meditates these Hours of the Passion. I believe that if whoever meditates on them is a sinner, he will convert; if he is imperfect, he will become perfect; if he is holy, he will become holier; if he is tempted, he will find victory; if suffering, he will find strength, medicine, and comfort in these Hours; if weak and poor, he will find a spiritual food and a mirror in which to look at himself continually and so become beautiful and similar to Jesus, our model.”

--In 1914, Luisa writes in a letter to the now Saint, Annibale M. di Francia:

*“Father, this book should be read while kneeling;
it is Jesus Christ Who is speaking!”*

--Pope Saint Pius X to the now Saint, Annibale M. di Francia

“These hours of the Passion are not just a reading, and not even a devotion, but a formation of Life: the interior Life of Jesus. In this way, day after day we will feel more and more that Jesus is truly Living in us – not just our life, but His very Divine Life.”

--St. Annibale M. di Francia

THIS BOOK, AS CLEARLY MANIFESTED BY OUR LORD TO LUISA, IS THE DIVINE INTRODUCTION TO THE TRUTHS AND KNOWLEDGE REVEALED IN THE “BOOK OF HEAVEN”.

